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The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer made a remarkable speech at Swansea on Thursday. Addressing himself to the problem of distress, and taking his stand on the principles admitted in the Pensions Act, which he declared to be only the beginning of things, Mr. Lloyd George proceeded to a forcible exposition of the modern teaching of the duty of the State towards poverty. In part poverty was due to failure of character, and here the State had preventive work to do in the shape of Betting Bills and Licensing Bills. But in greater measure it was due to economic causes over which the chief sufferers had no control. It was idle to attribute the trouble to Free Trade. A dozen men, whose aggregate incomes would suffice to maintain a quarter of a million people for a month, might be found on Tariff Reform platforms arguing that the distress incidental to unemployment was due to the workman's bread being untaxed. The day would come when the country would shudder at its toleration of the present state of misery at a time when, as a whole, it was "rolling in wealth." As to the threat that capital would leave the country if fresh burdens were placed on it, where was it to fly? Where in the modern world would it escape from paying its due to the poor? There would soon be "no civilised land in the world where proper provision for aged, luckless, and unfortunate toilers would not be regarded as a first charge on the wealth of the land."

* * *

IN the retirement of Lord Tweedmouth the Liberal Party loses a member whose services have been long, considerable, and not perhaps always as clearly acknowledged as they might have been. Not the least of these services perhaps was a certain forbearance in pressing his claims, which is a quality too rare in public men to be passed over without acknowledgment when found. It seems to be generally assumed that his successor will be Lord Lochee, whose appointment would not necessitate any further changes and consequent by-elections. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. The Government can fairly challenge comparison with its predecessors in administrative ability at any point, but it is not so clear that the capacities of all its members are being used to their best advantage in the positions which they at present hold, and it is hardly to be denied that there is a feeling in the party that in this respect one or two changes might be made with advantage.

* * *

AN effort has been made to obscure the fact of the failure of the first Anglo-Russian Note to the Shah, but it is now admitted that the two Powers are pressing for a clearer reply. Still stronger evidence of the Shah's sentiments is an edict issued just before Ramadan appointing new elections for November 13th. Azerbaijan is excluded from these elections, and apparently the new Assembly is to be a Senate partly nominated and partly elected, and its powers are to be determined by new organic laws In short, it is a mere sham, probably intended to look like submission to the will of England and Russia, but utterly inadequate to satisfy the Persian Nationalists or restore order. In Teheran the belief is general that the Shah was inspired to reject the advices of the Powers by the disloyal counsel of the Russian Legation. Tabriz still remains in the hands of the Nationalists, and will probably hold out through the winter. Its successful resistance is certain to stimulate the courage of the Constitutional Party throughout Persia.

* * *

AN unpleasant incident last Friday at Casablanca might have made bad blood between France and Germany. An assistant and a guard of the German Vice-Consul were assisting three Germans and a Russian and a Swiss, deserters from the Foreign Legion, to embark on a steamer, when the French gendarmes intervened, and after a scuffle captured them and put them in prison. The Consular assistant was maltreated, and the guard for a time put in irons. The German claim is that Germany retains her control of German subjects in Morocco; the French that the soldiers are under martial law only in the face of the enemy. The Press and the Governments of both countries have kept cool, and there is a general disposition to deal with both the question of international law and the question of courtesy in a conciliatory spirit. All the Powers except Belgium have replied to the Franco-German Note, and Italy, Austria, and Portugal have made criticisms similar to those of Germany. France and Spain have resolved to draft a new Note, from which all controversial conditions are to be omitted, so that the question of recognition is now practically settled.

* * *

MR. HEARST'S first batch of revelations has driven Mr. Haskell, the Democratic Treasurer, and Mr. Dupont, of the Republican Committee, as well as Mr. Foraker, out of the campaign, and it has brought Mr.

Roosevelt right into it. Mr. Roosevelt has been exchanging broadsides with Mr. Bryan, and is contemplating "going on the stump." It is obvious that Mr. Roosevelt thinks the Republican cause is in a bad way. Both party chests are empty; the trusts have been frightened off from subscribing, and the funds are not a tenth their normal size. The betting is strongly in favor of Mr. Taft, but, curiously enough, against his friend, Mr. Hughes, for the Governorship of New York State. These speculations are not worth very much, because nobody knows what damage the Independent candidate will do his rivals, though Mr. Hearst predicts for him a poll that will astonish us all.

* * *

On Tuesday, Mr. Ewing, the Australian Minister for Defence, introduced his Bill for Compulsory Military Service. All British subjects, unless specially exempted, between twelve and eighteen, must serve as Cadets, and from eighteen to twenty-six as National Guards. The Cadets must put in one hour's training a week and four days a year; the National Guards eighteen days annually in the first three years and seven days in the next five. Naval, artillery, and engineer recruits are to undergo rather more training. Non-efficients are to be penalised, and employers discriminating against National Guards in their service fined. Mr. Ewing anticipated that the strength of the National Guard would be 200,000 men, adequate to guard the island and leave the British fleet free for "bigger operations." The cost to the Government, he calculated, would be only £100,000 more than it was already spending on armaments. The scheme is favoured by the Labor Party and the "White Australia" parties generally, and is likely to go through.

* * *

On Saturday a Paris court condemned two young men, M. Méric and M. Delannoy, to a fine of £120 and a year's imprisonment for publishing a cartoon depicting General d'Amade as a butcher wiping his bloodstained hands. This outrageous sentence is heartily approved by the Conservative Press in France, and some of the Departmental Councils are voting the Government their thanks for dealing severely with anti-militarists and Socialists. Between the Morocco affair and his domestic policy, M. Clemenceau bids fair to inflame the Jingoism and the fears of the French middle-class, and to bring reaction back into the saddle. He has wrecked the *bloc*, and rests now upon Conservative support, though the fact that M. Méric and M. Delannoy both belong to the intellectuals and not to the wage-earners seems to show that his anti-militarist campaign is not exactly successful. The Catholic Church in France thinks the time propitious for developing an attack upon the lay school system, which, if it have no other result, will give M. Clemenceau an excuse for further delaying the execution of his programme of social reform.

* * *

A great step towards a universal penny post between civilised nations has been taken in the inauguration on Thursday of the new rates between this country and the United States. Letters under one ounce may now be sent to New York or San Francisco for 1d., and the establishment of a penny post between all English-speaking peoples is substantially complete. The new reform leaves the rates of postage between this country and the Continent in an exceptional, almost an absurd condition, and it cannot be long before the penny rate is established throughout the Postal Union.

* * *

The widespread distress in Manchester has caused the Lord Mayor to open a special relief fund, which will be entirely separate from the money at the disposal of the Distress Committee. The necessity for recourse to private philanthropy in order to fulfil what is in effect a public obligation seems to us only to emphasise the defects of the present Unemployment Act and the necessity of more systematic measures for coupling relief with the condition of work. Unfortunately for the prospect of the autumn in Lancashire, the dispute in the cotton trade continues, and there is no sign of yielding on the part of the card-room operatives, who hold the key to the position.

* * *

The Canadian election campaign is now in full swing, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has almost completed a tour in Ontario, after which he will stump Quebec. The party issues have very little to do with principles. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, while reserving his faith as a Free Trader, commends his tariff to the country, and even suggests the institution of a permanent tariff commission. He claims credit for initiating the Grand Trunk Railway enterprise, and asks that the Government which started it should be allowed to finish it. The Opposition's chief plank is to charge the Liberal administration with wholesale corruption. The charge has been brought home beyond refutation, but the record of the last Conservative administration was at least as bad. The country evidently thinks that the Liberals have had a good run, for several provinces have turned Conservative; but it is hardly likely that the Liberal position in the Federal Parliament will be carried on this occasion, though it will suffer. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has just given evidence of his anxiety by withdrawing his party's two candidates for Ottawa, and standing himself, together with a strong English-speaking colleague, as the only way of retaining the seats.

* * *

In the "Nineteenth Century" for October, Lord Milner sets himself to establish "The Value of Canadian Preference" by a singularly ill-informed attack upon an article in the "Edinburgh Review" of last July. The Edinburgh reviewer proved from official figures that since the operation of the preferential tariff the import trade into Canada of dutiable goods from the United States and from other foreign countries had actually increased at a slightly faster rate than that from Great Britain. Lord Milner, admitting, as he was compelled, this statement of the course of trade since 1895, accuses the reviewer of ignoring the decline of British trade in the years preceding Preference. By selecting an arbitrary date, 1890, he appears to make a case for the view that Preference has converted a decline into a rise, so far as a protected set of imports are concerned. Examination of his table, however, indicates that his argument derives its sole support from a temporary slump in iron and steel exports from Great Britain, due to our rising domestic prosperity and prices in 1898. The fuller tables of the Edinburgh reviewer, dealing with all dutiable imports, completely expose Lord Milner's argumentative device.

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A preference must, of course, have some effect. The question is as to its size and endurance. The textile trades, to which the preference has given a temporary lift, are trades which Canada is developing for herself. Lord Milner does not allude to the most illuminating episode in the history of Canadian preference, the withdrawal by the Finance Minister, in 1903, of the greater part of the preference upon woollen goods at the behest of the Canadian manufacturers. Even the reduced preference is now found too great, and at the meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association a few weeks

ago the British preference was indicted as ruinous to Canadian mills, and a further demand for withdrawal was put forth. Lord Milner's contention that the increase of British imports to Canada since 1890 "can only be explained by the existence of the preference" is singularly ignorant. For 1898 marked the beginning of the rapid new development of the North-West, with its growing tide of immigration. Every Canadian is aware, and every "Imperialist" ought to be aware, that the growth of our imports into Canada since 1898 is simply England's share in the development of this great new productive area, with its growing markets, for our manufactures.

* * *

We have received a copy of the report of the Committee appointed by the Transvaal Government to inquire into the repatriation debts. This is, in substance, a report on the administration of the sum of three millions, which was granted for the repatriation of the Boers in the Vereeniging Terms—a sum which, it was widely believed in this country, would suffice to make good the devastation inflicted by the war. The report is a serious commentary on the methods of Crown Colony administration. The local Commissions, promised under the terms of peace to assist in the repatriation, were allowed little responsibility or power. The matter was all in the hands of officials who bought up stock from the military and disposed of it to the Boers. The Boers, as the Committee show, had virtually no option except to take the stock or go without any share in the grants. As to the choice of stock, the report says that the worst oxen were selected for distribution to the burghers. They quote a circular issued by the Director of Transport, saying that "the greatest care must be taken that no oxen fit to trek in two or three months' time are disposed of." There were heavy losses on the mules purchased, and such was the condition of the animals taken over that £641,000 had to be charged under the heading of "death of animals." Quantities of cattle were also brought in from the East Coast, among which fever broke out, which not only destroyed the stock issued but infected others. Of a consignment of 500 oxen from Madagascar, every one died either in the trucks or afterwards. These are a few samples of maladministration revealed by the report, which has compelled the Transvaal Government to make large rebates on the debts incurred by farmers, many of whom in purchasing the animals were led to suppose that their expenses would be fully covered by what was due to them for compensation claims. They were under the impression that these claims would be paid in full.

* * *

One of Dr. Lunn's popular tours was interrupted on Tuesday by an unpleasant experience. The "Argonaut," with a hundred and twenty passengers on board, was run into, in a fog, off Dungeness, by a Newcastle collier, and sank in twenty minutes. Owing to the coolness of the passengers, and the efficiency of the captain and crew, not a single life was lost. The whole ship's company was transferred to the collier, which was also badly damaged, and the passengers had again to be transferred to a London collier, by which they were safely conveyed to Dover. The "Argonaut" has been unfortunate, as it is little more than a year since she went ashore on the coast of Norway, but on that occasion also all loss of life was averted, and the vessel was refloated.

* * *

The Moral Education Congress held its last session on Tuesday. As happens in all congresses, its work was dispersed through many sections, and its effect is impossible to summarise, but we shall hardly go wrong in taking Monday's discussion on Moral and Religious Education as the keynote to the whole proceedings. At any rate, both then and on the following day the two schools of thought were represented by energetic advocates, the French system in particular being brilliantly expounded by M. Buisson, of the Sorbonne, while the ethical view was also advocated in a striking speech by Mr. John Russell, of the King Alfred Society's School. The Congress will, we think, have done good in dispelling crude notions of what moral education means, and in stimulating the effort, at present confined to a few enthusiasts, to apply more fully the result of modern psychological inquiry to the training of intellect and character.

* * *

The flooding of the River Musi by the rains of Saturday and Sunday has given rise to a terrible disaster in Haidarabad. The river burst its banks, and what is described as a "wall of water" swept over the suburbs, wiping out a thickly populated district on the west of the city. Warning was given by the authorities at the British Residency, and many of the inhabitants had taken refuge on higher ground, but the loss of life appears to be very great, though, owing to its very magnitude, exact informaion is not at present obtainable.

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In regard to the collision between a motor-car and a cyclist near Witham, referred to in this column last week, a correspondent sends us a cutting from the "Essex Weekly News," showing that the driver of the car did not, as was alleged in the London papers, drive off without offering assistance. The motorist states that he helped to pick up the cyclist and stayed with him for twenty minutes until other help arrived; and, further, that when reports about a runaway motor were circulated, he communicated with the police. We gladly insert this correction. At the inquest on the cyclist killed by a motor-car near Bolton at the last week-end, the jury found the chauffeur blameless, but "protested against the reckless driving of some motorists at dangerous crossings in the locality." On Friday of last week a boy, running out from behind a van, was killed by a motor-cab. A verdict of accidental death was found. On Wednesday an old man of eighty-four was knocked down by a private motor-car while crossing Whitehall and died in the evening. In the case of the woman killed near Oxford Circus in crossing the road from an omnibus, the evidence tended to show that she was confused by the sounding of a motor-horn, an important point, deserving serious attention in any attempts at legislation. The chauffeur was exonerated by the jury. In Lambeth a motor-cab driver was fined £10 for reckless driving, having come into collision with a waggonette, and having driven on before the police could obtain his number. On Wednesday two people, an elderly man and an elderly woman, were knocked down by motor-cars in the same road in Manchester and both died of their injuries. By a collision between a motor 'bus and car in a fog at Barnes on Thursday, the driver of the car was killed.

[*The next issue of* The Nation *will be a Special Announcement Number and will contain a supplement dealing with the Books to be published during the season.*]

Politics and Affairs.

THE FUTURE OF THE LICENSING BILL.

The demonstration against the Licensing Bill is perhaps best described in the words of the "Times" as "a remarkable example of skilful organisation." It is precisely for this reason that in its total effect upon public opinion it seems to have carried less impressiveness to the square inch, or, let us say, to the pound sterling, than any recent demonstration of similar size. No public man of the first rank was found to address the meeting, a point which is again emphasised, with some unkindness, by so friendly a critic as the "Times"; and the final touch of farce was added in the extravagant letter read at one of the platforms from Canon Knox Little. Indeed, the meeting has contributed no new fact. Everyone was aware of the uncompromising opposition of "the trade" to the proposals of the Government; everybody was aware of "the trade's" unequalled power of marshalling its forces; everyone knew that it could count upon the permanent support of certain sections of the Electorate. The Government, as its leaders have said, did not enter into this question blindfold; it had calculated on opposition; it was aware that the Bill must cost it by-elections. No evidence has been brought by the Hyde Park Demonstration to prove anything that was not well known already, to show the existence of any forces which had not been fully discounted by the supporters of the Bill. The demonstration had the circumstances of the moment in its favor. Held on the morrow of the declaration of the poll at Newcastle, it might have seemed to set the seal upon a victory which was no doubt in large measure due to the efforts of the trade. Yet in its effect upon public opinion it has failed. Neither the demonstration nor the Newcastle election, nor even a repetition of such incidents will move the Government from its course. The Bill is in its main lines accepted, not only by temperance reformers, but by moderate men, as a just and reasonable measure. The Government is fully pledged to the principles which it embodies, and any failure at this stage would only be taken as a proof of weakness, in our politics the most unforgivable of all sins.

But the Government has to reckon not only with the House of Commons and the country, but with a more serious and less calculable factor—the possible action of the House of Lords. For the main principles of the Bill the Government and temperance reformers can rely, it is gratefully acknowledged, on the support of the Bishops in that august assemblage. Had the Bishops the united force of the Church behind them their influence would probably be decisive. As it is, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that there are very strong political considerations which are likely to weigh with those who in the past three years have dictated the policy of the House of Lords. As long as the controversy is kept open, Mr. Balfour and his friends can count on a permanent subtraction from the forces supporting the Government. Once the Bill has passed into law, excitement will subside, the cry of confiscation will be recognised for the empty thing that it is, and people will very rapidly settle down into the new state of things. It is while it is pending that a controversy of this kind weakens the Government by exciting alarm, and both in this and in the Education Question the Opposition have all to gain from frustrating a settlement. If they can go to the country with these two questions open, they have every hope of distracting the Democratic forces and coming in on the failure of the Liberal programme to get itself inscribed on the Statute Book.

At the best, then, we must be prepared for strong opposition in the House of Lords, and we must realise that the crisis of the struggle will only come when the Bill has been read a third time in the House of Commons. But, on their side, the brewers will do well to remember that in this matter Ministers have a resource which was not available in the Education controversy. They may be barred in effective Temperance Reform by the obstruction of the peers, but there is one side of the Licensing question which they can tackle. They can deal with the problem of monopoly value through the Budget, and in doing so they can materially assist the finance of the country. The main constructive problem of next year's legislation will turn on the finance of Social Reform, and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer can approach the Licensing problem unencumbered by the consideration of a time limit, it will in no small degree lighten his task. There is no reason in equity, or in the nature of things, against an immediate readjustment of licensing duties. The only reason for postponing the question for fourteen years was to facilitate the reduction of public-houses, and the general cause of temperance reform. If the attainment of these objects is rendered impossible by the friends of the brewers in the Upper House, they will only make it the more incumbent on Ministers to deal with that side of the problem which lies directly within their power, and to do so without delay. This is the alternative to which Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech at Criccieth, has called the serious attention of the trade. For our part, we hope that it is not an alternative to which the Government will be driven. The power of the trade is the most serious political menace, as the extent of drinking is the greatest single social evil of the time. The driving force behind the Licensing Bill is a desire for Social Reform, which goes far beyond the financial considerations involved. Nevertheless, it is well for all parties that the alternative should be fairly kept in mind. Despite all the defects and illogicalities of our Constitution, the representatives of the people have, and should have, the last word. The Government cannot on this issue meekly accept defeat and pass on to the next question. On pain of confessing their impotence, Ministers must prove that they are masters in their own house, and, fortunately, in this case the Constitution provides them with effective means for the purpose.

THE TURKISH CRISIS.

There are in the anxious dispute between Bulgaria and Turkey two issues, the one acute, but temporary, the

other of more serious moment and more durable influence. On the actual issue it would be a mistake to waste words. In seizing the Oriental Railway Bulgaria has put herself palpably in the wrong. It is natural and proper that Bulgaria should desire to acquire this important trunk line. It is the property of the Ottoman Empire, while an Austro-German company holds the concession for its working. Belgium and Switzerland long ago reached the conclusion that the ownership of their railways by foreign capital was incompatible with national autonomy. The arguments which influenced them apply with even greater force to Bulgaria, and she has a perfect right to seek to protect herself, either by purchasing the line from Turkey, or by buying out the rights of the concessionaire company. But in no civilised country is a Ministerial order a sufficient warrant for an act of expropriation, even when no foreign interests are involved. To seize first and negotiate afterwards is a piece of international bad manners, which no casuistry can defend. Whatever were Bulgaria's intentions, she has, doubtless, realised at length that European, and particularly English, opinion would emphatically condemn a policy of adventure. There is reason to suspect that she had contemplated a declaration of independence, which would have emancipated her entirely from the nominal suzerainty of Turkey. For the moment that experiment is postponed, but Prince Ferdinand has long cherished the dream of assuming the dignity of kingship; he has recently received direct encouragement from Austria, and now the firebrand General Tsoncheff, who is everywhere recognised as the Prince's man of confidence, has started an organised agitation against Turkish suzerainty. It was this personage who inaugurated the long period of anarchy in Macedonia, which has just come to an end, by leading an invasion into Turkish territory, against the wishes even of the rebel Macedonian organisation, in the winter of 1902. Now, as then, he is the agent rather of dynastic ambitions than of any popular movement. It is this evidence that there are politicians and courtiers, whose aim it is to undo the recent fraternisation between Young Turks and Macedonian peasants, which is the really serious aspect of the present conflict.

Opinion in this country has adjusted itself with surprising alacrity to the almost miraculous change in Turkey. The discovery that the Turks can reform themselves and restore their Empire may have shaken some of our traditional prejudices, but it threatened none of our interests. On the contrary, it relieved us from the difficult duty of forcing reforms by coercion, allowed us without dishonor to recover our old influence at Constantinople, and opened up the attractive vista of a progressive and tolerant Islamic renaissance. The promptitude with which British policy and public opinion adjusted itself, was a proof that our attitude in the past had its origin only in a decided but quite disinterested detestation for the Hamidian *régime*. To the interested Powers, to the Balkan States, and to some of the subject races of Turkey, the necessary effort of adaptation has been much more difficult, and they have performed it with less spontaneity and grace. Austrian statesmen had reckoned on the ultimate dissolution of Turkey. They had in effect promoted its decay by obstructing serious reforms, and they had sought, by opposing the Liberal Powers, to win for themselves the temporary favor of Yildiz Palace, a service for which the Novi-Bazar railway concession was the payment. Bulgaria, with better reasons and less purely selfish aims, had adopted towards the old Turkey an attitude of frank hostility. Year by year, at an immense material sacrifice, she had perfected her armaments, with the object of one day freeing her brethren in Macedonia from an intolerable tyranny, and at the same time of advancing the greatness of the Bulgarian race. The two aims, the one chivalrous and humane, the other purely self-regarding, had become inextricably associated in the national consciousness. To close the long chapter of massacre and stagnation in Macedonia was also to create in one way or another a great Bulgaria. To-day Macedonia is free, happy, and tranquil, but the dream of a great Bulgaria which its long miseries had excused, cannot be so readily abandoned. Even among the Macedonian Bulgars there is a curious conflict between their present satisfaction and the loss of their ultimate ambitions. We have seen some unrestrained and honest letters from their leaders which explain these two currents of opinion. The simple peasants are, of course, unfeignedly glad, for the change means to them only the end of a corroding and degrading fear, and the beginning alike of liberty and material well-being. But their leaders, if they admit the gain, are conscious also of a loss. An autonomous Macedonia or a Great Bulgaria would have meant for themselves personal influence and power, and for their race a certain position in the world. But in an Ottoman Parliament they will be only a small group beside the more numerous Turks and Greeks and the more adroit Armenians. Their welcome to the new *régime* has accordingly been reserved and ambiguous, and while consenting to work in the open as a constitutional party, they are quietly perfecting their organisation and their armaments. It is well to condemn this attitude, and we cannot refrain from condemning it in the strongest possible terms. But it is fair to make some allowance for the bewilderment and disappointment of men who are suddenly called upon, by an event to which they did not contribute, to renounce the dreams and the preparations for which they have risked their lives and sacrificed their fortunes. The only Christian race in Turkey which makes no reserves in its welcome, and feels no shadow in its joy, is the one race which had neither prospects nor illusions—the Armenians.

The more intelligent among the Young Turkish leaders are quite prepared to make allowances for this ambiguous state of mind, and they have shown tact and patience in handling the Bulgarians of Macedonia. They blundered only in failing to realise that if they are to live on good terms with their Bulgarian fellow-subjects they must refrain from provoking the Bulgarians of the Principality. The interests of the two sections of this divided race are by no means identical, but Sofia has influence enough in Macedonia to wreck any policy of fraternisation if she is determined to do so. By insulting the principality quite wantonly in the Gueshoff incident, the Turkish Government has now made for

itself a complication which it should have sacrificed much to avoid. The result has been to throw Bulgaria into the arms of Austria. Austria thinks of annexing Bosnia; it may be that she also thinks of pushing downwards into Macedonia. Bulgaria thinks of declaring her independence; it may be that she also thinks of acquiring territory in Adrianople and Macedonia. Such a coalition might be fatal to Turkey, but we doubt whether, if war should result, the Great Powers would be generous in allotting Bulgaria her share of the spoils. It is obvious that if the Young Turks are allowed a field free from foreign complications, Turkey must become each year more able to defend herself from aggression. As in 1876 so to-day, the temptation to any Power which hoped to profit from Turkish decay is to strike before the reformers have had time to do their work.

That such disloyal schemes may for a moment present themselves to some of the less scrupulous politicians in Sofia and Vienna is not improbable. But Austria has always been a timid and conservative Power; Bulgaria is sensitive to European opinion. The risk lies not so much in any reckless policy of adventure, as in the adoption of a cold and self-assertive demeanour, which must react unfavorably on the pacification of Macedonia. Any tampering with the arrangements of the Berlin Treaty might have disastrous consequences. For if Bulgaria were to declare her independence, Austria might, with less risk, annex Bosnia, Greece absorb Crete, and Russia violate the arrangement which confines her navy to the waters of the Black Sea. The temptation to all these courses is considerable, for none of the arrangements in question is quite reasonable, and none of them can last for ever. But the effect of altering the *status quo* to the disadvantage of a Liberal Turkey would inevitably be to discredit the Young Turks, to revive the old sense of a natural war between Islam and Christendom, to bring Western political ideals into disrepute, and to expose the Christians of the Empire once more to the old suspicions and the old enmities. It would be, in a word, to revive the reaction, and with its revival to destroy the hope of a Turkish renaissance. If ever these arrangements are reversed, it must be when the new *régime* is secure, and any loss to Turkey must be balanced by concessions which will save the proper pride of the Turks. The abolition of the humiliating Capitulations would be the least concession which the Turks could be asked to accept in return for a surrender of rights which the Treaty of Berlin secured to them. But some years must elapse before such a bargain will be either prudent or desirable. In the meantime, the duty of Europe, and in particular of Great Britain, is to shield the most promising movement of our generation from foreign complications, and to meet with an uncompromising resistance any race or any Power which seeks to endanger its progress.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

Underneath the exaggerated rumours of "mergers" among the great railroad companies, aiming at a single non-competing "trust," there is doubtless a solid substratum of truth. Several reasons must have led the companies to take to heart the advice tendered to them by Mr. Lloyd George during the negotiations of a year ago, that they should "set their house in order." This was not the menace that it seemed to some, but a plain suggestion of a business policy desirable in the interests of the shareholders and, provided adequate safeguards could be devised, of the public as well. The lack of co-ordination and the waste of competition are serviceable to nobody, and it is evident that combination among the companies is essential to anything that can deserve the name of a railway system. If we bear in mind the newer economic features in the situation, the great growth of expenditure by unremunerative extensions of lines and by increase of the wage bill, for which no adequate compensation has come in the shape of increased traffic, the consequent decline of dividends, and the precarious prospect opened up to shareholders in railways by the development of tramways and motor-cars, we cannot feel surprised that every effort should be made to effect economies of working. The first-fruits of the settlement effected by the Board of Trade last autumn was an attempt of the Great Northern and the Great Central to form a single business, so far as management was concerned, by pooling receipts and distributing them upon an agreed basis, without fusing their capital or abandoning their separate legal status. Had this been possible without an Act of Parliament, such "mergers" would doubtless have proceeded apace. But, though it is believed that the two companies intend to proceed with this project and to admit the Great Eastern into the alliance, the necessity of Parliamentary sanction makes the procedure slower and less assured, and, should other combinations, as, for instance, that suggested between the great roads running North and South, seek legal sanction, the proposals must be discussed not merely on technical grounds but in relation to the wider issues of public policy which are involved. At present it appears that a halt has been called at the stage of "working arrangements," such as the agreement between the Great Northern, North-Western, and Midland regarding through coaches and sleeping cars to Scotland, and a number of other similar economies to be secured by substituting concerted action for competition.

Most of these arrangements are tolerably obvious economies which involve no inconvenience or discomfort to any member of the travelling public, unless it be to a handful of luxurious wayfarers accustomed hitherto to have an almost empty carriage at their disposal, the cost of which has been in part defrayed by the tickets of third-class passengers. But since it is now probable that these tentative agreements will be followed by the development of a much more thoroughgoing policy of union, it is well that we should inspect more closely the situation that will be created when, by statutory powers or by private arrangements, "the waste of competition" has been eliminated from our great high roads. If we could assume, as is often done by well-informed and able advocates, such as Mr. E. A. Pratt ("Railways and Nationalisation," King & Son), that the interests of the shareholders and of the general public in the economical

administration of railroads were virtually identical, we could simply encourage the companies to go ahead and fold our hands complacently. But what is proposed is, in substance, a monopoly of the means of transportation, and there is no more reason to assume that the interests of the management, concerned with procuring a maximum dividend, must coincide with those of a travelling and trading public seeking the lowest rates for the best service, than there is in any other monopoly. It is perhaps only natural that any such divergence should be ignored in the proposals of the railways. Lord Stalbridge, for example, outlining the proposed agreement between the North-Western and the Midland to his shareholders, used the following language: "Its principles are, first, the elimination of all inducements to excessive competition, which, while expensive, produces no additional traffic; and, second, co-operation in the working of all competitive traffic in the manner most convenient to the public and most economical to both companies." These harmonies between competition and co-operation, between the economy of the companies and the convenience of the public, are not "natural," and have little sanction from history. A monopoly in dealing with the consumer must certainly consider his interests, but only as a means to enable it to adjust a most profitable scale of prices. Similarly, in dealing with employees, a monopoly must treat them with such humanity and generosity as will come back in improved efficiency. Alike in the relation of capital to the public and to employees, there is a true identity of interests, but only over a certain part of the field: outside that area there is antagonism.

But, in truth, no one would seriously argue that railways without competition can be trusted always to do their best for the travelling and trading public. Both in their dealings with the public and with their employees, the State is to keep a firm hand upon them, regulating rates, requiring conformity to rigorous rules for the safety and welfare of the public and of the railway workers. Such is the theory. But can this supervision, control, and influence of the State be made really effective? The entanglement of issues now raised by Mr. Bell upon the dismissal of Midland employees, and the attempts of several companies to force reductions of wages without reference to the new machinery of conciliation, illustrate the difficulty on one side of this public control. But it is even more difficult to suppose that public officials can cope satisfactorily with the delicate and ever-changing machinery of rates, especially when the underlying issue is one of adjusting two partially conflicting interests without any accepted automatic standard of reference.

But though we can see no ultimate solution of the railroad problem upon the basis of private monopoly, qualified by a State control, which is likely to oscillate between impotence and vexatious interference, we are by no means so certain that the movement towards nationalisation is likely to be as rapid as some appear to think. For, in the first place, there is the strong British predilection for dwelling in half-way houses to be reckoned with. If the railways give the public not the whole but one tithe of the gains of their new economy, in the shape of improved service, and if reasonably good conditions for railway employees are maintained, a long halt at this stage may be secured. Moreover, the policy of combination, if it leads to improved administration and better business methods, will itself be likely to militate in two ways against any early nationalisation. In the first place, by consolidating the competing railway interests, it will enable directors and shareholders to offer a more powerful resistance to national ownership if they desire to do so. If, on the other hand, as is not impossible, they should desire to sell out to the State, the improved financial conditions, which ought to ensue from consolidation, would enable them to get a higher price from the nation. Indeed, the bargaining power of so strong a body of property owners, so fully represented in Parliament, would be so great, that we venture a word of warning to over-eager nationalisers, lest their movement should precipitate a policy of public purchase upon terms analogous to those given to Irish landowners, excessive in themselves, and not discounting adequately the new risks attaching to railway enterprise under the conditions of an age of electricity.

THE CLOSE OF THE BOOK WAR.

It is understood that the warfare between the "Times" Book Club and the Publishers' Association has been concluded by concessions on the part of the former, the precise nature of which has not been revealed. The story of the struggle is not without interest. Under American inspiration the "Times" entered on a project in which the hire and sale of books was designed to play the part of the eleemosynary teapot in the grocery business. In order to assist the circulation of the newspaper, subscribers were presented with the free loan of new books from the Book Club. This first blow was struck at the ordinary lending libraries, and so long as the attack was confined to them the publishers failed to realise the full significance of the project, and consented to supply the "Times" with books on special terms, which included an agreement to expend fifteen per cent. of the price of books upon advertisements in the newspaper. Then came a new development. The "Times" announced its intention to sell books a few weeks after publication to all who chose to buy them at a material reduction from the published price, thus breathing slaughter at once upon the publishers and the retail booksellers. To this menace the Publishers' Association replied with a resolution "that second-hand copies of net books shall not be offered for sale or sold at less than the published price within six months of publication," and rallied to this declaration of their policy almost all important members of the trade, undertaking neither to supply new books to the "Times" Book Club nor to advertise in the columns of that newspaper so long as this slaughtering method was applied. With transpontine audacity the "Times" then sought to carry the fight into the enemy's camp, posing as champions of "free trade" and cheap literature, and startling the uninitiated reader with revelations of the exorbitant greed of publishers, who sold at thirty-six

shillings works which only cost five shillings to produce. Though the wild exaggeration of such statements was thoroughly exposed, they admitted nothing and retracted nothing, but employed every device which ingenuity could suggest to break up the opposition of the trade, and to secure by indirect methods the books which they could not purchase in the open market. Fortunately, the publishing houses stood firm, supported by the retailers and by the overwhelming majority of well-known authors. Although certain sophists strove to confuse the issue by dwelling upon unsatisfactory features in the relations between author and publisher, publisher and retailer, which belong to the special structure of the trade, the general body of the public clearly recognised that the "Times" was pursuing a course which, could it have succeeded, would have established a peculiarly injurious monopoly.

It is perhaps true to say that intelligent opinion was against the "Times" rather than with the publishers. If the "Times" or any other business firm showed itself able, by superior skill in organisation or any other mode of legitimate competition, to cheapen the supply of current literature, and to stimulate book-buying by enabling prospective purchasers to taste before they bought—two claims put forward by the Book Club—no questions regarding the intrusion of a newspaper upon a trade which "belonged to others" would have prevented it from securing wide sympathy and support. But all who understood the motives and methods adopted by the "Times" knew that the terms offered to the public were such as could not be maintained for long, and that if it had been possible for the "Times" to have succeeded, they must have recouped the heavy financial losses of such price-cutting by the terms they would subsequently impose on publisher, retailer, and consumer.

Publishers have never been very popular with authors, for the methods of appraising immaterial values are so essentially defective as continually to rouse suspicions and resentments in an irritable nature, and authors have often taken trouble to inform the public that they do not get their due. But, in truth, it is not easy to apportion blame for the unsatisfactory condition of the making and sale of books among the various parties concerned. One or two important features should, however, be kept in mind. A vast body of fresh readers is continually coming into being, with new sorts of education and shifting tastes, and the business of supplying them with reading becomes continually more speculative. Most of us bewail the unchecked flood of new books, far in excess, as it must be, of any normal healthy demand; indeed, it is admitted that most of them fail to find readers. But though we may set some blame upon the itch for authorship, and the reckless facilities afforded by the trade, it must be remembered that most books are published simply because the publisher had no means of knowing that they would fail until they had been tried. For even if the psychology of book-buyers were better known than it is, there is the rapid new development of the lending library to reckon with. With the exception of school books, certain classes of religious works and some presentation books, most volumes are produced not for sale but for hire, and the determination of their library success is extremely delicate and precarious. We doubt not that publishers in general would welcome, as much as the more educated public, any method of testing and standardising literature, which would diminish the terrible waste of the existing system of producing books, and would reduce the speculative character of their trade. But no reasonable person would look to the *Times*, either in its late or in its present management, for any contribution towards this desired end.

Life and Letters.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY.

A GREAT deal is said in the present day about "The Church and Democracy," "The Church and Labor," "The Church and Popular Amusements." Unfortunately, the idea of "the Church" is apt to be limited to the system of public worship and the persons who administer it. It is not likely that the democracy will busy itself with questions of dogma or ritual; but it cannot think lightly of the Christian spirit, nor can those who wish to live in that spirit turn aside from democratic movements. So long, no doubt, as we think of Christianity as an external element introduced here and there into human affairs, we may keep these two powers apart; we may preach and pray and think of heaven, and leave social movements to go their own way. But religious men have learnt to look upon Christianity as the redemptive force for the uplifting of mankind, and they cannot be indifferent to any of the movements which sway the thoughts and actions of the masses; nor can the strivings of those who by their own efforts are rising to power be viewed with any but a sympathetic eye, so long as the good of the whole community is kept in view.

We may even claim a closer union between these two powers of Democracy and the Spirit of Christ. No doubt, if we limit our conception of Christianity to the professions of the churches and their worshippers, the breach may seem absolute; but, since Christ never spoke a word about church-going, it is clear that that cannot be the test of a Christian; and, since He did speak constantly of justice, truth, and beneficence, and said that all religion was summed up in love to God and to man, and that men will be judged by the practical deeds of kindness which they have done, it is to those latter qualifications that we must look when we speak of Christianity. And who can say that they are absent from the organs of modern democracy?

Not only so; but the object of Christianity is to set up among men what Christ and the prophets and apostles called the Kingdom of God; and, if we ask the meaning they attached to this, we have it in the words of St. Paul: "The Kingdom of God is . . . righteousness and peace and joy." Is not this precisely what is aimed at by democratic movements? Take the motto which expresses their aim: "Liberty, equality, fraternity." Are not these the things which St. Paul aimed at when he said that we are not to be the servants of men, that for Christians there is no difference of race or condition or sex, and that we are members one of another? Or take the whole Reform movement, and the emancipation of one class after another by the grant of the franchise—what is it but the determination that, by each section of the community having power to express its needs, no injustice shall be done to any? Take, again, the word Socialism, so dreaded by some, so idolised by others. Must we not admit that its motto is entirely a Christian one: "From each man according to his ability, to each man according to his needs"? No doubt there is much in it to be explained, and much to be added for its completion; but if all men would un-

selfishly and ungrudgingly give all his best to the service of the community, and every man could, in recompense, receive what he needs according to a just judgment of his requirements, we should have, at least as regards the outward sphere, a very perfect society.

This is not a forced approximation of two rival powers: they are parts of the same movement of thought and energy. Men like Robert Owen and George Jacob Holyoake were inspired with the same enthusiasm of humanity which actuated William Wilberforce and Lord Shaftesbury; and we may venture to believe that Christ would have recognised them, and will say to each of them, What you have done to my brethren you have done to me.

What, then, is wanted? Why cannot Christian people be content to join in the labor organisations as they are, without introducing anything more definite as religion? Why should we not do away with religious teaching or public worship, since the life, and not the profession, is true religion, and the spirit of Christ is of so much greater value than the special ideas about Him which have formed the churches and sects?

The chief reason is that the organisations which are formed for special political or social objects are far too narrow; they do not cover the whole ground. One may be an enthusiastic supporter of Women's Suffrage or of an Eight Hours Bill; but there are things much more important than these—namely, the spirit in which we advocate them, and the general interests of the community and of mankind. If one trade seeks its own interest at the expense of others, it becomes unjust and tyrannical. It is held that the blackleg who refuses to join in a common movement of his trade is acting a selfish part. What, then, is the trade which should go its own way to the disadvantage of the community but a corporation of blacklegs? There are other interests than those of labor, and if all wage-earners could combine simply for their own advantage without regard to the claims of knowledge or culture or statesmanship, or the interests of the Empire or of the community of nations, they may become an unjust power, and the proper balance of social forces may be upset. And, if this one-sided course should be pursued with violence, we might have the scenes of the French Revolution enacted over again. In all human affairs we have to consider, not merely what is to be done, but in what manner it is to be done; and it is here that the spirit of Christ vindicates its supremacy. The spirit of justice and of love is more important than wealth or power. Nor can any great movement for the good of mankind be carried through without the support of unselfish devotion, of which the self-sacrifice of Christ is the abiding source.

On the other hand, we have to guard against a danger which is felt whenever Christianity is named. It is this—that the spirit of Christ is thought of far too much as connected with the organisations for public worship and its adjuncts, separate from the larger interests of mankind; so that it appears to men as something abnormal, having little or no relation to practical interests—something which denaturalises human life and divides human society, and, again, as being necessarily bound up with the system administered by the clergy; so that we have two warring powers, each claiming our allegiance, and the moral world is divided into two camps, not on the ground of the everlasting conflict of good and evil, but on that of the religious and the secular life. Of this latter conflict Christ and the Bible know nothing: in the former we must all take part.

Christianity is spoken of very commonly, as if it were a new element thrust at a particular time into the life of mankind, instead of being, as represented in the Bible, the realisation of the "purpose of the ages." But modern thought allows for an immanent God working through the whole creation and through all mankind. It allows us to think of Christ as the centre and culmination of this process. "God gave the spirit without measure to Him"; but He also gave the same spirit to others before and after in their measure. This permits us to think of humanity as a whole, every member of which has some function in the great body, while yet it justifies the special adoration which we pay to Christ as the source and centre of life. We desire that all men and all organisations should be Christian, not so that they may join in a special and separate body of worshippers, but that their whole life may be actuated by the spirit of sacrifice and of universal love which was in Him. And the Church then becomes not a separate body, the organ of a special function, but the whole of mankind so far as they share that spirit.

Human Society? That is a vast expression; and it implies not merely fortuitous collections of individuals, but organised aggregates, especially nations and their governments. But to these, since the triumph of constitutionalism, applies all that we have said in reference to democratic movements. Whether they work on a monarchical or a distinctly popular basis, whether, and to what extent, they admit the principle of Socialism, is not of primary importance. What is vital is the spirit of justice and of love. That spirit is inculcated, though with varied thoroughness, by all the different Church Organisations. They all need for their own efficiency, as well as for the good of mankind, the broad universal spirit which said that not in one place or mode is true worship to be found, but everywhere, if it be in spirit and in truth, and which has for its ideal "one flock and one Shepherd." When the Churches and their clergy imbibe that spirit, they will find nothing to make them stand aloof from any form of government, and nothing to make the nations and their governments repudiate them. This process is going on more rapidly than is commonly recognised. The late Pan-Anglican Congress and Conference (which we may take as typical of a general movement) had for their chief note *Service*, not dominion, and their interest in all social questions showed that what was meant by Service was not the inculcation of special tenets as modes of workship, but the sincere wish to minister to the social needs of mankind in the manner we are now advocating. Should this disposition ripen and bear fruit throughout the Churches, we may look forward to the cessation of mutual suspicions, and the working of the Christian nation in unity for the attainment of the things which are aimed at by the democratic movement under the impulse of divine justice and divine love.

W. H. Fremantle.

A RADICAL PIONEER.

No time has left fuller records of the life and manners of its aristocracy than the period of English history which began with the French Revolution and ended with the Reform Bill. Those were the last years of the exclusive reign of that aristocracy, for the period was marked by the rise to social power of a new class in England. To this new class belonged Richard Potter, one of the founders of the "Manchester Guardian," and member for Wigan in the reformed Parliament of 1833, fragments of whose diary have been published by his granddaughter, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, in a little volume entitled, "From Ploughshare to Parliament" (John Murray). This little volume is full of interest as an intimate picture of the life of a class of which we learn but little from published records. Richard Potter's career, it must be explained, did not begin behind the plough. It began where he was much less content to find himself, behind the counter. When he was seventeen his brother got him a place at a draper's in Nottingham, and he left his home at Tadcaster to begin the life of a shop assistant. It was not a life to which he took kindly, and all the efforts his brother made to reconcile him to it were ineffectual. Young Richard, who was fond of his books, disliked, in particular, being put in the kitchen in the evenings, but his family reminded him that he was very lucky not to have his meals there as well, "for brother John dined in the kitchen in most of his situa-

tions." His sister, anticipating the moral pointed by the Miss Taylors in their pleasing story about "Little Ann and Her Mother," added "If we wish to be happy we must look into the world, not at those above us, but at those below." Poor Richard was no happier in the shop than in the kitchen, for he found himself awkward when things were busy, and when they were not he felt that he ought to be allowed to read a book or a newspaper. But his brother explained to him that "nobody allows their young men to read in the shop. It is a system with all shopkeepers to appear busy."

Richard did not stay long at Nottingham. His next venture was at Birmingham. His brother, who was growing anxious about him, redoubled his sage advice, reminded him of that good impression that can be made by a little care about manners and deportment, particularly at table, and urged him to study the bearing of his more successful colleagues. "Amongst the young men in the shop you will find some in a higher estimation and confidence of their employers than others by their engaging manner of serving customers. Such it is a duty to yourself to imitate—the attentions, the language, the bow, and everything else attractive—aim at attaining." It is impossible not to think of the unfortunate Mr. Hoopdriver in Mr. Wells' "Wheels of Chance," and his desperate efforts to unlearn that bow and those attentions. As a matter of fact, poor William Potter, who gave all this eager advice, turned out to be, as Burke said of Savage, rather the friend of goodness than a good man, for he came hopelessly to grief and ended his days in drink.

Richard's career, in spite of its reluctant beginning, followed a very different course. In 1802 he started with his two brothers (one of them being William) in the business in Manchester which brought him wealth and power. Five years later poor William's infirmity made it necessary for him to withdraw; but the business grew and prospered without interruption. Richard, though in his shop assistant days he had paid less attention to his brother's exhortations than his family would have liked, had already given a taste of qualities which were the guarantee of success. He was extremely industrious and anxious to improve himself. He took French lessons in Birmingham, and formed a debating society among his fellow shop assistants, who met at half-past five in the morning, to discuss some of the topics of the day. This was not the first sign he had given of an interest in public affairs, for some years earlier he began to keep a diary, in which he jotted down his comments on politics. The politics of the day, obscured to us by the glories of the war with Napoleon, were a morose and bitter subject to those who could watch at close quarters the rapid degradation and impoverishment of the life of England. It is to Richard Potter's credit that the strong Radical views which he inherited did not fade away as his own fortunes improved, and that his concern for the sufferings of others did not diminish as he found himself passing from comfort into affluence. He and his brother belonged to the group of Manchester Liberals who started the "Manchester Guardian" in 1821. They were all lashed by Cobbett, who used to call them "the Prigs," and Richard himself "the simpering, drivelling, and stammering Dick," but it is significant that even that uncompromising critic admitted that "the Potters had given undeniable proof on many occasions, not only of their humanity, but of their really active benevolence." Mrs. Meinertzhagen publishes an extract from Richard Potter's diary which might help to explain Cobbett's dislike—a dislike which could be earned so easily and so capriciously were worth analysis:—

> "March 10th, 1813. This day being appointed for a General Fast, the funds for supplying the poor with soup in Manchester being exhausted, it was proposed to make collections in all the places of worship. I attended the old parish church and gave five pounds. There were several persons in the same seat whose circumstances were such as to expect they would have liberally contributed who only gave silver; but I was amply compensated by the pleasant reflections I felt the remainder of the day, which I passed alone."

In one respect Cobbett's description was conspicuously unjust, for there was nothing of the simperer in Richard Potter's treatment of the ruling powers. Indeed, the strong part he took in denouncing the Peterloo massacre made his sister, whom Mrs. Meinertzhagen calls "a shrewd and sensible old maid," a little uneasy. "I must own that I felt glad that you could not muster a meeting, because it would have made you conspicuous and obnoxious to the magistrates, which would have prevented you from ever co-operating with them in any public good. Another thing, their power is so great that it would be imprudent to make them your enemies." If Richard replied he probably explained that he did not believe in the possibility of much useful co-operation with the magistrates, for he was a stern critic alike of the justice and the administration of the class of whose rule we have a sympathetic picture in Mr. and Mrs. Webb's study of English Local Government. An extract from his diary gives us an illustration of the temper in which the ruling class maintained order:—

> "October 13th (1813). Manchester Quarter Sessions commence. I was attending to give evidence against a man. Afterwards two boys—John and Thomas Clough, aged twelve and ten years—were tried and found guilty of stealing some Irish linen out of Joseph Thorley's warehouse during the dinner hour. The Chairman sentenced them to seven years' transportation. On its being pronounced, the mother of these unfortunate boys came to the Bar to her children, and with them was in great agony, imploring mercy of the Bench. With difficulty the children were removed. The scene was so horrifying I could remain no longer in court."

This "Annual Register" for 1791, it may be noted, contains the mention of the execution at Newgate of two boys, aged fourteen and fifteen, for stealing. Richard Potter was, indeed, so much impressed by the savage sentences of his day, that he made a collection of them. These were the times when the opinions of the typical country magistrate, like those of General Dyott, whose diary was published last year, were based on the fundamental conviction that "nothing but the terror of human suffering can avail to prevent crime." The type of which Richard Potter was an example had its own weaknesses and faults, but it put an end to the reign of that system of brutal repression in which, to the Sidmouths in office, and the Dyotts on the Bench, the duties of the State had their beginning and their end.

A GOOD BOOK.

In the true meaning of a phrase which is generally meaningless this little book, "George Cruikshank," by W. H. Chesson (Duckworth) is a credit to its author. It is a great misfortune that the words "conscientious" or "laborious" and the idea of "hard work" in literature should generally be associated with mere masses of detail or catalogues of facts. As a matter of fact, Mr. Chesson is both exhaustive and accurate touching such facts, as anyone will know who remembers his bibliography of Charles Keene. But it is not for its facts that I call this book a piece of hard work. There are books crammed with facts which are nevertheless fundamentally careless. There are pages and folios of continuous accuracy which yet seem as if the writer had written them in his sleep. This is a conscientious book because the author has kept awake to write it. The hardest kind of work is really to work with one's head, not with one's pen or spectacles or paste-pot or scissors or British Museum reading ticket. To write down no word that does not mean something; to write no sentence without a point to it; to echo no mere fashionable phrases; to pick living adjectives; to select real analogies; not to pad by so much as an inch; this is really to work hard, and this is how Mr. Chesson works when he is at it. One can read through the narrative and trivial parts of Cruikshank's Life in this book with the certainty that the author's mind will be fully present in every sentence. He does not write the pompous parts of the book and leave the rest of the book to write itself. The most trivial sentence may have an entertaining twist in it, as that Isaac Cruikshank "was a Lowland Scot who lived and unfortunately drank by his art," or of the dark and dirty look of a figure "London is ashamed to see and acknowledge him: he makes her long for rain and

soap in the rain," or best of all, that Fagin's den with the fried sausages "has a squalid comfortableness—a leering charity—which praises Hell." Nor is the excellence merely verbal; there are admirable ideas; nay, there are admirable definitions. "Humor then is the ability to receive a shock of pleasant surprise from sounds and appearances without attributing importance to them . . . it is victoriously beneath contempt and above worship"; or again, "his natural idea of a ghost was comic in the way of a wise old world that taxes pain and wrath for humor."

Therefore it is sad to think that if I called Mr. Chesson's book "conscientious," everyone would think I meant that it was dull. As a matter of fact, conscientiousness is rather painfully exciting; you have only to try being conscientious for a week to find that out. For my part, I like morality; it is so exciting; but I fear that Mr. Chesson would not always approve of my thus mixing it up with art. In defiance of his frowns, however, I insist on saying that this book is an ethical as well as an artistic credit to him. As the eighteenth century patrons of Cruikshank would have said, it is worthy alike of his head and heart. For it shows (what is much rarer than many people fancy) a strong literary sense of honor. Here is a little book, claiming only to be a slight biography, likely to be used as a mere table ornament. There are five or six first-class critics now drawing large salaries who would write such a book without taking any trouble at all to earn their money, except the trouble of being accurate—which can be delegated. It would be so easy to write a readable and flowing account of Cruikshank, full of all the unconscious modern dogmas, decorously thanking God (or Evolution, or whatever it is) that we are so much more moral and refined than our fathers, or praising our fathers for fighting Napoleon, without realising how hard it was to fight him. Such a book would have been acceptable; it would have been accepted; it would have been praised as much as I am now praising this. But Mr. Chesson, out of his own intellectual integrity, prefers to *think* his way through the book, to stud every other sentence with some sincere conviction or some sincere doubt. That is the sort of accuracy and the sort of conscientiousness which we really want to encourage. It is not dishonest to write a new life of Cruikshank with a false date for his birth, for that can be learnt in an encyclopædia. But it is dishonest to write a new life of Cruikshank with nothing really in it at all except what exists already in the encyclopædia. It is not dishonorable to put some private error into a book, but it is dishonorable not to put any private truth into it. We writers are paid to cut off bits of ourselves, and we must deliver the goods, if they are pounds of flesh. There are a great many points on which I should, in the abstract, like to argue with Mr. Chesson. I am not sure that he fully appreciates how near the old English virility was to virtue—almost as near as the two Latin words. But all such prospects of argument on the mere matter of Cruikshank are swallowed up in my agreement with him as to how such a book as this should be written. Here is a man who puts big thoughts into a small book. Here is a man (one may even say) who puts important thoughts into an unimportant book. If once writers can be urged to that sort of industry English literature is saved.

G. K. C.

WHY THE LEAVES TURN BROWN.

The house-wall that belongs to the Virginia creeper is flaming scarlet; yellow fire is creeping down the mighty elms; sycamore and lime hold up huge golden plates to the still air; dogwood is purple-black; the blackberry brambles show all these colors and many more; the beech will soon eclipse them all with its red-hot, radiant copper; and then down will come all these banners to the earth that gave them. The unending beauty of autumn reconciles us to the sadness of the winter change. It strikes us as more of a miracle than the green progress of spring, because we understand a little the reason of greenness, while we shall never understand why it serves the trees to be quite so beautiful in their annual moult. Perhaps there is no answer, but we shall for ever ask the question, as well as answer it with absurd inadequacy.

Death is usually accounted a privative phenomenon. It is life that changes the green caterpillar, through the brown chrysalis into the richly-painted butterfly. But the butterfly is not more brilliant or varied than the green leaves that have been painted by death. We are asked by science to believe that autumn leaves are red because the green chlorophyl grains have been withdrawn from them: that the red was there all through the summer side by side with the green, or even as one of its constituents. It does not satisfy. Pale green from dark green does not leave yellow: it leaves blue. Blue-green from green may leave yellow, but not the rich positive yellow of the maple. No painter can add beech-red to beech-green without making mud, or paint the flaming Ampelopsis leaves so as to make them a transparent green. Nevertheless, Nature may have done it, and it is the element of miracle in them that makes the autumn tints so delightful. The miracle is really in the summer green, but only the *dénouement* of autumn awakens us to the fact.

The popular belief that the leaves are nipped off by the cold night of autumn is as remote from the facts as the poet's cry that the young buds of next year push off the leaves that have had their day. In other climes the leaves come off at the approach of hot weather, and grow again when the cool rains come. They fly from the tree like intelligent units when they are about to become a burden instead of a help. The snows of winter would break the tree down if there were broad leaves to settle on: the scorch of the dry season would make it perspire to death. So in each case the leaves desert while the bad time is scarcely more than imminent. The order of course comes from the roots. The flow of sap, which has been abundant and regular while summer lasted, begins to fail when cold rains have chilled the soil (or the tropical sun has dried up the supply). Leaf transpiration comes to exceed the intake, and at last the tide flows the other way. The outposts are not driven in, but recalled. The starches and the sugars that the chlorophyl has been making pass from the leaf to the twig, and often to the branch, the stem, and the tuber warehouse underground. As they pass from the leaf blade to the permanent wood, someone closes the gate. The outwork is to be abandoned, and bark must grow where there were channels for the flow of sap. The leaf, or the skeleton that remains, is no longer of the tree, though it remains on the tree till the cleansing wind shakes it down.

A curious phase of leaf abandonment is shown on our house-wall, where the Virginia creeper is flaming so redly. First of all, the substances that the green cells have worked for are withdrawn from each leaflet to the leaf-stalk. The cork layers of separation are formed, and one by one the leaflets fall, till the wall bristles with leaf-stalks, down which the sap is slowly passing to its true winter quarters. For soon the lower bridge is blocked and a second moult rids the creeper of all of its summer hamper. It is the same with the sumach, the ash, the chestnut, and the "Sacred Tree of Heaven," which has become such a favorite in our towns. It seems as though these trees hoped every year to be allowed to retain at least the long middle stalks of their leaves. It is not to be however, for, one and all, they are at length compelled to cut down to the first bud. One wise and capable plant alone there is in the garden that retains a bit of the stalk. That is the syringa, which keeps just a scale-like portion as a house for its bud till next spring.

If what we have said were the whole truth, we could have autumn tints at will by starving the roots of our summer trees. The elm branch that we broke in climbing for the magpie's nest shows that this is not so. The leaves withered in a day, but they never turned yellow, and are even now hanging on the wounded branch. They

will survive even the orderly retreat of their yellow fellows now mustering for the last review. The cork-forming habit, then, so far as it relates to the base of the leaf, is purely autumnal. It is something so much higher than the automatic back-flow that follows decreased pressure, that it is almost worthy the name of intelligence. It is, at least, a seasonal habit that stands very much for the preservation of the tree.

It is a rule that the trees that first went into leaf in spring retain their autumnal glory longest. At the end of May the freshest green was that of the ash, following much other foliage that had already passed into the sober hue of middle age. And now the ash is stripping off its pennons so rapidly that they have no time to get rid of their chlorophyl first. The elder, which gave its treasured wisps of green in February, still shelters the thrushes in a complete dome of leaves as they sit and gobble the rich black berries. "The brushwood sheaf round the elm-tree bole," which burgeoned more than a week before the upper branches, has not yet caught the yellow fire which has consumed the topmost sprays, and is burning the great middle portion. On the other hand, long after the lower boughs of the poplar have yellowed and become bare, the top will bear plumes almost as green as the mistletoe that the storm-cock has planted among them. Differences of character, not merely between species, but between individuals, constantly present themselves as we pass through the field of battle. A single sycamore within twenty yards of many others is a pillar of fire, while its neighbours are unflecked. Here, side by side with oaks that are withering in their dour fashion, is one dressed in the tender red-green of spring. The birches on the top of the gravel bank have lost their plumes, while those only twenty yards below are covered with parti-colored leaves. The outer part of each has been abandoned, while the base is full of the green army retiring towards the twig.

The chlorophyl grains swim in the protoplasm of the cell, as the red corpuscles in the hæmoglobin of our blood. When the light is weak they muster clamourously at the surface, for then each must work its hardest to get the utmost chemical advantage of a short supply. But when the sun shines strongly, the leaf grows less green. A few chemists can do all the work, or the flat granules only need turn an edge instead of a broadside to the sun. The pupil of each cell contracts as does the eye of the cat under similar circumstances. The brightest greens are those found in deep, rocky pockets, where hartstongues and liverworts eke out a labored existence, or in darker places still, where the Luminous Moss earns its name, merely by the activity of its chlorophyl particles. There is much to be learnt about these tiny green bodies, but we do know that some salt of iron seems essential to their formation. Give a plant soil that has no iron in it, and it produces white leaves, which are not of the least service for prolonging life. Feed it now with an iron salt, and the leaves become green and serviceable. Surely, then, the secret is out, and we know why the leaves turn brown. Added to all that wonderful list of benefits that Ruskin reminded the people of Tunbridge Wells they owed to iron must be the green of summer and the glory of autumn. It is to the rusting of infinitesimal particles of iron in the abandoned leaf-structures that we owe the elm flames, the scarlet of the whortleberry, and the glowing fires of the beech.

Short Story.

BARBARA.

"I came in tired and miserable; and then I found your letter. I shall keep it till I die, and have it buried with me. It's the one thing in my life I shall want to remember when I'm dying—that I did love you with all my heart and soul and strength, and there was something in me that you loved.

"I can't marry you, and God helping me, I will never see you again. To-morrow I shall be gone—I don't know where, abroad, perhaps. But I shall have your letter, it will keep me from doing anything wrong. I will try to be good.

"Didn't you ever guess, when you came to these flats, that you had got among a shady set of people? To be sure, some of them are quite all right, except for being Bohemians. . . . I'm not. You would have seen if you had been anyone else that I wasn't a good woman. There's a little brazen way one gets—I've heard it in my own voice, I've seen it in my own face—a dash of devilry, that says to respectable people, 'Your grapes are uncommonly sour and hard.' So they are; but ours are worse—ours are poison, and we know it.

"I needn't go into details; besides, I'm not so bad as many women. I fell in love with one man and married another; then I ran away with the first. When my husband died, he didn't marry me; he left me; we had grown to hate each other. Afterwards—but I won't tell you any more; it doesn't do any good that I see. . . . For years I've kept straight—I don't know why. I'd enough money left me to live on—just enough, and, perhaps, my soul knew you were coming; you came six months ago.

"You were poor, and in spite of your genius, it was touch and go whether you held on or went under. If you'd been a prig you might have gone under for aught we cared—as it was, we all took to you. We helped you in ways you never guessed, and we kept our manners and morals right side up before you—with considerable difficulty, because it was their second nature to be upside down. That first Sunday—shall I ever forget it?—when you picked up my bangle that had come loose, and tumbled, and tried to roll all down the stairs, like an india-rubber ball. We both laughed at the bangle, and then I saw how lonely and how tired you looked. I asked you to come in and have coffee.

"There were half-a-dozen of us, and the room was full of tobacco-smoke and whisky. When you came in it looked like the Cherub Choir and the Rake's Progress trying to live together peaceably in one canvas. But you were so friendly, so grateful, we all took to you right away; and by-and-by we asked you to sing. My dear, you sang us Gounod's 'There is a green hill far away,' because it was Sunday. Gracious heavens! *because it was Sunday!* We all cried. And afterwards, you should have heard McKinnon raging because he hadn't tried to snap you up at once for his music-hall—you didn't know he had one, did you? He has—and sails it very near the wind, too. Oh, well, he did something better for you later on, and you've got your own place at last—high-class opera and oratorio. That's your line—and mine isn't.

"Three months ago you fell ill, and we all looked after you, but I looked after you the most. It was then I found out I loved you, and it was then I found out you loved me. I was terribly glad and terribly sorry. I was longing to break down and give in, night and day, but I must have kept myself well in hand. You sound so doubtful, in your letter, as to whether there is any chance for you!

"You didn't speak then; and soon you went away. I thought you might forget among fresh faces. Of course, I knew you wouldn't, but I honestly thought you might. It would have been better for you. But you were only waiting till the tide had really turned, and you could offer me some kind of home. Why, I'd live with you in the worst kind of shanty, on nothing a week! But it can't be.

"I'll say whatever I like to say in this letter, because I shall never see you again. Six months ago I didn't know you, and now you're all there is of me. It's a new kind of love, so strong and quiet; I seem able to rest in it, as I never rested before. It makes me forget there's any such thing as sin. It's as if all my life had brought me to it, and now, because it's real, it must go. When you were lying ill, I prayed to God to let me die for you. Perhaps this is His way of answering prayer. I believe in God, now, you know, because you once said you did—and I can't think that the worst kind

of universe would be mean enough to cheat you any more than I would. You're so trustful, you see."

"I know, if I know you at all, that reading what I have told you in this letter will make no difference to you. If anything, it will make you care for me more; you'll feel as if you held a brief for me against myself. No, I'm not afraid of your love's failing me, and I'm not afraid of failing your love. It's quite easy to be good if one's happy. That's not my reason for giving you up—and it isn't the social handicap, though it exists. You'd climb higher and higher, and the higher you climbed the more people would remember all about me. To set against that, there are the many ways in which we satisfy each other, make each other happy and free. I don't believe I should ever bore you, and I should give you so much room—there would be the whole world before you.

"These others, the good women, so seldom understand that. They don't want to wander, and they don't see why anyone else should. When they look at a rolling stone it stops, and gathers moss for all it is worth—till they look the other way again—and if they never take their eyes off it, it finds a mossy grave. Oh! it would be too terrible if you married a woman like that! You'd be lonely—only your own soul to commune with—and that's like shaking hands with one's own hands. And yet it would be better for you than marrying anyone like me.

"I think, even when I was a child, I hated to give people I liked a spoiled thing. Dear, suppose you wanted to give your most favourite book to the person you loved best of all, and you had a beautiful copy of your very own. And suppose you had been careless, and when the person's birthday came, and you meant to write the name, and mark some lines that were like your soul speaking, you found a stain, a common, hateful stain—grease, tallow, something hideous—and it had soaked through all the loveliest pages, and you couldn't bear the one you loved to see or touch it. You hadn't known you had been careless with the book till you wanted to give it away.

"Well, one can throw a book into the fire, and go and buy another. I can't do that with my life—and it might have been so beautiful. I feel far older than you; but I'm very little older. We laugh and cry at the same things: when one wants to be quiet, the other does—we should have been such comrades. I never would have spoiled my life if I had known I should want it for you. Last night I heard a man preaching about the forgiveness of sins. . . . I wish, instead of forgiving me, God would make me able to help you as much as if I hadn't sinned. What's the use of being forgiven? It won't make you miss me less when I go away from you.

"I shall pray continually that you may forget, that it may not embitter you, that you may find the one woman in a million who can give you everything—and goodness, too. You must never try to look for me. Oh, God bless you, and good-bye!"

Barbara put down the pen and read the letter over.

"It's all true," she said, slowly. "And it might sound like giving him up—to some people."

She walked across to a tall mirror, and looked at her own face in the glass. The lovely face looked back at her, with a vague fear in the eyes, that deepened as Barbara apostrophised it.

"Are you really going to let go, or are you only trying to hold tighter? What's this letter for, anyhow? You say he'll find out some day, and then despise you for not telling him. Very well; why shouldn't he? Oh, I don't know, even I, what you're after—you're such a hydra-headed beast! You've been posing all your life. Never mind, poor thing; it's your nature! But I'll put a spoke in your wheel."

There was real terror now in the mirrored face. It is one thing to play with a lighted match, close to a train of gunpowder, and picture death and desolation—another thing to fire the train. Barbara turned away from the mirror, and, with a blind instinct of self-protection, reached the door and turned the key. At all events, there was no pose now—and for the next few minutes such pain shook her as it seemed hardly possible to bear and live. When she sat down at her desk again, she looked haggard, spent, and old. But she wrote fast and clearly.

"No, it can't be. I deserve shooting. I am so awfully fond of you, and now I have hurt you like this. But you had better have it straight; I don't love you enough to marry you,—never shall. It's quite different.

"If I hadn't been a senseless idiot, I should have seen what I was doing, where you were drifting. But, thank the Lord, I'm going away. You'll have a chance to forget me, and the sooner the better. I feel *such a sweep*.—BARBARA."

She addressed and stamped the letter, and, unlocking the door, ran down to the hall porter.

"Will you take this just now?" she said.

She watched him turn the corner, and went slowly back to her room. The letter she had first written was lying on the table, and there was a fire in the grate. Painfully, it was as if she were hurting some living thing, she tore it into small fragments, and flung them into the fire. The next day the grate was fireless, and the room was silent and bare.

MAY KENDALL.

Present-Day Problems.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

THE Liberal Party has long posed as, and has, in fact, been, the watch-dog of liberty. It has—in name, at any rate—never abrogated the *rôle*, but occurrences of recent years make one wonder if the Party as a whole is still sensible of its prerogative in this respect. For a period approaching three years a Liberal, an advanced Liberal, Government has been in power, supported by a huge majority in the House of Commons, and opposed by a minority not only small in numbers, but contemptible in debating power, tactical ability, and, it may be added, pugnacity. A halcyon period, one would have thought, not only for the assertion and maintenance but for the extension of the principle of liberty. And yet, sad to have to relate, the greatest set-back to which this principle has been subjected for innumerable years past has been at the hands of this powerful Liberal Government in the shape of a Bill introduced by a statesman bearing the revered name of Gladstone.

The title of this Bill has, in my opinion, been chosen with the object of covering up the noxious principle which it proposes to legalise—in effect the permanent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act as regards a certain number of British subjects. Mr. Gladstone's measure has been named the Prevention of Crime Bill—an alluring title, for who does not desire to prevent crime?—and manifestly an Act of Parliament to that end looks a step in the right direction. But is the prevention of crime the main object of this Bill, and, granting that it may in some degree prevent crime, how is the result going to be attained? The answer is plain. Crime is to be prevented by permanently incarcerating a certain number of men who have previously committed crimes and who, it is assumed, because of their previous offences, will continue committing crime for the remainder of their lives. In this sense the Bill is, undoubtedly, one for the prevention of crime. It might be similarly dubbed, and quite as correctly, did it enact that every man charged with an offence who had so many previous convictions registered against him, should be executed. This would be a more logical, a more effective, and certainly a far more economical method of dealing with the professional criminal than the measure fathered by Mr. Gladstone.

I object to Mr. Gladstone's Bill not only because it is a covert attack on the whole English conception of the liberty of the subject, but also because it is based on the assumption that the professional criminal is a natural product and can only be exterminated by unnatural

methods. Mr. Gladstone has been dazzled by the penologists, who seem to be obsessed by the professional criminal and to be filled with an insensate mania to get and keep him under lock and key. Certainly in one respect these penologists are consistent, though they fail to realise the fact. The English professional criminal is an English prison-product, and, such being the case, there is a certain amount of appropriateness in relegating him to perpetual durance in an English prison. But what is the utility of such a step, leaving on one side for the moment questions of justice and economy? Surely the saner, the easier plan, would be to set about putting a stop to the constant manufacture of the professional criminal. How is this unpleasing product of modern civilisation brought into existence? Let me consider this matter for a moment out of the depths of my own experience.

The man sentenced in this country to penal servitude comes under the influence of a prison system the most degrading and demoralising in the world—absolutely ineffective from any point of view. In cases where actual punishment is most needed it is not punitive at all, while it is never educative or reformative. It is simply a deadly dull routine, concerned with the infliction of petty degradations, petty annoyances, petty irritations. It has no objective save the completion of the prisoner's sentence. It utterly demoralises and degrades the person subjected to it, has a pernicious effect on his physical and mental well-being and a weakening effect on his moral fibre. It tends to train the prisoner in habits of deceit and cunning. Indeed, the system exercises so drastic a change on the moral fibre of the average prisoner that it is little short of marvellous that the number of professional criminals is not even greater. When the convict, whose system has been weakened physically, mentally, and morally, has completed his sentence he is turned adrift on the world with a paltry gratuity. The whole of his training in jail, the work he has been called upon to do there, absolutely unfit him for the *rôle* of a respectable citizen. He, moreover, quickly finds and feels that he is not wanted in the world, that there is no place for him there. Practically the only men who will give him a welcome and a helping hand are those who, from their own experience, will tell him that he is pursuing an idle quest in attempting to earn an honest living, that there is no place for him in the ranks of honest labor, and that if he got there he would not long remain there, because the police, under whose supervision he still is, would quickly acquaint his employer with the fact that he is what is officially designated "a convict on license." These professional criminals, whom the discharged prisoner has met in jail and whom he meets again on his return to the world, quickly convince him that he is as they are, an outlaw, and that the only thing for him to do is what they do, namely, to prey upon that society which has made them what they are. This is no fanciful sketch. The recruiting of this professional criminal class goes on day by day in the manner I have indicated and for the reasons I have suggested. The penologists come along and suggest the placing under lock and key for life of these professionals. They assure the public that these men find fascination, exhilaration, excitement in the pursuit of a horrible vocation, that they will not be quit of it no matter what opportunities may be proffered them, and that accordingly the only thing that remains is to place such persons under restraint for the rest of their existence. This seems to me to be a counsel of despair. I assert that professional crime will never be stamped out by shutting up a certain number of criminals. I admit the evil thing exists, but I suggest that the causes which produce or induce it should be ascertained, and, being discovered, should be as far as possible removed. The professional criminal is not quite so black as he is painted. I have conversed with hundreds of these men, and I assert they are by no means the hardened, hopeless, degraded beings they are depicted. The penologists contend that crime is a disease, and yet they decline to treat it as such. My contention is that the diagnoses of these penological physicians are altogether faulty, that their medicine is noxious, and that their suggestions are futile.

I suppose Mr. Gladstone's Bill is certain to pass into law. It is to me astounding that such a measure should go through with practically no opposition and only some perfunctory criticism. It is not only because this Bill strikes a dangerous blow at the liberty of the subject, but because it is in all its details a retrograde and unsatisfactory measure that I am opposed to it. It is, despite the verbiage of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Samuel, a Bill to legalise the permanent incarceration of certain old and uninteresting criminals. That it is considered to be merely this by those who will have to administer the measure when passed, may be deduced from the *obiter dictum* of one of the judges at the Old Bailey a short time back, when two habitual criminals were brought before him. "A Bill," he remarked, "is before Parliament for imprisoning men like you for the rest of your lives, and I think it would be a wise and proper measure." Of course, this is really the aim of those whose influence and agitation have led to the introduction of the Bill, and I have not the slightest doubt that the result of the measure will be simply the permanent incarceration of a certain number of persons in respect of whom a writ of *habeas corpus* will not run. The British public has been led astray by the statements and promises of the Home Secretary respecting the treatment of these professional criminals when in confinement, and the measures to be taken to train them in principles of ethics and moral rectitude so that they may return to the world as model citizens at the earliest possible date. It is an alluring picture, but let me point out that Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Samuel's promises are not provisoes of the Bill. It invests the Home Secretary with autocratic powers, and everything, or almost everything, in regard to the treatment of these incarcerated persons is to be at his discretion. That, of course, means at the discretion of the Prison Commissioners, who have long administered English prisons in the name of the Home Secretary, and who will, no doubt, continue to do so. As soon as this Bill is passed I prophesy we shall hear precious little about reformation and release. The only release for these incarcerated professionals will be when they are escorted to the cemetery with two prison warders as mourners to see them securely under ground. Reformation in any prison or penitentiary under the Prison Commissioners is an idle dream. Just as grapes will not grow on thistles so reformation of character will never be brought about by the men who are at present detailed to run English prisons, saturated, as they are, with the principles, prejudices, and traditions of the English prison system.

The Bill, as I have said, will no doubt pass. The fact is not only regrettable, but, in my opinion, scandalous, seeing that the present House of Commons contains an enormous majority of men who would, if called on to-morrow, loudly asseverate that they would, if necessary, lay down their lives in defence of the principle of liberty. The Prevention of Crime Bill, when passed, will be the greatest blow that liberty has received in this country for very many years. True, it will practically affect only the liberty of a small, uninteresting, and dangerous class, many, if not most of whom, are the products of modern social conditions. Nevertheless, the essential principle of liberty which rests upon the Habeas Corpus Act is assailed in this Bill, and the assault will shortly receive the legislative sanction of several hundred members of Parliament returned to the House of Commons to maintain and defend the sacred and time-honored principle embodied in the word "Liberty."

H. J. B. Montgomery.

Art.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.*

For the average Englishman, who thinks at all about it, American painting begins and ends with a small

* "The Story of American Painting." By Charles H. Caffin. Hodder & Stoughton. Price 10s. 6d.

group of American painters working in Paris and London. Even officially in England an "American School" has seemed an impossibility, and, one after another, American artists have been stripped of their nationality. Benjamin West is remembered as the British President of the British Royal Academy. In the National Gallery, Copley and Stuart are handed over to the British School, which also claimed Whistler, who would have been more surprised than anybody to find himself there, when his "Old Battersea Bridge" was first hung in Trafalgar Square among the Turners and the Landseers. But the evidence of British influence in the earliest American pictures does not make British artists of the men who painted them. Unless they had based their methods on the art of the Red Indians—from whom, indeed, West is said to have had his training in the use of color—it was inevitable that their painting should be influenced by British models. Nor does a painter lose his nationality because he does not happen to stay and paint at home. Holbein is none the less a German because much of his work was done in England. Van Dyck is included in the Flemish School, though he lived for long in London and died there. The fact is that an American School exists, as old as the United States, and its origin may be traced and its development followed in the extremely interesting pages of Mr. Caffin's story.

It is extraordinary, not that there should have been few painters in the beginning, but that there should have been any at all. The Colonists had more urgent matters to think of than art; the young Republic's struggle for life was too absorbing to leave much leisure—or money—for the patronage of artists. Painters who survived the unfavorable conditions had no chance of advancement except in portraiture. Most of the early American paintings are portraits. Benjamin West began his career by painting portraits. Copley and Stuart were essentially portrait painters. At their best, all three are artists of distinction: Stuart is often more than a rival to his English contemporaries, some of West's portraits and studies make one regret his straining after the "grand style" in his more ambitious canvasses. There is less to show for the next generation; but, after all, it was not a brilliant period anywhere. The most characteristic American painters during many years were the men usually grouped together as the "Hudson River School," Bierstadt, Church, Moran the most conspicuous—painters of huge panoramas of commonplace, not, however, without a sincerity that will always give them a place in galleries of American pictures and histories of American art. Schools were started: the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia dates back to the end of the eighteenth century. But schools could not at once create tradition and "atmosphere," and many students came to Europe. Düsseldorf was for long the favourite centre, and then Munich. At first only the few preferred Paris, which now draws to it the many. William Morris Hunt was the exception, when he entered Couture's in the 'forties; George Inness and Whistler found few compatriots when they arrived in the 'fifties. Whistler never returned home, but both Hunt and Inness did, and Hunt made himself almost immediately the influence that Whistler became only later, and by degrees. Hunt was a fine artist, whose reputation would be greater had he not devoted his time less to painting than to teaching. His training under Couture was sound. In Paris he got to know something of Millet, whose work was to him an inspiration. And so he brought back to America not only all that was best in the traditions of the old generation, but all that was healthiest in the movement of the new. The "Hudson River School" had been as absorbed in subject, though of another kind, as the Victorian painters of anecdote. The gist of Hunt's teaching, as Mr. Caffin explains,

> "was that it is not the subject but the way in which the subject is rendered, that determines the artistic merit of a picture; that in the hands of an artist, any subject, no matter how simple and insignificant, can be made artistic, and that this artistic quality, a product and expression of himself, is what the painter should aim chiefly to embody in his pictures. Furthermore, that the ideal of good brushwork is not to concern oneself with niggling precision of detail for detail's sake, but to obtain truth of character and expression."

This was good seed to sow, and Hunt had the talent of inspiring enthusiasm. As a result of his teaching, and of the return of an ever-increasing number of students from Munich and Paris, there was a strong group of artists working in the right direction at the moment, when, after a hundred years of busying about many essential things, Americans could draw breath, and bring their "long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands" to a close. The Centennial Exhibition, held at Philadelphia in 1876, is usually looked upon as epoch-making in the history of American art, and with reason. It gave the people who stayed at home—and in those days they were the great majority—a chance to see what artists were doing in other parts of the world, and to realise the interdependence of art and industry. A new need was felt, and the supply came, not from, but with, the demand. Galleries and schools sprang up on every side. The splendid work done in black and white from that time onward is an old story now. Painting developed quite as brilliantly, though this was a development of which so little was heard outside of America, that, in Europe, the American section in the Paris Exhibition of 1900 was almost the first hint, or revelation, of an American School—vigorous, full of vitality, with a marked character of its own.

The story of this growth is well told by Mr. Caffin, with less detail than Mr. Isham gives in his "History of American Painting," but with more attention to influences and movements. We do not always agree with him. To us Hogarth is much more than "an excellent painter." We think Mr. La Farge's importance in American art is exaggerated. It seems to us an injustice to Mr. Abbot Thayer to make any sort of comparison between him and Mr. Dana Gibson. We do not see why labor could not have suggested as fine motives to painters returning to America in and about 1876 as to Millet in Barbizon, or Meunier in Belgium. These, however, may be matters of opinion. A more serious fault is Mr. Caffin's determined search throughout for the "spiritual." He has no patience with subject as long as this means literary subject; but then he substitutes in its place a hidden spiritual meaning with which the artist is still less concerned. A landscape must express "the inward spirit of the scene" to have merit in his eyes. He believes, with Mr. La Farge, that a work of art is the better for suggesting that "it is but a fragment of a universal harmony and entity." Homer Martin is commended because "he did not absorb nature and then pass it through the prism of his own consciousness," but "himself passed into nature, and became once more conceived in her, afterwards employing the strength of his intellect to express, as it were, the secrets of the womb." George Fuller's greatest pictures are "expressions of a singularly beautiful condition of soul." Because Inness reasoned upon the eternities and was a Swedenborgian, he was particularly drawn toward Corot. And so we could go on quoting. But nowhere is Mr. Caffin's chase of the spiritual so out of place as in his criticism of Whistler, whom he praises for "spiritual insight," for "dipping beneath externals," for giving us "not the facts of nature, but their effect upon the spirit." "It was not the forms of nature *per se* which interested him, but their significance to the spirit." "With Whistler, we may do well to enter at times into the tranquil half-light of the soul, and wonder upon the things of the spirit." In a word, Mr. Caffin extols Whistler for the very qualities that Whistler was at pains to protest should not be looked for in his work. It is not surprising after this that Mr. Caffin, in conclusion, should base his hope for the future, not only of American, but of all art, upon its entire pre-occupation with the "facts of the spirit," which really means that it will have escaped from the bondage of one sort of subject only to fall victim to another.

We cannot but object, also, to the make-up of the book. It is unnecessarily heavy, the illustrations could

be better chosen and better printed, the sub-division of chapters by a line of black marks across the page is extremely ugly. Here objections end, and we can recommend Mr. Caffin's *Story* to all who have waited for it to know that an "American School" exists.

Letters to the Editor.

SCARES AND SCAREMONGERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—News from England is very scanty, but I gather that you are in the throes of a war-scare. German army, German fleet, and German spies flourished before the terrified eyes of the Great Gullible—I know the way of it. And in this knowledge I have been interested to observe the other side. In later time, I think, the Anglo-German ferment of 1908 will be the subject of amused mystification and the standard example of the extreme risk which the principle of a Free Press must necessarily involve.

I suppose that the great bulk of "common sense" opinion in England pictures a Germany whose activities in commerce and armament, whose feeling and policy have for their aim and lure the downfall of England. Now, in Germany—and here, I think, the gods must smile—the feeling towards England is of an almost identical nature. It is not, however, the size of our fleet that causes their deepest misgivings, but our unfortunate addiction to treaties and *ententes*. They conjure up the prospect of Germany, a solitary remnant, face to face with the civilised world under the paternal leadership of Great Britain. And, quite naturally, the prospect affrights them.

This seems, of course, very trivial and foolish—to the Englishman. "Our foreign policy," he will say, "has brought the world decades nearer to the ideal of universal peace. We have been transparently altruistic and conciliatory. These people believe all the papers tell them." And he sits down to read the latest statistics as to the number of German waiters in England or swallows whole an article which describes minutely the aggressive projects of the German Government during the next five years. Mind you, I describe just the ordinary opinions on both sides.

The Englishman will not recognise that Germany, with a commerce of later origin and, therefore, of more rapid growth than ours, must under present conditions build a fleet adequate to its present and future protection; that her geographical position makes a large and well-organised army an unfortunate necessity.

When you grasp this two-sidedness—this mutuality—of the scare you will appreciate how entirely the newspapers of both countries are responsible for it.

The two nations, like the animals of the Colosseum, have been goaded into the arena by the malicious pricks of these pitiless attendants. The analogy only fails when one considers that if the fight should come the onlookers will not find the spectacle very amusing.

What object the newspapers may have, I know not. Whenever I speculate on the subject I find that the result arrived at always reflects on the motives of their capitalist proprietors. So it is, perhaps, best charitably to say that possibly this topic pays well—though if that be true one may well ask, "Is there yet honesty in journalism?"

I know, of course, all the arguments which are adduced for fomentation purposes—arguments of gilt-edged respectability and undeniable truth. They are all set out; the necessity of precaution when the security of the nation is at stake, the lessons we may gather from history, and so on, without end. But let us assay the facts so that you may see the exact nature of my contention.

In England the whole people, all parties alike, look with horror on the prospect of an Anglo-German war.

In Germany the like feeling prevails among the great part of the population.

It is only as regards the German Government and military party that a doubt persists in a certain type of English mind. They, it is said, harbour certain aggressive aims.

Let us, for the sake of argument, assume—though I do not admit it—that these doubts are justified, and that recent events in Germany indicate an active policy of offence.

There are two means by which England can foil such efforts.

First, the statesmanship of Government, whose expression lies in the maintenance of a sufficient defence and in skilful but frank diplomacy.

But the people have a statesmanship to exercise—if they will.

They can disown envious diatribes which appear in representative journals, and which, therefore, to an outsider, appear in the name of the people. They can preserve a calm judgment in international ferments which must arise—for scaremongery has become a fine art.

Above all, they can display towards other peoples a charity of judgment which is not quixotic, a certain willingness to believe the best, without which intercourse between nations, as between individuals, is strained and difficult. In other words, they may, by deed and word, draw the two nations together, until the thought of a war becomes more and more absurd and impossible.

And at the present time it seems that the peace of England is menaced, not so much by lack of statesmanship on the part of the Government as by the people.

This I write, insisting neither on facts nor details, in order to suggest a train of ideas and a line of thought, consideration of which seems indispensable to a sane and impartial judgment on a difficult question.—Yours, &c.,

H. S. TASKER.

Halle-a-Saale, September 21st, 1908.

BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am reluctant to enter into controversy with Mr. J. A. Hobson. He is a Socialist who believes that the world always has enough to go round amongst all its inhabitants, and that the distribution is in error. I am merely a business man, living away from mere theories, and faced by facts every day of my life. The points of view are irreconcilable. We shall never convince one another.

Take the champagne question. Mr. Hobson is satisfied to think that the "money" that would have been spent on champagne this year will be spent on something else, and the same total amount of employment will be found. But what is money but a means of exchange. The real wealth is the commodity, and, if the world is short of two millien pounds worth of grapes which could have been exchanged for other commodities, then the world is that much the poorer. To that extent there is less to go round, and the fact is that the champagne wine growers will have to make last year's boots last another season, and bootmakers will suffer; last year's frocks last another season, and cloth manufacturers will suffer, and so on *ad infinitum*. You can trace the loss through a hundred trades, but the ultimate loser is someone else who grows something else somewhere else.

I will not exhaust your space by trying to follow the chain of negotiations which attend any business transaction, involving the exchange of commodities, through all its ramifications. The famous instance given by Bastiat to support the argument of the tallow chandler who appealed for Protection against the competition of the Sun shows how wide those ramifications are. But I would remind Mr. Hobson of one fact which theoretical economists of his School invariably ignore, and that is, that the one person in the world who strives hardest to avoid unemployment is the employer. Closing down his works touches him in his most vital spot—his pocket. And it is only as a last resource that he takes so serious a step, and turns his men out. It is safe to say that as far as employers are concerned they are always striving with all their might to keep things moving and their men employed. Why do they fail? Because no one requires the commodities they offer, or are people surfeited with them already. Why? Because they cannot get commodities in exchange, and if you follow it through you will find that it is the agriculturist who has broken down at the other end.

It is impossible to do justice to such a subject in a letter, and no doubt there are intricate secondary results of a deficit in the natural increase of the soil or the sea which are

special in their effect. For instance, at times, the whole foundation of credit tends to give way, and with it prices, and the fall of prices closes down a good many undertakings. But credit is based on the soil, and however badly it may be misused—as in the United States, for instance—it is the soil and the sea which invariably come to the rescue.

It is a singular thing that in these days, when so many men of the highest University qualifications are engaged in City business, that the late Walter Bagehot and the late Lord Goschen have found no successors, and that the discussion of political economy, the science of wealth, is left to the politicians and the professors. A new work on credit is urgently needed. Perhaps it will drop from the clouds some day.

I say that the cause of unemployment is beyond human control. Could it be controlled, the employer, who knows the whole difficulty, and has his sources of new information everywhere, would control it either singly, or, as in Lancashire, in co-operation with the employed.

What is necessary is to accept the situation as being cyclical in its incidence, and imitate the bees, who, knowing that there is no honey in winter, and that they will be unemployed, pile up the honey in the summer.

But the only place the unemployed honey can come from is the value hoarded out of the surplus increase of the earth in its periods of surpassing bounty—so provision should be made in the good times.—Yours, &c.,

J. P. Bisgood.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It was well that the letter of Mr. Bisgood, attributing bad trade to bad harvests should not pass unchallenged. Ignorance and quackery have always attributed to nature the evil results of men's own folly and regarded misfortune as the act of God from which the human race was to be delivered by some artificial meddling, contrary to natural operation, instead of freeing and restoring the course of nature.

But Mr. Hobson does not elucidate the problem by his attempt at a mere negative. His conclusions do not follow, and, if they did, they would prove altogether too much. For instance, we assume a total failure of the champagne grape. But, says Mr. Hobson, the same money will certainly be spent either in other wines or other luxuries, or in making or working new instruments of production. "The money that would have been spent on champagne will be spent." "Though some trades may suffer, others will be benefited and the aggregate of employment will not be affected." In that case it is demonstrably true that there can be no such thing as falling off in employment, and it is a mathematical certainty that the police did not come into conflict with the unemployed in Manchester the other day.

Why is there ever bad trade and want of employment? Since the destruction of the spending power of a whole trade does not diminish spending, it is obvious that the destruction of the spending power of two trades could not do so, and by parity of reasoning the destruction of the spending power of all the trades would still not result in diminished employment.

The fact is, Mr. Hobson has not answered Mr. Bisgood at all. The two lines of argument attributed by Mr. Hobson to the supporters of the "harvest" theory of depressions are not as he states inconsistent with each other. They are simply complementary to each other as far as they go, though they still fail to go far enough to indicate the cause of trade depressions. A bad harvest means a lower income for agriculturalists, because of the smaller quantity to sell, and the higher price involves a smaller surplus for expenditure in other objects by those consumers who, despite the higher price, insist on having the same total of agricultural produce. Both these effects militate against employment, and they are both conducive to the same depression of trade. Where is the inconsistency of them?

Of course, if we calmly assume, after the manner adopted by Mr. Hobson, that the diminished yield will afford as much money as the full crop would, we get no such result. And if we go on to assert that the consumers paying for three-fourths all that they were going to pay for the whole will have just the same surplus for expenditure in other objects, we come back to the previous question, why is there any unemployment at all? But ought such reasoning and assumption to be tolerated.

To indicate only one trifling detail, the smaller crop will require less labor for its harvesting. That itself means less employment, and the immediate effect which follows is less demand for the productions of others by the people thus left unemployed. Moreover, consumers do not usually make up to the producer all the loss of his bad harvest by the higher prices they give for the smaller quantity produced. They suffer by enjoying less, but he also suffers enough diminution of cash result to make him prefer good harvests to bad. And both arguments of the "harvest" theorists are, therefore, correct.

But nature must not be blamed for the fact that human beings so often do not find the work by which commodities are produced. The evil arises from the hindrances by which natural tendencies are interfered with.

If, flying in the face of nature, Governments establish penalties on buying food from abroad which is easier to be procured from abroad, and thus, of necessity, hinder the selling abroad of the objects more readily producible here, employment must be diminished. The reduced profit affords less inducement to undertake the enterprise by which alone the larger results can be obtained.

If the land which nature offers as the source of production can be owned and held idle, free from all taxation, while the occupation and use of land involve the penalty of taxation on the annual value of land and improvements and on the effort put forth, a very little exercise of common sense should make it clear that this is a deterrent of employment.

If the person who, despite all this, undertakes the enterprise, must consult not only those whose assistance he requires, but also some extraneous authority who will interfere to say that the payment he gives is insufficient and insist on his giving more or stopping his work, he will be the less ready to offer the employment.

And if the powers that be persist in borrowing the purchasing power and paying interest to its owners out of taxes levied on productive enterprises, there will be another double hindrance in the less need of moneyed people to find outlets for their capital in actual production and the positive loss of taxes levied on those who produce, to pay to those who do not.

Underneath all these mischievous hindrances, however, is the fundamental doctrine that too much is produced. We call it in these days under-consumption, but that is only another name for overproduction. The evil is really underproduction, and it comes about from deliberate attempts to hinder production (often for the purpose of keeping prices up), and from artificial contrivances to increase consumption; instead of freeing production, relying on the plenty to induce its own consumption. Bumper harvests are overproduction, and they improve trade as well as consumption. We suffer from incessant clamour to consume more, including, as far as possible, the seed, corn, and implements. Poverty and unemployment will not be cured by efforts in that direction. That is the gospel of scarcity and snatch it, against the saner doctrine of plenty and freedom to produce more.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. Laycock.

Sheffield, September 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In his interesting communication on this subject, after admitting "that bad harvests and other failures of natural resources must contribute something towards trade depressions and unemployment," Mr. Hobson argues that a failure in the champagne crop would not affect employment, because "the money that would have been spent upon champagne will be spent partly in increased demand for other wines, partly in other luxuries," and thereby, theoretically, will create as much employment as if it had been spent upon champagne.

But would this be so? Assuming that the champagne is exchanged for motor cars in years of plenty, then if, owing to a failure of the champagne crop, the motor manufacturers cannot exchange their cars for champagne, but offer their wares to growers of claret, who have only had a

normal crop, and obtain orders from them, the men who had previously made motor cars for the claret growers will be thrown out of work.

Assuming the value of claret and champagne in normal years to be the same, the motor car manufacturers will not accept a smaller quantity of claret in exchange for the same number of motor cars in the year when the champagne crop fails. If only half the quantity of claret is offered, a smaller number of cars will be given in exchange.

In actual practice, the champagne growers, after a good crop, put into their cellars some, but not *all*, their surplus crop. With the balance they buy rather more motor cars, and the manufacturers consume rather more champagne. The fact that the growers, after a bad crop, are still able to buy some motor cars by *reducing* their stock, does not really affect the question that ultimately the motor manufacturers feel the effect of a good or bad champagne harvest.

The increase or reduction of stocks may, however, be one of the reasons why the employment figures do not appear to immediately respond to a good or bad harvest.—Yours, &c.,

J. B. M.

September 30th, 1908.

THE PRISON POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Will you allow me, as one who has had some experience of prisons, to make a few remarks with regard to the article headed "The Prison Population" in your last week's issue?

In the first place, I thoroughly agree with what you say in the opening paragraph of the article, concerning "the era of demoralisation produced by the South African War." The country has, undoubtedly, settled down considerably during the last few years, as is evidenced by the decrease in crime.

You then find fault with figures given by the Prison Commissioners concerning the professional or habitual criminals. You think that 500 rather than 5,000 is the probable number of professional criminals in our prisons, out of a total population of about 20,000.

In the first place it would be better to define what we mean by the professional criminals. I should say that a professional criminal is a person who, as your correspondent states, makes crime the profession or business of his life, or who breaks the law without any obvious reason, unless it be a physiological one, as is the case with the perpetual inebriate (*i.e.*, inebriety may to a certain extent be looked upon as a disease).

Now, for several years past, first offenders have been put in a separate class called the Star Class, and if we take the case of Parkhurst Convict Prison, we see that its daily average population is nearly 800, and of these, at the most, 200 are "star men" or first offenders, that is to say, only one quarter; of the remaining 600, the great majority are habitual offenders. That is, they have been convicted more than three or four times. Surely, if this is the case, it is not too much to say that one-third of these 600 may be classified as professional criminals. Thus we have 200 out of 800, or one-quarter of the total prison population, belonging to this class.

I have only taken Parkhurst as an example, because I happen to have special knowledge of that prison; but it will be found that at Dartmoor and Wandsworth and Pentonville the population is even larger, and so I think the Prison Commissioners are giving only a very moderate estimate, when they say that 5,000 of the prisoners in our gaols are professionals criminals.—Yours, &c.,

Radix.

London, N.

September 27th, 1908.

THE NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The result of the Newcastle election is regrettable because of the disastrous effect it may have on the passing of the Licensing Bill, and its encouragement to the Protectionists. Otherwise it is a well-deserved lesson to the Government. The first Session of the present Parliament, then fresh from the country, and with legislative power behind it, should have been devoted to a great measure of land reform, beginning with a Valuation Bill, and the unemployed question should also have been taken early. But a large section of the Government and the Liberal Party, animated by hatred of definite Churchmanship, were intent on forcing upon Churchmen an undenominational and sectarian solution of the education question. Dr. Clifford, Sir Robert Perks, and the influences behind them had to be satisfied, and valuable time was wasted on undenominational, and unjust legislation, which the House of Lords knew it was quite safe in throwing out. The subservience of the Government to intolerant Protestantism and illiberal Nonconformity has characterised its life more or less right up to the prohibition of the Eucharistic Procession.

Last year Newcastle itself had an example of this sectarian pre-occupation, for when the Bishopric of Newcastle became vacant, instead of appointing a progressive clergyman of social enthusiasm—and many such could be found—the Government, succumbing to the pressure of wealthy Protestants, searched the country for an ecclesiastical coercionist, and, in consequence, a Tory reactionary of the most narrow-minded Orange type was forced upon a great industrial community. The object was clearly to harry those Churchmen, many of whom are earnest social reformers, who have the misfortune to lie under the ban of Dr. Clifford, Sir Robert Perks, and the titled patrons of the Protestant Alliance.

It is very largely this illiberal spirit and policy which has rendered the Government ineffective in many of its undertakings. It cannot make itself the tool of those who are the enemies of Churchmen and Roman Catholics without neglecting the great social needs of the democracy. If the Licensing Bill is destroyed, land monopoly left untouched, and Protection let in, the sacrifice is due largely to the dominance of the Whig and Orange dictators of the Government.—Yours, &c.,

An Elector.

[Our correspondent overlooks the fact that if the Government had any clear mandate for constructive legislation from the electors it was to deal with the education question.—Ed., Nation.]

THE "WEST LONDON PARLIAMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—On behalf of my fellow-members in the "West London Parliament," I am writing to you in the hope that you will be able to find space for a short appeal to the Liberals of West London. This debating society, which was formed by the amalgamation of the old Marylebone and Paddington "Parliaments," offers an exceptional opportunity for the discussion of the important political movements of the day, in that there are in this Parliament three parties strongly represented, viz., Liberals, Conservatives, and Socialists, which naturally tends to a greater diversity of opinion than is usual in a society where only two parties are represented.

On the 9th of March last, the Socialists, who were in office for the first time, were defeated, and accordingly retired, the Liberal Party taking office in their stead. Since that date we have remained in power, and during the coming session we hope to pass several measures dealing with matters of great public interest, such as unemployment, licensing, the control of mechanically-propelled vehicles, &c. The occasion is, therefore, peculiarly favorable for young Liberals, who wish to accustom themselves to speaking in public on a variety of subjects, to join this Parliament and give us the benefit of their opinions.

The Clerk of the House, Mr. Bayley (The Town Hall, St. Marylebone), to whom all communications should be addressed, will be only too pleased to give any information in his power, and we shall all be glad to welcome any new members.—Yours, &c.,

Oswald Lewis,
Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury
West London Parliament.

September 30th, 1908.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

SIR,—The article published in your issue of the 19th instant under the above heading does such great injustice to the President of Mexico in some of its statements that a reply becomes necessary. It is far from true that in order to "boom" or advertise his country he indiscriminately condescends to furnish materials for their writings to the globe-trotter, the special correspondent, or the adventurous tourist. He has no department for that purpose. Of late years he has twice consented to receive writers, one English and one American. The former, well known in the social world of London and as a writer of note, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, had written previously a book on Mexico in which she had shown not only her fairness, independence of character, intelligence and desire to do justice to the country, but also her power of observation. It was not strange, therefore, that General Diaz showed a chivalrous disposition to help her when she begged leave to write his life, by furnishing her with historical, accurate data, mostly taken from his own diaries or from official documents. This courageous woman, who travelled throughout the territory of the Republic, has given to the world a picture of the man and an account of his deeds. The other writer, Mr. James Creelman, a journalist of the highest type, whose career appears in the English publication, "Who's Who," was received by General Diaz because he was provided with a letter of introduction from the President of the United States. Mr. Creelman published in "Pearson's Magazine" for March of this year, a report of his interview with General Diaz. On the 7th of that month President Roosevelt wrote Mr. Creelman a letter, lately published, thanking him for his admirable article, and, after agreeing with him in the opinion that among the statesmen of the present age there is not one greater than General Diaz, he thanked him again for "having given the American people the best and most vivid picture of the great President of the sister Republic."

It is a pity that the author of the article I refer to, has not taken the trouble to read carefully Mr. Creelman's article before writing his. He would then have acquainted himself with the reasons General Diaz had for continuing in office so long against his will, and with the desire the President then expressed to retire in private life at the end of his present term of office. He would have seen that, as he himself bears testimony to, life and property are as safe for the well-behaved in Mexico as they are in England, and that every Mexican has as full a measure of political and religious liberty as the people of this country.

As to the statement that Mexico having borrowed her constitution from the United States, is also getting her ideals of progress from the same source, or that she takes those she can assimilate, chiefly such as can be expressed in dollars and cents, it may be interesting to quote an American on the moral standard of Mexico. The builder of a railway from his native town to the Pacific passing through Mexico, Mr. Arthur E. Stillwell, of Kansas City, controls enormous real estate enterprises in the Republic amounting to some seven million dollars. He expressed himself to Mr. Crelman in the following terms: "In all my dealings with Mexican officials I have never been asked to pay one dollar in bribery, direct or indirect. In establishing the American end of my railway I have had to fight politics and graft constantly. Here, in Mexico, I have been treated not only justly, but with great generosity. President Diaz told me once that if I were ever approached for a dollar of tribute by any Mexican official, I had but to disclose the fact and, no matter how high up the official stood, he would lose his post at once."

If this is the kind of barbarism General Diaz has introduced into Mexico let such barbarism be welcome.

Not being able to deny the standing Mexico has taken among the civilised nations of the world, the author of the article published in your periodical has been pleased to minimise it by stating that General Diaz has brought his administration within the comity of nations, but not his people, nine-tenths of whom, he pretends, are still submerged below the level. Fortunately for civilisation this statement is contradicted by facts. The progress of Mexico is deep-rooted in her people who have enjoyed the blessings of peace and civilisation so long under General Diaz that they are slow to let him relinquish the reins of government, notwithstanding the fact that the nation has reached a robust manhood precluding every fear in the future. Labor now is better remunerated, new markets have been opened, new industries have developed and the people have been raised to a higher standard of life. Thirty-two years ago Mexico's foreign trade only amounted to a total of 36,111,600 dollars. To-day her commerce with foreign nations is 481,363,388 dollars, that is to say, over thirteen times as much. Remarkable as has been also the increase in population, it has only doubled in that time, a rate of increase only seen before in the United States with an extensive immigration. Considering that there are only 75,000 foreigners in Mexico, it is unquestionable that the enormous increase in foreign trade has come through education, higher civilisation, and the general progress of her people in every line.

The railway policy of Mexico has not been dictated by any absurd fear of an undue preponderance of the *uitlander* element as the author seems to believe. The recent railway legislation of Mexico is an attempt to solve a problem which confronts all the civilised nations of the world, and it has had the endorsement of the British Association during its meeting of the 3rd instant in Dublin. On that occasion Mr. W. M. Acworth, speaking of the relation of railways to the State, referred to that legislation as "the one valuable and original contribution to the solution of one of the most difficult and important questions of modern politics, which has been made in the present generation."

General Diaz fully realises the dignity of office, and does not depend for justice to his work, upon the methods described by the author of the article in question, nor upon kodak-carrying scribblers, unless he places in this category the eminent writers above mentioned. If he craved for advertisement, either for himself or for his country, it would be folly to have recourse to such methods among the unsolicited applause of the world and the unanimous verdict of the greatest men of the age. His renown as a statesman has been made by statesmen themselves.

Not long ago Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of State of the United States, who went to pay a visit to Mexico, said on his return home: "It has seemed to me that of all the men now living, General Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, was best worth seeing. . . . If I were a poet I would write poetic eulogies. If I were a musician I would compose triumphal marches. If I were a Mexican I should feel that the steadfast loyalty of a lifetime could not be too much in return for the blessings that he had brought to my country. As I am neither poet, musician, nor Mexican, but only an American who loves justice and liberty, and hopes to see their reign among mankind progress and strengthen and become perpetual, I look to Porfirio Diaz, the President of Mexico, as one of the great men to be held up for hero-worship of mankind."

So far from courting advertisement in foreign lands, General Diaz, although proud of the approval of his work by the world at large, is perfectly content with the unmistakable proofs of devotion and gratitude he daily receives from his own countrymen, and, perhaps, that accounts for the fact that he has constantly refused to make a trip to Europe, notwithstanding the pressure that has been brought to bear upon him and the perspective of the advertisement that such a trip would mean for Mexico.—Yours, &c.,

M. COVARRUBIAS,
Mexican Minister.

September 29th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I always read Mr. Cunninghame Graham with an enjoyment which, fortunately, I derive from other qualities of his, than that of strict accuracy. He writes you that he is "amazed" at the feat of memory which I said was attributed to Diaz. He immediately adds that he thinks he could perform it himself, and explains that it is easy to remember a Mexican Indian's Christian name, as they are nearly all called José, and their wives Maria.

The Mexican Indian, like other "Christians," receives his name at baptism, and the rule is to consult the calendar and give the child the name of the saint on whose day he may happen to have been born. Persons of a few hundred

other names besides Joseph have been canonised. Was there not a Chinaman who thought every Englishman was called John?—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

September 29th, 1908.

THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been somewhat sharply criticised in THE NATION on previous occasions for emphasising the difficulties of working the Small Holdings Act. I now ask permission to give in your columns an illustration of these difficulties as they affect one group of applicants.

In this case, as I pointed out to the County Council Committee some six months ago, one and one farm only seems really suitable; it could be obtained under the Act without great difficulty.

It is a farm of over 100 acres of arable pasture and woodland, and it suits the requirements of the six applicants, who are trustworthy and capable men, approved by the County Council, and, therefore, without doubt, provided with sufficient capital. So far as can be ascertained, the present tenant, who does not reside on the property, and employs but one man upon it, pays rent, rates and taxes, which, after making allowance for farmhouse, cottages, and shooting let off, works out at about 10s. an acre for the cultivated land. He holds, it appears, subject to a short notice. The County Council and their representative, finding no other suitable land, took the matter of this farm up, and finally, in August, their representative suggested a rent of about £2 5s. to £2 7s. 6d. an acre. "I hardly see," he writes, "how the land could be obtained at a less rent," and he asks the applicants if they would be willing to pay this. After making allowances for rates this means that the small holders would pay about six times the amount paid by the farmer. Naturally, the men were both astonished and annoyed at this proposal; for they have studied the Act and the explanations issued through the Liberal organisations, and they imagined that they were to have land at but little more than the farmer's rent. They refused the offer. Subsequently there has been, I understand, reference to the Small Holdings Committee of the Council, and now comes an alternative offer of unsuitable land on a hillside five miles off. No cottages are available or offered.

Meanwhile, what is the men's position; three men live in cottages on weekly tenancies controlled by the farmer, whose son holds the land. They might be ejected at any time, and in any case feel fairly certain they would be turned out if they got the land. The fourth man is under shadow of ejectment warrant, obtained against him by a farmer, part of whose land was at one time under consideration. He lives in constant anxiety, is a marked man, and is only kept in his cottage by an expensive appeal against the procedure under which the ejectment order was made. Eviction for all these men means they would have to leave the neighbourhood and lose homes and employment, for there are no other cottages. The fifth man having, in view of his small holding, got together more stock that he can carry on the small plot of land he now holds, may have to leave the neighbourhood or sell at a loss if he does not get land very soon. The sixth man is, fortunately, in an independent position. It may be noted that these men are country people, and are not particularly capable of putting their case into writing and carrying on prolonged negotiations.

Now in this special case, after a careful and comparatively costly investigation and action by sympathetic outsiders, something will be done; but even if action be taken and the men ultimately get the land, it can hardly be by putting the Act into force. Such a course would mean endless delays, protracted over a year or two. What will probably happen is this: pressure will be put on the authorities through the Board of Agriculture and possibly by action in Parliament, and some compromise will finally be arrived at. The landlord will be conciliated by an enhanced rent, and the men will find themselves at some future time installed on the land, paying two or three times what the present occupant pays. Such a compromise, which does not seem exactly what the Act means, will be doubtless considered by the authorities satisfactory to all parties.

But—what about the hundreds of other cases in which the men are not supported and have no influence. The Board of Agriculture can hardly make a complete and detailed investigation into every case. County Councils will do so only in those counties where they are enthusiastic supporters of the Act. Voluntary organisation and investigation, as we know to our cost, is most expensive in both time, energy and money, and the Board have refused to subsidise such organisations, as the Act permits, even when prepared to undertake this important work.

I do not write, Sir, to make querulous complaint; I wish to put the case as it affects the men, who, themselves, have neither the time nor the capacity to deal with these complicated negotiations. They are paralysed and silent, but seriously and, indeed, bitterly disappointed. The remedy is not easy. For my own part, I believe in voluntary associations to organise and investigate; but effective work of this character needs men and money.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE FORDHAM, Hon. Sec.
Land Club Union.

September 25th, 1908.

THE DOCTRINE OF TOLERATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a Nonconformist reader, I thank you for your article on "The Doctrine of Toleration" in your issue of 19th.

It is somewhat disappointing that more than fifty years after the frenzy and useless legislation of 1852 it should still be necessary to prohibit the carrying of the Host on the ground of public order.

If our Roman Catholic friends had no objection to parading their sacred symbol before a partially cynical crowd, that is no affair of those outside their communion, and it is no tribute to the hold of either intelligence or democracy on the minds of the people to suggest that the mere carrying of a symbol would aid a reversion to a faith that at present can lay no claim to democratic sympathy.

The intolerant section of our Protestant brethren will have to find another name if they give cause for complaint that the shoe is now on the other foot.—Yours, &c.,

J. S. KING.

3, Harcourt Road, Brockley, S.E.
September 29th, 1908.

Poetry.

WISDOM FROM THE EAST.

I.

WHEN Mr. Elephant goes out to walk
He never heeds how much the dogs may talk.

II.

When lion and striped tiger fight a bout
It's best to leave these two to fight it out.

III.

Who lends a silken robe to man unfit
Must run and spread a mat for him to sit.

IV.

The five great evils, *never* beneficials,
Are famine, plague and war, thieves and—officials.

V.

The flea can jump, when jump it must,
But never yet has raised a dust.

VI.

A mangy camel, but we'll let it pass—
It still can bear the load of many an ass.

VII.

By flattery you conquer him;
His excellence allow;
He'll teach the crocodile to swim,
And fiddle to a cow.

VIII.

To kings and all their servants,
And women, too, as well,
Have one foot in the stirrup
Before the truth you tell.

DAVID WILSON.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE deal elsewhere with the settlement of the quarrel between the publishers and the "Times." It is also announced that the "Letters of Queen Victoria" will, by command of the King, be issued in a new and popular edition. The book will appear in three volumes, containing the complete text of the larger work, together with sixteen illustrations. It will be published by Mr. Murray, in conjunction with the "Times," and the price is to be 6s. net.

* * *

THERE is a growing feeling that biography has been rather done to death by book makers and publishers during the last few years. So many books have been issued containing nothing of value that had not been known before, and unable to plead any freshness of treatment as justification for their existence, that readers are beginning to hesitate about taking up a new biography. But when the subject is interesting, and the author is able to throw fresh light upon it, the case is different. Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen's "Percy: Prelate and Poet," which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have in the press, promises to fulfil both of these conditions. Bishop Percy occupies a peculiar place in the development of English poetry. The publication of his "Reliques" marks the beginning of the revolt against classicism and the dawn of the English Romantic movement. He was, too, one of the earliest members of Johnson's Club. It was he who introduced Goldsmith to Johnson, and he was intimate with Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and most of the other members of the famous coterie. In the preparation of her work Miss Gaussen has been able to make use of a mass of unpublished papers in possession of Bishop Percy's descendants. She has also consulted the Duke of Northumberland's Percy MSS. at Alnwick, while Lord Colchester has given her permission to use the correspondence of Mr. Abbott, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland at the time of the Union. This latter collection includes letters from Johnson and Goldsmith and a document in Percy's own handwriting, which, we are told, determines some disputed points in connection with the formation of the Club.

* * *

ANOTHER book dealing with the same period is announced by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, the latest recruit to the ranks of London publishing firms. This is a reprint of Boswell's letters to W. J. Temple, the grandfather of the late Archbishop. First issued in 1857 by Bentley, these letters which, with connections, form a consistent life of Boswell, are now hard to procure. They were originally discovered by a Major Stone in a shop at Boulogne. He was given a parcel wrapped up in papers bearing Boswell's signature, which he identified, and after some trouble he succeeded in recovering the greater part of the correspondence from an itinerant paper-vendor. The reprint will be edited by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, who has brought to light some fresh facts concerning the letters and will contribute a brief sketch of Boswell and his correspondent. The self-revelation of Boswell in the letters is one of the most naïve that literature affords. He calls himself "the proud Boswell," and talks of his "Spanish stateliness of manner." The latter, at any rate, is a quality with which he is not usually credited.

* * *

THE puzzling problem of Shakespeare's sonnets is dealt with in a book called "Shakespeare's Complete Sonnets," which Mr. Fisher Unwin announces. The work claims to be "the first edition which in a single compilation includes all the sonnets of Shakespeare that have come down to us." Its editor, Mr. C. M. Walsh, holds that it is a mistake to regard the sonnets in a single body as presenting one mystery and setting one problem. They should, he thinks, "be grouped together in clusters of two, of three, in one case of sixteen. Such clusters, and all isolated sonnets, are mysteries in themselves." Acting on this theory, he has made a fresh arrangement, which is based on internal evidence alone. Mr. Walsh's view of the problem, if not entirely new, is certainly interesting. It remains to be seen whether he can support it by any weight of argument.

NEXT month Messrs. Longmans will publish "A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the 'Gazette,'" by Mr. J. B. Williams. The early history of the Press in this country is a promising field of research, and should furnish Mr. Williams with excellent material. His book gives an account, on a scale never before attempted, of the origin and early history of English newspapers with particulars of all the principal writers. It ends with a catalogue of all periodicals published before the year 1667. As this covers the time of the Civil Wars, when more than three hundred different newspapers appeared, the catalogue should be of great value for reference. The absence of a full, trustworthy history of English newspapers has often been commented on, but possibly Mr. Williams' work will fill this gap, at least for the period with which it deals.

* * *

THE publication of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married, and Other Plays," is announced for the present season. It will presumably contain "The Doctor's Dilemma" as well as "Getting Married," and we may be sure that Mr. Shaw will not miss the opportunity of contributing a characteristic preface.

* * *

AMONG the memoirs to be published during the autumn, Lady Priestley's "The Story of a Life-Time" promises to contain many interesting recollections. Lady Priestley's father was Robert Chambers, the author and publisher, and she is the niece of Henry Wills, Dickens's partner. Through her father and her husband she came into touch with many of those eminent in the literary and scientific world of the last generation. Her book will contain reminiscences of, among others, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir John Millais, and the Duc d'Orleans. Messrs Kegan, Paul & Co. are to be the publishers.

* * *

MR. BIRRELL, in one of those delightful essays which make some of his readers regret that he gives to politics what was meant for letters, remarks that "Borrow is one of those kings of literature who never need to number their tribe." The tribe appears to be increasing in numbers, for not only is Mr. Murray issuing his definitive edition of Borrow's works at the low price of a shilling a volume, but we are also promised a new biography, embodying a considerable amount of fresh matter. The latter book, which is the work of Mr. R. A. J. Walling, is to be published by Messrs. Cassell under the title "George Borrow, the Gipsy Scholar." Professor Knapp's "Life of Borrow" is not entirely satisfactory, as, although it gives most of the facts, it falls short in arrangement. We believe that Mr. Clement Shorter is also engaged upon a "Life" of Borrow, though it probably will not make its appearance for some time.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey." By James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"The Brontës: Life and Letters." By Clement Shorter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"Herculaneum: Past, Present, and Future." By C. Waldstein. Litt.D., Ph.D., and L. Shoobridge, M.A. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

"The New Spirit in India." By H. W. Nevinson. (Harpers. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire." By Ludwig Friedländer. Translated by L. A. Magnus. (Routledge. 6s.)

"Queen Anne and Her Court." By P. F. W. Ryan. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"Trade and Tariffs." By J. M. Robertson, M.P. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

"At Large." By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Corot and His Friends." By Everard Meynell. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"National Idealism and the Book of Common Prayer." By Stanton Coit. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A History of English Prosody." By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. From Shakespeare to Crabbe. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

"Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Enlarged and Complete Edition. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

"The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard." By Anatole France. A Translation by Lafcadio Hearn. (Lane. 6s.)

"Over Bemerton's." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Katharine's Child." By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"La Morale Naturelle." Par J. L. de Lanessan. (Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE WHIG SALON.*

The remarkable society that frequented Holland House has often been described in the studies that have appeared of its several members. Mr. Lloyd Sanders has conceived the happy idea of making the society itself the subject of a book, and he has collected, so to speak, under one roof stories and impressions that are to be found scattered about in various records. He gives us sketches of the different celebrities who braved Lady Holland's caustic hospitality, and he fills his pages with the good stories and smart sayings of a circle that might almost be said to have incurred the reproach which Rogers brought against Mackintosh, that of sacrificing itself to conversation. Such a book could not be dull, and Mr. Lloyd Sanders certainly provides his readers with a set of piquant pictures. His own criticisms are slight and not always particularly happy. Thus, quoting Rogers' remark that painting gave Lord Holland no pleasure and music absolute pain, he says that Lord Holland's limitations corresponded to the gaps in the mental equipment of Fox. We could understand him if he had said that it was difficult for modern taste to appreciate some of Fox's enthusiasms (he shared Sir Joshua's taste for the Bologna school), but to say that he took little interest in a subject to which he devotes almost as many of his letters as he devotes to Virgil and Homer is to give a strangely wrong impression of the atmosphere in which Lord Holland was brought up. Lord Holland himself was an admirer of Goya. Something might be said again of Mr. Sanders's political judgments which are not altogether undisturbed by prejudice. But the volume is not so much an analysis of a society as a collection of anecdotes and impressions, and, judged as such, it is certainly full and entertaining.

Holland House, more than any other institution, carried on the tradition of the world that combined scholarship and politics. The story of Campbell's first introduction to Holland House which is quoted in this volume is characteristic of that society. "The poet arrived to dinner in the spring of 1806, arrayed in a yellow waistcoat which he had stolen from his friend Richardson. He was introduced to Fox, walked arm-in-arm with him round the room, and discussed Virgil with him. Campbell hardly knew, if his correspondent would excuse the phrase, whether he was standing on his head or his feet. Fox invited the poet to St. Anne's Hill and told Lord Holland that he liked Campbell; he was so right about Virgil—their point of agreement being that the charge of monotony was unjustly brought against the characters in the Æneid." We are reminded of Fox's fury against Godwin for disparaging Racine. In such a society Lord Holland though, as he said in his Memoirs, he passed through Oxford "without disgrace and without distinction," was well qualified to play his part. Moore, who was a frequent visitor, thought him equal to any talker of his time, and the talkers at his own table included Sydney and Bobus Smith, Byron, Macaulay, Rogers, Talleyrand, and Scott, besides some of the most famous of the wits of the Rolliad and of the Anti-Jacobin. Bobus Smith, indeed, rarely went into any other society. Many thought him a better talker than his brother, though he is now chiefly remembered not for what he said about others, but for what others said about him. Lord Dudley, when asked his opinion of certain Roman poets, strung together the names of Lucretius, Catullus, and Bobus, in graceful allusion to his accomplished verse. The other remark which has helped Bobus Smith to be remembered was less complimentary, for it was he who was the victim of Talleyrand's reply, after he had been dwelling on the beauty of his mother, "C'était donc votre père, monsieur, qui n'était pas si bien."

There was a long breach in the friendship of Scott and Holland, which arose out of the latter's protest against the pension bestowed on Scott's brother. The pension was what is vulgarly known as a job, and Lord Melville was reduced to defending it as a recognition of Scott's genius. Lord Holland, after taunting Lord Melville with his neglect of Burns, acquiesced in the propriety of rewarding Scott, but deprecated this vicarious acknowledgment. Scott was bitterly wounded, and cut Holland dead when next they met in Edinburgh. But eighteen years later Scott is found again at Holland House, and there is certainly no trace of resentment in the way he spoke of his host to a friend in Rome. He told his friend "that Lord Holland was the most agreeable man he had ever met, remarkable for his critical faculties, his knowledge of English authors, and his power of language which adorned his thoughts as light streaming through colored glass heightens the brilliancy of the objects it falls upon." Byron's connection with Holland House was more intimate, for it was Lord Holland who brought about the private arrangement for a separation between him and his wife. The Hollands tried to make peace between Byron and Lord Carlisle, his guardian, but without success. Lady Holland did Byron a good turn of another kind, for the snuff-box which Napoleon left to her inspired Carlisle to a protest in verse which lent itself readily to Byron's mocking parody:—

> "Lady, accept the box the hero wore,
> In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
> Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
> Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff."

It has often been observed that Holland House was the closest approach we have had in England to the French salon. Its triumphs were perhaps all the more remarkable because its ruler was under a cloud which English society took a great deal more seriously than French. Lady Holland's past cut her off from much of the feminine society of her day, and many a good Whig held aloof. Even Norfolk Tom, dearly as he loved Fox, would not acknowledge Lady Holland. Creevey tells us of his conversation with Coke on the subject: "I remarked that I had never heard of Lord Holland being at Holkham, and yet that, of course, he must have been. 'No,' said he, 'his uncle Charles used to live here, and I have often asked Lord Holland, but, of course, he would not come without Lady Holland, and it was quite out of the question my asking her. I dine at Lord Holland's now and then. When I do so I am as attentive as I ought to be to Lady Holland, and there is no kind of flattery, she does not apply to me; but it won't do! She is not a woman I approve of at all. I am only surprised that so many people have been bullied by her to letting her into their houses. For myself, I have always made up my mind that she should never enter mine.'" "Bravo King Tom," is Creevey's comment, and he goes on, "What a charming subject to plague her with the first time she gives me any offence." There were a good many like Creevey, who would have been glad of any stick with which to retort on Lady Holland's peremptory manners. No woman ever ruled her company with quite so absolute a sway. When her table was crowded, a guest was liable to receive a summons to give up his chair to a more favored guest. Macaulay would be interrupted by a tap of her fan on the table, and the warning, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; give us something else." Her gout-ridden husband was the most defenceless of all her victims, for if the worst came to the worst, she could order the servants to wheel him out of the room. Mr. Sanders, whose description of Lady Holland is perhaps the most interesting part of his volume, remarks that the success of a salon which was governed with such a ruthless hand, is a great testimony to the charm of Lord Holland. Yet Lady Holland, as Mr. Sanders points out, had a warm heart, and her grief over the death of Horner was passionate and sincere.

It is natural that Mr. Sanders's description of this rich and various life should not leave very much room for politics. Yet if Lord Holland could have got rid of his two hereditary infirmities, his peerage and his gout, he might have had not merely a very honorable but a very important political career. After Grey's departure to the House of Lords on his father's death in 1807, the Whig Party lacked all effectual leadership in the Commons, and it was Macaulay's opinion that if Lord Holland had been in the Commons instead of in the Lords, he might have become a great debater. He possessed many of the best qualities of a leader, for he was conspicuous alike for his sound Liberalism and his sure judgment. He escaped some of the most embarrassing of the mistakes of his friends, and dismissed with a just

* "The Holland House Circle." By Lloyd Sanders. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

severity the infatuation that plunged a whole people, when threatened with something like universal pauperism, in the disreputable controversies of the Court. "Strange, indeed, that neither war nor peace, laws nor liberties, could excite so much anxiety in a free and civilised nation as the personal character and comfort of two individuals who had nothing about them but their rank to raise interest or even curiosity." It is more important that Lord Holland, like Horner and Lord John Russell, seized the significance of the Peninsula War, and realised that the same spirit which made Fox oppose the war of 1793 ought to make all Fox's disciples throw themselves into the cause of the Spanish rising. The bearing of these principles was clear enough to Windham, who was not a little uneasy about resisting even Napoleon himself by the power of democratic sympathies. If the leadership of the party had been in Lord Holland's hands the Whigs would have played a wiser and more vigorous part. We know from his Memoirs that he tried to impress on Grenville the necessity of prosecuting the Spanish war and of resisting the attacks on the freedom of the Press. The Whigs, distracted by their own differences in those trying times, had acquired more of the habits than of the virtues of opposition. Mr. Sanders, indeed, uses the word factious more than once to describe some of the members of that party. Yet it would be difficult to name anything done by a Whig more deserving of that adjective than the conduct of one of the most generous opponents of that party, an old friend of Lord Holland's, in the crisis which put an end to Lord Holland's first taste of office. The Whig Government which was tripped up by the King's treachery in 1807, went out of office rather than promise never to propose again during his lifetime to grant any instalment of Catholic relief. Canning was himself strongly in favor not only of the particular minor concession that had been proposed, but of Catholic emancipation. But Protestant prejudice blew up into a hurricane; Canning came into office on the storm, and he was not ashamed to write the epitaph of a measure of which he approved in the following stanza:—

"Then huzza for the party that here is at rest,
By fools of a faction regretted and blest;
Though they sleep with the devil, yet theirs is the hope,
On the downfall of Britain to rise with the Pope."

Lord Holland's judgment as to tactics did not often stray. He had misgivings in 1806 about the wisdom of taking office without an understanding on the Catholic question, and he was one of a minority of three (the others were Grey and Windham) who opposed the Cabinet resolution to give up the Bill of 1807 to the King's wishes. In the difficult crises of 1832 he was one of the stalwarts. If his judgment was generally right his Liberalism never faltered, and even Cobbett in the midst of the abuse with which he splashed the Whigs on the subject of Parliamentary Reform was in the habit of excepting Holland and Grey. He worked hard with Romilly to humanise the criminal laws, and his protests in the House of Lords, which were collected in a volume by Mr. Doylan, are a fine record of resistance throughout thirty sombre years to violence, cruelty, and doubtful justice. He was a Liberal who could always put his principles before the interests of his class and the prejudices of his times, and it is remembered of him that Brougham called him "the refuge of the persecuted," and that Macaulay described him as the noble who in every great crisis cast in his lot with the Commons, the planter who made manful war on the slave trade, the landowner whose whole heart was in the struggle against the corn laws.

ELLEN TERRY.*

Let us at once declare that we have found Miss Ellen Terry's story of her life a most delightful piece of writing. As we read it we seemed continually to hear two or three lines of Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Silent Woman":—

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free——"

This is one of the impressions we derived from the book, and it remains. Often, too, in reading, we were reminded of Miss Terry herself in the character of Beatrice. In sum, it is a tale of much delight—and not so gilded as to give us the suspicion that we are being tricked with make-believe.

The theatre fills the greater part of it; the theatre, first, of Charles Kean, and afterwards, in turn, of the Bancrofts, John Hare, and the great Irving. Incidentally Miss Terry tells us a good deal about her life off the stage; about her family, her children, her friendships, her cottages, her pets, and her tastes; but the player's life is her text, and to it she sticks loyally. The book contains just the amount of self-revelation that readers may properly ask for, preserves a just proportion everywhere, expresses itself with unwonted niceness, and includes a small gallery of portraits equal, if not superior, to the best in Colley Cibber's "Apology." The touches of genius in it are unmistakeable. Those of us who, in pit or stalls of the old Lyceum, while Irving reigned, "paid scot and lot there any time" for twenty years and more, will find Miss Terry's pages good to dwell on and none too easy to forsake.

The story itself, no longer unfamiliar to play-goers of Miss Terry's generation, we may pass over—or, rather, may leave to be re-read. Let us, in the first place, seek to know a little of the woman herself as her pen betrays her. More than once, in discussing the strenuous career of Irving—who, in all his life, was never really at rest—she tells us that for her own part she has been a stranger to ambition. She says farther, that not until she had been many years on the stage was she conscious of any keen desire to use her talents to the utmost. But we can see that, when once she had resolved to try her strength, she had no choice but to succeed. To an hereditary gift (for both her parents were players, and the father was a finished elocutionist) was added a genuine power of work, and a technical equipment at the age of twenty, such as Irving had not wholly at the age of forty. Several times in his histrionic course Irving must have experienced moments of extraordinary exaltation. Miss Terry gives us her one great moment, which, she adds, never repeated itself. It was when she played Portia at the Prince of Wales's. Her fires were but just beginning to burn. She was popular, and had more than once tasted of success.

"But never until I appeared as Portia at the Prince of Wales's had I experienced that awe-struck feeling which comes, I suppose, to no actress more than once in a lifetime—the feeling of the conqueror.

"'What can this be?' I thought. '*Quite* this thing has never come to me before! *This is different.* It has never been quite the same before.'

"It was never to be quite the same again.

"Elation, triumph, being lifted on high by a single stroke of the mighty wing of glory—call it by any name, think of it as you like—it was as Portia that I had my first and last sense of it."

This is well told; it is but one of many passages in the book that are fine by their perfect naturalness.

Did we not always talk of the naturalness of her acting? The self-same quality shines through her writing. She analyses her manner of playing with a candour that will, perhaps, be best liked by those who, remembering what effect her playing had on them, will not hesitate to reject a full half of her criticisms. She is, in a measure, right in insisting that she often lacked "pace" and the power of sustaining at its height a long and trying scene; but wherever she suggests that she failed to give us a vivid notion of her part, Miss Terry is—with our cordial apologies—completely in the wrong.

Speaking of herself as Juliet, she says that it is "only in high comedy that people seem to know what I am driving at." Did none of us know what she was "driving at" in the part of Lady Macbeth? Have we forgotten her last scene with Lear? We can recall the four words, "No cause, no cause!" as we can recall Irving's, "I'll not believe 't!" in "Othello." But in high comedy we may admit that Irving denied her certain chances at the Lyceum, as he denied the same chances to himself. What we have missed in not seeing Ellen Terry as Rosalind and Irving as Touchstone! The self-depreciatory note is excessive in Miss Terry's criticisms of her acting, and we decline point-blank to take her at her own estimate as something just better than a "useful" actress. There have been many "useful" actresses among Miss Terry's contemporaries; there has been but one Ellen Terry.

It is in sketching for us some of the many players she

* "The Story of My Life." By Ellen Terry. With Illustrations. Hutchinson. 6s. net.

has known that Miss Terry reaches her highest excellence. How many playgoers of this day remember old John Ryder?

"Ryder was a very pugnacious man—an admirable actor, and in appearance like an old tree that has been struck by lightning, or a greenless, barren rock; he was very strong in his likes and dislikes, and in his manner of expressing them.

"'D'ye suppose he engaged me for my powers as an actor?' he used to say of Mr. Kean. 'Not a bit of it! He engaged me for my d——d archæological figure!"

Howe ("a walking history of the stage") was one of the old-fashioned "safe" comedians whom Irving always liked to have with him.

"The dear old man was much liked by everyone. He had a tremendous pair of legs, was bluff and bustling in manner, though courtly, too, and cared more about gardening than acting. He had a little farm at Isleworth, and was one of those actors who do not allow the longest theatrical season to interfere with domesticity and horticulture. Because of his stout, gaitered legs and his Isleworth estate, Henry called him 'the agricultural actor.' He was a good old port and whisky drinker, but could carry his liquor like a Regency man."

Here is a glimpse of Edwin Booth, dejected by failure at the Princess's, and broken by domestic bereavement:—

"'Here's Miss Terry,' said Henry, as I came round the door. Booth looked up at me swiftly. I have never in any face, in any country, seen such wonderful eyes. There was a mystery about his appearance and his manner—a sort of pride which seemed to say: 'Don't try to know me, for I am not what I have been.' He seemed broken, and devoid of ambition."

Mrs. Stirling:—

"swept on to the stage, and, in that magical way never, never to be learned, *filled* it. She had much breadth of style, such a lovely voice, such a beautiful, expressive eye. When she played the Nurse at the Lyceum her voice had become a little jangled and harsh, but her eye was still bright, and her art had not abated—not one little bit. Nor had her charm. Her smile was the most fascinating, irresistible thing imaginable."

This is fine on Bernhardt:—

"How wonderful she looked in those days! She was as transparent as an azalea, only more so; like a cloud, only not so thick. Smoke from a burning paper describes her more nearly! She was hollow-eyed, thin, almost consumptive-looking. Her body was not the prison of her soul, but its shadow.

"On the stage she has always seemed to me more a symbol, an ideal, an epitome, than a *woman*. It is this quality that makes her so easy in such lofty parts as Phèdre. She is always a miracle."

Of Duse she says (among other charming things):—

"There have been only two faces on the stage in my time—Henry Irving's and Duse's."

There are many delightful bits about old Tom Mead and his "Meadisms":—

"When Jerome Lesurques is forced to suspect his son of crime, he has a line: 'Am I mad, or dreaming? Would I were!' Mead one night gave a less poetic reading: 'Am I mad or *drunk?* Would I were!'"

Miss Terry found Tennyson's reading of "The Cup" impressive but curious. He read, she says:—

"in a monotone, rumbling on a low note in much the same way that Shelley is said to have screamed on a high one. For the women's parts he changed his voice suddenly, climbed up into a key which he could not sustain."

Irving, of course, dominates a great part of the book, and from Miss Terry's reminiscences a separate study might be made of that strange, brilliant, and fascinating man, whose posthumous renown will probably exceed Garrick's. He is as sure of fame hereafter as any man who has lived among us. Many of us can remember the wonderful modification of his features and expression in middle life, the refinement and intellectual beauty that came into them. The Irving with whom Miss Terry acted at the Queen's Theatre in 1867:—

"was stiff with self-consciousness; his eyes were dull and his face heavy. . . Then he was really almost ordinary-looking—with a moustache, an unwrinkled face, and a sloping forehead. The only wonderful thing about him was his melancholy. He looked conceited, and almost savagely proud of the isolation in which he lived."

This was the Irving who was still "suffering deeply from his inability to express himself through his art," and it is Miss Terry's belief that to his long fight with difficulties of every kind might be traced "the peculiar quality of his acting afterwards—a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel." His long years of failure left in his memory some deposit of bitterness, which:—

"colored Henry Irving's attitude towards the public. When he made his humble little speeches before the curtain, there was always a touch of pride in the humility. Perhaps he would not have received adulation in quite the same dignified way if he had never known what it was to wear the martyr's shirt of flame."

Miss Terry doubts whether Irving was ever absolutely intimate with anyone, and is persuaded that at no time in his life had he any vital interests unconnected with his work.

IN THE INFANCY OF JOURNALISM.*

In this volume Mr. W. J. Couper deals with the origin of the Scottish, and more particularly the Edinburgh, Press and its history from 1642 to 1711. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Couper for his enthusiastic industry in rescuing a vast amount of valuable information which lies somewhat out of the main line of the ordinary historian. Great, indeed, must have been the trouble involved in collecting the fragmentary information which this volume contains—information which, when pieced together, affords an interesting glimpse into the political, social, and literary history of Scotland during an interesting period of the nation's development.

As was natural, Edinburgh, and notably the High Street, was the centre of Scotland's journalistic activity. Equally natural were the crude attempts at newspaper enterprise. The early pioneers of journalism were hampered by two great obstacles—the difficulty of getting news and the difficulty of getting it published. The hand of the Stuart despotism lay heavy on journalism. The situation was accurately described as follows by the late Professor Masson:—"Clearly for newspapers and pamphlet literature at least, the Restoration was an arrest and paralysis. Not only were the number of newspapers kept at the lowest possible minimum, but that minimum, being under Government management far more strictly than any time during the preceding eighteen years of the revolution, and free pamphleting having ceased, or nearly so, all pith was taken out of English journalism." Bad as was the state of journalism in England under the Stuarts, it was much worse in Scotland, where the Privy Council, of evil repute, exercised a rigorous Press censorship. During the time of the Covenanters, the Council gave orders against the printing of any books or papers unless permission had been obtained. Mr. Couper tells us that "embargo was laid even on the reading of manuscript news-letters in public coffee-houses—the great news centres of the town—until they had first been presented to the Bishop of Edinburgh, or any other Privy Councillor, or the Clerks of Council, that they may consider them, and thereby false and seditious news and slanders may be prevented." As a result of this censorship little attention was given to local news, and, therefore, Edinburgh journals relied mainly upon London for intelligence of a general nature which could not come into conflict with the censorship. But as the coach from London was at the mercy of snowstorms and highwaymen, it is easy to understand the intimations made by Edinburgh editors that the date of publication was postponed pending the arrival of London intelligence. Thus we find Donaldson, one of the earliest and most enterprising journalists of his day, intimating in his programme that he would have everything so in readiness in his office awaiting the mails that his "Gazette" would be issued "within four or five hours after the Post arriveth." Then, as now, great competition existed among rival papers. The proprietor of the "Edinburgh Chronicle" "used to ride to Leith to intercept the London mail, and return to the city by a shorter route in order to forestall his contemporaries"

With the Revolution, which brought to an end the political and ecclesiastical controversies which kept Scotland in a state of turmoil, the nation entered in earnest upon an intellectual career. The leading spirits of the time were fully aware of the leeway Scotland had to make up in all that pertained to civilisation. Carlyle describes the backwardness of Scotland in his own vivid style when he says: "At the date when Addison and Steele were writing their 'Spectator' our own good Thomas Boston was writing with noblest intent, but, alike in defiance of grammar and philosophy, his 'Fourfold State of Man.'" That, under proper conditions, the taste for literature in Scotland would develop was plain from the great influence exerted in Edinburgh by

* "The Edinburgh Periodical Press." Vol. I. By W. J. Couper, M.A. Stirling: Eneas Mackay. 5s.

such papers as the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." In his "Life of Kames" Lord Woodhouselee remarks that to Addison was largely due the cultivation of style among Scotland's writers and the taste for literature generally. The essay became fashionable, so much so that it occupied a conspicuous place in the newspapers as well as in the magazines. Then we find the "Edinburgh Advertiser" of 1764 justifying the inclusion of the essay in its columns on the ground that it was "an article of entertainment for which there is so large a demand." A favourite method was the reproduction in Edinburgh papers of essays from the "Rambler" and other English periodicals, and, as showing the great public demand for sound literature, it is interesting to note that the "Gentleman and Lady's Weekly Magazine" made its essays the principal feature by which it claimed the support of its readers. What strikes the reader of Scottish periodical literature is its seriousness of purpose. The Scottish mind was athirst for knowledge in all its directions—scientific, economic, philosophic, and literary.

In the eighteenth century in Scotland the periodical Press was an educative agency. Can the same be said of it to-day? Up till far into the nineteenth century the Scottish Press did splendid work as an educative agency. Who can over-estimate the great work done by the "Edinburgh Review" in its palmy days? And in "Blackwood" the old traditions are still splendidly maintained. The daily Press, too, in the great political controversies was serious and educative in a high degree. In the "Witness" Hugh Miller produced work of high literary excellence, and the subjects which he handled, apart from his ecclesiastical writings, were far above the heads of the average newspaper reader of to-day. If anyone wishes to see how economic questions can be handled in a newspaper, he has but to turn to the columns of the Scottish Press at the time of the Corn Law controversy. The writers were thoroughly conversant with the most abstruse points in political economy, and to appreciate such writing the average newspaper reader of that day must have been exceptionally intelligent. On the whole, the Scottish Press of to-day still lives up to its traditions, but a change is in progress which threatens to lower the old ideal. In the eighteenth century the popular cult was knowledge; to-day it is pleasure. Up till far on in the nineteenth century it was recognised that knowledge was power, and to satisfy the thirst for knowledge numerous institutions were started in Scotland. The diffusion of useful knowledge was demanded by all the leaders of the people, and through their influence the demand for information on all kinds of serious subjects was supplied. The newspapers reflected the popular tone. Scotland has shared in the general prosperity of the past sixty years, and the result on the popular mind has not been gratifying. Free education, instead of creating a love of serious knowledge, has, in the main, developed a taste for what is called light literature, and the shorter hours now enjoyed by the people, instead of being utilised for educative purposes, are mainly devoted to pleasure. Solid reading has gone out of fashion. The taste for the sensational has taken the place of the taste for the useful. The change is reflected in the newspapers. Sixty years ago when a man died he was taken notice of in the papers only when his life had been devoted to some public end. Now a man is thought important enough for Press notice if he has distinguished himself in some form of sport. He may have done no useful public act; enough if he was the champion boxer, the leading cricketer, the outstanding golfer. If he excelled on the music-hall stage, beat the record at billiards, or outdistanced all competitors as a racer, his photograph is conspicuous in the papers, and his death is bewailed as a national loss. Judging from the space given in the Press, physical, and not intellectual, culture is the god of Scotland's idolatry. Happily, in Scotland in this matter the Press has not gone so far as in England. The better class of newspapers have, so far, kept true to the old traditions, but the evil is manifesting itself here and there, and before another generation passes it will, unless checked, tell seriously upon the national character. We have travelled a long way since the eighteenth century, when newspapers looked upon the essay as the most attractive feature in their columns.

THE MUTINY.*

We could not very heartily welcome even the best book imaginable upon the Mutiny. Not only was the Mutiny itself the greatest disaster in the history of our connection with India, but it was a disaster that seems never to end. It is the one thing that all educated English people know about India, and often it is the only thing. Our children are still reared on the stories of Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and however hurried the British tourist in India may be, he is sure to spare time enough to visit the grim relics of those scenes. It would not matter much if the Mutiny had been a war like other wars, in which the races stand apart and recover reason when the fighting is done. But in India we have remained as rulers of the conquered, and it is disastrous for both races that from one generation to another we should form our conception of the people we rule from an episode that affected only a small fraction of them. The tragedy which burnt most deeply into the British mind—the massacre of the women and children at Cawnpore—was the work of five common men, two of whom were Mohammedan butchers, acting under one despot's orders. Yet it is constantly quoted to justify the condemnation of three hundred millions of innocent people, fifty years after the event.

It is almost as bad on the Indian side, for Indians remember the ruthlessness with which the Mutiny was crushed—the flogging, the hanging, and blowing from the guns. Nothing seems to die so slowly as the memories of cruelty, and in the popular imagination it took more than three centuries to quench the fires of Smithfield. That is why we regret anything that may serve to keep alive the passions of the Mutiny, and if it was necessary for the "Times" to stir up the smouldering fires by getting Sir Evelyn Wood to write a series of articles on the well-worn theme just when our relations with India were in a critical state last autumn, we should have thought the matter might have been left there. But the Field-Marshal has been persuaded partly to re-write the articles and to collect them into another history for which there was not much need.

It is a straightforward piece of work—bare narrative for the most part, told with greater brevity and less personal interest than we have lately been accustomed to in the despatches of Generals on the field. Sir Evelyn evidently does his utmost to be just to friend and foe, and the account is probably as accurate as any account of confused and passionate fighting can be. But for the omission of some disputed but important points, such as Hodson's shooting of the Princes after Delhi, the work would serve as a text-book for students or for tourists, as there are good maps and plans, with one or two portraits. But, as a whole, the history strikes us as peculiarly impersonal and "detached," considering that the author was himself present during the later part of the disturbance, though not at the most critical and exciting episodes. However, he was only young at the time, and within his brief limits he does his best to make us acquainted with the remarkable personalities whom the Mutiny suddenly raised to fame, as only war does. In all our history we doubt if England has ever been able to show at the same time a group of men so distinguished by the best soldierly qualities as the officers who commanded in India during those few terrible months. Some failed under the pressure of crisis, but they were very few and their failure is forgotten in the resource and persistent bravery of the rest.

In his brief introduction and conclusion, Sir Evelyn Wood rightly traces the cause of the Mutiny to the unimaginative habit of the British mind. The greasing of the cartridges with beef-fat and lard, abominations to Mussulman and Hindu, was not ill-intentioned. There was no thought of destroying caste or excluding the Sepoys from salvation. It was only one of our characteristic blunders in not appreciating the nature of other people's feelings. It was the same with the annexation of Oude, the missionary denunciations of Indian religions, and our arbitrary interference with popular tradition, especially in regard to marriage. All these things were well enough meant, but we had not sympathy enough to understand the danger of doing people good in that overbearing way. The

* "The Revolt in Hindustan." By Sir Evelyn Wood, F.M., V.C. Methuen. 6s. net.

error of our rule has seldom been cruel oppression, and seldom corruption, but it has been this want of sympathetic imagination almost always; and we are grateful to Sir Evelyn Wood for drawing attention to the true cause of the Mutiny at a time when, by such measures as the Partition of Bengal, we have been doing our worst to repeat our ancient blunder.

SOME POETS OF THE DAY.*

Mr. Herbert Trench is a singer who cares more for the substance of poetry than for its accidents, and is disposed to be a little cavalier in his treatment of form. The chief poem in his last book "Apollo and the Seaman" is a worthy attempt to treat a large idea in a large manner; but it has great formal defects. To begin with, the writing is frequently unmetrical. This is, no doubt, to be explained by the announcement that it is intended "to be accompanied by orchestral music"; but the "Ancient Mariner" has sometimes been accompanied by orchestral music and yet stands independently as a poem on its own rhythmical merits. In the second place, the picturesque treatment of the theme breaks down in the middle. The good ship Immortality has gone to pieces, and the Seaman is left lamenting. But Apollo, who built the ship, instead of promising his human friend a new vessel on an improved principle, tells him he must in future stick to *terra firma*:

> "Earth is thy ship! Thou shalt have time
> To find the earth thy friend";

and presently, after a somewhat unpoetical sneer at the clergy, embarks on a sermon about the best modern substitute for immortality. The allegory is too important in the first half—even to representing conscience as a medal hung round the Seaman's neck:

> "He fumbled in his hairy breast,
> Yes, the 'Judge thyself' hung there—"

to be so completely cast aside in the second. Of course, there are fine passages. If the first poem, in point of importance, in the volume must be held on the whole to fail, the second, "The Queen of Gothland," can hardly be reckoned to succeed. There is a want of definition. We seem in an atmosphere of passion, but we have no sufficient clue to the particular passion intended. What was it drove the queen on her long wanderings, the taint of madness in her blood, mere hatred of monotony, or unsatisfied love? That the poet has in view a real queen, who did so wander, may help the reader to conjecture; but a poem should be independent of foot-notes; and if speech is employed by the artist as his medium, and not music, it should render passion intelligible, which here it certainly does not. It is needless to say that in this poem also Mr. Trench has some beautiful writing, in a somewhat rhetorical manner. But the best things in the book are the simplest, those in which the poet accepts the customary limitations of his art, and handles a simple theme in simple verse, "The Questioners," "The Shepherd," "Lindisfarne." It is surely true that any verse that is to move mankind passionately must first be able to take its place in memory by virtue of the perfection of its form. Here are two modes of Mr. Trench's writing:

> "Ah, yes, it rained—sudden a-cold
> The sky loured overcast.
> Soon the pavements leapt with plashing drops;
> And, as he hasty passed,
> He heard a burst of chanted sound,
> And glanced up at the vast
> Shadow, that over huddled roofs,
> Loomed, pinnacled, and grey.
> The spired cathedral thundrously
> And widely seemed to sway:
> Like earth upon her pilgrimage
> Buffetting on from age to age,
> It still was under way."

That we should all allow to be poetry; and no one who has read it will forget it; particularly if he thinks the cathedral is in more senses than Mr. Trench would allow, the type of the world; but what is the use of writing and printing lines like these that follow?

> "Even so are ye
> All standing now at such a moment,
> Smoulderers, objectless, uncertain,
> Artists and priests of all religions,
> Shapers of clay, sound, and colour,
> Shapers of perfection and of symbol,
> Shapers of passion and of awe!
> Hath it gone, last hour of all that glory,
> For which we came to be?"

Mr. Phillips is a poet of the opposite type to Mr. Trench. With him the form is the main thing. There is not so much of the hard matter of thought to be beaten or molten into shape. Mr. Phillips' ideas and emotions are, as a rule, on the ordinary level, and they tend to repeat themselves. Thus, in the present volume, "Endymion," "Gulf and God," "A Poet's Prayer," and "The Dreaming Muse," all deal in various ways with the pains of poetry. But given the theme, how simply adequate is the phrasing! For illustration, take a passage in blank verse from the "Quest of Edith"—the wife of Harold:—

> "But Edith doubted not: Ah, by what sign,
> And holy between undivided hearts,
> Grew she so certain of that marrèd face,
> And the mown beauty of tall manhood? Yet
> She chose it out for all the stains and blows,—
> And as she streamed above him in her hair,
> And with her long hair wiped away the blood,
> Using those yellow tresses he had loved,—
> Over her issued clean the autumn moon.
> Even the moon, so used to mortal woe,
> To gazing on death bed, and battle-field,
> Herself the brilliant candle of our sorrow,
> Herself the reckless glory of this grief,
> Was troubled by the woman, in mid sky.
> But Edith held that to her which was Harold,
> Nor was aware of those two standing priests,
> Nor mother in a paler grief retired,
> Nor of those ladies, with their burdens, who,
> As laden women from the harvest field
> Returning, pass beside one busy still,
> Past her returned: nor now was she aware
> Of moon or dew: the sting, the sword was here,
> The cup, the burning crown, the robe of blood,
> And the great earth a shadow."

It must be admitted, however, that there is little in this writing that attracts the reader to a second perusal. There is a want of deliberation, which divides this blank verse from Tennyson's "Ulysses," or "Tithonus." At its best, its excellence lies in its fine use of imagery; as at the close of "Lancelot and Guinevere":

> "And as two trees at midnight, when the breeze
> Comes over them, now to each other bend,
> And now withdraw; so mournfully these two
> Still drooped together and still drew apart."

Of the new lyrics, the most touching is that called "A Gleam," which tells of the parents' grief for the lost child:

> "I shall know, ere the sun arises,
> By a sudden stirring of thee,
> Or blind slight touch in the dark,
> Or face upturned in quivering dream,
> That your heart, like mine, has gone home in the hush to its dead,
> Through dew and beginning birds."

But the tragedy called "Iole," a Greek version of the sacrifice of Jephthah, is perhaps the most perfect poem Mr. Phillips has yet written. In it the eternal thoughts of father and daughter, son and mother, receive that simple and sufficient expression which we associate with Greek poetry. A good many of the shorter poems are unrhymed. This seems to be sheer loss, except in the case of some memorial lines to Gladstone, which gain by this means a certain monumental quality.

Dr. Warren's poem, about Virgil's last days, is called by him "a dramative narrative," and the title explains his purpose. He has taken the outline of facts from Suetonius and elaborated them into scenes. The subject is one of interest to scholars, and the writing is the writing of a scholar, full of classical reminiscence and happy skill in the use of language.

With Mr. Mackenzie's name we make acquaintance for the first time, and his volume has all the daintiness of a first book. The paper is of the whitest, and to each poem is assigned its date and place with the fond scrupulosity of youth. Let it be said at once that the book has charm and accomplishment, and that it belongs to the school of Lycidas, than which there is no better school for a young poet. Mr.

* "New Poems." By Herbert Trench. Methuen. 6s.
"New Poems." By Stephen Phillips. Lane. 4s. 6d. net.
"The Death of Virgil." By T. H. Warren. Blackwell. 3s.
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Up the dark stairs, we two will go, your locks
Ensilvered where the frosty moon has shed
A long ray through the lattice-curtain's chink,
Or pause to fling the darkness back, and gaze
Upon the fruit trees in the snow, and think
Of blossom and still far-off summer days.
* * * * * *
And then one morning we will wake to find,
Since yesterday, the snowdrops are full-blown,
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lawn at Beechcote Manor, are not badly drawn, though the moral thunderstorm is muttering ominously in the background. It bursts over Marsham's head, when, finally, he is thrown out of Parliament by his constituency, and struck by an electioneering brickbat, develops all the symptoms of spinal disease—blindness and complete mental, moral, and physical breakdown. Let us draw a veil over the author's treatment of this congenial theme. Where the prey is there are the eagles gathered together, says the proverb, and the reader who has ventured thus far into Mrs. Humphry Ward's *terrain*, finds the whole ground bristling with yawning moral batteries, while the angels of pity and mercy are hovering overhead, eager to begin their ministrations over the stricken man. Diana, of course, insists on rushing in and marrying her recreant lover, and the coals of fire are piled higher and higher round the writhing man's couch. "It was a wedding which, to all who witnessed it, was among the most heart-rending experiences of life. Oliver, practically blind, could not see his bride, and only morphia enabled him to go through with it." No improving detail is spared us: "the black hair mingled with the grey on the same pillow." It is no wonder when again, on the last page, Diana throws open her window, the next morning, on New Year's Day, she finds "her being flooded with an upholding, enkindling joy." The sleeping Oliver, morphialess, is now out of pain, and to "the dim, joyous sound of bells," aptly concludes this edifying novel.

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* * *

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* * *

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Canada the Sturdy Beggar.

Canada is rapidly achieving reputation in the City as the sturdiest beggar in the British Empire. I believe that some £25,000,000 sterling in loans has been borrowed already by Canada since the first of January in the London Money Market—say £5 per inhabitant. But the end is not yet. Several Canadian industrials have already applied to us for funds, and several more are about to apply. Several Canadian municipalities have raised loans in London this year, and several more are preparing to do so. Meanwhile, the Canadian Government itself has been getting into financial embarrassments, owing to the bounty system and the grants it is making to railways, as well as to a generally rising standard of extravagance. The increasing cost of the civil service (now being reformed) is, no doubt, partly the consequence of Protection and the rapidly rising cost of living, which promises before long to reduce very much the advantages of Canada as a field for British emigrants. However that may be, the Dominion Government, which, at the end of June, offered holders of the 4 per cent. bonds due November 1st an extension at 3¾ per cent. till May 1st, 1912, is now issuing another loan for five millions sterling, 3½ per cent. at par. This is not all new money, as over two millions will be used for the conversion or repayment of maturing bonds. All things considered, it looks as if London is lending Canada money too readily and on too easy terms. Stiffer rates would be good for both parties. Meanwhile, it may be noticed that the Grand Trunk railway has entered upon a course of economy; but the outlook of the line is by no means rosy, in spite of the wheat crop; for retrenchment in such items as maintenance or repairs generally means heavy expenditure later on. It is difficult to see, for instance, how at the present time the Trunk Preference Stocks can justify their respective prices.

Growth of Speculation.

Although no one cares to predict what may happen in the American railway market, there are many who believe that the speculative investor is again coming to the front; and they point in proof of their assertion to the recent movement in the mining market which they expect to see carried further. I am told that the West African group in particular has good prospects, and there are some believers in Mexican mines, of which, by the way, an official description has just been issued. Distinct buoyancy is also observable in Home railways—whether because prices are so low, or because the rise of a great railway trust is anticipated, one cannot say. It is difficult to see how a railway monopoly can be formed and run without the consent of Parliament, and still more difficult to see how that consent could be got. However, there seems to be no doubt that many railway trains are being knocked off by agreement between companies, and this is bound to reduce costs. But will not traffics be reduced also, and will the public stand it? The London Underground seems to be doing much better, and a good deal of enterprise is being shown in accelerating the service by means of "non-stop" trains and other devices.

Falling Revenues.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the Revenue Returns for the last quarter are rather cheerful, considering the case of Germany and the United States. In spite of the reduction in the sugar duties, or, perhaps, because of it, the Customs have done better in the second quarter than in the first. On the face of it one must confess that, when the estimated decline for the year has been more than doubled in the first half, despondency looks justifiable. But the income-tax is an uncertain quantity, and over a million of the falling-off is caused by death duties, which may easily recover before the end of next March. The Post Office, too, ought to make some recovery, and the revival of the Stock Exchange should improve the revenue from stamps. But it seems certain that Mr. Asquith's estimates will prove to have been too sanguine, and the debt reduction will not come up to anticipations, even if Parliament refrains from granting further supplementary estimates. A Conservative City man concerned with the foreign market asked me anxiously whether it was true that the Government intended to tax foreign investments. I replied that I felt sure they would not yield so far to the Tariff Reformers, and that he might feel confident of being "saved from his friends" for another year or two. But the taxation of foreign investments is just the kind of thing that the Colonies will insist upon when the Unionists submit our tariff to them.

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Diary of the Week.

On Monday at Tirnovo, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Tsars, Prince Ferdinand proclaimed Bulgaria's independence of Turkey and accepted from Parliament the title of Tsar of the Bulgarians. On Tuesday the Emperor Francis Joseph announced the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina as an Imperial domain and the grant to those provinces of a constitution under which the people would send no representatives to the Reichsrath, but elect a Diet with limited powers on the effete curial system. As a compensation to Turkey the Austrian garrison is to be withdrawn from Novi Bazar. On Wednesday Crete declared itself annexed to Greece, and Montenegro, after condemning Austria's action, announced that she held herself no longer bound by the Berlin Treaty and would insist on an equivalent. This is not the whole of the collapse of the Balkan system. Italy knew beforehand of Austria's intentions, and has been squared apparently by being given a free hand in Tripoli; Russia will ask for other concessions, in particular the opening of the Dardanelles; while Servia denounces Austria for having blighted her hopes, threatens war, and probably hankers after the reversion of Novi Bazar. On the other hand the Greek Government has communicated directly with the Porte on the question of the Cretan proclamation, disavowing all responsibility, and expressing the hope that the friendly relations between Turkey and Greece will not be disturbed. The attitude of the Young Turks has been throughout dignified and restrained, and so far they appear able to hold their own with the people. At the same time each successive blow clearly strengthens the reactionaries.

Sir Edward Grey has promptly and decisively taken up the only attitude possible to a Liberal Minister. He declines to recognise any of these infractions of the Treaty of Berlin until all its signatories, and more particularly Turkey, are prepared to condone them. Towards the suggested Congress his attitude is very wisely one of cold reserve. Austria and Germany cannot expect the rest of the world to regard them as Powers whose signature to a new Treaty would possess anything but a temporary value, and the case of Italy and Russia differs from theirs, we fear, only in degree. Moreover, there is reason to fear that a Congress would resolve itself into a highly predatory festivity, in which most of the Powers would unite to "compensate" themselves at Turkey's expense, for the wrong-doing of Austria and Bulgaria. These Powers would be allowed to keep their stolen rights on consideration of tolerating a like aggressiveness in others. Greece has a much better claim to Crete than Austria has to Bosnia, for the Cretans desire to be annexed, whereas the Bosnians are as violently anti-Austrian as they were when first they fought with such stubborn gallantry to resist the Austrian occupation. Yet the uncompensated cession of Crete at this moment would be yet another blow to the prestige of the Young Turkish movement.

* * *

Russia's main object is, we suppose, to obtain a free passage for her warships through the Dardanelles. We can have no selfish objection to that concession, for it would admit our superior naval force on the same terms to the Black Sea. But unless the Turks should themselves desire to abandon a measure designed for their protection, we can be no party to it. Italy, it is suggested, will ask for some "compensation" for her friends, the Montenegrins, in Albania, or possibly for herself in Tripoli. Amid all these interesting proposals there is no hint of any "compensation" to Turkey, the one Power which has really suffered loss. The withdrawal of the Austrian garrison from Novi-Bazar may, we fear, be only a cunning device to embroil the Turks with the Servians and the Montenegrins, who regarded the Austrian occupation with some reason as nothing but a wedge driven into the heart of their divided race. Whether the Turks themselves can suggest any form of compensation which would satisfy them we have yet to learn. The decision for or against a Congress ought in any event to lie with them. Our policy is, and ought to be, guided by one simple consideration—a determination to respect their independence, to consider their self-respect, and to forward by every means in our power the prospects of their liberal and tolerant reformation. Their trials are not at an end, nor is the enmity of the reactionary Empires exhausted. They stand in need of a friend both loyal and resourceful. There is in the world no better work for us to do.

* * *

The condition of the unemployed has given rise to several demonstrations in the course of the week, the most remarkable of which was the action of the Hunger Marchers in Trafalgar Square on Sunday. At the close of the meeting, the leader, Mr. Gray, proposed that

those who were homeless and unemployed should sit down in the Square, "starving, to ask the right to work from their fellow-citizens." About a score of those present conformed to the suggestion and were carried off by the police. The distress in Lancashire continues, and, unfortunately, the cotton dispute, by which it is seriously aggravated, shows no immediate signs of coming to an end. It is, at present, developing into a somewhat acute quarrel between the card-room operatives and the spinners, the former having opposed the application of the spinners for financial aid from the General Federation of Trade Unions. The ground taken is remarkable enough. The card-room operatives are, it is said, engaged in a dispute, and are, therefore, entitled to relief. The spinners, having accepted the employers' terms, are not engaged in a dispute, they are merely suffering from the action of the card-room hands; therefore they are entitled to no relief. It will be interesting to see whether the Federation will in the end accept logic of this kind.

* * *

Mr. Balfour spoke as the exceedingly candid friend of Tariff Reform at Dumfries on Tuesday. It could do much, he maintained, for the unity of the Empire and the stability of trade. But Mr. Balfour threw a douche of the coldest water over those who are making capital out of the distresses of the unemployed. "I do not pretend," he said, "that the alternations of affluence and depression, of feverish over-production and melancholy under-production can be cured by any system of fiscal reform. Fiscal reform can improve the general conditions of trade. It cannot—nobody who desires to fix their thoughts upon it and be clear, moderate, and sober will say that it can—do away with all those oscillations." The importance of this admission is not likely to be overlooked by Free Trade advocates during the autumn. But Mr. Balfour's own economics are hardly less unsound than those of the Tariff Reformers, for, in proceeding to criticise Mr. Lloyd George, he speaks as though the income of wealthy men were a source of employment to those who provide them with the comforts and luxuries of life—as though the property would not be there if it were not concentrated in one hand. For the rest, Mr. Balfour is very triumphant over the swing of the pendulum, as revealed in the bye-elections, which he declares to be quite unexampled. But he overlooks the fact that the electoral pendulum started from an altogether abnormal height, and that with so enormous a majority it was certain the party in power must experience a larger proportion of losses than usual.

* * *

Both at Earlston last Saturday and at Kirkcaldy on Monday, Mr. Asquith strongly emphasised the attitude of the Government to social reform. At Earlston, dealing particularly with the Scottish Land Bill, he pointed to the indirect but real and permanent effect of the land system on the general problem of employment, showing that in Scotland there had been a falling-off of 43,650 in the number of people engaged in the cultivation of the soil during twenty years. Like Mr. Lloyd George, he insists that the Old Age Pensions Act is but the first step towards a comprehensive scheme for "the complete reclassification of the subjects of our so-called Poor Law." The phrase may, we imagine, be taken as indicating the principal lines of the Government programme for next year. At Leven on Wednesday he made an effective reply to Mr. Balfour's most unfortunately conceived claim for credit to the Unionist Party in the matter of Old Age Pensions. Mr. Asquith showed with ease that the achievement of the Unionist Government consisted in obtaining credit with the electors which in all their years of power they did nothing to justify.

* * *

The Church Congress was opened at Manchester on Tuesday with an inaugural address by the Bishop, on which we comment elsewhere. It proceeded to a discussion as to the limits of Biblical Criticism, a somewhat unfortunate title, as the most conservative authority who took part had to begin by admitting that in one sense there could be no limit at all. If reason is to be brought to bear upon the Bible at all, it is clearly impossible to draw a line beyond which it is not to extend its functions, though there may be the widest possible difference of opinion as to the results which criticism has established. The discussion on Socialism on Wednesday led to an animated debate, in which pure individualism found a thorough-going advocate in Mr. St. Loe Strachey, while a contribution of some originality was made by Mr. Emmott, who boldly took as a test of social legislation its effect upon the family, and argued that on this ground such "Socialistic" measures as Old Age Pensions were justified by their fruits.

* * *

The Presidential election campaign has fallen rather flat once more. Mr. Hearst has for the present contented himself with finally demolishing the reputations of the politicians he has already exposed, though he claims to have more ammunition in reserve, to be used when convenient. Mr. Taft has been stumping the North-West, and professes to be confident of victory in these States; but Mr. Bryan says the same, and both claims are taken to be purely tactical. Mr. Sherman, the Republican candidate for the vice-Presidency, has not done his cause much good by raising the North *v.* South issue, and Mr. Longworth, the President's son-in-law, has recalled Mr. Borchard, of "Ruin, Rome, and Rebellion" fame, by saying that Mr. Roosevelt intends to succeed Mr. Taft. The Republicans are in by no means good spirits, though their Press exaggerates the party's pessimism in order to induce Mr. Roosevelt to go on the stump. The striking reception given to Mr. Debs, the Socialist candidate, in New York and the East generally is taken as a sign of the times.

* * *

Sir Christopher Furness addressed a remarkable proposal to a conference of trade union representatives at West Hartlepool on Wednesday. Moved by a desire to put an end to the friction which is seriously injuring the shipbuilding industry of the N.E. Coast, he puts before the trade unions concerned two alternative offers. He is willing to dispose of his whole business to a combination of unions on a valuation, or, if this is declined, to institute a co-operative scheme of a somewhat complicated character. The offer of sale is probably to be understood rather as a demonstration to the workmen of their own inacpacity for the function of management, on which Sir Christopher Furness lays much stress, than for any other purpose. The co-operative scheme, however, is worked out in much detail, and includes, on the one hand, a proposal for making the workpeople shareholders in the company, and, on the other hand, for the formation of a Works Council to settle all disputes. The Works Council is to represent both employers and employed, and provision is made for a Court of Arbitration with an independent referee in cases of serious dispute. This part of the proposal seems to us the most likely to commend itself to the workpeople. It is something of a coincidence that the present scheme of profit-sharing should have been put forward within a

few days of the death of Sir George Livesey, who will always be remembered for his success in carrying through a somewhat similar scheme.

* * *

The Convention to consider closer union of the South African Colonies which meets next Monday at Durban consists of delegates nominated by the Governments of the four Colonies and of Rhodesia. Among them are most of the active statesmen from both races and parties, including Messrs. Merriman and Sauer, Malan and Dr. Jameson from Cape Colony, General Botha, Messrs. Smuts, Hull, and Fitzpatrick from the Transvaal, General De Wet, Messrs. Fischer and Hertzog from the Orange River Colony, and Mr. Moore from Natal. Mr. Hofmeyer and Mr. W. P. Schreiner are about the only two men of the first prominence who do not appear. The Convention will be presided over by the Chief Justice of Cape Colony, Sir H. de Villiers, and it is probable that a draft Constitution, or the outline of a Constitution, merging the four existing Colonies in a single State, will be submitted. It is understood that, while the delegates of the three Colonies in which the Dutch are at present predominant, favor unification, the Natal delegates will resist any proposals going beyond federation. Unless, however, either on the native franchise question, or on the railroads, or the question of financial adjustment, they can detach Cape Colony from the others, it is unlikely that they can gain their way even temporarily. The fact that no division of opinion runs along racial lines, and that the Progressives at the Cape and in the Transvaal are in close accord with the views of the Governments renders it unlikely that Natal can do more than utter an ultimately futile threat to stand out of a proposed union.

* * *

The trial of Dinizulu has at last been fixed to begin at the end of this month. Mr. W. P. Schreiner is to be his counsel, having renounced his nomination as a delegate to the Durban Convention, in order to undertake the case. Though the constitution of the Special Court that has been provided has every appearance of offering a fair trial, the extraordinary procedure adopted by the Natal Government, both in the original seizure of Dinizulu last December, in the lingering and irregular examinations they have since conducted, and in the disgraceful attempt to deprive him of the financial means of defence by illegally withholding his salary as Supreme Induna, will warrant some anxiety. It will be remembered that when Colonel McKenzie arrested Dinizulu ten months ago he had the indiscretion to announce that he would never be allowed to return to Usutu, and the whole conduct of the subsequent proceedings bore out the view that the Government had fixed the punishment before trying the prisoner. Only what Mr. Moore styled "the damnable interference" of the Imperial Government prevented the consummation of this plot, if, indeed, it is prevented. We suppose that by this time Dinizulu and his counsel have been made acquainted with the nature of the charges that are brought against the Zulu chief, and that access to witnesses and documents systematically withheld during the "preliminary examination" has now been granted.

* * *

The text of the Shah's edict convoking the Megliss for November 14th has been published, and it confirms the worst that has been said of it. The assembly is to be one of "upright and pious" men and a new Constitution is to be drafted to bring it into harmony with the Sacred Law. The Constitution which the Shah swore to observe has been annulled. What Russia and England think of this move is not clear, but that it will perpetuate civil war is certain. The Nationalists of Tabriz credit Russian agents in Teheran with the responsibility for the new Constitution, and they are determined to resist. The Royalist troops after the failure of their direct attack are blockading the roads to Tabriz, and the "Times" correspondent speaks in bitter terms of the suffering and the loss which the greatest commercial city in Persia is suffering and of the danger to Europeans of a prolongation of the existing anarchy.

* * *

In an interview and letter published in the "Manchester Guardian," Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal, the Indian Nationalist who has come to England to put before the English public the Indian situation, explains the point of view of his party. The movement, he says, is not the work of a few agitators, but the agitators are themselves merely the mouthpieces of an idea which is leavening the whole people—the idea of a free Indian nation, Nothing less than absolute autonomy would content them. They desired peaceful methods only, but rigid repression, which might be effective against a handful of agitators, was condemned to futility when directed against a nation, and would inevitably provoke violence and conflict. Lord Curzon had precipitated the crisis by trying to perpetuate British supremacy instead of adopting the one wise course, of so conducting Indian administration that England and India could part as friends and allies.

* * *

Some measure of the risks which motoring has added to life may be derived from the recent Report of the Commissioner of Police for London, issued in the course of last week. From the comparative tables of accidents there given it appears that from 1891 to 1904 the number of fatal accidents, notwithstanding the growth of population, scarcely increased. In the first year mentioned there were 147 deaths, and in the last 155. In the three subsequent years the number of deaths has rapidly mounted up, till last year it reached 283. The increase is almost entirely due to tram-cars and motor-cars. Comparing 1907 with 1904, tram-cars account for an increase of 18 in the deaths, motor-'buses for an increase of 33, motor-cars for an increase of 44, motor-cycles for an increase of 4, and motor-cabs for 2. This accounts for 101 out of the 128 extra deaths, the only other important increase being due to vans. The report does not say whether the vans are horse-drawn or motor-driven, but it is remarkable that the numbers of fatal accidents from vans were also stationary from 1891 to 1904, and since that year have increased from 35 to 67. If from deaths we turn to accidents, the figures are also most remarkable. From 1897 to 1901 the numbers were stationary. From that year onwards they began slowly to rise, and in 1904 mounted to 10,384. Last year the number was 16,772. Of this vast number, electric tram-cars account for 2,119, motor-'buses for 1,108, motor-cars for 1,558, and motor-cycles for 274. Accidents from ordinary bicycles have, moreover, shown a strange increase since the motor-car became common. It must be remembered that the presence of swiftly moving vehicles in the streets makes all others more difficult to manage to the safety of the public, and that the vehicle to which the accident is attributed is not necessarily that most fully responsible. However this may be, the rapid increase in accidents from all causes during the last three years points to a serious neglect of duty on the part of the responsible auhorities in the regulation of the traffic.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CYNICISM OF THE POWERS.

Since General Ignatieff deliberately set himself to destroy the Turkey of 1876, which Midhat Pasha had begun to reform, there has been no more cynical appeal to the right of the stranger than Austria has made this week. We are far from desiring to spare the Bulgarians, who have played an incendiary and disloyal part in this intrigue, but we can hardly affect to regard them as principals. The real responsibility for all that has happened lies with Austria, and with the Powers whose complicity she has purchased. Very soon after the fall of the Hamidian *régime*, Austrian statesmen must have begun to consider what obstacles they could place in the way of a Turkish renaissance, and how best they could draw profit for themselves from the momentary disorganisation which every revolution causes. Austria has no reason to-day to fear a Valmy; national armies cannot be improvised under modern conditions, and Vienna can for the moment afford to pursue its traditional policy with apparent impunity. To Austria and Bulgaria alike, two considerations appeared to be decisive. The Turks could not afford to defend their rights, and, had they attempted to do so, a war must have destroyed the hope of internal reform, re-opened the Macedonian question, and prepared the way for an immediate division of the spoils. These motives have been admitted with cynical effrontery by the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, who reminded an interviewer in the "Gaulois," that the Power on whose rights his Government has trampled, "was hardly likely at the present moment of the Turkish renaissance to indulge in warlike preparations. . . . Furthermore, where was Turkey to get the money to make war?" Turkey, in short, is defenceless, and it is precisely her impulse to reform which has exposed her to the predatory instincts of Europe. It is true that she has been, in fact, no better able to defend herself for some years past. But so long as a corrupt clique ruled at the Palace, it suited Austrian and German policy much better to weaken her peacefully by opposing reform. They paid themselves in railway concessions for her weakness. To-day their influence at Yildiz is a thing of the past, and open hostility has become the more profitable policy. The intrigue has been managed with a mixture of cynicism and hypocrisy, which has failed to deceive the public opinion of Europe. A fortnight ago the first military measures were taken in Bosnia and Novi-Bazar to prepare for the coming *coup de main*. Simultaneously the partnership between Bulgaria and Austria was announced at Budapest, and the Bulgarians were allowed to use a railway, which happened to belong to an Austrian company, as the material for their first essays in provocation. It was then arranged that Prince Ferdinand, yielding, of course, to that impatient Bulgarian opinion which turns out, after the fact, to be far from unanimous, should proclaim the independence of his principality on Monday. On Tuesday, because King Ferdinand—himself an Austrian Princeling—had forced her hands, Austria felt herself bound to complete the rent in the Treaty of Berlin, by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina. Meanwhile, M. Isvolsky had been in personal conclave with Baron von Aerenthal and Signor Tittoni. It is admitted that the eventuality of annexation was discussed between them, though it is said that M. Isvolsky was not informed of its date. However that may be, the Russian contribution to the intrigue fitted accurately into the time-table. Her part was to draft a circular note to the Powers, inviting them to a European Conference. This step was officially announced on Tuesday, and the note itself was despatched on Thursday. The rôle of Germany appears to have been passive, but at least she had approved in advance of her ally's intentions. The Italian official Press, so far from manifesting alarm or surprise at the aggrandisement of Austria, declares that Italian diplomacy was not taken by surprise, and looks forward with calm to the steps which will certainly be taken to protect "the particular interests" of Italy. Russia alone is anxious to deny her complicity in this intrigue. But it is improbable that Bulgaria, whose Ministry happens to be, for the first time since the early months of 1903, avowedly Russophil, can have acted without obtaining her assent. It is equally unlikely that M. Isvolsky could have taken so rapid a decision to summon a European Conference had he really been in complete ignorance of the dates in the Austrian time-table. At every stage of this intrigue both Austrian and Bulgarian statesmen have made free with the truth. Russian diplomatists are not usually more scrupulous. The Austrians, we suspect, deviated into truth, when they announced that they had secured the assent of Italy and Russia in advance.

It seems almost an irrelevance to pass a moral judgment upon proceedings which presuppose a frank repudiation of all international morality. Bulgaria may plead in excuse that she was not a signatory to the Treaty of Berlin, and that she has never affected to be anything but a young and adventurous State, carving out her fortunes by self-reliance and a faith in her own right arm. Her worst crime is one of ingratitude, and of treachery to the progressive ideals which she professes at home. She has waited to insult and provoke the Turks until they had become a liberal and tolerant people. She has chosen for her aggression the moment when they had ended the secular oppression of her kinsmen in Macedonia, conjured away the spell of race-

hatred, brought about a fraternisation of creeds and peoples, and admitted her "little brothers" over the mountains to complete equality and full political rights. She has so timed and managed her act of self-assertion as to inflict the maximum of injury upon the Young Turkish movement, and to cause the maximum of prejudice to the chances of a racial peace in Macedonia. She knew that her act might lead to war, and at the least she was consciously giving the signal for the spoliation of a Liberal Turkey. Indeed, to those who know the realistic and calculating temperament of the Bulgarians, it seems unlikely that they would have risked so much merely for the pleasure of calling their unpopular Prince a Tsar. Their status as an independent nation had been practically settled by their admission on equal terms to the Second Hague Conference. Moreover, the Young Turks were quite prepared and even anxious to concede independence on a basis of friendship and alliance. The Bulgarians would not have chosen to snatch violently and prematurely at an empty dignity, unless they had desired to damage the Young Turks, and, perhaps, to provoke complications that might lead to their aggrandisement in Macedonia. In the case of Austria this disloyalty of motive was aggravated by a past of almost offensive correctitude. Austria was the respectable and aristocratic Conservative of Europe, beside whom Russia was merely a noisy reactionary. She had invariably pleaded her almost superstitious respect for the *status quo*, when any question arose of furthering reform or checking outrage in Turkey. She was the unwearying advocate of the Sultan's sovereign rights, so long as Abdul Hamid governed as well as reigned. She has broken a treaty, but that is an almost venial offence in comparison with the deliberate treason to humanity involved in her plot to ruin the Turkish renaissance. It is necessary also in judging her conduct to remember that in 1878, when her occupation of Bosnia was sanctioned, she gave a written pledge that the "sovereign rights" of Turkey should not thereby suffer, and that her occupation should be considered strictly "provisional." As long as Macedonia groaned under an unspeakable tyranny she could allow no far-reaching reforms out of respect for the sacro-sanct integrity of the Turkish Empire, as guaranteed by the Treaty of Berlin. No sooner has Turkey reformed herself, put an end to tyranny and disorder, and shown signs of reviving strength and a new career, than Austria discovers that Turkish integrity is a meaningless and antiquated name, tears up the Berlin Treaty, ignores her own separate and solemn agreement, and enters as sovereign on the possession of two Turkish provinces.

THE FUTURE OF TURKEY.

THE history of last week in the Balkan Peninsular may appeal to those who doubt the possibility of human progress, but to no one else. It would seem as though the fates—which is, after all, but a brief name for the endless complication of human affairs—would neither allow Turkey to be reformed from outside nor from within. In the unrestrained egoism of nations no consideration of humanity, no thought of forbearance is allowed. Be the stakes what they may, the salvation of whole races from long years of suffering on one side, and the pettiest diplomatic advantage or political vanity on the other, it is all one with self-seeking of this kind. Enough for Austria and Bulgaria that they saw their chance. How their action might affect Turkey and Europe was not a question about which they were going to trouble themselves.

The question for Europe is, to what lengths this disregard may be pushed. On this subject the Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey have spoken, and it is satisfactory to feel that they have behind them a united nation. They have laid down the general principles of our policy with perfect clearness. We are not prepared to recognise a one-sided violation of an international Treaty. It is not sufficient for us that Austria should announce that she has broken her word. Before we recognise the new distribution of sovereignty that she has effected, we wish to know what is thought by the Powers whose mandatory she was, and by Turkey, with whom she entered into the most definite and binding engagement not to use her mandate for purposes of permanent territorial acquisition. It is not sufficient for Bulgaria to announce that she has thrown off the status conferred on her by others, nor for Crete to declare that she is a part of Greece. Both these countries owe their existing freedom to other nations, and have no right on their own account to throw over the engagements into which they entered. Treaties have been violated ere this, but the debauch of treaty-breaking which the past week has seen is unique, and if it passes unreproved will put an end to all confidence in international undertakings. If the combined attack on Turkey were justifiable in itself, it would still be necessary to oppose the manner in which it has been carried out.

It is true, of course, that the actual change made in the condition of the Turkish provinces which have been declared separated is nominal rather than real. This fact, while depriving the hasty action of Austria and Bulgaria of any plea of urgency, also renders the trouble more capable of ultimate adjustment. The immediate problem is to tide over the crisis without such an explosion of feeling in Turkey as will either destroy the existing Government or drive it into a desperate and fruitless war. Can this corner be passed, it should not be impossible for the statesmanship of Europe to maintain peace, and secure the readjustment of relations not by high-handed action but by mutual agreement. At both stages this country has an important function. Her moral support is doing more than anything to maintain the confidence of the Turkish people in their Government, and if war or revolution is to be averted it can only be by the maintenance of this attitude of mind—a feat, under the recent experience of the nation, of extraordinary difficulty. At the next stage we shall have to set ourselves to consider by what means a fair bargain is to be struck. We do not stand alone. We can count on the disinterested support of France, and

we know that it is not to the interest of Russia that the conflagration should break out. Unfortunately, when people begin to speak of bargain in this matter, and in particular when Great Powers speak of "compensation," they do not mean compensation to Turkey. They are not thinking of a *quid pro quo* which they might give the Turks to set against the loss of their suzerainty in province after province. They are thinking of compensation to themselves for gains which others who have stolen a march on them have secured at Turkey's expense. They are not thinking of Turkey as a bargainer, but as prey to be bargained about. Like the rest they look on the crisis as an occasion out of which they are to suck some small advantage to equal if possible the advantage already sucked by others. Against all compensations of such a kind this country will steadily set her face. Her aim will be to postpone the crisis as ten years ago she postponed it in the Far East. There she succeeded in delaying a break up till the time came when the Far East became able to take care of itself. Her policy in Turkey will be the same and animated by the same hope. We shall set ourselves to the task of maintaining the independence and upholding the status of Turkey while her Government remains free and humane. If, indeed, there is to be any question of "compensation" for what has been done, since it cannot take the form of territorial expansion, it is natural to consider whether in point of status something cannot be done not merely to maintain but to improve the existing position. Had Austria and Bulgaria shown statesmanship and patience it would have been a fair proposal to make that a cession of territory should have formed part of a general arrangement in which the new status of Turkey as a free country should have been recognised by the cancelling of the Capitulations. Any such arrangement must now be far more difficult. The position of foreigners in an Oriental Empire is not one with which it is possible to deal precipitately. Yet if we are to speak of any compensation which would be felt as adequate by the Turks it is hard to see in what other direction we are to look.

THE STATE AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

THERE exists no need to prove the want of foresight in the direction of human affairs. If such need were, the dealings of the State with unemployment would be a leading case in point. Experience, extending over a century, has shown us beyond doubt that trade is subject to alternate movements of expansion and contraction; that at its best there is always a fringe of casual labor half unfit, half unwilling to work; that as it descends into the trough the number is swollen, first by the less efficient among regular workers, and then by increasing numbers of those who in ordinary times are quite sure of a job, and are selected by fortune to suffer merely because they have been unlucky in the employer whom they serve or in the circumstances of the mill or workshop where they are engaged. Thus to the unemployable are added in increasing numbers the respectable *bonâ-fide* unemployed. As weeks and months pass, and these men are reduced to begging their bread or to cadging about for odd jobs of work, as they go hungry from day to day and lose the habit of regular industry, they sink a point or two in the social scale, and the unemployed recruit the ranks of the unemployable. The evil perpetuates itself. But meanwhile in the trough of the depression an outcry has been raised—an outcry which grows louder, and is heard further with each fresh quickening of the social conscience. Meetings are held, angry protests are heard; here and there comes a dramatic demonstration, perhaps an abortive riot. Funds are started, and on all sides there is a cry that something should be done. Statesmen and thinkers protest that what is done should not be done in a hurry; we should not yield to emotion; we must be careful that in relieving one kind of unemployment we do not cause another. While the discussion goes on the trough of the wave is past, and trade begins to mend. With the first sign of returning prosperity we cheerfully banish the troublesome question. Trade is good once more, let the bad times take thought for themselves.

Yet if ever the problem is to be handled in the detached spirit of pure reasonableness which is recommended to us, surely it can only be by laying down the lines of action when times are easy. During the years of almost unexampled prosperity which followed on the accession of the present Government to power there were still here and there men and women unemployed. There was, moreover, the certainty—as great as a long experience could make it—that the good times would not last. Then was the time for statesmen to prepare deliberately, without hurry, without emotional bias, for the rainy day. Then was the time to consider some comprehensive scheme of public works, and some scientific method of classification distinguishing the unemployed from the unemployable, and of finding for both classes suitable treatment. Then, in short, was the time to set up the skeleton outline of a scheme which, as soon as the evil days came, might be filled in. Statesmanship, in its wisdom, has refused to make any such provision for the future, and we have now the full—long foreseen—crisis of unemployment upon us, to deal with in the best way we can improvise. Dealt with it has to be. If the eloquent pleas for social reform that we have heard from Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George in the past few days mean anything, they must be taken as binding the Government to some attempt at an alleviation of the trouble, which presses most acutely of all on the working classes. We cannot, under the conditions, deal with the problem in the slow, patient, scientific way for which it calls. For this the neglect of past years is responsible. But one or two guiding considerations may be set down as marking out the lines within which action may be taken.

First, there can be no doubt as to the reality and urgency of the evil. To dismiss the whole mass of unemployed as worthless idlers is impossible in the face of the figures. The "Labor Gazette" returns show us that in a year there has been in round figures an increase of trade unionists unemployed from 3 to 8 per cent. in those unions which make returns. There is not the smallest reason to charge the 5 per cent., who make

the difference, with incompetence, laziness, or any other bad quality. They are victims, purely and simply, of a decline in trade which is provable in many other ways at the same time. Secondly, those responsible have hitherto failed to cope adequately with the problem. A few sentences will prove this point. The twelve months ending on March 31st last were, on the whole, months of good trade. During that period 90,057 applications were made to Distress Committees for work. Of these, 54,613 only were entertained, the rest being weeded out in various ways; and of those entertained, again, only 37,092 were provided with work. This is less than a half of those who applied, and it represents the total number of those who obtained any work at all. But in many cases we are told that the average number of days' work provided was only seven or eight. In others it amounted to some weeks. Often it consisted in periodic employment of three days at a time, alternating with idleness—a most unsatisfactory scheme. These figures show that even in a good time the Distress Committees have only touched the fringe of the trouble.

How, then, is their usefulness to be extended? We have to deal as best we can with an immediate problem. There can be no question of awaiting the report of the Poor Law Commission. That Commission may, or may not, suggest useful ideas for a permanent solution. But we have to handle the need of the moment, and for this purpose we shall do best to avoid contentious legislation, and expand and develop the existing law. The manifesto of the "Right to Work Council" raises a most contentious point when it demands that the Act should be made compulsory on local bodies. If compulsion is thrust forward, the autumn will be spent, not in work, but in controversy. The manifesto is on stronger ground when it calls for the general opening of the Unemployed Registers. Wherever this has not been done, it should be done, and it should be the immediate business of the Local Government Board to see that it is done. The first steps needed, in fact, are rather administrative than legislative. The Local Government Board should take the initiative, not waiting for the action of the local bodies, but explaining to them by circular their powers and duties and its means of helping them. It is to the interest of every locality to prevent the unemployed from settling down as a permanent burden upon the rates, and in most cases the authorities probably need nothing but stimulus and guidance to help them to put the Act to its full use. But it is absurd to suppose that the little sum of £200,000 voted by Parliament—a large proportion of which is already mortgaged—will suffice for the assistance of local works if they are to be pushed forward on anything near the scale required. Parliament should give authority for further expenditure. The municipalities should be assured of support in carrying out works of public utility, and the appeals to private charity should be dispensed with. Changes in the law will in the end be necessary, but what is needed for the moment is a new spirit in administration, particularly at the centre. These are palliatives only, but it is to the devising of palliatives and the gradual groping through hard experience towards better methods that lack of foresight and of statesmanship has condemned us. No mere mistake in execution is to be named alongside of the moral blunder of passing by on the other side while men sink day by day into despair and degradation because that great machine which grinds us out comfort and luxury has flung them on the waste-heap, where brain and heart and muscle rot slowly from disuse.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL REFORM.

The Bishop of Manchester raised some interesting questions in his President's address to the Church Congress on Tuesday. The Pan-Anglican Conference had thrown this lesser demonstration into the shade, but circumstances have combined to give it an interest and a distinction of its own. The Bishop seized his opportunity. Speaking in the capital of a diocese of smoke, where every horizon is darkened by the mill chimney, and where a special anxiety throws its shadow at this moment over the factory and the home, a diocese, too, created in the year that the Corn Law was repealed and the Ten Hours Bill became law, the Bishop saw that time and place alike demanded that the Congress should postpone the esoteric preoccupations of the Church to the larger issues that confront the Church as part of the nation. His own chief contribution to the discussion was an appeal for a new religious revival which might do for our times what the eighteenth century revival did for the development and emancipation of the England that struggled slowly out of the barbarities of the early days of the Industrial Revolution. It is an interesting and significant precedent. The Bishop, it will be noted, talks not of the social services of the Church, but of the social services of the Evangelical Revival. Nobody would contend that the Church did anything through its leaders to aid the social and political reforms of the period, which the Bishop thinks were closely connected with the religious revival. The speeches and the votes of the Bishops are on record. No humane cause is in their debt. Further, the movement to which the Bishop refers was a revival that was scarcely distinguishable from a revolt, and the Bishops were, perhaps, the last people to be touched by its influences.

Whether the movement effected all that the Bishop claims for it is, we think, open to question. That it effected a great deal nobody will doubt: the work of John Howard in prison reform is a conspicuous example. It is true, again, that some of our earliest factory legislation had a religious motive. This is seen in the first Factory Act of all, which provides that apprentices shall be confirmed and sent to church. It is seen also in the character of Lord Shaftesbury, who felt not one whit less strongly about the truth of the Mosaic creation than he did about the miseries of the factory children. Michael Thomas Sadler, one of the bravest and earliest of social reformers, plunged as a boy into the Methodist movement. It is a sad illustration of the strange manner in which good and bad causes get intertwined that Sadler was helped into Parliament by the Duke of New-

castle to resist Catholic Emancipation. The religious movement, speaking roughly, had two great influences. It taught the rich a philanthropy which combined with restrictions on the pleasures of the poor a real spirit of pity for their misery. But its other influence we think was certainly inimical to political reform. It braced up a religious and moral temper which was hostile to all revolutionary ideas. The religious party in the House of Commons rarely gave a vote—we will not say for political freedom, but against political oppression—and there was some point in Romilly's retort on Wilberforce when Wilberforce voted for suspending the Habeas Corpus in 1817—"The honorable and religious member could hardly vote for any measure more thoroughly opposed to vital Christianity." The religious revival made the governing classes more pitiful, but it did not make them more ready to yield political power. And on the governed its effect was in some ways a bad one. Wesley boasted that the world had to admit that the Methodists could die well. It may be doubted whether a mission that taught crushed and wronged men and women to think so passionately of the next world left them much energy to think passionately enough about this one. The pressure which ultimately broke down the resistance of the governing classes came from a propaganda of a very different kind. When we make the fullest allowance for the actual achievements of the revival and its atmosphere of social pity, we have to remember how many of the greatest of the emancipating forces of the time were outside and hostile.

We are not attempting, however, to discuss this large question in a short article. We are rather interested in the Bishop's precedent on other grounds. For one characteristic of the Evangelical Revival was that, whatever its mistakes and weaknesses, it never made the political interests of the Established Church its main care. It merged and enveloped all those self-regarding instincts which the Bishops of the day followed in the House of Lords, in a larger enthusiasm and a wider compassion. It is not easy for an Established Church to do this, particularly when that Established Church is so closely allied by its history and traditions with the privileges of a class supremacy. But there are many indications that this kind of spirit is beginning to penetrate the Anglican Church. The agitation over the Licensing Bill is only one conspicuous example. Certainly no less comprehensive and magnanimous a public spirit can hope to contribute anything to the settlement of those questions on which the Bishop of Manchester very rightly fixed the attention of the Congress. For our part we welcome these discussions, not so much for any promise they give of actual remedies, but because they tend to develop the range of what Mr. Wells calls the people of goodwill. If Bishops begin to talk of Socialism with the sympathy which found expression at Manchester, it will be less easy to beat up that terrified and ignorant resistance to all forms of social reconstruction on which the friends of the uttermost rights of property rely. It is too late in the day to dismiss anything and everything that is called Socialism as a kind of Jacobin outrage on all the sacred and intimate instincts of the race.

Life and Letters.

THE PERMANENCE OF MACAULAY.

It is no doubt due partly to the singular charm of the book in which Macaulay's life is described and revealed that that life still commands so wide a sympathy and interest. Sir George Trevelyan's "Life and Letters," now reappearing in a new edition, which includes many of the marginal notes Macaulay made from time to time in volumes he was reading, is by general consent one of the best biographies in the English language. But the popularity shed not only over Macaulay's writings but also over his career, though that career was not distinguished by any of the successes that dazzle in politics, is not to be explained away as the splendid creation of his nephew's pious talent. There is something in Macaulay's qualities and character that appeals with a constant spell to one generation of his countrymen after another. "Qui sic historiam scribebat ut vera fictis libentius legerentur." The writer of the epitaph in Trinity College, Cambridge, in telling the secret of a just popularity, summed up the achievement of Macaulay the historian. It would be difficult to name any better title to the gratitude of posterity. Every schoolboy (not, of course, that strange abstraction, Macaulay's schoolboy, but the real Philistine schoolboy who recoils from learning) starts in life profoundly indebted to the writer who made history interesting and alive. It is easy to find fault with Macaulay's style, to catch him out in extravagant judgments, to complain that his verdicts are sometimes wanting in subtlety, his analyses wanting in finesse, his language rhetorical and flamboyant, but nobody can dispute the fascination of his treatment, the power of his eloquence, his illuminating sweep of vision. He regarded history, to borrow the phrases of a modern controversy, as an art, and not only as a science. He did not conceive of the historian as a man whose sole function was the collection in cold blood of the facts of a buried life, or a buried century. He thought it was his function to array those facts in the rich and generous setting of literature. History, in his hands, was not a mere sequence of events or procession of persons, but an agitated and various landscape, in which the spectator could see the play of vile or heroic passions, the storms of crime and folly, earthquake and revolution and catastrophe, and high above them all the sign of the rainbow in the sky.

Now, Macaulay's historical genius was part of his character, and it was a character that Englishmen like. His method of writing came all the easier to him from his natural disposition to form very definite conclusions. These conclusions, if sometimes they looked hasty and impatient, were, it must be remembered, the result of laborious and exacting enquiry. We know from Sir George Trevelyan's Life that Macaulay was as scrupulous and conscientious in his search for truth as the most tormented of those anxious minds who hover over every adjective and argument. And if this assurance made it easier for Macaulay to write, it has made it easier for the world to read him. Lord Melbourne said that he wished to God he was as certain of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything. The epigram has not the air of a compliment. Yet it is safe to say that humanity is grateful to Macaulay for his certainty. The mind of the average man, after tossing uncomfortably in the doubts and perplexities of undecided historians, finds a happy anchorage in his secure and confident eloquence. Moreover, if his praise and blame are not too delicately shaded, there is, for that very reason, nothing at all insidious in Macaulay's manly and candid partialities. The historian who is really a danger to the interests of truth and justice is the clever tactician who surprises his readers into a wrong or unfair opinion, after conducting them through a maze of judicial-looking arguments. Macaulay's pages are singularly free from this treacherous atmosphere. There are no ambushes or traps lurking in them. There is no affectation of neutrality or indifference, no dissimulation of passion and

prejudice. Macaulay draws in bold outline the figures and the scenes and the lessons of history as he sees and reads them. He does not pretend to be judging from some impersonal or Olympian point of view. He does not steal the independence of other minds by masking the sympathies of his own. With all his magic of style he is pre-eminently simple and transparent. And those who accuse him of using his art to bewitch his readers have to explain how it is that, though he remains the most popular of historians, his hero, William the Third, remains the least popular of men.

Macaulay had the limitations of the Whig character, if he had in a special degree its best attributes. Posterity has liked him on both accounts. His faith in the essential structure of English society, in its capital institutions, is almost complacent in its optimism and composure. He had no sympathy with the passionate discontents that made the rebels of his day. He refused to attend the celebration in Edinburgh of the memory of the Radicals whom Pitt and Dundas sent to die in penal settlements; in his speech on the People's Charter he declared that universal suffrage was incompatible with civilisation; his speech in defence of national education, if it denounced those who thought that the only duties of a Council were those of a hangman, is yet steeped in the sympathies and prepossessions of a humane oligarchy. "It is the duty of Government to protect our persons and property from danger. The gross ignorance of the common people is a principal cause of danger to our persons and property. Therefore it is the duty of the Government to take care that the common people shall not be grossly ignorant."

Macaulay's profound respect for the arrangements of English society, for its distribution of power, for its hegemonies and traditions, his shrinking from the type of man who is regarded as violent and futile, if to some critics it implies an imperfect penetration into the depths of social life, is to most Englishmen a ready introduction to their sympathy and hearing. "England is so great," he wrote in a sentence which rings with a very genuine English feeling, "that an Englishman cares little what others think of her, or how they talk of her." The man who wrote that is too much of a John Bull to be a puzzle to his countrymen. They can understand him; there is nothing that wounds or shocks in his point of view; much that reconciles and reassures. And Macaulay blended this temper with that quality of generous and tolerant common sense which is often unattractive to a man's own generation, but rarely fails to impress the generations that come after. His robust admiration for the English liberty the Whigs had made was combined with an equally robust resistance to the crimes and follies of those who governed England by the power of its narrowest and meanest prejudices. One of his finest speeches contrasts the ingenuity and skill of the inventive mind which was giving England her great industries with the crude, brutal system of law and punishment which was administered by an unenlightened Government. "Surely we see the barbarism of the thirteenth century and the highest civilisation of the nineteenth century side by side; and we see that the barbarism belongs to the Government and the civilisation to the people." Macaulay was too much the master of his own mind ever to become a mere party man or a mere formalist. What could be better than his retort on those who thought that the Ten Hours Bill would reduce the wealth of England, and end by making the poor still more wretched? "Never will I believe that what makes a population stronger and healthier and wiser and better can ultimately make it poorer. You try to frighten us by telling us that in some German factories the young work seventeen hours in the twenty-four, that they work so hard that among thousands there is not one who grows to such a stature that he can be admitted into the army; and you ask whether, if we pass this Bill, we can possibly hold our own against competition such as this? Sir, I laugh at the thought of such competition. If ever we are forced to yield the foremost place among commercial nations, we shall yield it not to a race of degenerate dwarfs, but to some people pre-eminently vigorous both in body and in mind."

Macaulay's power has been, of course, much more considerable as a beneficent influence on thought than as an actual legislator—and this in spite of the fact that he was the author of the Indian Penal Code. There is one contribution that he made to the structure of our public life which is sometimes forgotten. The Civil Service used to be the patronage of political parties, and though the most flagrant abuses of the system had been corrected and the beginnings of competition introduced between 1834 and 1841, it was not until 1853 that the foundations of the present system were really laid. In that year two things happened. Macaulay presided over the commission which reported on the selection and training of candidates for the Civil Service of India, and Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Charles Trevelyan were appointed by Mr. Gladstone to inquire into the condition of the Civil Service in England. Mr. Gladstone himself put the finishing touch to the reforms which were gradually made in the English system by the famous Order in Council of June, 1870, which finally established the principle of open competition. But if we look into the special features of our system of filling the higher branches of the Civil Service, the two names that stand out most distinctly are those of Lord Macaulay and Sir Charles Trevelyan, the latter of whom figures, as everybody knows, in Trollope's satirical novel, "The Three Clerks." Macaulay's report on the Indian Civil Service is chiefly important for our purposes because it laid down the principle on which examinations have been conducted for Civil Service appointments ever since. That principle is that the subjects for examination should be those which a man studies as part of a liberal education and not those which have a direct bearing on the employment he hopes to obtain. This principle Macaulay adopted on two grounds, the first that such an examination was the best test of a candidate's ability and culture, the second that the alternative method would demoralise education and oblige a great many young men (that is to say, all the unsuccessful candidates) to study subjects which would be useless to them in after life. Mr. Lawrence Lowell mentions in his book on "The Government of England" that the system Macaulay rejected was tried in Holland for admission to the Colonial Service in Java, and that it was abandoned because it led to the very results Macaulay had predicted. He also points out that examinations for the English Civil Service have tended more and more to be arranged on Macaulay's ideas, in contrast with the American system, which tries to test a candidate's immediate fitness for a particular appointment. Of course, any system of competitive examination has its own vices and dangers, and it can only be accepted as a choice of evils. But it is not fair to blame the ideas of Macaulay and Trevelyan for the consequences of our mistakes in other directions, and, if the results of the system they introduced are sometimes disappointing to democrats, it must be remembered that a liberal education is still in most cases in England the luxury of the comfortable classes.

PERSONALISM.

It would very much surprise the Londoner if some popular journal, to which causes and ideas are anathema, and the Absolute a term of sheer vacuity, whose interest is entirely devoted to startling deeds and sufferings, were to be described as an adherent of the personalist philosophy. In a sense, indeed, personalism is the living creed of all of us. Nature as subject-matter for Art or Science, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, the study of laws and systems, soon begin to pall; art becomes artifice, literature linguistics, religion theology, as soon as the human note of personality is lost. How naturally do all of us turn to "personalities" as a welcome relief to our most dignified and valued occupations!

Since the entire weight of human interest is thus thrown persistently on the side of personality, the pro-

duction of elaborate treatises of philosophy and politics in the defence of Personalism might appear superfluous. Yet there are whole schools of thinkers who see everywhere in modern thought and policy insidious attacks upon the fortress of personality. In biology they detect an endeavor to substitute the progress of the species for that of the individual, and to regard the latter as a mere passing incident, a bubble upon the life-stream of the race. Psychology is seen undermining the unity of the self with its doctrines of divided and attenuating personalities, while sociology suggests a federation or a fusion of selves in some larger conscious aggregate, a social organism, which may assert some directing or limiting influence upon individual personality. Nor must we leave out of account the widespread rejection of the dogma of personal immortality that has accompanied the weakening of the hold of the orthodox religions. To some, moreover, it appears as of the wave of oriental influence let loose upon our civilisation by the new awakening of Asia might subtly undermine the keener valuation of separate selfhood which has hitherto marked off the occidental character.

Though we may well doubt whether all these movements in the world of ideas affect in any considerable degree our conduct or our estimates of life, this is evidently not the view of Dr. Boune, a well-known American philosopher and theologian, who appears to champion the cause of "Personalism" (Constable), and deals vigorous blows alike upon Naturalist and Absolutist. The former degrades and virtually destroys personality by making a man a mere part of Nature and cancelling all "free will," while the latter empties out all positive contents of personality alike for man and for the Universe. Dr. Boune makes a vigorous rally for the view of a hierarchy of personalities as the only possible approach to a coherent explanation of the Universe. To each of us his own personality is the most real of all things and the medium through which all other reality is got. In our actual experience of that personality the apparently insoluble problems of uniting subject and object, past and present, change and ideality, are in fact solved. If then we wish to get order into our conception of life and the world we must construct it in terms of personality. We must recognise in man a hard kernel of indissoluble will, endowed with freedom or power of separate self-determination, in society an ordered relation of such persons, and in the Absolute a supreme Personality. In the substance of this doctrine there is, of course, nothing new, but Dr. Boune's use of the modern idealistic metaphysics for the reassertion and reinforcement of the old theology is a noteworthy feat of dialectics. It is, perhaps, something more. For only in our direct personal experience do we feel the actual current of that energy which we impute to all Nature, animate and inanimate, as the efficient causes of the changes we see; hence it is almost inevitable that not merely in our poetry and our religion, but in our philosophy and even our science we should envisage that energy in terms of personality.

But the danger of the personalist doctrine is its tendency to confine and overcentralise its conception, to lead to a hard-shell spiritual individualism. Indeed, we foresee considerable popularity for Personalism upon its political and practical side, and it is very significant that along with Dr. Boune's philosophic treatise should appear a little volume, "The Foundations of Liberty," by Mr. E. F. B. Fell (Methuen), in which the very term is applied to a defence of individual rights against the encroachments of Society and the State. The general trend of modern political theory and practice has been towards a repudiation of the older radical conception of "natural rights," and in favor of a conception of the political and civil rights of citizens as bestowed by society, and dependent entirely upon social sanctions. This translation of the doctrine "Salus reipublicae suprema lex" into a complete subordination of the individual to the public good, as interpreted by any existing Government upon "utilitarian" considerations, is evidently capable of grave abuse. Mr. Fell protests alike against the unlimited power given to the State and the utilitarian standard it would apply. Though he does not fall back into the sheer anarchism which is the logical outcome of the teaching to which Mr. Auberon Herbert gives final expression in his Herbert Spencer Lecture, "The Voluntarist Creed" (Frowde), he insists upon confining the State to rigorous limits and subordinating its activities entirely to the provision of opportunities for individual self-realisation along lines of development laid down by considerations of man's place not in society, but in the Universe. A society is conceived, not in the Greek spirit of a πόλις, nor in the modern philosophic sense as a spiritual organism, a system of co-operating wills seeking a common good in which the individuals find their good, but simply as a convenient instrument by which individuals help themselves and one another to gain individual perfection. This repudiation of the organic conception of society, with its reassertion of personal rights which are absolute as against the State, is a doctrine which carries very important and to our mind embarrassing implications. To hold that individuals have "rights" in defence of which they may even defy an oppressive or malignant Government, and that they are morally entitled to determine for themselves what acts of government do, in fact, constitute unjust infringements of their "rights," are propositions we need not question. But it is equally valid to urge that the State has a "right" to enforce its interpretation of the public good even upon individuals who urge that in their private judgment such enforcement infringes their "natural rights." Either the individual or the State may be mistaken in such a conflict; but if a State is entitled to exist at all, it must be entitled to enforce its will in such a case. The danger of Mr. Fell's doctrine of personal rights is that it lends itself so easily to anti-social limitations of the power of the State. It is one thing to hold that man's place in the Universe and his moral nature imply that society should recognise his "rights" to realise himself, quite another to hold that Governments must not interfere with "property," and must not apply "confiscatory" methods of taxation. Mr. Fell's own illustrations show that he is really building up a wall of philosophical defence for vested interests, *i.e.*, for the retention by individuals and classes of "property," which is not, as he appears to think, the simple expression of their personal energy and skill, but which owes its existence, and, in a still fuller sense, its value, to the co-operation of society with the individual. A wise State will recognise that an individual is not merely a member of society, but that his place in the Universe imposes on him whole spheres of action in which he ought to have a large and growing liberty; it will hold also that this fuller personality will make him a better member of society. In final fact, there is no conflict between the "general will" as expressed through a wise and well-ordered State and the personal rights of individuals. But we cannot assent to any doctrine of Personalism which shall set any arbitrary restrictions upon the operations of the general will, or regard the individual's notions of his "natural" rights as a court of final appeal from the verdict of society.

GRAMMATICALS.

Who among us would have ventured to take Lord Acton to task over a simple rule of concord? Once, and probably not twice, a student of his class in Modern History might have done so. For, in the lecture on "Frederic the Great," Lord Acton says:—

> "The Saxon Army held out for some weeks, and was then forced to serve in the ranks of their conqueror," &c.

The shock of such a blunder is as grievous as the effort to explain it is embarrassing. We know, in the first place, how scrupulous Lord Acton was in the composition of his lectures; we know, in the second, from a beautiful description by Mr. John Pollock, how leisurely, emphatic and emotional he was in their delivery. "He pronounced each sentence as if he were feeling it, poising it lightly, and uttering it with measured deliberation." In what moment of intellectual oblivion did Lord Acton utter with measured deliberation a sen-

tence in which a singular verb collides with a plural pronoun? Nor are we yet at the end of our bewilderment. Lord Acton writes the sentence in his study and reads it in the classroom; the lectures, after his death, are prepared for the Press, not by an editor, but by a brace of editors, lecturers at Cambridge. May they soon, in a second edition, find their chance of purgation!

Strange that so considerable a slight upon the language should disfigure the pages of so many writers of quality! Here it is again, in form still worse, in the fourth sentence of Mr. Stopford Brooke's delightful "Primer of English Literature":—

> "Every English man and woman has good reason to be proud of the work done by their forefathers in prose and poetry."

Ruskin, a more consummate rhetorician than either of these, can write thus:—

> "It is true that when perspective was first discovered everybody amused themselves with it."

Leslie Stephen writes of Charlotte Brontë:—

> "Nobody ever put so much of themselves into their work."

Charles Reade, in "Hard Cash":—

> "One fine afternoon everybody was on deck, amusing themselves as they could."

The truth is (and it is a truth to lay us all low) very few writers, whether of talent or of genius, are strictly and consistently loyal to grammar. Was it not R. L. Stevenson, the most conscientious and evenhanded stylist of his day, who said that, though some three or four sentences might be compassed, a perfect page lay within no man's pen? Superior persons have been heard to protest that English is a language free from the shackles and conventions of grammar—meaning by this, no doubt, that we can all speak and write it properly without instruction. Alas for the superior, grammar there is; and, by the breaches that we make therein, we know it. In a dozen easy laws of English grammar there lurk at least a dozen easy pitfalls.

It is nearly thirty years since a little book by Dr. William Hodgson, an Edinburgh professor, appeared posthumously under the title, "Errors in the Use of English." Dr. Hodgson says in his introduction:—

> "Acting on the principle that example is better than precept, the Spartans impressed upon their children the wisdom of sobriety by showing them the folly of intemperance in the person of the drunken Helot. Similarly this work is meant to set forth the merits of correctness in English composition by furnishing examples of the demerits of incorrectness—to bring home the abstract rule that 'a sentence must be lucid in order and logical in sequence'—by citing such concrete specimens of obscure disorder as 'The beaux of that day painted their faces as well as the women.'"

The blunder under which the bucks are seen painting their mistresses pink is fastened upon the elder Disraeli, but he is one only out of scores of famous writers whom Hodgson leads to the pillory. There they stand, *pour encourager les autres* (and might not the rest of us stand with them?): Gibbon, Grote, Sir Henry Holland, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Alison, Burke, Mill, Emerson, Hazlitt, Bulwer Lytton, Beaconsfield, James Bryce, Kingsley, Farrar, G. H. Lewes, Lord Houghton, Moncure Conway, A. W. Ward, Wendell Holmes, Ruskin, Lecky, J. R. Lowell, Barham, Dickens, Jane Austen, Sydney Smith, Lockhart, William Black, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Gaskell, Leslie Stephen many times, and Matthew Arnold again and again. Not one escapes, and mistakes are exposed in almost every review, magazine, and newspaper of note. Every mistake is verified by chapter and verse reference. Other works similar to Hodgson's may be consulted, but no one else has marshalled so many interesting authors imperfectly attired. Curious in especial degree are the cases of Leslie Stephen and Matthew Arnold. Stephen, the first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," was a scholar with a deep knowledge of the language; yet he is here constantly convicted of errors that the schoolmaster makes fun of in the schoolboy. Arnold (an inspector of schools) was the nice and very erudite and somewhat scornful critic whom, with no hint of satire, we dubbed our Apostle of Culture, yet, as we view him here, his literary raiment seems a patchwork of false concords. Truly—as careful as we seek to be—these instances should make us quake!

A blunder so common as to be well-nigh invariable is made with the adjective in the degrees of comparison. Things must be compared with other things. When, for instance, we say: "Never was there seen such a man as Napoleon," what we probably mean is that Napoleon was in some way the greatest of men; what we actually state is that no such person as Napoleon ever existed. If there never was seen such a man as Napoleon, it is obvious that Napoleon is himself excluded. When we compare two things only, we are bidden to use the comparative; Leslie Stephen is therefore wrong in saying:—

> "Cowper was as indisputably the most virtuous man as Rousseau the greatest intellectual power."

The pronoun is constantly employed in such a manner as to puzzle and confound the reader. This is from Fielding's "Amelia":—

> "We now quitted the inn, and went to our lodgings, where my husband, having placed me in safety, as he said, he went about," &c.

This from Arnold's "Literature and Dogma":—

> "And this prevents their attending enough to what is in the Bible, and makes them battle for what is not in the Bible, but they have put it there."

Awkward and careless verbal constructions are of many kinds. Lockhart says:—

> "For neither did I feel the night breeze chill me as we rushed through it, nor partook, in any sort," &c.

In "Mansfield Park" Miss Austen writes:—

> "I never was so long in company with a girl in my life—trying to entertain her—and succeed so ill."

The perfect form of the infinitive, after a perfect verb, is incorrectly used for the simple form. Even Macaulay (though, to be sure, the example is taken from a letter) writes: "I had hoped never to have seen the statues again." The same error is Ruskin's in "I intended to have insisted"; and Mrs. Lynn Linton's in, "He would have liked to have read it."

A dreadful snare is the contracted sentence:—

> "I am anxious for the time when he will talk as much nonsense to me as I have to him."—Landor.
>
> "I never have, and never will, attack a man for speculative opinions."—H. T. Buckle.
>
> "He ridicules the notion that truth will prevail; it never has, and it never will."—Leslie Stephen.

The little error of the "hanging" participle, the participle that lacks a subject:—

> "Looking back on the affair, after the lapse of years, the chief mistake seems," &c.—Lord Houghton.
>
> "Entering the factory gate, the evidence offered his visual organs might lead," &c.—Jas. Greenwood.
>
> "This copy is now in my possession, having purchased it at," &c.—A. Constable.
>
> "Looking back from this distance of time . . . it appears difficult to understand," &c.—Justin McCarthy.

Sad tricks are played with the adverb. Thackeray makes mention of a "seldom" entertainment; and such a shocking expression as "the failure or otherwise" is frequent. The preposition is sorely abused. Kingsley has the phrase "found rest into"; Miss Mitford, by letter, informs a friend that her "state of extremity" has been "doubted to"; and George Augustus Sala is "not averse from a moderate quantity of good, sound, fruity port." Mill must have known quite well that things which are unlike do not differ "to" but "from" one another, yet the phrase "different to" occurs in the "Logic"; and Addison, Coleridge, Thackeray, and John Henry Newman are guilty of "different than." Matthew Arnold employs "directly" as a conjunction, and puts "one" for "one's" in this sentence from "Literature and Dogma":—

> "But this does not make it the less really trifling, or hinder one nowadays seeing it to be trifling directly we examine it."

The whole sentence, indeed, is almost as bad as it could be. Bulwer Lytton, in the "Last Days of Pompeii"; Hawthorne, in the "House of the Seven Gables"; and William Black, in "A Daughter of Heth," fall into the not uncommon vice of using "than" after "scarcely."

"Scarcely had she gone, than Claudius," &c. Mill lapses into the terrible "and which":—

"Those whom privileges not acquired by their merit, and which they feel to be," &c.

Faults in syntax are as plentiful as faults in accidence. A few examples, bearing on the rule of the concord of subject and verb, were given at the outset; they might, were space of no importance, be added to. Matthew Arnold:—

"Culture points out that the harmonious perfection of generations of Puritans and Nonconformists have been, in consequence, sacrificed."

"No action or institution can be salutary and stable which are not based on reason and the will of God."

Goldwin Smith:—

"The obstinate maintenance, in the interest of a class, of an alien church and an alien land-law in Ireland are faults, not misfortunes, now."

Leslie Stephen:—

"The rational and the emotional nature have such intricate relations," &c.

"The fire which glows in Macaulay's history, the intense patriotic feeling, the love of certain moral qualities, is not," &c.

G. H. Lewes:—

There is little illustration, and no sidelights of suggestion."

Certain authors are frequently in trouble with their relative pronouns, and Beaconsfield's:—

"The very two individuals whom he thought were far away,"

could be matched a thousand times. "Pray remain single and marry nobody (let him be whom he may)," says Sydney Smith; and Louisa Alcott caps it with: "The sign of the Good Samaritan is written on the face of whomsoever opens to the stranger."

In the matter of government we may fail as egregiously as in that of concord. Mrs. Lynn Linton:—

"I wish that little Mavey would find them closeted together, he softened by her tears, and she receiving his devotions with effusion."

Kingsley:—

"God forbid that John Hawkins's wife should refuse her last penny to a distressed mariner, and he a gentleman born."

Fielding:—

"He hath given away above half his fortune to the Lord knows who."

George Eliot:—

"The domain of the husband to whom she felt that she had sold herself, and had been paid the strict price."

Is then English a language without a grammar, or is it the writers of English that are lacking?

THE OAK AND THE ACORN.

Two oaks are growing side by side. They belong to the same species and as likely as not were grown from the seed of the same tree. One has been allowed to follow its aspirations, and is a tall and graceful tree; the other was lopped, perhaps in its fortieth year, and reaped again as a pollard thirty years ago. The acorns under the pollard are short and thick, sensibly approaching the sphere, while those under the tall tree are long and slender. The difference is greater than that between the eggs of hedge-sparrow and redstart. We take a walk through a neighbouring oak-wood with our eyes on the ground, identifying by their acorns ten pollards and not missing one. The inference is inevitable—that the mutilation of these trees has produced its effect in their offspring. To say so would be rankest unorthodoxy, for the current verdict of science is that there is no inheritance of acquired characters. It is doubtful whether we may still inherit our grandfather's gout. If so, it is by some special ordinance such as the following:—

"He (Weismann) allows, indeed, that in the course of generations, if the conditions of change persist, the variations will become more deeply rooted, the reproductive elements will somehow come to feel the change, and the modification will be transmitted, and, for a time at least, stereotyped."

This interpretation of Dr. Weismann, which seems so much like the saying of an Irishman—that he would not be able to get his boots on till he had worn them once or twice—is seized upon by Professor Henslow as the pivot by means of which he will overthrow the whole theory of somatic disinheritance. The object of his new book on "The Heredity of Acquired Characters in Plants" (Murray) is thus stated: "To prove that these hypothetical admissions are positive facts, as far as plants are concerned." To many the experiments described in this book are known from his earlier writings. Their former purpose has been to show that varieties are not selected from hap-hazard variations, but the result of the plant's invariable response to changes in the environment. The response is never complete in a single generation, and it is difficult to see how, without some transmission of the capital of experience, any progress could be made. On the other hand, the transmissibility of acquired characters is difficult to prove, and there is little in this book that Weismannians will not be able to explain away with satisfaction to themselves.

The vetch that has been climbing in the hedge all the summer by means of tendrils has set its seed, from which will come a vetch next year that will climb with like tendrils. It is not the tendrils that are inherited, says Weismann, but the capacity to produce tendrils. Professor Henslow takes the advanced case of the Virginia creeper, in which the tendril has become a sucker that clings to the wall. In the American species, each sucker is only produced when pressure against the wall has taken place. The capacity to produce the sucker is awakened by the irritation. But in the Japanese species (Veitchii) the pads are produced before they are required. The writer curtly calls them hereditary. Here, we suppose, is one of those cases hypothetically admitted by Weismann, according to the passage set out above. The reproductive elements have "somehow come to feel the change, and the modification is transmitted."

To come to the experiments. Generally speaking, it is true that trees and shrubs that produce spines, such as rest-harrow, gorse, blackthorn, berberry, live in arid situations, and it is generally safe to assume that the spines have been produced by the habitat. The experimenter took seeds of the rest-harrow and planted them in moist air under a hand-light. They came up, bearing in the first year the spines of their forefathers, but "instead of their being long and stout, they were not an inch long, and like needles." In the second year there were no spines at all; the plants bloomed, and, "taken altogether, there was no appreciable difference from *O repens*" (the wild spineless rest-harrow). Those half-hearted spines of the first year Professor Henslow calls hereditary. It is at least another case of an acquired character that has become stereotyped by "somehow" getting into the reproductive elements. But is it more? Weismann would require the Professor to plant the seeds of his spineless rest-harrow in conditions suited to the spiny kind. He would prognosticate that they would grow up just as spiny as their grandparents, and differing from them, if at all, merely in their susceptibility on a second subjection to the moist-air treatment. If the little bit more that the hereditarians claim came out, he would explain it by saying that "somehow" the moist-air treatment had affected the reproductive elements. Another anti-Henslow school would expect the progeny of the spineless creation to vary among themselves, some being less spiny than others. Clearly, then, it is an experiment "to be continued."

Another experiment is with the water crowfoot, that interesting plant which produces two distinct types of leaf—one for that portion of the stem that lives under water, the other for use in the air. The under-water leaf, as most of us know, is finely dissected, a mass of hairs so thin and feeble that the air cannot support them, so that they fall into a mere clot as soon as they are taken from the water. The number of these is determined by the depth of the water, for as soon as the surface is reached, full, round, floating leaves are formed. The line between air and water is so sharply drawn that often a single leaf is half of filaments and

half filled in. What is going to happen to the water buttercup when it is planted entirely out of the water? Still it grows a few dissected leaves, but stiff enough, like those of fennel, to remain extended in the air, and studded with stomata, whereas the water leaves were, of course, without them. Next come the true buttercup leaves as before. It is to be supposed, though it has not been shown, that these dissected leaves would soon disappear, and the whole plant resemble *R. hederaceus*, a very nearly allied plant that grows close to the water's edge. But the point is that, if there were no heredity of acquired characters, the change would come about more rapidly. The extreme non-inheritance theory is that this water-adapted plant inherits only the faculty of producing divided leaves, if the presence of water should demand it. But when not only is there no demand for them but good reason why divided leaves should not be grown, the alleged faculty still works. The plant, to speak a little imaginatively, tries to produce the best leaves, namely, broad aerial leaves such as its ancestors have produced as soon as they could get above the water. It gets to the length of producing leaves that are aerial in function, but their form is determined by a sort of hereditary curse. It cannot get out of the habit acquired by its ancestors. That is merely one way of putting the argument, and not Professor Henslow's. He merely remarks after this and the several other similar instances that he adduces: "The experiment proves that the two kinds of leaf were hereditary."

There are hundreds of similar cases in botany. Professor Henslow thinks that the prevalent school of biologists would modify its theories if it could be induced to look at the facts of the plant kingdom. It has, however, met and circumvented similar, if not greater, difficulties in the animal world. The chick within the egg and every other animal embryo reproduces not merely the acquired and functionally obsolete characters of the last generation but traces of the experience of ancestors millions of generations removed. We do not say that Recapitulation is a fact inconsistent with the absolute rule of the germ-plasm, still less that, by means of a little give and take, they cannot be reconciled. So, as we have seen, were the results of these experiments of Professor Henslow discounted before he wrote the present book. The position seems to be that characters that have been acquired in a generation are not inherited, while those that are acquired in an age may be. And yet the ages are composed of generations.

Short Sketch.

THE LAST ENEMY.

A HEAVY shower of rain drove me into the carpenter's shop; for the man's attitude towards the Church, while always tolerant and respectful, was scarcely such as to encourage pastoral visits. I found him whistling, with more spirit than tunefulness, something which he evidently composed as he went along. Considering the immediate nature of his task, however, his cheerfulness afforded me food for reflection.

"You're wond'rin', sir," he said, leisurely, without looking round, having observed my entrance, as would appear, through the back of his head; "you're mebbe wond'rin' who this 'ere coffin is for I'm manni-facturin'?" Either with the view of keeping me in this inquisitive frame of mind, or to illustrate the important and unusual nature of the order, he applied his eye to a section of the work as though it were a telescope.

"An adult," I supposed, sadly.

"You might ha' made a worse guess, for a fust," was the satirical rejoinder. "There's a good few spec'mens springin' up in present gen'ration, thank the Lord! It's for a man as 'anged hisself."

"How dreadful!"

The carpenter, with suspended plane, stared at me in a surprise and disappointment hardly deserved by my conventional exclamation. He seemed to ask dumbly in what outlandish part of the universe I was born and bred. Then he fell to his distinguished task again with an energy which threatened to consume the timber.

"It'll make the gallows look foolish, for one thing," was his startling comment.

"You surely don't approve of suicide?" I asked aghast.

"In a wide world like this, sir," he replied, evasively, "there's a many things as 'appens reg'lar which don't fill us with 'mediate satisfaction; but, as far as I can see, they go on all the same. Perhaps it's just as well, too. Time'll tell an' frost'll try the 'taters!"

"There's such a thing as an 'Act of God,'" I reminded.

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed. "It's very good o' people to 'low Him do even that much. But I s'pose now," he continued, practically, "you're afraid that if you didn't dock the Berril Service, 'alf the parish might follow our friend's bad example here." He laughed scornfully at his own suggestion. "The majority of us take such fine care o' ourselves, that th' Almighty has a easy time o' 't. The bother with 'Im is that we're more like crabs than 'tell'gent 'uman beens. But I'll tell you w'at, sir: If you want to put a stop to this sort o' thing, which may be all very good an' right o' you, you're goin' the 'zact wrong way about it. A man might be quite contented an' so on in his own house; but if you came an' tried to lock the door on him, he'd leave a duck an' green peas to see what the blazes you were doin.' Leastways, that's my way o' lookin' at it. People won't enjoy their life any the worse for knowin' they're not pris'ners."

"All depends on what awaits them outside," I said, more than half ashamed of the fallacy. "Did you know this—this unfortunate poor person?" I hurried on.

"Sometimes," was the whimsical answer. "Him an' me went to day an' Sunday school together, among other comrade features. An', which was more his misfortune than his fault, Mary Dillow married him i'stead o' me."

"She proved a bad wife to him, then?" I sympathetically inferred.

"She left him, 'bout two months ago. In a 'carse," he added, as an afterthought.

The reply made me feel strangely foolish and uncomfortable.

"It was a rather sad case," this paradoxical creature explained, without pausing for a moment in his work. "She missed her foot, goin' to bed, an' fell downstairs from top to bottom, can'le an' all. It might ha' bin a lamp. Lucky they 'ad only toast an' water to supper as the beer man forgot to call, or all the fools an' pharisees in the place 'd be sayin' it was the drink."

"And the tragedy preyed on her husband's mind?" I naturally concluded.

"More fool 'e, if it did," was the virile comment. "Did the mortal hexpect her to live for ever?"

"But a man should love his wife," I expostulated.

"Tell a cat to drink milk!" was the masculine reply. "Women may be testy, but they're better than nothink," he qualified.

"Then you can't account for this poor fellow's act?" I said, anticipating the inquest.

"Oh, yes, sir, I can!" was the oracular answer.

"It's information for the coroner only?" I presumed, after a long pause.

"I don't mind who knows it," he returned boldly. But again he waited another minute or two, doubtless with the view of completing my discipline.

"When God made all things, He naturally intended us to like everythink," was the very unexpected explanation.

"At the right time and place," I amended.

"I didn't know there was any other," he returned. "People don't go to bed till they're tired. All the same, as the cemet'ry keeper said, I'll make Jim 'Asty as good a deal coffin as was ever lowered intil a grave, let parsons an' juries please theirselves. The world's reared, as you might say, when a man can die o' his own 'cord like that." He patted his workmanship gently

with the hammer. "He may be unsane; but if I was a Cor'ner, I'd want better proof than the corp. As for a coward, the 'Postle hisself calls death the 'last henemy!' We may be fools, but there's no reason we should be knaves as well. The heasier it is to die, the heasier it is to live. When I was a young 'un, we was all so scared o' our miserable little lives that we never 'ad a minute's reel fun or freedom. We didn't know what life was in them days just because we was so ter'ble concerned about it. If we showed our noses outside the door, or went into the water up till our knees, it was a nine days' wonder. Our elders made it even worse for us, fear we'd get killed! It might be very nice an' kind of 'em, but it was har'ly complimentary to th' Almighty. One-'alf the round world was like a 'aunted house; but the new tenants are throwin' open the windows an' doors like magic."

"To their own destruction, I fear."

"That's for theirselves to say," he reproved. "Any'ow, you can't conquer a foreign country without some loss o' life. An' it isn't as if there was conscription," he added meaningly.

"Neither Church nor State would ever agree with you," I pointed out.

"I should think not, indeed!" was the ambiguous answer. "But we're not so opposed as you might 'magine, for all our methods is different. There's more ways o' savin' life than perservin' it. Pers'nally, I prefer to go on plain facts. I find 'em less dis'pointin'. Moreover, a paten' lock isn't o' much use to a match-box; so you might as well keep your money. An' a open hexit doesn't pervent a crowded house enjoyin' the play."

With this analogy ringing in my ears, I continued my journey.

S. Henry.

Science.

POPULAR ANTHROPOLOGY.*

The belated interest in the comparative study of mankind which is now being awakened is manifested in the publication of numerous books and memoirs dealing with uncivilised conditions. These are apt to be repellent to the general reader, who is more likely to be interested by comparative accounts and the conclusions to be drawn therefrom than by the perusal of more detailed or technical writings. In this country there are but few works of this nature that have been written by Englishmen, popularisation of this kind appearing to be more prevalent in Germany. This perhaps is the reason for the translation of a popular book by Dr. Leo Frobenius, which has been ably done into English by Dr. A. H. Keane. Dr. Frobenius is known as an enthusiastic student and a prolific writer, and the book now under review is the result of diligent reading and sympathetic study of the data accumulated, but it gives one the impression of having been compiled in a library by one who has had no first-hand knowledge of savage conditions. Since the original edition of this book was published, Dr. Frobenius has travelled in Africa, and it will be interesting to see how far experience in the field will modify his earlier conclusions.

The opening chapters of "The Childhood of Man" deal with the adornment of the person by means of ornaments and skin decoration. Under the former heading the author rightly refers the wearing of ornaments to various causes, such as simple decoration, the wearing of trophies, a convenient method of transporting currency, and he gives one example of neck pendants in connection with ancestor worship, but he omits the very widely-spread use of so-called ornaments for magical purposes. In dealing with skin decoration, he follows the prevalent error of classing under "tattooing" all forms of permanent skin decoration. He gives a number of sketches of the scarifications of Central African tribes, and says:—

> "The process in question is a deep-rooted indication of tribal kinship. . . . Here we may see how each group, how even every village, bears, so to say, visibly on its head its own coat of arms." "We know, however, as a fact, that in the central islands of Polynesia, it was customary to have his tutelar deity or sacred animal tattooed on each person; we know that on festive occasions the tokens were recorded on the breast of all the participators, and we find the same rite in Africa, as, for instance, with the western Niam-Niams. Here the young man carries marks recording his reception as a warrior amongst the elders of the tribe; the married couple has its tattooed sign instead of a wedding-ring, and the mother the number of her children permanently indicated in a way legible by all experts."

An example is given of a woman from the interior of Africa who, being a member of a certain tribe, had seven incisions in the upper lip; then she fell into the hands of a member of another tribe, who married her, and as an indication of her new tribal connection she had a disc inserted in her upper lip. Thus were her wanderings and changed relations indefaceably recorded by documentary evidence.

The author draws attention to one of the reasons for the origin of labor. In various parts of the world, especially in the West Pacific at the present day, shell currency is greatly prized. This consists of shells ground down into round discs and threaded on long strings, with which they buy their ornaments and wives, they buy themselves free from troubles and complications, they appease their bitterest enemy even though they may have killed his nearest relative. In parts of New Britain a hut is specially set apart for keeping the property of all the villagers, and thousands of fathoms of the shell currency (dewarra), belonging to the rich as well as the smallest savings of the poor, are here accumulated. The making of this currency is a tedious business, but it is a labor of love, for

> "whoever possesses the largest store enjoys the highest esteem, exercises the greatest influence. The women must pass their whole life toiling from early morning to nightfall, in order to pile up dewarra for their husbands, while the men plot and plan how to rob their neighbor of his store."

The evolution of the communication of ideas is illustrated by the wampum necklaces and belts, the colors and patterns of which had a mnemonic significance which, however, was only known to the instructed; but wampum had also a magical virtue. Also among the North American Indians notched and painted feathers were worn to denote certain distinguished deeds on the part of the wearer. In the chapter on Sign and Gesture Language the facts are mainly culled from Dr. Hofmann's investigations among the American Indians. Of a special interest is the account of the drum-language of Africa, in illustration whereof Dr. Frobenius gives the following account:—

> "Governor Five was returning late in the evening to his camp in a secluded village of the Basako district, and sent orders by the drum-telegraph to keep his supper ready; on reaching the place a few hours later he found the meal served up. The message had been received long before his arrival, and shortly after the despatch of the 'telegram.' It ran: 'Bula Matadi come evening; don't eat all up.'"

The author adds that he is convinced that this peculiar drum-language is current throughout Central Africa east of the chain of lakes, as well as in the Congo region and the Cameroons. He also describes and figures a remarkable little signal drum which is attached to the bows of several tribes in Mangbattuland. The suggestion is put forward that the long upright drum of Africa and possibly the Far East is derived from two sources. He says: "The drum is a hybrid sort of instrument, one part of which, the sounding-case, owes its origin to the pounding of corn, the other, the skin, to the measured beat in leather-dressing."

The general survey of the modifications in pictography and decorative art from the Eskimo in the North, through the Indian tribes of the plains and of Mexico to the Southern Mayas of Yucatan is interesting but inade-

*"The Childhood of Man: A Popular Account of the Lives, Customs, and Thoughts of the Primitive Races." By Leo Frobenius. Translated by A. H. Keane. With 415 Illustrations. Seeley & Co. 16s. net.

quate, his contention being that in the first we have realistic drawings and the lack of ornamentation, and amongst the last an extraordinary richness of ornamentation but a total lack of the power of realistic representation. He says:—

> "Anybody can understand an Eskimo drawing. To explain it we have no need of a native. To decipher the Maya writings the most eminent scholars have worried themselves for several decades past. For the Maya culture died out, and we know very little about it."

The greater portion of the book is an exposition of the author's idea of the evolution of religion; he deals with certain folk tales, funeral customs, ideas of the ghost, skull worship and head-hunting, ancestor worship and fetishism, secret societies and masks, the examples being mainly drawn from Africa. Two grades of evolution are distinguished: the first period when "man held himself no better than the beast, when man and beast wrestled for the mastery. This period in the progressive observation of the environment bears the name of animism." The translator rightly calls attention to the fact that the term animism is here wrongly applied. The author defines his second period by the barbarous term "manism," in which man knew nothing about the obvious nature of death, not even knowing that death was inevitable. According to him, at this period arose a belief in ghosts and the origin of ancestor worship and fetishism. The account of totemism is very inadequate, and no distinction is made between totemism proper in North America and the cult of guardian spirits.

The last part of the book is devoted to the author's explanation of various customs and folk tales from different parts of the world. He is an ardent disciple of that recrudescence of astromythology which is now so popular amongst certain of our German colleagues, and the reader has here presented before him the main points elaborated by the author in his "Weltanschauung der Naturvölker" and "Zeitalter des Sonnengottes." Twenty years ago Mr. Andrew Lang published his famous "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," in which he combated similar views propagated in this country by Max Müller concerning the Vedic and Ancient Grecian deities. The bird in symbolic art, according to Dr. Frobenius, bears the soul aloft through the air up to the sun. Numerous legends are given concerning the sun in savage mythology, but the author appears to have over-stated the case by including folk tales which can only be regarded as bearing this significance by the most exuberant fancy. "But here is the solution of the whole problem: The soul of the dead man follows the sun." The following quotations from the author indicate briefly his point of view:—

> "From a general survey of the whole, it results that in the myths concerning the origin and the destruction of the world, we should see nothing more than variants of those ideas with which we have long been familiar from the solar mythology. The sunrise becomes changed to a story of the origin of the world, so that the origin of the world is nothing more than the first sunrise. On the other hand, the sunset is in like manner introduced as a single great event, as a first great going down of the sun in the remote past."
>
> "Many of the fire-stealing myths begin with the words: 'The ghosts, the spirits of the departed, possessed the fire.' Naturally this again means nothing more than that, as the souls of the departed follow to the land of the sun, the departed are thus, so to say, the possessors of the sun, the sun must have been stolen by the departed. And such, too, is always the trend of these myths. Sagas, which begin in the way just described, always wind up with the fire being wrested from the spirits."

In conclusion, this book is an exposition of the author's views rather than of the results generally held by ethnologists. He gives a large number of very interesting quotations, many being from unpublished sources, but the absence of references to accounts derived from published sources is a great drawback. The book is copiously illustrated with excellent figures and plates, but a number of these have no bearing on the text. The general reader will find much that is entertaining and instructive in "The Childhood of Man," while the student cannot afford to overlook it.

A. C. Haddon.

Letters to the Editor.

BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is nothing to the point for Mr. Bisgood to pretend that he is not a theorist, but merely a business man. His argument, like mine, is directed to the theoretical explanation of unemployment. But, if any result is to be reached, it must be by sticking to one point at a time, and not by diverging into the theory of credit or the theory of the decline of the interest of City men in Political Economy. The issue is the extent to which, and the manner in which, a bad harvest affects employment. If the same amount of money were paid, prices being higher, for a short crop as for a normal crop, it is agreed that, the agricultural income being the same as before, no unemployment need be caused in other industries by a diminution in the demand for their goods. This supposition that a smaller crop will fetch as big a sum as a larger crop is not so absurd as it appears to Mr. Laycock.

But assume, as is more likely, that a bad harvest does mean a smaller income for agriculture, prices not rising sufficiently to offset the reduced supply, then it is evident that agriculturalists will demand a smaller quantity of other goods. But are we obliged to assume that no one is in a position to buy these other goods, that they will not be produced at all, and that, therefore, the labor which could produce them will be unemployed? We have admitted that a smaller total sum of money, a smaller part of the general income, has been spent on agricultural produce. Though, therefore, the agricultural classes have less to spend on other goods, the non-agricultural classes have more, and can buy and consume the goods which the agricultural classes cannot.

It is, of course, true that what actually takes place through money is the exchange of commodities against commodities. If wheat is short in a particular year, while other goods are not, this means that a bushel of wheat will exchange against a somewhat larger quantity of other goods than before: if wheat is abundant, the rate of its exchange against these other goods will fall. These alterations in ratio of exchange are continually taking place from thousands of causes affecting either supply or demand, but there is no reason to attribute to them any considerable quantity of unemployment. One qualification to this doctrine I admitted in my former letter, and "J. B. M.'s" letter gives it point. If a failure in the champagne crop took place, and we suppose the champagne growers to be going to spend a large sum on motor cars, it is unlikely that the income of champagne buyers, which they do not spend this year on champagne, will be mostly directed either into buying more motor cars or into buying claret, and so enabling the claret growers to buy more motor cars. There would be some damage to employment in the motor trade, though, so far as general employment were concerned, this would be balanced by increased employment in those trades producing whatever goods are bought with the income not expended on champagne.

If Mr. Bisgood's argument were sound, there would be no limit at all to the amount of unemployment caused by a bad harvest. For if a bad harvest, reducing by one quarter the income of agriculturalists, so diminished the demand they exercised for other goods as to throw out of employment 100,000 men, these men in their turn, having now no income to spend, will cause another diminution of demand, which throws out another 100,000 men, and so on, until, as a result of the propagation of the original force, no employment at all remains. This argument proves too much.

Some unemployment is attributable to bad harvests. There is, first, the reduction of employment in the harvesting, carrying, milling, baking, and other trades connected with handling the wheat or other materials which are short in supply. There is, secondly, some unemployment due to admitted alterations in the direction, as distinct from the volume, of demand.

How slippery an issue this is, is well illustrated by a critical sentence in Mr. Laycock's letter. "A bad harvest means a lower income for agriculturalists, because of

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the smaller quantity to sell, and the higher price involves a smaller surplus for expenditure on other objects by those consumers who, despite the higher price, insist on having the same total of agricultural produce." Now, if the total income for agriculture is lower, though some consumers pay a larger amount than before (buying the same quantity at higher prices) it follows that other consumers must pay a smaller amount than before, notwithstanding that they pay a higher price for the smaller quantity they buy. If the larger amount paid by the former class leaves them less income to expend on other goods, and so makes for unemployment in other trades, the smaller amount paid by the latter class leaves them more income for other purchases, and counteracts the tendency towards unemployment. Mr. Laycock cannot have it both ways.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. Hobson.

October 6th, 1908.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—His Excellency the Mexican Minister, in his letter to you of September 29th, takes exception to part of the article on President Diaz in your issue of the 19th.

The article, though necessarily brief, does not omit to mention the President's high qualities and the great work he has done for his country. It justly describes him as a hero, compares him, in many respects, with the greatest general and ruler of antiquity, points out the traits which make him beloved as well as respected. But it falls short of fulsome and indiscriminate laudation. It tries, in a few paragraphs, to sketch him impartially and as he really is. He is eminently a man of his time, and he is a past master in the methods of material progress characteristic of his time. One of these methods, and one more honored in the observance every day, is advertisement. Diaz has advertised his country with conspicuous success. Nowhere in the article is he described as "courting advertisement for himself." But he has facilitated the publication of the attractions of Mexico in many books and countless periodicals; sometimes, as in the case of Mr. Bancroft of San Francisco, by supplying the traveller with a staff of guides and instructors; sometimes by no more than the flattering urbanity of his politeness to the passing stranger; sometimes by information systematically supplied to the consuls of foreign countries, or distributed through the Department of Fomento. The result of making Mexico and its better government known to the world is a stream of foreign capital and foreign immigration.

Señor Covarrubias will only admit that General Diaz has consented to receive two writers. One, he says, came with an introduction from President Roosevelt, the other "had written previously" an admirable book on Mexico. As to this last, is his Excellency not under a misapprehension? I have to-day procured a copy of the book referred to, and it describes several interviews of its author with General Diaz, conversations with him through an interpreter, the furniture of his house, his "footmen in English livery," and other interesting things. Turning over the pages, I find instance after instance recorded of the President's furnishing with introductions, and instructing officials and others to help in every way, this writer, who had *not* "previously" written, but was going to write, a book on Mexico.

The other writer received by General Diaz published, it seems, in "Pearson's Magazine," a report of his interview. Señor Covarrubias regrets that I did not read it (unfortunately I did not happen to meet with it), for it would have informed me of General Diaz's reasons for continuing so long in office against his will, and of his desire to retire at the end of his present term; and also because it would have confirmed what I myself, as he says, bore testimony to, the safety of the life and property of the well-behaved in Mexico. This last, although flattering, was superfluous, my statement being based on personal knowledge. As for General Diaz's long continuance in office, I contented myself with stating the period of it, without comment. I do not doubt that General Diaz would like to retire when his present term comes to an end in 1910. He will then be eighty years of age. I regard it as most fortunate for Mexico that he has held the reins so long, and if he can now place them in other hands with safety to the State, that is chiefly due to his wise and firm rule. The turbulent spirits of former days have had time to pass away, and he has accustomed the new generation to peace and order.

Señor Covarrubias traverses the statement in the article that Mexico has, as yet, but an "emerged tenth." May I refer him to the figures of last census? There the population is stated at nearly fourteen millions, of whom only about a million and three quarters (including, I suppose, the 75,000 foreigners) can read and write. I notice that Mrs. Alec Tweedie, in the book which his Excellency so highly commends, remarks, on her first page, that in some respects Mexico remains utterly barbaric, and, again (page 107), that Mexican Indians (a large proportion of the population) are most terrible thieves. The government still raises a large revenue by public lottery, and there are licensed gambling hells in every town.

His Excellency complains that I say that Mexican ideals of progress are chiefly such as can be expressed in dollars and cents. Yet he ingenuously hastens to prove Mexican civilisation, not by her schools, literature, or art, but by the proud announcement that her commerce has grown to nearly five hundred million dollars. He certainly omits the cents.

I regret that his Excellency should be dissatisfied with anything I wrote. I greatly respect and admire the illustrious President, as all must do who know him. I said that he had nearly attained apotheosis among his countrymen. For us over here he is still a man, though a very remarkable one, and, indeed, probably one of the very ablest rulers living in the world.—Yours, &c.,

The Writer of the Article.

October 7th, 1908.

"THE DOCTRINE OF TOLERANCE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I do not think the letters of "H. W. Francis" and "A Liberal M.P." on this subject should go unanswered.

Firstly, as to the former gentleman's argument that the Roman Catholic procession should not have been allowed because it was too large. It was certainly no larger than the publicans' demonstration of last Sunday, or than many others which have been held without interference. If this new principle is to be adopted, let it be applied impartially to all sects and parties, and let a definite number be established as the maximum number permitted to walk in procession. But as nothing was ever heard of this limitation until the Roman Catholics had organised their celebrations, one cannot help suspecting this sudden outcry against large processions to be somewhat insincere.

Mr. Francis' next excuse for the prohibition is that the procession was "an insult to Protestant consciences." This is an argument with which no Liberal can palter for a moment. It is the old cry of bigots and persecutors of all creeds and all countries. Once admit the principle that religionists, whose creed happens to be unpleasing to Mr. H. W. Francis and his congeners, are not to be allowed the benefit of equal laws with the rest of the population, and it will be impossible to stop. They will next assert, with equal plausibility, that the publication of Catholic or Jewish or atheistic literature is "an affront to their consciences," and before we know it we shall be back in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Francis' final justification for the prohibition is that "it was a symbolical act for the return of the nation to the rule of the Pope." Here, again, no Liberal can listen to him. In a free country, citizens are, or should be, at perfect liberty to make "symbolical acts for" the turning or returning of the nation to any creed or opinion they choose. For instance, many of us regard the recent publicans' demonstration as a "symbolical act" for the perpetuation of many abuses in connection with the licensing system. But, being Liberals, we did not howl for its prohibition. Still less, if possible, could we tolerate the prohibition of a Methodist or Presbyterian or Jewish procession on the ground that it was "designed as a symbolical act for" the

extension of Methodism or Presbyterianism or Judaism. And the same liberty to make "symbolical acts" should, on Liberal principles, be extended even to those religious bodies which Mr. Francis happens to dislike. In other words, we cannot swallow our principles merely in order to flatter his prejudices.

"A Liberal M.P." is, if less fanatical, less lucid. He begins, apparently, by upholding Mr. Francis' doctrine that creeds which he himself happens to think wicked ought, on that account, to be laid under special restrictions. Then, possibly remembering how he means to sign himself, he falls back on the dictum (unexceptionable if impartially carried out) that *no* religious processions should be allowed in the streets. But this rarified atmosphere of impartiality is too much for him, and he relapses into the opinion that religious processions may be allowed, but not "ceremonies." I don't think, somehow, that I do him injustice in opining that by "ceremonies" he means "Catholic ceremonies" exclusively. If I am wrong perhaps he will tell us. We must remember in this connection that the Catholics did not propose to "consecrate" their wafer in the streets, but merely to carry it. And if that is to be considered a "ceremony," it is impossible to see why the carrying of Orange banners by a procession, or the singing of ultra-Protestant hymns, or the thumping of Salvationist drums, should not be considered to be "ceremonies." Here, again, one cannot but suspect "A Liberal M.P." of trying to find excuses for differentiating against religions which he happens to dislike, a frame of mind most antipathetic to real Liberals.—Yours, &c.,

A Yorkshire Liberal.

Middleham, Yorkshire,
October 6th, 1908.

"IS CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY POSSIBLE?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Edwin Pears, in his interesting letter on the Turkish Constitutional movement, while doing ample justice to the reality of the progress of Liberal ideas among the followers of Islam, commits the mistake of regarding certain of those ideas as the outcome of Western influence during recent years. An example of such a mistake is offered by his remarks on the position of women in Mohammedan society. He quotes with approval, as an illustration of Moslem thought on the subject, Hood's line, "Along with the barbarous Turk, where woman has never a soul to save," adding that "Moslem teachers have been proclaiming for some years that this is a popular error, and that woman has a soul."

As a matter of fact, the alleged belief in woman's want of soul has never been even "a popular error" among Mohammedans. It has never been anything more than a Christian fiction—one of the numerous libels, due partly to grotesque ignorance and partly to deliberate malice, which Christians (even such unorthodox Christians as Voltaire) have, from time immemorial, delighted in attaching to Islam. Some two centuries ago Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote:—"Our vulgar notion, that they (the Turks) do not own women to have any souls, is a mistake" (letter to the Abbé Conti, dated Constantinople, May 29th, 1717). —Yours, &c.,

G. F. Abbott.

Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.,
October 1st, 1908.

"THE PRISON POPULATION."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is quite obvious that your correspondent, "Radix," has not been following the recent controversy on the Prevention of Crimes Bill which is now before Parliament, otherwise he would not confound, as he does, the habitual offender with the professional criminal. In this, as in every other civilised community, there is a large class composed of the beggar, the drunkard, the semi-imbecile, &c., the members of which are continually being committed to prison. These it is the custom to style habitual offenders. The professional criminal is a man of a totally different class, as the article on the "Prison Population" clearly pointed out. He is the professional burglar, the professional housebreaker, the professional thief, the man who makes his living by this kind of life; in other words, the man who is technically known as the professional criminal.

We have no means of knowing with absolute certainty how many men and women belong to this class. Our only possible test is the number of previous convictions which its members have undergone. Mr. Gladstone, in his speeches, assumed that a man who had been more than three times sentenced to penal servitude was a member of the professional criminal class. This is probably the best test we can have.

In the whole of the convict prisons in March last the number of men and women who had been more than three times sentenced to penal servitude amounted to exactly 104. I multiplied this number by five to include professionals who might possibly be in local prisons charged with petty offences. I therefore repeat that there are not 5,000 professional criminals in the prisons of England at the present moment, and that the Prison Commissioners have made a serious blunder in making such a statement in their annual report.

The great difficulty we have in dealing with public matters in this country is that excellent men like your correspondent, "Radix," do not examine things radically. —Yours, &c.,

The Writer of the Article.

London, October 5th, 1908.

THE NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In a footnote to "An Elector's" letter on the Newcastle election, you say: "Our correspondent overlooks the fact that if the Government had any clear mandate for constructive legislation from the electors it was to deal with the Education question." Granting your observation to be true, that cannot mean that the Government had a mandate to force upon an unwilling country what is called "Simple Bible teaching" As a Radical I must, and do, support "full popular control" and "no tests" in the public schools of our land, but, as a Churchman, I do not like, and will not have, that "monstrosity"—denominational "Undenominationalism" Your correspondent is evidently a reformer to the core, but he is, perhaps, in the same boat as myself when I say I cannot weep over the fate of Mr. Birrell's Bill (though I regret the instrument of its destruction), nor could I express regret were a similar fate to befall Mr. McKenna's effort. As a Lancashire man "living in a foreign land," I have been asked, since North-West Manchester: "How do you explain the great cotton centre sending a Protectionist: are you beer ridden?" I have indignantly replied: "No"; and afterwards added that I could not blame the people of Lancashire for loving their religion more than their politics. My opinion that the Education question was *the* principal cause of Mr. Churchill's defeat is confirmed, I think, by the failure of certain Liberal newspapers to face the problem in their leaders on the result. After the next general election maybe we shall be told that Lancashire is going over to Protection, but if the present educational policy is persisted in I shall know that is another fiscal fallacy. I believe that the only correct Liberal policy is the traditional one of neutrality in religious matters. Only when our leaders get back to this and settle this question shall we able to get the votes of Churchmen, as a class, to tackle the great land and social problems, a fact well known to Balfour the strategist. Why was Mr. Masterman's "secular" amendment to Mr Birrell's Bill not accepted?—Yours, &c.,

A Radical Churchman.

Hull, October 8th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent who shelters himself behind "An Elector" evidently thinks Nonconformists should have no political opinions, and make no demands on the Government on the education question; that that should be left to

Churchmen and Roman Catholics. Perhaps he does not know that Nonconformists are quite half of the religious part of the nation; also that they regard education in the schools as a citizens' question. It has been forced to the front not by Nonconformists, but by Churchmen, who have broken the compromise of 1870 and thrown their schools on the rates. Has your correspondent forgotten the mandate of the people at the General Election on this question, that with their huge majority they declared that the dual system of schools must give place to a national one, and be controlled by the people, who pay the entire cost of the education; also that the schools must be freed from all sectarianism, and the teachers from tests? I ask your correspondent whether their will is to rule the Government, or the will of Churchmen and Roman Catholics? The Nonconformists are asking for no favor for themselves in the schools from the Government; they only demand that the will of the people should rule and not the will of Lord Halifax and the Church Union. Your correspondent must see that with Mr. Birrell's Bill the Government tried to meet the wishes of Churchmen and Roman Catholics by compromises till they spoilt their Bill for the people. I hope with the present Bill the Government will determine to carry out the wishes of the people, but at the same time do all that can be done to meet the wishes of Churchmen and Roman Catholics by facilities outside school hours. Contracting out pleases no party.

Thus far the secular solution, throwing the religious teaching on the churches outside school hours, seems the only way to peace, but the people are not ripe for it, and demand simple Bible teaching by the teachers, the same as has satisfied the parents for nearly forty years, in the Council schools. If the clergy would let it alone there would be no trouble, and a peaceable settlement soon made. —Yours, &c.,

JOHN EVANS.

6, Park Road, Clevedon,
October 7th, 1908.

MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Lord Curzon and Mr. Crawshay Williams make merry over Moore's "Kishma's amber vines." They do not, by the way, even quote correctly, for Moore does not speak of amber vines, but of "Kishma's golden wine." His lordship, in his work on Persia (Vol. I., 5, Note 1), says "Kishma's amber vines are in comical contrast with the treeless sterility of the real Kishma," and Mr. Williams follows suit, in his "Across Persia" (p. 184), by remarking that Kishma is "an island which is as desolate as the Sahara, and which by no conceivable process could ever be, or have been, transformed by man into anything else." But is this young traveller, who apparently never saw Kishma, so right, and was the poet so wrong? Blackie's "Imperial Gazetteer" says that the northern part of the island of Kishma contains tracts of black loam on which grapes, &c., are raised in sufficient quantities for the consumption of the inhabitants (5,000 in number). Lord Curzon, apparently (see Vol. II., 410), only saw the southern shore of the island, and did not, like Tavernier, land and spend some hours on it. Yet his lordship, at the page mentioned above, gives away his remark about a "treeless sterility" by saying that a large portion of Kishma is amenable to the cultivation of grain, melons, grapes, &c., and that there are large date groves in the interior of the island! Moore's description refers to the seventeenth century, and he is quite justified in his remark about vines by Tavernier and Mandelsto. Tavernier says that the island surpasses in fertility all the islands in the East, and Mandelsto says that the island supplied Gombroon with all sorts of fruits. Lord Curzon and Mr. Williams may be more correct in their criticism about Bendemeer's stream and its nightingales. But even this is doubtful. Bendemeer is near Shiraz, and according to Tavernier, it waters all the vineyards of that region. Reclus speaks of it as winding under the shade of willow trees—surely, not an unlikely habitat for the Persian nightingale which, by the way, is not our European bird. True, the Bendemeer is spoken of by some authorities as rapid rather than calm, and it may be so in one part of its course, but why should not Moore's description apply to one of the many channels by which the river is, or was, diverted for purposes of irrigation?—Yours, &c.,

H. BEVERIDGE.

October 1st, 1908.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RICHARD STRAUSS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In reading the very able article on Richard Strauss in last Saturday's NATION, I notice that your correspondent, like many other writers on programme-music, has completely overlooked the very interesting and important fact that Dr. Strauss, when himself directing performances of his "Symphonic Poems," subordinates, to a very great extent, the details, in order to bring out with greater force the atmosphere and general feeling of the work.

Now this seems to me to have an important bearing on the weight which Dr. Strauss himself attaches to the bleating sheep in "Don Quixote," and the many other touches of realism to which your correspondent, together with most other serious musical thinkers, takes exception. Mr. Kalisch and others have often said that beneath the programmes which he allows his misguided admirers to attach to his works there lies a deeper meaning; and it is this that the composer always accentuates in performance.

To me, passages like the exquisite little epilogue to the "Eulenspiegel"—where realism is put aside, and the inner meaning is given full play—mean a thousand times more than all the "grotesque exaggerations," so dear to some conductors, to which your correspondent refers, but even these—when Dr. Strauss holds the bâton—play their part in the deeper scheme, help to bring out the real beauty of the works, and make them worthy of their title of "Poems."

Surely then, Strauss's realism is merely a toy, provided for those intellectual children who need something to quarrel about, and who, without it, would see nothing in his work but a senseless maze of elaborate orchestration.—Yours, &c.,

ADRIAN C. BOULT.

The Abbey Manor,
West Kirby, Cheshire,
September 28th, 1908.

A GREEN HEAVEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The above-named subject may have ceased to occupy a prominent position in your journal, but, if not, I should like to direct your readers to a letter I wrote on the subject in your impression of August 29th. In this letter I stated that the commonest view of heaven was a place of rest or sleep implied in the oft-sung hymn, "Now the laborer's task is o'er." I, however, added that some of our most distinguished philosophers and moralists maintained that in this world the only happiness depended on activity, accompanied by its various vicissitudes, and that idleness and having nothing to do was the real horror of life. I was not then aware that so eminent a man as Lord Houghton had suggested that a counterpart of this might correspond to heaven and hell, or, instead of using these terms, I might say that the happiness of the good, according to him, depended on a condition of action or movement, while the misery of the wicked was one of idleness. I am indebted to my neighbor, Miss Martelli, for pointing out to me this poem, from which I extract the following:—

> —"it may be, that the Abyss
> Of the Lost is only this;
> That for them all things to come,
> Are inanimate and dumb,
> And immortal Life they steep
> In dishonourable sleep:
> While no power of pause is given
> To the inheritors of Heaven.
> And the holiest still are those,
> Who are farthest from repose."

—Yours, &c.,

SAMUEL WILKS.

Hampstead, October 4th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Ideas of Heaven have to cope with the inherent difficulty that, if they are wholly derived from this world, they make Heaven a poor place, while if they transcend our present experience they falter as they rise.

The verses of "Hereafter," quoted by one of your correspondents, do little more than paint a pleasant spot for a summer holiday, with freedom from sorrow thrown in. They further introduce the difficulty to which Pascal alludes when he says that a good portrait cannot be painted without harmonising opposite traits. If Heaven is to be "a world of dear, familiar ways, the country laborer, quoted by "W. J. B.," will claim "a bar parlour, with plenty to drink, a good fire, and a fiddle agoin'," and the horrid boy, depicted by Mr. John Higgins, must have provision for the indulgence of his purely animal desires. How reconcile these opposing traits?

But all, at times, at least, rise above such ideals. If the picture of the boy is taken as typical of boys as a class, it is a libel on mankind. Many boys are gross and animal enough, but they have other qualities. No one who has joined with 500 boys in a public school chapel in singing such hymns as

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

or

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,"

can have forgotten the intense reality with which the boys' voices rang true to the words. And does not the latter hymn give the true key to the happiness of Heaven? The last verse runs:—

"Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done."

It was in like submission to the will of God that Dante after all his trials found Heaven. It is the stepping-stone to close intercourse with God. St. John makes this intercourse the chief joy of the future life. "They shall see His face"; "we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is." And St. Paul urges the same truth when he says, "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." The pilot is known on "crossing the bar."

As for the conditions under which this intercourse will be enjoyed the description is largely negative: "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." "The first things are passed away." They were preliminary to a better state. A life of trial here may be made the ante-chamber to Heaven.

The failure in accurate description of the positive side is easy to understand. A higher state of being cannot be made plain to the lower. Symbols may convey some impression of a future which man's present capacities cannot apprehend in fullness. The new Jerusalem, which "Hereafter" thrusts aside, is wholly symbolical; few but children would think it otherwise. It has its story beneath the symbols.

I think that such ideas of Heaven are more elevating than "leafy boughs to make a cool retreat."—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD E. HEATHFIELD.

LORD CREWE AND ELECTORAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The significance of the carefully phrased utterance of Lord Crewe at Ulverston on the 1st inst. has, curiously enough, been overlooked by a considerable section of the Press, and I therefore beg leave to direct the attention of your readers to the following passage:—

"He did not regard the loss of a seat here and there as of itself a disheartening fact, but there were two conclusions to which some of the results of their recent elections led them. As the state of parties in this country now existed, it was very possible, and even probable, that there might be returned to Parliament a man who only represented a minority of the electors. That was a state of things which, if it became generally prevalent, would be a national misfortune, and therefore they would have to devise some method, and there were various methods, by which the difficulty might be met. The Government were paying very close attention to this particular point, with a view to taking action when the proper time came. *They must take care, though, not to fall into the opposite pitfall; they must mind that minorities did not go unrepresented altogether.* It would be a great misfortune if the representatives of labor, who held far more extreme views than he did, were not representated in the House of Commons in proportion to the influence which they wielded in the country, and that wa a point which had to be safeguarded."

Lord Crewe's statement needs no comment.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS,
Hon. Sec., The Proportional Representation Society.
107, Algernon Road, Lewisham,
London, S.E.,
October 6th, 1908.

THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The average Chancellor of the Exchequer is a man always in want of money, and history shows that he is sometimes afraid, on Budget night, to present a tax which might touch the big pockets of the monied classes, and has, consequently, asked for the last drops of blood of those who can ill afford taxation.

A short time ago I suggested in your columns the taxation of contract notes on a sliding scale *ad valorem*, based on the gigantic annual returns of the Bankers' Clearing House. This should produce many millions, and the project is still under consideration by the Treasury.

The nation is wealthy, and there are many untapped sources of revenue available for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he has courage to depart from the old ruts.

Although Budget night is still half a year ahead, this and next month is the right time for the great patriotic financial thinking boxes of Great Britain and Colonies to send in reasonable and feasible propositions to the Chancellor, in order to produce, say, a net revenue of about five millions per annum from legitimate sources.

Here is a possible hen-roost for Mr. Lloyd George to raid.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT RAPHAEL.

National Liberal Club,
October 6th, 1908.

Poetry.

NIL NISI DIVINUM STABILE EST.

AGAIN I trod the purple heath,
Again beheld the golden grain,
And eastward saw the summer main
That crowns the hollows far beneath.

Far other was that cold grey tide
When we two climbed o'er cliff and dale;
No glory shone through Nature's veil,
Yet all was sun with thee as guide.

We dreamed not that thy force would end,
Thy prophet's voice and fire and might.
With Thought and Love thy source and light
We called thee comrade, hailed thee friend.

Again by thy loved sea I trod
And marked the heather's purple glow;
Still thou wast with me, for I know
Undying are the sons of God.

A. R.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE publication of the correspondence between Dickens and Maria Beadnell by the Bibliophile Society of Boston throws a certain amount of fresh light upon Dickens's character and writings, though most of what is in the volume had been known or guessed at by previous biographers. Dickens fell in love with Maria Beadnell in 1832. She treated him rather badly, and two years later he married Catherine Hogarth. None the less, his love for Maria was the most serious and lasting passion of his life, and when twenty years later the correspondence was renewed, he had nothing but tender memories of the past. "I fancy," he wrote, "though you may not have thought in the old time how manfully I loved you, that you may have seen in one of my books a faithful reflection of the passion I had for you, and may have thought that it was something to have been loved so well, and may have seen in little bits of 'Dora' touches of your old self sometimes, and a grace that may be revived in your little girls years hence, for the bewilderment of some other young lover—though he will never be as terribly in earnest as I and David Copperfield were." When some time afterwards Dickens met Maria his disillusionment was complete, and the interview in "Little Dorrit" between Arthur Clennam and Flora Finching is apparently suggested by the encounter. The letters prove that "David Copperfield" and "Little Dorrit" are even more autobiographical than had generally been supposed.

* * *

ANOTHER series of love letters which is sure to create great interest is announced by Mr. Lane for publication next year. "The Love Letters of Mrs. Carlyle" contain, we are told, evidence that the marriage of the Carlyles was a genuine love marriage on both sides, and that it remained so. The domestic relations of the Carlyles have been dragged so much into the public view that it is perhaps as well—objectionable as the publication of such letters is as a rule—that all remaining evidence should be made available.

* * *

FOR an example of how an apparently well-intentioned critic may misinterpret a poet's attitude towards public affairs it would be hard to beat an appreciation of Mr. William Watson's verse to be found in a recent number of "East and West." Mr. Watson, says the writer, "resembles Rudyard Kipling in the exhibition of a haughty and exclusive spirit of national imperialism which is inconsistent with the breadth of sentiment that must characterise a true poet. His voice is not raised in the cause of universal freedom and liberty. The struggles of fallen nations in their efforts for emancipation command no sympathy from him as they do from Byron or Shelley, nor do the triumphs and achievements of countries other than his own call forth his unstinted admiration." If we delete all the negatives in the last two sentences we shall be nearer the truth. If any poet of our day can claim to have defended struggling nationalities even against the dominant sentiment of his own country we should have thought that it was Mr. Watson.

* * *

IF we are to judge from an interview with Mr. Joseph Pennell reported in the Saturday edition of "The New York Times," the coming biography of Whistler will give a decidedly different impression from that ordinarily set forth by those who have written about him. "The Whistler pictured by my wife and me," said Mr. Pennell, "is not at all the cantankerous, conceited, combative person who has been made to strut around in Whistler's clothes. We have tried to reveal a more intimate, truer side of the man than has been attempted heretofore. You know, Whistler had had a rough time of it in many ways during his life; he had suffered much and was innately sensitive. It was this fact, I think, that led him to adopt a rather repellent, disagreeable attitude towards people, an attitude that served him, as it were, as a kind of rough armour through which the casual thrusts incident to human intercourse could not penetrate. Personally, outside of his art, he was one of the most lovable and interesting of friends, besides being a wit and a thorough man of the world . . . a modern Benvenuto Cellini in his way of looking at things." Whistler gave Mr. and Mrs. Pennell great help in collecting materials, and their book will contain a full account of such slightly known passages in the painter's life as his curious filibustering expedition to Chile, his first studies in Russia, as well as his own version of Bohemian life in Paris. Another feature of the book will be the illustrations, many of them being from pictures by Whistler which have not been reproduced elsewhere. It will be issued by Mr. Heinemann towards the end of the month.

* * *

EVERY reader of Mr. Lionel Tollemache's essays must have been struck by the skilful way in which their author can form a mosaic of the characteristic sayings and doings of the many distinguished men he has known. "Safe Studies" and "Stones of Stumbling" are two books that it would be hard to beat either for witty anecdotes or for the apt use of "unfamiliar quotations from familiar authors." Indeed, Mark Pattison scarcely exaggerated when he said that it seemed as if Mr. Tollemache "could draw at pleasure upon all literature, from the classics down to Robert Montgomery and Swinburne." We may accordingly expect an abundance of good stories in a volume of reminiscences extending over half a century which, under the title "Old and New Memories," will be published shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold. The author's father, the first Baron Tollemache, Dr. Vaughan of Harrow, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, and Fitz-James Stephen are a few of those concerning whom we are promised characteristic anecdotes to be published for the first time in Mr. Tollemache's volume.

* * *

A NEW edition on an elaborate plan of Montaigne's "Essays" will be published by Mr. Grant Richards in the late autumn. The text is that twice revised by Florio and printed in 1632, nearly thirty years after the *editio princeps* of 1603. The introduction by Mr. Thomas Seccombe will be in four sections, dealing respectively with the preliminary history of the essayist, his seclusion and intellectual development as seen in the essays, his public life as magistrate and traveller, and finally the building up of Montaigne as we know him through legend, commentary, and translation, since his death in 1592. Much stress must always be laid on the travels, both those in the book-tower and those in the world outside, by anyone who would understand Montaigne, and we gather that Mr. Seccombe has given considerable attention to this side of his subject. Those interested in the resolute John Florio will find a very interesting portrait engraved by W. Hole, and dated 1611, in one of the show-cases in the King's Library at the British Museum. It is attached to the English-Italian Dictionary dedicated to James I.'s Consort, Queen Anne, whose "praelector" Florio was.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Collected Works in Verse and Prose of William Butler Yeats." Vols. I. and II. (A. H. Bullen and Chapman & Hall. 4 guineas the set of eight vols.)

"Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, 1440-1630." Edited by Edward Hutton. (Lane. 3 vols. 42s. net.)

"Memories of My Life." By Francis Galton. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill." By Mrs. George Cornwallis West. (Arnold. 15s.)

"The Greatness and Decline of Rome." By Guglielmo Ferrero. Vol. III. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

"The Early History of the Tories." By C. B. Roylance Kent. (Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Medici Popes." By Herbert M. Vaughan. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"New Zealand." Painted by F. & W. Wright. Described by W. P. Reeves. (Black. 20s. net.)

"Along the Rivieras of France and Italy." By Gordon Home. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The People of the Polar North." By Knud Rasmussen. (Kegan Paul. 1 guinea net.)

"A Short History of Engraving and Etching." By A. M. Hind. (Constable. 18s. net.)

"Man and the Universe." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Buddhist Essays." By Paul Dahlke. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Literary and Biographical Essays." By James Baker. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Man Who Understood Women." By Leonard Merrick. (Nash. 6s.)

"Amabel Channice." By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Arnold. 6s.)

"La Foire sur la Place." Roman. Par Romain Rolland. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE FLAVOR OF THE EAST.*

"THERE are certain notes of the East," writes Miss Jebb, "which form part of a tune sung all the world over, but which give a clearer and more definite sound in the land which first gave them birth." These "notes," the tune of an intimate daily life from which the life of a restless Western civilisation is but a variation, and perhaps a transitory one, may serve as a test of the success or failure of any book of travel. It is not important that the wayfarer should describe places, estimate economic or military possibilities, grimace or guffaw over the abnormal adventure. What is important is that the encompassing atmosphere of strange and far-off places should be embedded in the narrative, immediately recognisable by those who have traversed similar journeys: so that the reader at once enters into a region where his customary experience is challenged by an existence remote from, but as real as, anything that he has ever known. And here Miss Jebb has been wonderfully successful. In this record of pilgrimage by desert ways to Baghdad she has been able, by careful observation of the passing phase, the panorama of life leisurely unfolded, to soak into her pages the very sense and flavor of the East. The "enormous disarray" of that Turkish dominion which occupies the site of so many vanished nations rises up and envelops like a garment. The peoples are here, and the places which have fashioned the peoples; the conquering and the subservient races, the mud and stones and ruins of dead cities. The very scent of the East is sharp and tingling to the nostrils. Its acquiescence, its patience, its weariness, stretch away to a far horizon. The author knows the importance of the little things, that the expectation of dinner counts for more than the expectation of death; that a few words by the roadside, a meeting or a parting, a momentary quarrel, offer a revelation of forces operative beneath a mask of indifference supremely valuable to the observer. The journey was unconventional, and the record of it unconventional also. The narrator possesses a quick and lively sense of humor, and can rejoice over many discomforting incidents. The route of travel lay through unfrequented ways, across scenes of historic interest. And the result is one of the most entertaining and most illuminative books of Eastern travel which has recently been issued. The changes—long resisted, now it appears hurrying eagerly forward—which have swept this congeries of nations which we term the Turkish Empire into the full stream of modern progress, will, in a few years' time, make this "unchanging East" but the memory of a dream. Already, over a great part of this route, the coming Baghdad railway is rolling back the domination of caprice and temporal decay. It is well that, before this process is accomplished, some such records as these should continue to reveal in literature the life of this lost land of dead Empires, while yet its sleep remained unharmed.

The journey undertaken by Miss Jebb and Miss "X" was of three parts. The first was the progress through comparatively settled districts and in part by the railway, from Brusa over the Taurus and the Euphrates to Diarbekr, high on the Tigris. The second was the floating down the river on a raft made of skins from Diarbekr to Baghdad. The third was the return journey past the site of Babylon and the ruins of Palmyra across the desert to Damascus. The travellers thus sampled all the variable influences of Eastern things—the River, the Mountains, the Desert. Adventures—in the recognised sense of the word—were not noteworthy: there was an attempted attack by brigands at a narrow gorge of the Tigris, a risky storm on the same river; one dangerous moment, when, in a distant centre of fanaticism, a sacred mosque was almost violated by the heedless step of the infidel. But in the main the adventure is of the kind common to all travel: the discomfort of storms and misfortune, the varying company of the way. It is a series of pictures that Miss Jebb presents to her readers: now the start of the caravan before dawn: now the welcome relief at sunset—sunset in the desert, with the evening meal preparing, and the tired travellers glad that the day is done: now the tranquillity and timeless rest of floating day after day down a river which never has an end: now the peculiar impression of the poetry of time in the visit to Harran or Nineveh or Babylon. Eastern travellers will rejoice with her over the permanent assets of Eastern travel. The present writer has also experienced that system of personal intercourse, at first so awkward to the Western impatience, afterwards so attractive, of communication and sympathy expressed in silence rather than in speech: has been first exasperated and then amused by the complete indifference to time and appointments: has learnt that it is better to laugh—not *at* the East, probably—if all the truth were known—*with* the East—rather than to attempt to "hustle" it. To every traveller such conversation as this will awake agreeable memories:—

> "The cook came in with a pleasing expression.
> "'What will you have for supper?' he asked.
> "'What can we have?' we answered, with the caution arising from long experience of limited possibilities.
> "'What you wish,' he said, with as much assurance and affability as if he was presenting a huge bill of fare.
> "'Get a fowl,' I said.
> "'There is not one left here,' he answered.
> "'Eggs, then,' I suggested, with the humor of desperation.
> "'No fowl, how eggs?' he answered, with pitying superiority.
> "'Well, we will have what there is,' I said.
> "'There is nothing,' he answered, cheerfully."

Miss Jebb, like most Eastern travellers, was charmed with the Turk, and moved to no enthusiasm over the Eastern Christian. In a fine piece of portraiture she draws the contrast vividly: between Hassan, the Turk who accompanied them, faithful, dignified, courteous, picturesque; and Arten, the Armenian cook, "quick, thin, methodical, dirty, intelligent, untruthful." In his shabby European clothes, his voluble futility, his alternating boastings, terrors, and boastings renewed, he stands as a figure suitable for nothing (in the opinion of many) but to be driven and controlled by a more reputable Government of a dominant and conquering race. This writer, however, does not fall into that facile error. She recognises the Armenian as the product of a system—the result of so many centuries of oppression. The Turk, an aristocracy, cultivating the arts of life upon the servile labor of other races, can exhibit, like all similar aristocracies—the aristocracy of the Southern States of America, the aristocracy of the English in Ireland—attractive human qualities. But these human qualities are sucked from the degradation of the races below them. Arten trembling in terror before the menace of Ibrahim Pasha is a sufficiently disconsolate spectacle; but there is point and some pathos in his reply to the English persons who reproach him with his cowardice. "'What is it to you?' he said one day. 'You have rich relations, kind friends, and a just Government. If you are robbed, justice is done to you. But what can I expect but more abuse and ill-treatment—and I have a wife and small children also?'" The travellers suffer from disgust at such a spectacle, at the inefficiency and impudence of this representative of Christianity in presence of the Mahommedan: yet the final verdict is a kindly one. "A man who was meant by nature to be light-hearted and happy," is Miss Jebb's summary, "kind to his fellows, energetic and interested in his work, ambitious for his children, but who fate dictated was to have his spirit quenched, his nature hardened, and mean and cowardly qualities developed, owing to the fear, injustice, and poverty in which, like the rest of his countrymen, he was condemned to live."

How far this will be changed, or, indeed, can ever be changed, is a doubtful question to which this book provides no answer. Certainly change is here—knocking at the doors:—

> "The Baghdad railway was everywhere in the air. No one spoke openly about it; its coming seemed enveloped in such a shroud of mystery that one felt there was a sort of halo around its birth. At first one mentioned it boldly by name: and at once the official would put on his most discreet and

* "By Desert Ways to Baghdad." By Louisa Jebb (Mrs. Roland Wilkins). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

impressive manner, and refer to the will of Allah: the merchant would nod mysteriously and then wink with evident satisfaction. 'It comes! oh yes, it comes! but it is better not to talk of it yet.' And the Zaptieh would sigh heavily, thinking of his unpaid wages, and say 'Please God, it comes'; and then look hastily round to see who had overheard him."

Certainly the East changes: and on no surface of the world is the evidence more vocal, written large on the rock and the sand, of the fulfilment of all historic prophecy of doom on Empires which established themselves upon conquered and oppressed peoples. Here is Babylon as described by Herodotus, with its square walls each fourteen miles long, each with twenty-four gates of brass, quays, balconies, palaces, hanging gardens—the wonder of the world. And here is Babylon as seen by the explorer to-day, a literal vindication, complete to the letter, of those amongst its subjugated races who prophesied its destruction. The great city has become a heap: mounds and marshes and barren stones, inhabited by doleful creatures, the owl and the jackal, doomed perpetually, as in the exultant vision of her enemies, to remain "a dry land, a wilderness, a land where no man comes."

A GREAT PREACHER.*

This is an abbreviation or summary of Mr. Allen's previous work. Much of it has, as he says, been rewritten. But he claims to have preserved whatever was valuable in the larger book, and to have omitted nothing of permanent or personal interest. Phillips Brooks was the most popular preacher that the United States ever heard. His eloquence was famous in a country of speakers, and yet it never sank to mere rhetoric. He put life into everything he took up, and he was absolutely fearless in the expression of his opinions. He often came into conflict with local prejudices and even with theological principles. Nor was he indifferent to the opposition he encountered. Yet he continued his course without flinching and those who dissented from him the most did not respect him the least. He was in sympathy with all Christian churches, though the Broad Church party in the Church of England was that which attracted him most. Maurice and Stanley among modern divines seemed to him the most in harmony with the rational godliness which he preached. To be spiritual without being dogmatic was the aim of his life, and the foundation of his creed. A thorough American in the tone and temper of his mind, he appreciated other countries, especially England, which he understood better than almost any of his compatriots. He preached in Westminster Abbey, and other London churches, with immense rapidity of utterance, readiness of thought, and fluency of language. Yet everything he said had been most carefully prepared, and he frequently had to protest against the notion that he trusted to the inspiration of the moment. He was, in fact, one of the most painstaking men that ever addressed an audience, never losing an opportunity of acquiring information, or correcting knowledge by experience.

Phillips Brooks first became known to his countrymen at the Harvard Commemoration of 1865 after the close of the war. He had been chosen to offer the special prayer on the occasion, and his words, which have not been preserved, were described at the time as the "crowning grace" of the ceremony. They had more immediate effect than Lowell's famous Ode. After this he began to be recognised as an American celebrity, and any position he desired in the Episcopal Church seemed open to him. Yet he was never able to understand the reason, or to forget the duty which lay nearest him, be it what it might. Even Trinity Church, Boston, which became the chief scene of his labors, was only accepted after a long period of reluctant hesitation. As soon as he came he filled the Church, and full it remained while he was there. It was a strange fascination that he exercised, but not more strange than true. Perhaps it was in some measure due to the fact that he went his own way, quite heedless of public opinion unless he happened to agree with it. The most genial of men, he always followed the light of his own principles in the simple faith that it could not lead him astray. He persuaded himself that he was a Broad Churchman, and yet no Ritualist could have been more punctilious in the performance of minute ecclesiastical details. Even his theological orthodoxy proved quite impervious to assault, because he did not commit himself to statements which he had not thoroughly worked out in his own mind. Intolerant he could never be. He had a natural gift for detecting what was good in all creeds, and producing it for the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. "It is," he said, "the religion of most demands that has most ruled the world." Mr. Allen says that "preaching was what he lived for," and the subject seems to have constantly filled his mind. His apparent spontaneity resulted from a preparation which was not mechanical, but the regular process of a mental training that never wholly ceased. If he seemed to learn without trouble, and retain without effort, the reality was that preparation had made it difficult for him to misunderstand, and impossible for him to forget. He was, before all things, practical, and had a noted power of putting himself in sympathy with an audience by discussion of a difficulty from their point of view. There was no haziness or mistiness in his methods, and he did not shrink from repetition if by repeating he could be more impressive. His extraordinary fluency of expression never led him to preach for the sake of talking. It was characteristic of his sermons that he came to the point at once instead of leading up to it by degrees, and amplified it afterwards if it required amplification. Although he was not much restrained by conventional rules, he did not aim at being unconventional, and there was in his nature an element of intense Conservatism. It was hard to make him give up anything to which he had been accustomed. In the end he almost always had his own way. Opponents were compelled at last to acknowledge that his reasons were sound, and they were urged with such temperate mildness that they could not give offence. His influence over the minds of others was so wonderful that it might be compared with some of these phenomena which men of science find most difficult to explain. He never set up for a faith-healer, or a thought-reader. He merely tried to share with others the radiant confidence that he felt himself. His own personality was the source of interest, though his sermons might be the principal means of calling it forth. All his efforts were directed to unselfish ends, and succeeded because they never aimed at success. He could not ignore the fact that he was a popular preacher. He could only treat his popularity as an accident, and his work as the essence of his life. Although there was no step in the progress of his age which he did not follow with sympathetic ardour, he lived in the duties of his post, whatever it might be, uniting the highest with the simplest, and treating nothing as either too high or too low. He had a robust belief in democratic institutions, and at the same time a faith that it was the people which made them sound. To him the force of character was almost everything, and the forms in which it expressed itself were almost nothing. He had grown up during the great struggle for the emancipation of the slaves, and had never lost throughout it his confidence in Lincoln as the one man who could guide the Union to victory. Yet he was wholly free from national arrogance, feeling that the place of the United States in history did not require any adventitious support. With him tolerance was not compromise, charity involved no surrender of conviction, and his own opinions were held with the more tenacity because he never tried to control the opinions of others. He knew too well how he came by his views to admit the possibility of forcing assent.

It is not the events of Phillips Brooks's life, but the life itself, that justifies a book like this. Brevity has not been studied, even in the abbreviation. But the salient points are easily seen, for the character of the man stands out in the sharpest of outlines, and the reader seems to hear his voice. Much of what the voice said is remote from the problems which the American people have to solve now. But still they cannot do better than solve them by an application of the principles, an acceptance of the doctrines, and an adoption of the methods which Phillips Brooks here lays down.

* "Phillip Brooks 1835-1893." Memoirs of his Life, with Extracts from his Letters and Notebooks. By Alexander V. G. Allen. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

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WREN AND THE RENAISSANCE.*

In estimating the work of a man like Wren, a man admittedly of genius, standing head and shoulders above all others as the exponent of a certain style of architecture as that style is known in England, there is always a danger of our judging by our own local interpretation of such a style, and ignoring the more universal standard of excellence which properly belongs to it. It was not so many years ago that English writers habitually spoke of English Gothic as though it were supreme of its kind, and only recently have we come to recognise that, in many essentials, French Gothic is of a far higher type than our own. In the same way it is usual for critics to refer to Wren's Renaissance churches as buildings of positive excellence of their kind, without considering what their relation may be to Renaissance architecture in general. Miss Milman, who has just written a very excellent life of Wren, and whose remarks on his work are carefully thought out and full of penetration, nevertheless falls into this mistake. Because Wren is by far the most powerful and consistent architect in the Renaissance manner we have had in England, she seems to assume that he must necessarily rank as one of the great leaders of that style, forgetting, apparently, that the principles of Renaissance architecture, to which we must appeal before we can speak of positive excellence, were developed and must be sought elsewhere than in England.

Technically, no doubt, the cut and dried explanation of the Renaissance, that it was a revival of classic forms, is correct, but it is important to notice that the mind of Italy had been ripening for this kind of architectural expression for a long time previous to its adoption of classic models. It had, that is to say, been for long fumbling and feeling its way towards an architecture of horizontal rather than vertical development. From Fergusson downward, all northern authorities agree in their indictment of Italian Gothic, which they assure us was but a feeble and ill-understood imitation of the strenuous original. Still, a close inspection does reveal this: that all the alterations wrought by Italian builders in the northern style were wrought with a definite and uniform purpose. Their design was, invariably, to give breadth and spaciousness to a mode of building certainly very ill-adapted to the embodiment of those qualities. The fervour, the spiritual enthusiasm, of genuine Gothic were, from the first, distasteful to the Italian temperament. The Italian temperament, with its strong admixture of classic breeding and sentiment, never found itself in the intense spirituality of Gothic. Its instincts were more genial and humane, but, at the same time, more mundane. Its chief thought was the old classic thought, not so much to gaze upward as to look around and make the most of the present world, and the architectural expression of that thought is not vertical, but horizontal expansion. Accordingly, it set about widening and expanding the rigid proportions of Gothic, and giving them that air of breadth and spaciousness which it prized above all things as the expression of its own view of life. And this it did with a perseverance and consistency which clearly reveal the trend of its endeavor; so that when the classic revival really came it came as a solution towards which the country had evidently been working for a long time previously; indeed, it is obvious that, if there had been no classic models existing, and, consequently, no classic revival possible, Italy would still have evoked a style of her own in all essentials similar. There is no very distinct break between Italian Renaissance and the style that preceded it, for the noble width of the buildings of Brunelleschi and Bramante is but the triumph of a determination which had long been working towards this end.

All this shows how deep and genuine, how native to the soul, the love of the horizontal style in Italy has always been. We must, if we can, if we are to judge rightly of Renaissance architecture, identify ourselves with this feeling. We must experience the attraction of the many-sided culture and universal curiosity and love of all mundane knowledge which were seething in the mind of Italy at that time, and experience them to that degree that the ample scope and space which were the effects they wrought in architecture, and which are their own aesthetic expression, become in turn beautiful. Having thus grasped, through and under the forms it employed, the spirit of Renaissance architecture, if we turn again westward and observe this style making its unwilling appearance and slow progress in England, we shall be struck by a curious coincidence. We shall find all the conditions reproduced in England in regard to Renaissance architecture which we had observed in Italy in regard to Gothic. Not only was the Renaissance style as alien to the north as Gothic to the south, and received with the same tardiness and unwillingness, but it was open to exactly the same kind of criticism It was a misunderstood style; it imitated, as Freeman says of Italian Gothic, "the form but not the spirit" of the original. Yet, here again, if we examine the modifications upon which the north insisted, we trace a distinct purpose in them. Their aim always is to diminish and contract the amplitude of the imported style and substitute some of the Gothic narrowness and height. The northern mind has a certain hankering all through the Renaissance epoch after the proportions of that architecture in which its own deepest emotions had once been incarnated, and even when this hankering was not strong enough to effect a revival of Gothic forms it was strong enough to hinder a genuine and full appreciation of the Italian ideal. We have, in short, only to familiarise ourselves sufficiently with the beauty and harmony of the ideal of lateral expansion, as exemplified in the palaces and churches of Italy, to be conscious that this beauty was just as little understood in England as the beauty of vertical development had been understood in Italy.

This was the handicap which Wren labored under. Without doubt he was a man of genius, but he had the misfortune to be dealing with a set of ideas, not in their full vigor and at their source, but as they appeared reflected in the medium of a national temperament, in the main antipathetic to them. The consequences are felt in all he did. In the case of his most famous achievement, St. Paul's, Miss Milman argues that the central area beneath the dome is in itself an adequate expression of the idea of breadth. But it is not very easy in any building to separate any portion from the rest and accept that portion as embodying an ideal not elsewhere carried out. The eye involuntarily grasps the capabilities of the whole structure, and as the nave, aisles, and transepts of St. Paul's entirely fail to convey the sensation of lateral development, it follows that the total effect of the interior lacks the kind of influence and power which that style of architecture was intended to contain. Nor does Miss Milman altogether meet this criticism by the contention that, the church being built on earlier Gothic foundations, its restricted area was a matter of necessity, and therefore should not be objected to. For, in truth, there could scarcely be a severer indictment of the insight of Wren's generation into the Renaissance style of building than that it proposed to force that style into conformity with Gothic designs. Appreciation of breadth as an aesthetic ideal can scarcely have been lively when we find the greatest architectural effort of the age planned on lines which entirely precluded such a development. The truth is that Wren and his contemporaries, though learned in classic forms and details, had little real sympathy with the mental attitude to which those forms corresponded. Cornices, pilasters, architraves, and friezes were used conscientiously and diligently, but the effects which those features were intended to express were much less clearly understood.

In this sense Renaissance architecture is just as provincial in England as Gothic had been provincial in Italy. It may, perhaps be a blow to our *amour propre* to realise the fact, but the realisation brings its own reward. It enables us to use architecture as an interpretation of the mind of its age, and if the reader will proceed to compare the state of intellectual culture of London during the reign of Charles II. with the state of intellectual culture of Florence in the time of the Magnificent, he will at once appreciate the fidelity with which, in either case, architecture performs its interpretative functions.

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The two books before us are books about gardens, or, rather, one is a book about gardens, and the other is a book with "gardens" in the title, and a few passing references to plants in one or two of the chapters. This constitutes a third, and probably the largest, class. It is at least doubtful whether the reading public would tolerate the brand in any other subject, but it is a feature of the charm of the garden spirit that it accepts everything with a certain indulgence. We are not sure that "Gardens of England" is not somewhat too pretentious a title for the larger of the volumes before us. After all, there are only twenty illustrations and a dozen chapters in it. But, having said so much, we can gladly surrender ourselves to the charm of Miss Beatrice Parsons's paintings, and to the interesting and practical thoughts of Mr. E. T. Cook. We know the work of both artist and author well, and are certain of entertainment and instruction when we turn to them.

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Mr. Cook chats agreeably about lavender and rosemary, about roses, about plant grouping, about flowers of the waterside, and about spring, summer, and autumn gardens. He is indubitably right when he pleads for natural masses of a limited number of kinds in herbaceous borders, and we agree with him when he asks for soft blends rather than violent contrasts. He writes both sympathetically and truly when he says:—

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The chapter on roses is a sheer delight, alike in the tenderness of treatment, the suggestiveness as to methods, and the practical value of the selections of varieties. We see, from our own gardening experience, that the author both knows and loves roses. And the chapters on the seasons are so good that we are driven to regret the absence of an index, which would help us to turn up the various plants recommended at moments when pressure prevented the luxury of a re-perusal.

The pictures are admirably reproduced, and the volume, well printed and bound, will make a welcome addition to the shelf of garden books.

We are glad to have "Memories of Gardens," if only as a reminder of a clever writer, much of whose literary work was anonymous. But we do not think that Sir Rowland Blennerhassett should use the fact that he has written a memoir of the late Alexander Innes Shand to speak of Lord Ripon as "a tin god in a fool's paradise." To begin with, it is somewhat "cheap," and, in the second place, it is quite out of harmony with the spirit of the volume, which, if containing little on the subject of gardens, and that of no intrinsic value, is, nevertheless, pleasantly pastoral. Shand may have had his moments of "mocking laughter" and "grim satisfaction" at the discomfiture of men from whom he differed politically, but we do not think it was under their influence that he wrote these agreeable essays on cottage gardens, angling, golf, old waterways, and bowling greens.

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Peter Moor, the son of a blacksmith, and apprenticed to his father, while doing his military service at Kiel, at the age of twenty, volunteers for South-West Africa, where, he is told by the newspapers and his commanding officer, the blacks have treacherously murdered all the farmers and their wives and children. The attitude of his parents is capitally drawn: his father asks him all sorts of questions about the country, the climate, the enemy, and the wild animals; his mother stares at the floor with great, set eyes, and suddenly throws her arms round him and weeps. On the night of departure parents, relatives, sweethearts, and friends come to the barracks, and, after dancing, drinking, and talking, the young soldiers are addressed by an old veteran, and all feel they want to fight honorably, and, if needs be, die for the honor of Germany. The voyage out is well described, and so are the soldiers' anxiety to fight, and their anger to think that the fighting may be all over before they arrive. The troops are landed at Swakopmund, where there is nothing but a few scattered houses, barren, hot sand, and pounding surf, "and not a soul to offer us a friendly greeting." After being marched inland, the men are entrained in "little rough sand-cars," and conveyed up-country. They pass through broad plateaus of reddish, yellowish earth, sparsely grown with coarse, yellow, dry grass as high as a man's knee, in which grow scattered, tough, thorny bushes, and then through endless flat land, somewhat more fertile, where everything, still, is dried up and of a grayish green color. At night they rest in station buildings of corrugated iron, walled and loopholed for defence, and in the meagre little garden they see "heaps of white stones," the graves of the German settlers who have been killed by the negroes. Then follow days and weeks of marching, "to surround the enemy in a great arc, so that they may not escape to English territory," marching under a brazen sun through thorny brush, up to the knees in wet grass, or in hot sand. The nights are bitterly cold, the rations are scanty, and the country is waterless, save at clearings, where the troops, suffering

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terribly from thirst, dig for water, "often salt or brackish, or milky from lime," and oftener they don't find "even this miserable, loathsome water," and march on further, far into the night. The horses begin to die, and the soldiers get more and more weary and indifferent and flabby and weak. Three of Peter's comrades are killed at night by snipers; a month passes, and no one has yet seen the enemy. Peter gets into the habit of going over to the fire of the old African settlers, and learns with surprise how much German blood has already been spilled in this worthless and barren land. The missionaries have preached to the Hereros that the white man has come to bring them the blessings of civilisation, but the traders, the farmers, and soldiers "want to take their cattle and land gradually away from them, and make them slaves without legal rights." The uprising is a revolt of a nation against their European oppressors.

Four weeks after landing a scouting party of forty men is ambushed, and half of them are killed, their bodies, "naked, mutilated, and half devoured," being found some days after, lying in the long dry grass on a bushy slope, over which are hovering numberless eagles and vultures. Peter is promoted to be corporal, and on Easter day the column, after a serious engagement, repulses a great Herero onslaught, losing, however, thirty-two men, while many, Peter included, are wounded, and fall sick. The soldiers, ragged, ill-fed, and exhausted by the heat, fall into despondency, some dying every day of dysentery and typhoid. Peter is sent back to a typhoid camp, and thence to a place near the coast, which, in five months, has grown from five or six corrugated iron houses into an army encampment, stocked with Argentine horses and mules, oxen and wagons from Cape Town, ammunition, clothing, food, and hospital supplies from Germany. The campaign is reorganised, and again the columns trek through the bush, this time being accompanied by troops of Wittboys, "hideous-looking natives, with wild, yellow faces," recruited from the South. Peter is in the centre division of the six great divisions which are, this time, going to surround the enemy in a half-circle and crush them. There is an indecisive engagement, and the next day the division learns that the enemy has "fled to the east with their whole enormous mass—women, children, and herds"—and here we will let Peter speak for himself:—

> "The next morning we ventured to pursue the enemy. We left our unmounted men with the sick and wounded in camp, and set out towards the east, two hundred horsemen in number. But our horses were weak, half-starved or sick, and the region into which we were advancing was a waterless land and little explored. The ground was trodden down into a floor for a width of about a hundred yards; for in such a broad, thickly crowded horde had the enemy and their herds of cattle stormed along. In the path of their flight lay blankets, skins, ostrich feathers, household utensils, women's ornaments, cattle and men dead and dying and staring blankly. A shocking smell of old manure and of decaying bodies filled the hot still air oppressively.
>
> "The further we went in the burning sun, the more disheartening became our journey. How deeply the wild, proud, sorrowful people had humbled themselves in the terror of death! Wherever I turned my eyes lay their goods in quantities: oxen and horses, goats and dogs, blankets and skins. And there lay the wounded and the old, women and children. A number of babies lay helplessly languishing by mothers, whose breasts hung down long and flabby. Others were lying alone, still living, with eyes and noses full of flies. Somebody sent out our black drivers, and I think they helped them to die. All this life lay scattered there, both man and beast, broken in the knees, helpless, still in agony, or already motionless; it looked as though it had been thrown down out of the air.
>
> "At noon we halted by water-holes which were filled to the very brim with corpses. We pulled them out by means of the ox-teams from the fieldpieces, but there was only a little stinking, bloody water in the depths. We tried to dig deeper, but no water came. There was no pasturage either. The sun blazed down so hot on the sand that we could not even lie down. On our thirsty, starving horses, we thirsting and starving men rode on. At some distance crouched a crowd of old women, who stared in apathy in front of them. Here and there were oxen bellowing. In the last frenzy of despair man and beast will plunge madly into the bush, somewhere, anywhere, to find water, and in the bush they will die of thirst."

The column, for want of water, is at length forced to turn back along "the broad field of death." It returns to camp, but pestilence is in the air, and every tenth man falls sick of dysentery. News comes that "the enemy, after overcoming and passing the great stretch of waterless country, where thousands of them had perished, were situated far to the east, by some miserable water-holes." And the general decides to follow and attack them, "and force them to go northwards into thirst and death." The natives fire the bush, scouting parties are sent out to prevent them slipping by, and Peter discovers a little band of fugitives, the men of which are led away and shot, and the women and children, looking pitiably starved, are hunted into the bush. At last the forces come in touch again for a grand *battue*, and the army chaplain addresses the troops after they have sung the hymn, "We come to pray before a just God." The chaplain, who has a cartridge-belt round his waist, and a gold cross hanging on his breast, and is dressed in uniform, says that "a people, savage by nature, has rebelled against the authorities God had set over them. It is a serious hour. It might be that one or another might not live till the next night, but to those who seek the face of God He will bestow upon them of His eternal holiness." The columns start at ten, march all night, reach the hills by morning, and see nothing from the heights except a monstrous cloud of dust moving swiftly across the plain in the distance. The enemy, the proud nation, has lost all courage and hope, and has preferred to die in the desert. In spite of the water-holes being dry, the troops pursue the Hereros for a day and night, till every fourth man is sick with dysentery, and all are utterly exhausted, and still ahead they see two mighty clouds of dust, moving rapidly to the north and north-east towards certain death from thirst. It is the Herero nation perishing in the wilderness. But the Germans have reached their limit and turn back. A few scouts, however, volunteer to push on for some hours more, and, further on, Peter, peering by chance into some bushes, sees the dying natives sitting in crowds, shoulder against shoulder, quite motionless. "The heads of some drooped on their breasts, and their arms hung down as if they were asleep. Others sat leaning against a bush or a neighbour, breathing fast and hard, their mouths open: they regarded us with stupid eyes. Some, women and children, had laid themselves down across the legs and laps of those who were sitting. I quietly told my companions what I saw. They cast a long glance in the direction which I indicated, but said nothing." Then one of the scouts, a guardsman, realises that he had trusted too much to his strength, and that he will have to die in that place. He keeps begging mournfully for water, for only a single drop of water, but when he understands there is none, in a paroxysm of rage he kills a native whom he drags out from the bush. This incident is typical of the quiet skill of Frenssen's method. He makes us realise, in a wonderful way, the tortures of fever, sickness, thirst, and delirium borne by these German lads who have been shipped overseas, and the hideous gulf between their moral instincts as men and their deeds as mere instruments of a great State's blundering, ruinous, and ruthless policy. We speak of the atrocities of the Hun, but documents such as "Peter Moor's Journey" leave one wondering whether the Huns could ever have equalled the record of modern Europe in contact with the black races. The worst horrors are, of course, veiled by the narrative, as when Peter, after remarking on "the remarkably large number of dead and few wounded," is answered by a comrade, "Don't be so stupid, they don't make prisoners. We don't, either."

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an optimist, but his enthusiasm for the ultimate future of humanity seems to have reduced him to a state of despair about its immediate prospects. Politics, literature, art, wherever he looks he finds little comfort and much cause for impatience and pessimism. "As I look back over the sixty years since I first began to read freely for myself, English literature has never been so flat as it is to-day." Art is decadent, and Rodin himself is "the high priest and apostle of decadence," who, "in his desire to attain to something new in his art, has desperately plunged into the negation of art." This sad refrain runs throughout almost all Mr. Harrison's reflections on contemporary life and manners, and that, if nothing else, would save the volume from the reproach against which Mr. Harrison defends himself by anticipation in the preface—the reproach of discussing topics that are beneath the attention of a serious moralist. One of the most interesting of the essays in the volume is a slashing attack on modern examinations, which appeared during the great controversy of 1888 in the "Nineteenth Century." "Education," said Mr. Harrison in his piercing analysis, "tends to become a highly exciting match, not so much between the players as between the 'bowlers' and the 'coaches.' The teachers are slowly thrust out and controlled by the examiners: they in turn are checked and dodged at every turn by the examinees; so that learning is fast passing into the grasp of two classes of specialists, neither of whom are teachers nor pretend to teach." This essay is an admirable example of Mr. Harrison's telling combative style. But, taking all the essays together, there is a little too much of the atmosphere of combat. Mr. Harrison gives the impression of a person who is always expecting somebody to snap his head off. More than once he uses language that suggests it is almost dangerous to life and limb to say what one thinks about contemporary fashions and manners. This is unfortunate, for it gives a quite adventitious rancour to a writer who has every reason to expect a courteous and respectful audience. The most modern topic touched on is, of course, Woman's Suffrage, and Mr. Harrison discusses the whole Positivist theory of the place of women. His is a general theory that is put up to be knocked down in Mr. Meredith's "A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt." But Mr. Harrison makes a handsome offer to the militant suffragettes, for he will not "impose on woman any disability which he is not willing personally to accept." It is a fine piece of old-fashioned gallantry, but we doubt whether it will pacify Miss Pankhurst or silence a single dinner bell.

* * *

In the preface to Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's "Seven Splendid Sinners" (Unwin, 15s. net), the author declares, with emphasis, that "in history the Individual is all in all." "The dagger of Brutus," he continues, "the eloquence of Antony, the corpse of Cæsar, possess greater significance than all the influence that converted Rome from a republic into an empire." We believe that few readers will share Mr. Trowbridge's view of history, and we are quite sure that no one who dissents from it will be won over by reading the lives of the seven ladies whom he chooses to call "splendid sinners." The claims to distinction of the Duchesse de Châteauroux and of the Duchess of Kendal lie in the exalted rank of their lovers rather than in any influence they exerted on the course of events, or of any quality of distinction possessed by either. Elizabeth Chudleigh is remembered, if she be remembered at all, as the original of Thackeray's "Beatrix." The part played by the Comtesse de Lamotte in the affair of the Diamond Necklace has made her name notorious, but she was merely the tool of others. The Duchesse de Polignac encouraged Marie Antoinette's folly, but so did dozens of others. There remain Catherine II. of Russia and Lola Montez. The latter was a mere adventuress, for whom one might easily find a fitter epithet than splendid. The former, though hypocritical and unscrupulous, did much to improve her country, and played a great part in the affairs of Europe for more than thirty years. None of the seven can be regarded as of quite the importance Mr. Trowbridge seems to imagine. Each of the seven biographies is prefixed by a quotation from Mr. Swinburne's "Dolores," a detail which is, perhaps, illustrative of Mr. Trowbridge's method of treatment.

M. Teodor de Wyzewa's "Some Women Loving or Luckless" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net), an English translation of which has been made by Mr. C. H. Jeaffreson, belongs to the same class as Mr. Trowbridge's book, though, in most respects, it is decidedly superior. We have here also a collection of biographies that make no pretension to research, and add nothing of importance to what had been known before about the subjects. The first two essays in M. de Wyzewa's book deal with "The Princess Sophia Dorothea and Philip von Königsmark" and "Queen Caroline Matilda and John Frederick Struensée." They seem to be reviews of books on these subjects by Mr. W. H. Wilkins published a few years ago, and, doubtless, served to inform French readers of the contents of these volumes. The remainder of the book is divided into three sections: "Queens in Profile," "Great Ladies and Bourgeoises," and "Authors' Wives and Literary Women." Among the Englishwomen dealt with by M. de Wyzewa in the latter section are Fanny Burney, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Mrs. Browning. The translation is capably done, and, doubtless, the book will find readers among those who like occasionally to replace fiction by the lighter forms of biography.

* * *

Following in the footsteps of Captain Mahan, Mr. Edward Fraser has established a reputation as the sympathetic interpreter of British naval history. The primary aim of his latest book on this subject, "The 'Londons' of the British Fleet" (Lane, 6s. net), is to tell the story of a famous line of warships that have borne that name; but, incidentally, he has written what is virtually a history of our Fleet from the Commonwealth to the present day. Considering the intimate connection between London and the Royal Navy since the nucleus of the latter was formed, it is strange that it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that a battleship was named after the capital. Cromwell was responsible for so naming the vessel that was launched in 1657—the progenitor of a race that still survives in the first-class battleship of 1898, which is to-day only surpassed in her armament by the "Dreadnought." This first "London" was blown up accidentally in 1665, whereupon the City of London, by way of a display of loyalty to Charles II., presented that monarch with a second, which was named the "Loyall London." The latter fell a victim to De Ruyter's raid of the Medway in 1667. But the shell was preserved from the flames, and upon it rose the superstructure of the third "London," the prefix being struck off the title by Charles, because on this occasion the loyalty of his London citizens was not manifested in the required pecuniary form. The third "London" endured till 1701, when she was rebuilt, and was not finally broken up till 1756, after having done duty in Prince Rupert's campaign in the North Sea, at La Hogue, and—as a guardship—at the Nore. George III.'s "London" was launched in 1766. She figured chiefly in American waters during the War of Independence, and was Admiral Graves' flagship after the recall of Admiral Arbuthnot. Repaired and regunned, she was the flagship of Vice-Admiral Colpoys at the time of the Spithead Mutiny of 1797. Engaged subsequently in the attack on Copenhagen, she missed being at Trafalgar, and, after forty-five years of existence, went to the shipbreakers in 1811. There was another "London"—the last of the old order—which played her part before the batteries of Sebastopol, and the dynasty, as we have said, is not extinct. Mr. Fraser not only knows his naval history and naval architecture, past and present; he also has the quality of imagination that gives life to the expression of this knowledge. A lucid and, at the same time, dramatic style renders his book thoroughly enjoyable, even by the most casual student of a historical subject teeming with romantic and dramatic color.

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The Rationalist Press Association has published a selection of London lectures, by the late Dr. Moncure D. Conway, under the general title of "Lessons for the Day" (Watts & Co., 6d. net). These lectures date back to a quarter of a century ago, and, save for the correction of a few errata, the insertion of a few dates, the addition of some explanatory footnotes and minor alterations, they have not changed their original form; yet, read in the light of the advance of modern thought, and in spite of allusions to topics of the hour, which to-day have lost their freshness, they are satisfying essays. In the eternal question of the struggle between Reason and Revelation in religion, or free thought and orthodoxy, the author assumes the *rôle* of a mediator rather than of a champion. He pleads for reconciliation between conventional and natural religion—for a *modus vivendi* possible of acceptance by the clericals and the scientists. His personal point of view is, necessarily, that of the latter, but it was temperately, as well as finely, expressed at a time when it was more difficult to be temperate than it is now, and the rehabilitation of his opinions will shock nobody who is in sympathy with the present trend of advanced religious thought, which, indeed, is all towards the compromise—or, perhaps one should say, the readjustment—he advocates.

* * *

Regular readers of the "Westminster Gazette" will recognise the sketches by Mrs. George Norman that are republished in volume form under the title of "Sylvia in Society" (Unwin, 3s. 6d. net). Sylvia is a very young, very American, and wholly delightful, person, who is precipitated on to "this side" from her native land for the purpose of Continental travel. Accompanied by the aunt, to whose care she is confided, and who tells the story, she flits from one French place of fashion to another, and in each leaves a memento of her visit in the shape of a youthful escapade. The society through which she moves is, in the main, highly aristocratic; but Sylvia has her republican instincts, which assert themselves emphatically at her "New Year Party," and on other occasions, when she introduces a bourgeois element into her aunt's select circle, often with amusing results. Most of the episodes move to laughter, but here and there a note of pathos is struck, and in its alternation of light and shade the book is genuinely human. Mrs. Norman possesses no mean gift in character-drawing and the creation of an atmosphere.

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide.—"By Faith Alone," by René Bazin (Nash, 6s.). A thoughtful and carefully arranged picture of French rural life, both noble and peasant. M. Bazin upholds the thesis that a return of faith in Catholicism can alone save France a class war.—"The Result of an Accident," by Beatrice Whitby (Methuen, 6s.). A domestic story showing insight into human nature and a keenly observant eye.—"The Grey Above the Green," by Mrs. H. H. Penrose (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s). A love story simply and attractively written.—"The Borderland," by Robert Halifax (Constable, 6s.). A rather unconvincing story of slum life.—"Round the Fire Stories," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Smith, Elder, 6s.). A collection of mystery stories constructed with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's usual skill and marked by his well-known limitations.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks

	Price Friday Morning, Oct. 2.	Price Friday Morning, Oct. 9.
Consols 2½ per cent.	85 11/16 ...	84 3/4
German 3 per cent.	82½ ...	82
Russian 5 per cent. 1906	99 ...	96
Bulgarian '92	100½ ...	99
Turkish Unified	92 ...	88
Grand Trunk 1st Pref.	107 ...	103
Grand Trunk Ord.	22 1/8 ...	20
Canadian-Pacific...	181⅜ ...	178⅜
Rand Mines	7 1/32 ...	6 1/16
Cons. Goldfields	5 3/32 ...	4 1/8

Bulgaria's declaration of independence was a terrible blow to financiers, who were just spreading their sails to catch the auriferous breeze of popular speculation. All the cheering effects of easy money and increasing confidence vanished on Monday morning. Bulgarian, Turkish, and even Russian bonds fell heavily. Other internationals, and particularly Peruvians, weakened in sympathy. Consols fell sharply. The Home railway market drooped; but, perhaps, the most general and depressing effect was felt in the Kaffir Circus, which has been really enjoying something like its old pre-war prosperity in the last few weeks. Quite a large speculative account had been built up by hopeful operators, who counted on a continuation of easy money and on the growing interest of the investing public. The Bulgarian scare caused a general fright, and many who had been fervent bulls realised hastily on Monday and Tuesday, determined to run no more risks until the cloud in the Near East had disappeared. Wednesday's and Thursday's news brought no relief, though the danger seemed to have shifted from the Bulgarian to the Servian frontier. Opinion in the City has been, from the first, that war is possible, and that all commitments should be reduced in the meantime to the smallest possible dimensions. Hence the fall in market quotations, which has been mainly caused by the closing of speculative accounts. On Thursday Canadian Pacifics and Grand Trunks were hard hit in this way, for, strange to say, people have been found of late to back even Grand Trunks for a rise. Apart from the trouble in the East, things look more cheerful. The last Board of Trade returns point distinctly to a revival.

Standard Oil Politics.

The Foraker-McLaurin-Sibley-Archbold correspondence, writes the "Wall Street Journal," reacts very strongly upon the publicity campaign inaugurated some two years ago at 26, Broadway, to cultivate a less hostile public sentiment towards the Standard Oil Co. "Considerable headway had been made in that direction, the work being most adroitly performed, and now a lot of it is undone." This would seem to dispose bodily of the theory advanced by some that the Standard Oil people themselves, feeling that they had been badly treated by politicians generally, furnished the letters. Mr. Rockefeller's autobiography is, no doubt, part of the publicity campaign, and contrasts sharply with his determination twenty-five years ago to keep everything in connection with Standard Oil a profound secret. "It begins to seem,' moralises our New York contemporary, "that the only perfectly moral relation one may have with the Standard Oil Co. is that of a consumer of oil, and that even this relation could not be held altogether blameless unless the individual were prepared to prove that other oil was unobtainable."

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Diary of the Week.

Sir Edward Grey has, happily, been able to come to an agreement with M. Isvolsky as to the preliminaries of a settlement in the Near East, and an official statement of the result of their discussion was issued on Thursday. It is agreed that a Conference is necessary, but its scope is to be carefully defined. It is to discuss "compensation," and this is to mean compensation to Turkey, not to other Powers at the expense of Turkey. What form this compensation can take, however, is not hinted, though there is a reference to the desirability of strengthening the present *régime* as the best safeguard of peace. The "reasonable wishes" of the smaller States—*i.e.*, of Servia and Montenegro—are, it is "hoped," to be met—but not at the expense of Turkey. This, we imagine, could only be realised by some rectification of the Bosnian frontier at the expense of Austria. The question of the Straits will not be submitted to the Conference, nor be treated as a matter for "compensation." This is an important point gained, not so much for British diplomacy as for the general prospects of a disinterested discussion.

* * *

The most uncertain element in the situation at present is the attitude of Bulgaria. The well-informed Sofia correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" says the Bulgarian Government will not pay a farthing compensation, and will precipitate a conflict rather than submit to European dictation; while the Bulgarian Agent in Paris says that though his country has not yet issued an ultimatum to Turkey, it must get immediate recognition. One need not credit all the stories of warlike preparations in Macedonia, but there are, obviously, influential persons in Bulgaria who think that she has more to gain from a conflict precipitated before Turkey can mobilise than from a Conference which might prove abortive and would give Turkey time to gather her forces. The bellicose ebullitions in Servia have died down, though the Crown Princes of Servia and Montenegro and the Parliaments of these two States have been exchanging fiery telegrams. The Turks maintain their calm, but there have been incipient attempts at reactionary propaganda, and a boycott of Austrian wares is being preached and practised. Most unfortunately for the prospect of order and good relations between Moslem and Christian, a case of lynching occurred in Constantinople on Wednesday. The police were overpowered by the mob and a Greek was killed. The police are blamed for hesitation, and their commanding officer has been arrested.

* * *

Theatrical methods of advertising a cause, by creating disorder or obstructing public business, are becoming so common that they must soon defeat themselves. During the week Mr. Frank Smith has succeeded in compelling the adjournment of the London County Council in the supposed interests of the unemployed, and on Thursday Mr. Grayson, in the same cause, secured his own ejection from the House of Commons. On Tuesday the militant suffragists and the unemployed provided between them a holiday for the London crowd and an extremely busy and trying day for the police. Handbills had been issued by the Women's Social and Political Union calling upon men and women to join in an attempt to "rush" the House at half-past seven that evening, and a number of sympathisers and large crowds of sightseers were gathered along all the streets leading to the Houses of Parliament in consequence. The organised attempt to invade the House from Caxton Hall ended in a complete fiasco. On the other hand, a woman, who secured admission to the Lobby by the courtesy of a private member, succeeded in making a dash up the floor of the House and hurling her formula at the benches. What precisely is gained by these tactics it is difficult to see. The Women's Social and Political Union do not explain what would happen next if they did succeed in entering the House in a body.

* * *

The tactics of the militant section of suffragists have withdrawn attention from the far more serious movement in which all the important Suffragist Societies except theirs have joined. A letter, signed by Mrs. Fawcett, by Mrs. Despard, on behalf of the Women's Freedom League, by Mrs. Bury, on behalf of the Women's Co-operative Guild, and by other democratic organisations and representative bodies of women, has been addressed to Mr. Asquith, welcoming his announcement of willingness to accept an amendment giving the vote to women on democratic lines in a coming Reform Bill. They ask that the Bill should be introduced next Session, that the Government should undertake definite responsibility for the clauses affecting women, and give some guarantee of maintaining it against possible rejection by the Lords. They also ask for some indication as to the qualification on which Mr. Asquith would base the franchise. The importance of this letter is that it indicates the willingness of the Societies concerned to abandon the narrow principle advocated by the Women's Social and Political Union of suffrage on the same terms for women and men, and to consider ways and means of making women's enfranchisement a thoroughly demo-

cratic measure. This, indeed, is the only condition upon which a Liberal Government can take any action at all.

* * *

THE delegates for the National Convention for the closer union of South Africa met at Durban on Monday, and were welcomed in a suitable speech by the Governor of Natal. Messages of goodwill were read both from the King and from the Imperial Government, the latter justly remarking that it was a source of satisfaction to Ministers that the Convention had been rendered possible. Nothing, in fact, could be a more favorable commentary on the success, so far as it has gone, of the policy of self-government. The discussions of the Convention have been conducted in private. We deal in another column with some of the principal problems which it has to face.

* * *

THE "Morning Post" on Monday gave prominence to a constructive Unionist programme which is at least of interest as indicating the line on which the younger Protectionists are seeking to reconcile their policy with one of social progress. Tariff Reform is, of course, the pivot upon which everything turns. There is to be a general tariff on all imports, unless it can be shown that the inconvenience of levying the duty would outweigh its advantages, or that the duty would restrict production or "handicap the competition of important industries in oversea markets." Being interpreted, this means the taxation of food and manufactured goods, with a hope of escape for raw materials. The tariff is to be lowered at the discretion of the Government of the day with a view to securing reciprocity. But diplomacy is to be fettered with the provision that imperial preference is always to be maintained. For the rest, the House of Lords is to reform itself, old age pensions are to be developed into infirmity pensions on a contributory basis, the English consumer is to pay Ireland for maintaining the Union by buying Irish butter and meat at an advanced rate, and, instead of small holdings under public ownership, attempts are to be made to establish a peasant proprietary. With regard to national defence, education, and licensing, the remarks made are such as the intelligent reader will easily construct from his inner consciousness. On the whole, the programme hardly seems to us to come up to the standard which the "Morning Post" has set for itself in its editorial policy in relation to concrete questions of practical politics.

* * *

THE situation in Persia is going from bad to worse. On Thursday of last week the Nationalists in Tabriz delivered a general attack upon Ain-ed-Dowlah, the Royalist commander. They inflicted heavy losses upon him, and are now in possesion of the whole city. Ain-ed-Dowlah's situation is precarious, but a force of 300 Cossacks, with two quick-firing guns, has been sent to him from Teheran under the command of Col. Uchakoff, a Russian officer and Col. Liakhoff's right-hand man. This activity of a Russian officer against the stronghold of the Constitutional Party is the latest and one of the most scandalous interventions on the part of Russia; it clinches the argument that the Shah cannot be brought to his senses by the two Powers until the Russian officers in his service are withdrawn. When movements of this character are possible it is not surprising that Anglo-Russian pressure upon the Shah is a complete failure. The diplomats in Teheran are at loggerheads, and the plain truth must be faced that, so far as Persia is concerned, the Anglo-Russian agreement is, and will remain, a dead letter until the Russian Foreign Office inspires its agents with discipline and loyalty.

* * *

THE Presidential candidates are deluging the States with speeches, and Mr. Bryan has even surpassed his own record by making thirty-two in a single day. With the election only a fortnight off, the prophets are isssuing "tips" garnished with plausible detail. There are in all 483 electoral votes, so that the victor must get 242 at least. Mr. Roosevelt, in characteristic fashion, credits Mr. Taft with 306 certain. Other prophets are less positive. Two New York pro-Taft papers think that Mr. Taft is already certain of 188 votes, and Mr. Bryan of 166, and though they credit Mr. Taft with most of the doubtful votes they are obviously far from confident of the issue. Much will depend upon New York, and both parties will concentrate on that State during the last week of the election. One may still say that if it is not anybody's election, it is venturesome to prefer one candidate to the other, and the predictions of the partisans are diplomatic guesses.

* * *

THE House of Commons, on re-assembling, settled down at once to work upon the Children's Bill, and, while the public at large has been thinking mainly about the crisis in the Near East, or the problem of saving unemployed men from starvation, the discussions—through the ironies of a time-table—have centred round the question of cigarette-smoking, and the medical treatment of children under five. The Bill undoubtedly is an important measure which will do much for the health, moral and physical, of the rising generation, while it reflects the growing sense of responsibility of the parent to the State. Cigarette-smoking by boys is also undoubtedly an evil which requires to be checked, though some doubt has been felt as to the appropriateness of using the criminal law in such a matter, and the more drastic clauses have been wisely amended or withdrawn.

* * *

THE resignations of Lord Tweedmouth and Lord Ripon—whose long and consistent career has won the grateful respect of every Liberal—have necessitated several Ministerial changes. Lord Crewe takes the Privy Seal, in addition to his present office, and Lord Wolverhampton becomes Lord President. These are changes not materially affecting the composition or influence of the Government, but Lord Fitzmaurice, who has accepted the Duchy of Lancaster, and a seat in the Cabinet, will reinforce the Liberalism of the Administration at points at which it has now and then shown weakness. His promotion leaves the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs vacant, and it is highly desirable that the office should be filled by someone who, like Mr. G. P. Gooch or Mr. Masterman, thoroughly understands the attitude of the party both to the question of the Near East and to the general problem of international peace.

* * *

THERE is something like a marshalling of Conservative opinion in Germany against the policy of an ever-expanding navy. Some weeks ago the "Kreuzzeitung," the organ of the Junkers, strongly protested against the inflated naval Budget. A week ago, Baron von Gamp, one of the Conservative leaders, issued a memorandum on the national finances, urging that the naval estimates should not be further increased; and this week the "Kreuz-zeitung" returns to the attack. It denounces the agitation of the Navy League and the Press as partly inspired by the personal interests of the manufacturers of armaments and wholly based on a false

appreciation of "the distinctly restricted value and aim of the German Fleet," and it declares that the Navy League has driven England into the arms of France. The "National Zeitung," the organ of the lukewarm Liberals, takes the same line, and one may infer that both the squirearchy and the big industrialists are inclining to the view that the time is ripe to call a halt to naval expansion and to improve the relations between England and Germany. It would be superfluous to emphasise the grave impolicy at this juncture of checking this current of sentiment by the publication on our part of a naval Budget of provocative magnitude.

* * *

Some important changes have been made in the Licensing Bill. On Wednesday Mr. Leif Jones moved and carried an amendment reducing the area within which Local Option may be exercised. Its effect is to substitute the parish or urban area for the licensing district. In London the area would, as Mr. Harcourt explained, be the ward of the metropolitan borough. Local Option on this scale will raise boundary difficulties, but is more likely to secure practical acceptance than it would be in larger areas. On Thursday Mr. Asquith tabulated his new proposals for the future of Local Option, which lay down definitely that on the termination of his reduction period a two-thirds majority will be required. In the debate on Thursday Mr. Asquith made a crisp statement of the case for a time limit, and Mr. Balfour, in his reply, showed, perhaps unconsciously, how completely his own Act of 1904 was conceived in the interests of the Trade, and for its defence against the magistrates, who were merely exercising for the public good what the case of Sharpe *v.* Wakefield had proved to be the law of the land.

* * *

The dispute in the cotton trade has entered upon a new phase during the week. The spinners and the card-room workers have come to an understanding with one another, and, moreover, are seeking to negotiate with the employers through the General Federation of Trade Unions. They offer to accept an immediate reduction of five per cent. on the re-opening of the mills in November, or earlier, upon condition that the wages question should be reconsidered within three months from the date of resuming work. It is understood that the employers will not accept these terms, on the ground that they do not contain a settlement but would leave the wages question open. The next step would seem to be to lay down some principle upon which the adjustment of wages three months hence should take place. It might depend, for example, on what they call in the trade the "margin" at that time. The probability is that a settlement will be arrived at as soon as both parties are convinced that stocks are sufficiently reduced and that there is an active market for yarn.

* * *

Notwithstanding the continuance of the cotton dispute and the undoubted prevalence of unemployment in many centres, the immediate outlook for trade seems, if anything, slightly more hopeful. The Board of Trade figures for September were the least unfavorable of the last five months. Exports, indeed, continue to decline, but the drop is less than it had been at any time since last March, while imports, for the first time in the year, show a considerable increase, and it is to imports, particularly of food and raw material, that, outside the tariff controversy, people look first when they want to judge the course of trade. Figures of oversea trade should be read in conjunction with the movements of the index number of prices published by "The Economist." At the end of last month the index number, having steadily declined from 2,594 in the middle of 1907 to 2,168 in August of this year, showed a recovery to 2,200. This is not much, but it may be the straw which shows which way the wind is blowing.

* * *

The Ministerial crisis in Denmark, precipitated by M. Alberti's swindling, has been patched up after four weeks by M. Neergard, who has, at length, managed to form a stop-gap Ministry. The new Cabinet is a coalition Ministry, and it includes four members of the last Cabinet. While the new members are inexperienced in politics, the old members are tainted by their association with Alberti, whom they defended before his confession. M. Neergard was, however, compelled to retain them, because the party to which they belong is the strongest group in Parliament, while his own immediate following is infinitesimal. Nevertheless public opinion is very hot against the step. Some indication of public feeling has just been given by the election of a deputy to succeed Alberti. The candidate whom Alberti decisively defeated on the last occasion has been returned. M. Neergard's Ministry is not likely to last long.

* * *

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, whose death was announced on Monday, was a man of considerable and versatile abilities reflected in a distinguished and varied career. He played an important part both in the support and in the execution of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy, but he is probably remembered now mainly for his connection with the Fourth Party, of which he might claim to be, in a sense, the founder. The little band of brilliant men whom he brought together—Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Sir John Gorst—not only revived the fortunes of Conservatism after the crash of 1880, but gave a new turn to the whole development of Conservative politics in England, and, in virtue of his connection with the movement, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff may be said to have a place of his own in history.

* * *

From many sides comes evidence that opinion is ripening in favor of a limitation of speed as at least one step towards the solution of the motor difficulty. In the City a Committee has met, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, with the object of securing legislation to deal with "noisy and dangerous motor traffic." At the inquest on the victim of the Barnes accident, the jury, while exonerating the driver of the motor omnibus, added a rider that, "considering the increase in the number of accidents caused by motor cars driving within twelve miles of Charing Cross, the speed of motor vehicles should be reduced to twelve miles an hour." The Parish Council of Haslemere having before them a resolution in favor of a speed limit within the town, the Chairman pointed out that they would have to go to the County Council for powers, and the County Council in its turn would have to go to the Local Government Board. Remarking that "at the rate the Local Government Board were now working, it would be about fifteen years before they got through the present number of applications," he suggested, as an amendment to their resolution, one "urging the County Council to apply to the Local Government Board for a general ten miles an hour limit for all towns and populous places." This was unanimously adopted. The speed limit is probably the first step, though behind lies the question how it is to be enforced.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TASK OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Amid the alarums and excursions of unemployed demonstrators and suffragist agitators, Parliament has settled down to solid work. It has met not an hour too soon. On all sides grave problems confront the Government. They have, we fully believe, both the spirit and the ability to deal with them, but the actual conditions of time accentuate the difficulties, already grave enough, of the social and industrial position on the one hand, and the political situation on the other. The legislative programme is a heavy one. It threatens to become congested, and the experience of 1906 is in danger of being repeated. It will require all the resolution and all the tactical skill of the leaders to avert a legislative block at the very close of the autumn, of which the House of Lords will take full advantage. Nor has the Government the same freshness of youthful vigor, nor the same unimpaired confidence in public support, which with a little timely resolution would have surmounted the crisis two years ago, and have made everything plain sailing for future legislative work for the Liberal Party. We do not, indeed, lay too much stress on such losses as have been experienced at the by-elections. It is certain that while grave controversies are pending, while proposals are before the people which alarm powerful interests, the Government which puts them forward stands to lose. The danger to the Liberal Party is rather that these controversies may be allowed to drag on, that the sore may be kept open, and that the Government may, as it were, waste at both ends, losing credit with its friends for failure to give effect to their desires, while at the same time incurring the desperate hostility of all the interests that they have threatened. If the Government is to maintain itself with the country, the licensing and the education controversies have to be brought to a close. We may be sure that the masterly tactician who dictates the action of the House of Lords is fully alive to this weakness of his opponents and to the advantages to be gained by delaying a decision, and, having in view Mr. Balfour's astuteness and the control which he exercises over the Peers, we may well doubt whether the authority of the Bishops or their own public spirit will suffice to secure for the Licensing Bill a fair discussion in their assembly.

The Bill will go through the Commons without difficulty. If its advocates are wise they will lighten it by dispensing with every detail that is not essential to its main purpose. We certainly think that they have strengthened and improved it by accepting Mr. Leif Jones' amendment for narrowing the area of local veto. The power to keep the public-house away from one's own immediate neighborhood is a right which appeals to the ordinary citizen, quite apart from his zeal for Temperance as a cause. He sees it more distinctly as a means of securing himself against a possible nuisance, and he is both more likely to exercise the power when the Bill becomes law and to acquiesce in the granting of the same power to others, when he considers it from this point of view, than when he looks at it as a measure for making the nation more temperate. On this side, then, the programme of the Government is tolerably clear. They have to lighten the ship of temperance and keep everything trim and taut, at the same time pressing forward her cause with unswerving determination. The sooner she reaches the rapids of the Upper Chamber the better it will be for her favorable passage through them. The Government must not be rushed by the near approach of Christmas, as they were in the crisis of the Education Bill. They must leave the Lords time for full discussion, and, what is still more to the point, they must secure for the House of Commons full leisure to decide what action to take in reply to the decision of the Peers, whatever that may be. This, at least, they can feel: that, should the Peers reject the second reading, they have a resource which, in the case of education, was not available to them. They can deal with the financial side of the problem in next year's Budget, and they can convince the brewers that their immediate interests lie rather in the acceptance of this Bill than in forcing the immediate and separate treatment of the monopoly value of licensed premises. Indeed, if the opponents of the Bill are made betimes to realise the full nature of this alternative we fancy that their opposition will be somewhat relaxed.

Unfortunately, while the House of Commons is legislating on Licensing, and inwardly ruminating on the possibilities of Educational peace, other problems have arisen in the country to exercise the popular mind. It is ill arguing with starving men, and as long as there is in every great town a body of men and women who can neither find work nor food, the problems of unemployment must have an urgency which no other can command. We do not take a very pessimistic view of the immediate future of trade. Here and there, as we note in another column, there seem to be welcome evidences of a possible revival, but we are certain that the problem is sufficiently serious both to absorb the interest of the public and to render effective action on the part of the Government a matter of immediate necessity. As we pointed out last week, it is much to be desired that a question of this kind should be handled in all due caution and deliberation, but to secure these conditions it is necessary to deal with it before the crisis arises. In fact, as soon as the immediate needs of the present autumn are catered for, Ministers will, we trust, make it their business to think out a systematic scheme, whether on lines of insurance or of the provision of some form of national work which could be expanded and contracted in correspondence with the fluctuations of trade. They have to devise a permanent machinery whereby some security may be given to the honest and industrious workman against the danger of falling out of the ranks of industry into the abyss of pauperism and dependence. But for the moment we have to deal as well as we can with men who are actually destitute. We have to use the machinery of the Unemployed Workmen's Act. We have to consider how to make it most effective and what minimum of legislation may be required to amend it. We urged last week that the immediate problem is as much administrative as legislative. Initiative on the part of the Local Govern-

ment Board is the first step required. We recognise that Mr. Burns has accorded support to those municipalities which have applied to him, but we would urge that beyond this he should do something to stimulate those Distress Committees which hesitate from an insufficient understanding of their responsibility, or of their powers, to make effective provision for the unemployed. But, further, their action is at present cramped by the limiting conditions of the existing Act, which it would be well to remove. At present no rate can be levied for the direct payment of wages, and municipalities have to trust to private philanthropy and to getting what they can from the £200,000 grant. It would be easy to amend the Act by allowing a limited rate for direct expenditure on public works set on foot with a view to relief, and it would be fair, seeing that the question of unemployment is in reality a national one, for the central Government to meet the expenditure of the ratepayers with a grant of like amount. Mr. Burns, in his speech at Tynemouth, tells us that no legislation involving the right to work is contemplated in the present session, but a proposal of this kind would be very far from committing Parliament to the principle implied in Mr. P. W. Wilson's Bill. We do not say that it is a fundamental or permanent solution of the problem. But we do urge that it follows the line along which recent legislation has moved, and that the moment of crisis is not the time for striking out a new line. We gather from Mr. Asquith's replies to questions on the subject last Wednesday that the Government have the problem under their consideration, and we trust that, when he is able next week to announce their decision, we shall find that it at least does not fall short of these very moderate changes.

THE BALKAN PROBLEM.

It seemed, when Austria carried out her violent but elaborate manœuvre of ten days ago, as though the respect for treaties and the idea of European solidarity had suffered by her material success at least as severely as the Liberal movement in Turkey. Germany, Italy, and Russia, each in its own degree appeared in the character of an accomplice, and even in France official opinion was less emphatic and less unanimous in its condemnation than among ourselves. There was even a stage at which the "Temps" suggested that France might consent to condone the action of Austria, if Austria in her turn would support France at the next Moroccan Conference. For a moment Baron von Aerenthal's cynicism had dazzled and captivated the diplomatic mind, disposed as it is in all countries and among all peoples to accept the accomplished fact, and to regard European questions from the narrow standpoint of national interest. No one would go to war to prevent or avenge the annexation of Bosnia—why, then, hesitate to accept it with a good grace, if in the process something could be snatched from a helpless State in the name of "compensation"? From the shame of such an acquiescence Europe has been saved by the directness and manliness of Sir Edward Grey's attitude. Already he has succeeded in what is perhaps the larger part of his task. He has rallied the public opinion of Europe. The Russian and the Italian Press have in the end come to the English standpoint. The unlucky suggestion of the "Temps" has not been repeated, and even the German official Press has been at pains to explain that, if the German Government refrains from public protest, it is not because it approved of or consented to the Austrian *coup de main*, but simply and solely because Austria is an ally. Sir Edward Grey will succeed, we believe, in checking the general scramble for loot, which the action of Austria and Bulgaria so nearly precipitated; he may even go further by obliging these two States to make some substantial pecuniary compensation to Turkey for their treaty-breaking. But the moral gain of his firm stand is no less important from the European standpoint. He has shown that there is somewhere in the rear even of so highly bureaucratic a Government as that of Russia a reserve force of generous public opinion on which a disinterested Minister who adopts the standpoint of a "good European" may rely even in times of excitement and crisis. If only one Power will boldly maintain this attitude, it may hope to rally the popular forces against a diplomacy which in secret bargains away the rights of peoples. His success is a vindication of democracy as a real force even in foreign affairs.

The mischief which Austria's action threatened to the Young Turkish movement was its gravest and most obvious aspect. The events of the past week in Belgrade have reminded us that the Turks are very far from being the only race which has the right to complain. Half a century ago, in the days when Palmerston and Louis Napoleon used to talk of settling the future of peoples by the method of the *plébiscite*, no reminder would have been necessary to suggest that the Bosnians themselves had in this affair the first right to be consulted. There may be two opinions as to the value to them of thirty years of Austrian rule. We have met English tourists who were profoundly impressed by the roads, the railways, the clean streets, and the good hotels which they saw. That impression was usually deepened by the pains which the Austrian officials had taken to bring them into contact with nominated Bosnian mayors and notables of the "loyalist" faction. But the opinion of the five English observers known to us, who spoke Servian and were therefore able to converse with the peasantry, was emphatically and unanimously hostile to Austrian rule. The Austrians have developed Bosnia; they have not developed the Bosnians. Even now the "constitution" which they propose gives them no place in the Reichsrath, and foists upon them the archaic and plutocratic system of class suffrage, which Austria has itself discarded. So little was liberty of thought respected, that von Kallay's first act was to place his own "History of the Serbs" on the index. The ancient feud between Catholics, Orthodox, and Mohammedans has been sedulously exploited, and the guiding principle of the administration has been to crush the consciousness of Servian nationality. It is impossible to admire the somewhat neurotic protests of the Servians of Servia

against an act which finally destroys their last hope of becoming something more than an isolated and land-locked enclave, existing on sufferance on the edges of the Austrian Empire. Their dynastic misfortunes and their lack of constructive ability, have combined to make them a nearly negligible factor in the Near East. But no nominally free people is in reality in a more pitiable case. They see themselves cut off from the sea, and isolated from the majority of their race-fellows. For want of a port they are at the mercy of the Austrian politicians and capitalists who hold the railroads which are their only outlets to the world. And, now, the very boon which Austria throws as a "compensation" to Turkey, the withdrawal of her garrisons from Novi-Bazar, threatens to embroil them with the Turks, since it is now a Turkish instead of an Austrian army which will divide them from their brethren in Montenegro, and cut them off from the old trade routes which lead to the Adriatic. They are too weak to better their own case, nor can the Powers aid them without despoiling others. King Milan's old idea of voluntarily entering the Austrian Empire, and there forming a third monarchy, co-equal with Hungary and Austria, is, perhaps, with all its obnoxious associations, the one hope for the restoration of a united Servian nation.

Sir Edward Grey's strategy, which aims at confining the programme of the proposed Congress, if it meets at all, to the bare questions of Bosnia and Bulgaria, is probably the wisest which could be adopted in the difficult circumstances of this crisis. Within these limits the less scrupulous Powers may at least be restrained from securing "compensations" for themselves, and may even be persuaded to exact from Austria and Bulgaria certain pecuniary compensations to Turkey. Any attempt to achieve more—to annul the capitulations, for example, in Turkey's favor, would probably find little support. Even France has declared herself resolutely against their modification. The time has not yet come for recognising the competence of Turkish courts to try Europeans, but even now there are some aspects of these invidious privileges which might with advantage be considered. It is intolerable that Greeks and Levantines, who compete as industrialists and merchants with Turkish subjects, should be favored by a complete immunity from direct taxation. Moreover, the recent epidemic of strikes is a warning that, despite the fact that Turkey is, and will always be, an agricultural country, a Turkish Parliament may find before long that the capitulations prevent it from assuring industrial peace by forbidding it to legislate for workmen who are employed by foreign capitalists. But such questions as these require more leisure and serenity for their solution than can be commanded amid the suspicions of intrigue and the rumors of war which make the diplomatic atmosphere of to-day.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONVENTION.

The gathering of delegates from the South African States at Durban to consider the question of closer union is the first formal step in a long-deferred movement. It comes neither as a fruit of war nor of intrigue. On the contrary, war and intrigue have long delayed the operation of natural, political, and economic forces making for consolidation. Thirty years ago Lord Carnarvon endeavoured to force a premature federation by secret machinations, followed by the armed coercion of the two Boer States. The slowly healing sore left by this violence was once more reopened by the Jameson raid, while the Imperialist triumvirate, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Milner, and Mr. Rhodes, by their wrecking policy of a few years later, delayed for at least another decade the peaceful evolution of government in South Africa. For, though it is doubtless true that the sense of South African nationality has been aroused by the tragic events of the close of last century to a fuller consciousness, the difficulties of a satisfactory settlement of racial and State differences have been considerably enhanced. Though the present stage of the movement for closer union shows a most pleasing harmony of feeling and of policy among British and Dutch leaders, it would be foolish to feign that a few years would suffice to wipe out all memories of the past, while the heavy financial embarrassments in which the coast colonies are entangled, the normal aftermath of war, must increase the practical obstacles in the way of a satisfactory scheme of union. The present moment, however, is not one suited for dwelling upon difficulties, but rather for congratulating the statesmen of the colonies upon having educated in their country so general a feeling in favor of union. For it is no secret that the initiative has been taken by the vigorous leaders of public opinion, especially in the Transvaal and Cape Colony, and that if the movement is carried to a successful issue, the result will be attributable to the intellectual and political authority which such trusted men as Messrs. Merriman, Malan, Botha, Smuts, and Fischer wield among the peoples of their respective States.

At the outset discussion must turn chiefly upon the nature of the new bond, whether it shall be a thoroughgoing union with a single supreme legislative power, or a federal government in which some measure of independence, greater or less, shall be reserved for the several States. It is generally understood that in Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony, most active politicians of both white races favor fusion rather than federation. To this view not only General Botha and Mr. Smuts but Sir George Farrar, not only Messrs. Merriman and Malan but Dr. Jameson and Mr. Smart, are understood to be committed. The fact that neither natural, racial, nor economic differences of any moment divide these States from one another, while their artificial severance has been a constant source of trouble in the past, makes powerfully for amalgamation. Natal alone, with her mountain frontier, her more tropical climate, her British supremacy, and her particularist native policy, prefers a narrower scheme of federation. Outside Natal the strongest opposition to union appears to proceed from the back-veld Boers in the Transvaal, the anti-Dutch colonists in the Eastern Province, and from one or two powerful but eccentric statesmen, such as Mr. Hofmeyer and Mr. W. P. Schreiner. If, as seems likely, the delegates from the Transvaal and Cape Colony set their faces determinedly towards union, it will be very difficult for any of the other States to say them

nay. The Orange River Colony must, in any case, cast her lot in with the Transvaal, and these inland States can, in the last resort, compel the others to accede to their terms by crippling their traffic and their markets. Natal may make some show of holding back in splendid isolation, but the first straight hint of according equal competition to Delagoa Bay must force her to her knees. In fact, the ruinous condition to which Natal by her reckless misgovernment has brought her finance, makes her the least capable among all the Colonies of imposing terms. The Transvaal, from her geographical position and her rich mineral resources, is certainly able to exercise a predominant power in the Convention: if she is prepared to enter into union with weaker and poorer neighbours, she will be entitled to urge that she shall have a voice in the management of their affairs commensurate with the financial and commercial advantages which her co-operation secures for them. Though, therefore, it is far too early to prophesy the shape which the new Constitution will take, we feel tolerably sure that it will be closer than that of either of the other two great Colonial groups. The recent experience of Australia serves to indicate the many grave difficulties to which even the most carefully concerted scheme of federation among fairly homogeneous States is likely to give rise, and though the closer federal system of the Canadian Dominion has worked tolerably well, the friction between the State and Federal Governments has been not inconsiderable, while their rivalry in pressing claims upon the federal exchequer has been a growing source of political corruption.

But, though, on general political grounds, the case for unification as against federation appears very strong, vested interests, local pride, and to some degree differing standards and ideals of government,. will probably present obstacles to an easy settlement upon this basis. One issue—to our mind of supreme importance—is likely to cause trouble, *viz.*, the agreement upon any common policy regarding the government of the natives, who form the vast majority of British subjects in South Africa. It is understood that Mr. Schreiner prefers federation to unification upon the ground that he fears that a unified government will involve a degradation from the more liberal native policy in Cape Colony. Now, if unification necessarily involves complete uniformity of franchise and of native treatment over the entire country, we sympathise with his alarm. But though it is probably true that a unified or a federal constitution, providing throughout South Africa the equal civil and political rights accorded in Cape Colony, would be rejected by the peoples of the other States, it by no means follows that the more backward policy of the newer colonies must be forced upon the Cape. If neither the Transvaal nor the Orange River Colony, nor even Natal, with her spurious native franchise, is prepared straightway to adopt the principle to which Mr. Rhodes gave his assent, "equal rights for all civilised men south of the Zambesi," there can be no sufficient reason for requiring the colony which has successfully applied this principle to abandon it. We do not believe that the people of Cape Colony will consent to such abandonment, or even to such a derogation from the existing native rights as the substitution of the New Zealand Maori franchise for that which is enjoyed at present. Though the final settlement of this great issue of genuine self-government must rest with the white peoples of the Colonies, we cannot refrain from expressing a most earnest hope that they will come to recognise that a union or federation, in which the vast majority of the population are kept in permanent political servitude on grounds of race or color, can never expect to rank upon a level with genuine self-governing nationalities. It may very likely be the case that the Durban Convention will prefer to leave the solution of this question of the native franchise for the mature consideration of the central government itself, so as to avoid endangering the acceptance of a constitution by proposals too liberal for the northern peoples or too retrograde for Cape Colony. But the Convention, in the course of its deliberations, can hardly avoid considering the future position of Basutoland and Bechuanaland. These are imperial wards, and if a South African Union should ask that the future government of these countries be entrusted to her, the Imperial Government will be not merely entitled but compelled to take under her survey the general policy of the South African Government in its treatment of natives. For it is one thing to admit that no federal or central government would have been guilty of anything like the recent operations of Natal against the Zulus, it is quite another to feel confident that the integrity of Basutoland would be maintained against the clamorous demands of traders and prospectors. In considering any draft constitution which, as the result of the proceedings now begun at Durban, may ultimately come to the Imperial Government for its assent, the latter will doubtless bear in mind the vital difference between South Africa and the other two colonial nationalities, in which there are no great unrepresented races.

LABOR IN PARTNERSHIP.

Many employers have come to recognise that the ordinary business structure is essentially unsatisfactory as regards the relations between capital and labor, and many experiments are afoot for securing better harmony and more security in the co-operation of employer and employed. It is not unnatural that out of the stress and confusion in the shipbuilding industry of the North-East Coast some such peace proposal should emerge as that to which Sir Christopher Furness has given utterance. Setting aside as quite impracticable his first proposition to the effect that the trade-unionists should purchase and conduct the business, and confining our attention to his second and more detailed scheme for securing community of interest between capital and labor, we find ourselves confronted with very difficult issues of economic policy. Stated briefly, the scheme is this. Employees shall become owners of special guaranteed four per cent shares in the shipbuilding company, paying for them by deductions of five per cent. from their weekly earnings. After an agreed dividend on the ordinary shares, to be determined by the directors, probably at five per cent., has been provided out of profits, together with a proper

allowance for depreciation, development and reserve, any residue of profit is to be divided as bonus upon shares, the employees' shares and the ordinary shares being treated on an equality. Employees' shares do not carry any right of electing directors, and the full existing management and finance are reserved for the representatives of ordinary capital, but general amity is to be secured by a Works Council, composed of an equal number of representatives of the firm and of the men, trade union officials being eligible to sit upon this body, which is to be a Court of Reference and Conciliation.

The scheme differs from most schemes of co-partnership and of profit-sharing in several respects. In the first place, it does not pretend to bring labor into co-operation with capital for purposes of management, as is the case with Sir G. Livesey's experiment in the South Metropolitan Gas Company, where men's shares carry the right of electing members of the directorate. There is to be no movement towards the ideal of a compact self-governing democratic business in which the workers own the capital and control the business. In his interesting address in proposing the scheme, Sir Christopher Furness made it quite clear that the ability of business management was a third factor with the supreme control of which there must be no interference. Though experience in productive co-operation powerfully attests the accuracy of this judgment, it must be clearly understood that it involves *pro tanto* an incompleteness in the proposed harmony between capital and labor. For full access to accounts, and a proportionate voice in determining the allocation of sums for reserve and development, seem almost essential to preserve the confidence of the employee-shareholders.

As for the bonus or share of profits, it differs in form, though hardly in substance, from the usual profit-sharing business, in which, after fixed provision is made for interest, an agreed share of any surplus is paid as a lump sum to the worker in the shape of a percentage on his earnings. If all the ship-workers were shareholders in the way described, any addition of interest to the agreed four per cent. upon their shares would be in effect a bonus on wages, though nominally ranking as interest. Now the usual difficulty which has wrecked most profit-sharing schemes is this: The workers under the new stimulus of sharing profits have put more energy or care or skill into their work, and so long as they get some fairly substantial bonus they are content. But when lean years come they find the product of their extra energy absorbed in keeping up the ordinary dividend or shares, and they are told that there is nothing to divide. They are dissatisfied, and justly, for they have been induced to give out extra energy and have got nothing for it. The shipbuilders would probably experience the same disappointment if their four per cent. shares, paid for in hard cash by stoppage from their wages, fetched no bonus, and the essentially fluctuating character of their trade would render this contingency far more likely than in a trade like gas-making, where a monopoly of a prime convenience secures the company full business at profitable rates.

But a far wider issue is opened up in such proposals. How far is the general cause of industrial peace subserved by separate arrangements between the capital and the labor in particular businesses, which must result, and are intended to result, in detaching particular groups of workers and of employers from the outside organisation of labor and of capital in their trade?

Recognising the great need of free and various experiment in business enterprise, we should be loth to discourage any serious endeavor to harmonise the interests of capital and labor in any single business, and if shipbuilders deliberately prefer the profitable union with capital in their business to the fuller liberty of trade-unionism which, in fact, if not in principle, they are invited to abandon, they may do well to make this choice. But it should be clearly understood that the acceptance of this policy weakens the efficiency of the organisation of labor on trade lines. Now, although there is no finality in trade-unionism as a method of industrial settlement, and recent experience in the shipbuilding trade and elsewhere shows that much waste and misery is due to ill-considered strikes, it is none the less certain that the effective organisation of the labor and the capital engaged in the several trades has proved most serviceable in minimising quarrels and in furnishing the instrument of peaceful negotiation and conciliation. Any improvement in the relations between capital and labor in a single business which should, by a cross-cleavage, weaken this bond of sympathy and interest between the workers in a business and their fellows working in other businesses, might add nothing to the net harmony of business relations. While, therefore, we admit that there is much that is plausible and something that is genuinely good in such proposals of limited co-partnership, experience has not shown that the industrial incentives they sustain indicates such co-operation as forming an important current in the stream of social evolution. Successful instances of such co-operation have been mostly confined to special cases where the monopolistic character of the business, or the liberal philanthropy of the employer, have assigned to labor a secure and a considerable supplement to wages. But we doubt the efficacy of the application of such methods to highly competitive and fluctuating trades.

One section of Sir Christopher's proposal demands, however, hearty assent, his suggestion of a representative council in which employers and employed shall meet on equal terms for friendly communication on all matters of common interest. Unfounded suspicion and false rumors are responsible for an enormous quantity of misunderstanding and ill-will in the relations between employer and employee. In the old days such troubles might often be healed by the loose informal contact between master and men thrown together in the ordinary course of the day's work. In a huge modern works no such personal contact is possible. Hence the greater need of such a council as Sir Christopher proposes for free intercourse between the management and the workers which might promote friendly intercourse, put each in possession of the mind of the other, and smooth out difficulties in their opening stages.

Life and Letters.

A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

It is very difficult for a paradoxist to gain recognition as a thinker, for most readers so much prefer him not to think but merely to continue turning truisms on their back to show the other half-truth. How difficult it is may be proved by committing what may be termed the supreme paradox, where the paradoxist represents himself as the only plain, commonplace man. Mr. G. B. Shaw and Mr. G. K. Chesterton are in this same boat. The world has decided that they are intellectual jesters, and their efforts to wriggle out of the motley garb and don sober broadcloth is naturally taken as an entertaining feat. Mr. Shaw, as evidence of his commonplace humanity, quotes his oculist's testimony to the absolute normality of his vision: but everyone knows what Mr. Shaw thinks of doctors. Mr. Chesterton is more discreet, and gives for his reference of character Mr. Chesterton. Indeed, to what better authority could he appeal?

Yet both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton are eminently serious persons with large missions to fulfil and important messages for their age. If only they could shake off the cap and bells! Mr. Chesterton realises the tragical (and comical) plight, and in his latest volume, "Orthodoxy" (The Bodley Head), designed to set forth his "philosophy," makes a gallant though unsuccessful attempt to attain a qualifying dulness. Like other philosophers, he writes his signature large over the Universe, and, if Chesterton were Brown or Jones, the trick would be done, and we should have our normal "philosophy" as objective as it could be got. At the outset of his undertaking he represents himself as the normal man in search of the obvious, but the results are so interesting and novel to his readers that they cannot be taken for obvious; while his method of search and discovery marks him off as anything but normal. Thus while everyone will admit that "Orthodoxy" is a profoundly interesting "document," some will hold that it teaches more about Mr. Chesterton than about the constitution of the Universe. We say this entirely without prejudice. For we hold with Mr. Wells that great gain comes to sociology by every man framing his own Utopia to try what it is worth, and that straightforward, informal efforts of fertile minds like Mr. Chesterton's are far more likely to reach and state a sane view of "things in general" than professional philosophers. The pattern of his intellectual and moral needs which Mr. Chesterton fits on to the Universe is a very interesting and in some ways a very comforting one, and his is not the sort of worrying mind that suspects the truth of a view because it is comforting.

When he was a little child his parents told him that yellow flowers called crocuses would come out in the garden in early spring. They did so. Extraordinary things happened, and yet they could be foretold. This gave him confidence in prophesy and miracle, "the combination of something strange with something that is secure." His nurse told him tales in which magicians or fairies sent boys and girls on strange adventures in enchanted lands where spells are laid, the observation or the breach of which bring golden felicity or abject perdition, where the course of Nature may be made and varied according to the purpose of the magician, and yet everything that happens strikes the child's imagination as right and reasonable. The logic of elf-land is consistent with any amount of arbitrary interference with the order of outward happenings, so as to enforce the meaning of the romance. And yet there were real laws in fairyland, mystical conditions which could be kept or broken, and it was essential to the interest and the "sense" of the story that this should be so.

As he grew up, the boy required, for his own larger life and for the life of the Universe, the same sort of reasonable satisfaction which his father's prophecies and their fulfilment, his nurse's tales and their inevitable rightness, gave him in childhood. "Laws," "necessity," "tendency," and all the verbal paraphernalia of mechanical explanation were of no use to him: if laws were not made to be broken, at least it was essential that they should be able to be broken, and necessitarian doctrine robbing life of hazard, sin, glory, caprice, reduced it to dust and ashes. "The only words that ever satisfied me as describing Nature are the terms used in the fairy books, 'charm,' 'spell,' 'enchantment.' They express the arbitrariness of the fact and its mystery." In other words, not only life but Nature must be explained as a romantic drama, with fortuitous events, marvellous coincidences, which the actors seem to improvise as they go along with a glory and a failure that is theirs, but where plot and promptings and suggestive scenery alike are furnished by the great dramatist. The dull grinding out of the inevitable by process of evolution, moving from no origin to no goal, is unmeaning, *i.e.*, fails to explain the actual interest which belongs to life. There must be magic in it, and where there is magic there is the magician, who sets men on romantic quests for the fulfilment of his purposes, assigning them freedom to obey and disobey, but intruding his will as often as he chooses. Without impugning the legitimacy of logic and scientific method, Mr. Chesterton urges that the senses of mystery, security, romance, loyalty to ideals and progress, are left entirely unsatisfied by rationalism, and that the failure of thought to touch these all-important facts is nothing short of intellectual suicide.

Then he proceeds to build up the theological structure and superstructure of his magical palace, claiming to rehearse his own voyage of discovery, as he found in Christianity the only system at once large, liberal, and human enough to satisfy first the major, then the minor, needs of his kosmic romance. It is no timorous piece of apologetics, no endeavour to pour new wine into old bottles, or to liberalise traditional doctrines. Quite the contrary. Mr. Chesterton will not have either "the inner light" of the Friends (which he gravely misrepresents), nor the divine "immanence" of Mr. Campbell; still less will he make concessions to Buddhism and other spiritual religions. The dogmatic mantle of his nurse has fallen on him: he is as cocksure about "the fall," "the Trinity," "free will," salvation, and perdition, as was she of Cinderella's coach and four or the geography of Beanstalk land. It is the old theology he craves, with a Garden of Eden, a Paradise, a Hell, a scheme of redemption expressing the divine purpose of a Holy Company, and the Christian Church to give authoritative interpretation of the Divine Will to an obedient world. In this "romance" of Orthodoxy he perceives "Titanic purposes of faith and revelation," for some of the most remarkable chapters in his book consist in his reconciliation of Christianity with the causes of democracy and of social revolution.

It is not possible here to attempt a critical estimate of what will, at the least, rank as an astonishing achievement, and of what may come to be regarded as an important modern bulwark of the faith. What Mr. Chesterton has shown with incomparable brilliancy is the way in which Christianity has in creed and rites adapted itself to the common needs and aspirations of man. What he neglects to recognise, however, is that the Christian Church, which continually he speaks of as "one," and which he treats as immutable in purpose and ideals, is alike in form and spirit not one but several, while its ideals are not immutable in substance but necessarily reflect and respond to the changing spirtual needs of each generation, degree of education, class, sex, and age. So, too, his treatment of other religions is unsatisfactory and not consistent with his method. Buddhism, for instance, he rejects as intrinsically false and unsatisfying, because it fails to give due emphasis to his special problem and to feed his emotional demands.

The very brilliance of his antithetical reasoning, though it forces attention and even admiration, is apt to raise suspicions which are not without some justification. His procedure is too confident and too complete: every ob-

jection he sets up he demolishes in a telling phrase; no opponent has a grain of truth. The stir of the fight is apt to turn the honest reasoner into a sophist, and one piece of superb sophistry runs throughout his handling of "scepticism." Objectors have urged that Christianity lacks the unity of spirit and of purpose that is claimed for her; they urge that it teaches peace and war, submission and persecution, anger and meekness, conservatism and reform. To this Mr. Chesterton replies that "Christianity is a superhuman paradox whereby two opposite passions may blaze beside each other": it is "the survey of one who from some supernatural height beholds some more startling synthesis." Now, this, in plain language, is sheer intellectual bluff: it neither defends nor explains. We cite this because it illustrates, as well as or better than many other passages, the besetting sin of paradoxical assertion as a mode of reasoning, *viz.*, an abuse of the power of suggestion.

But though we cannot accord to Mr. Chesterton the full and final meed of victory for his particular "Orthodoxy" which he so boisterously demands, his antithetical procedure discloses so many important neglected "other halves" of truths, so skilfully pieced together in his pattern of the whole, as to make what Carlyle would have called a real book, or bible, worthy to be set alongside of "Sartor Resartus" as a defence of the faith. It is, indeed, a far more satisfactory bible than Carlyle's, for with equal earnestness and far more genuine humanity, it upholds a much more definite creed.

GRAPHOMANIA.

Writing is to some men like the gallows' mandrake, that shrieks as it is dragged up by the roots. It tortures them till they writhe, and their spirit grows gnarled and knotted into the form of old vinestocks. They agonise and wrestle, they pray to be delivered from the approaching hour. The thought that they must write pervades their waking and sleeping with gloom for weeks beforehand. They loathe the sight of an inkpot, as a mad dog loathes water. Wild horses would not drag them to the desk, hunger would not compel them. They had rather scavenge the streets and prod orange peel and rags with a pointed stick than put pen to paper. Nothing but conscience will drive them to write—nothing but the pitiless and overwhelming force that gives them no peace till they have found utterance in words that are like blood crushed from stones. And when it is over, they are left exhausted, prostrate, and half dead.

How different must be the lot of those who appear to secrete writing as the rose secretes perfume, and the toad venom! They are not torn in pieces as by a legion of cast-out devils. They are not overcome with shuddering horror at the sight of the blank page confronting them. To them the blank page is a sunlit field, which, like a shining river, the stream of ink will presently fertilise with current always gently flowing on. To them the act of writing is the fulfilment of a natural function, as easy as breathing, and almost as unconscious. They are unhappy when (to use the jargon of modern science) they are not "functioning." If for a day or two the action is checked, they feel oppressed, clogged, and uneasy, as when the pores of the skin are choked. Give them their accustomed outlet, and their serenity is at once restored. They become blithe and benign; after inditing the goodly matter of a page they shake off the last sign of distemper: they whistle or sing, like a complacent hen, who cackles when she has satisfactorily fulfilled her function. They can hardly be said to be purged of their perilous stuff, for their stuff is not perilous. It is a secretion, a product, a spider's thread, a sheep's fleece, a crocodile's tear, and as the only real happiness is the exercise of natural powers, they are easily happy on threepence at a stationer's shop.

It is, indeed, one of the great blessings of civilisation that progress has largely increased their opportunities of beatitude. We cannot doubt it was of them that Pope was thinking when, being always peevish in regard to such people himself, he wrote of Martinus Scriblerus that "he lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land." Before the invention of writing, indeed, the born writer must have suffered an evil time, as he suffers in the Central African forests to this day. But for the last two centuries he has been able to realise himself in most European countries on a comparatively small expenditure, and consequently, since that date, there has been no happier or more contented section of the community than born writers. We had lately occasion to refer to the enviable self-complacency with which Gibbon, on the approach of old age, regarded his past and present life. He gave this reason and that reason for his contentment, and, of course, we must take some account of his genius for history and his undisputed fame. But the real cause of his happiness was that he was born a writer, and fulfilled his function. "Another big book, Mr. Gibbon!" said the Prince of Wales to him once; "always scribble, scribble, scribble!" and the Prince of Wales was not such a fool as might appear. "Heavens!" cried Pope, in an anguish of body and mind—"Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?" "I don't know about you, but I was," answers the born writer, and smilingly dips his pen.

Almost the only danger to which the happy writer can be exposed in these days of cheap stationery is insanity. Certainly, Max Nordau, or Lombroso, or whoever it was that coined the word "graphomania" was too harsh in applying it indiscriminately. Mr. Dick, for instance, was a born writer. His happiness lay in writing; mere writing was his function, and it must be remembered how artistically careless he was about publication:—

> "There is plenty of string," he said of his kite, "and when it flies high it takes the facts a long way. That's my manner of diffusing them. I don't know where they may come down. It's according to circumstances, and the wind, and so forth: but I take my chance of that."

It is only too probable that Max Nordau would have called Mr. Dick a "graphomaniac." But he was not a maniac in the least. When David asked his aunt if Mr. Dick was at all out of his mind, "Not a morsel," she replied; "if there is anything in the world that Mr. Dick is not, it is that." So we must be on our guard when men of science scatter these question-begging terms. But still, some connection between born writers and insanity has long persisted. "All Bedlam, or Parnassus is let out!" sighed Pope, when the dog-star raged. And again, he tells of him who,—

> "Locked from ink and paper, scrawls
> With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls."

Everyone who has inhabited an asylum knows with what absorbed intensity many of the other inmates cover ream after ream of paper with mere writing, sometimes in tremulous eagerness to catch a post that never goes, but more often for the mere, the almost physical, satisfaction, of putting down the words. In most cases the patients of this class are born writers, who, under the influence of disease, return to the function which has given them natural relief in the past, just as the vacunas of Patagonia, when they feel very ill, congregate to die beside a river where they and their ancestors have been used to relieve their thirst.

Let us, however, turn from this gloomy side of things to share the innocent joys of a happy writer in the open world of sanity and freedom. Mr. Algernon Ashton has made himself a writer's name, unique, if not imperishable. With entire justice, he says:—

> "The curious fact remains that somehow or other I have managed to become the best-known letter-to-the-editor writer now living."

To call the fact curious is but the modesty of genius. Mr. Ashton's fame stands unrivalled. His latest—and oh, that we must say his last!—publication, entitled "More Truth, Wit, and Wisdom" (Chapman & Hall), contains 656 of his letters to the papers, and all of them appeared within the space of two years, one month, and

two days (Mr. Ashton insists on accuracy). We honestly believe this to be an unequalled feat. It is like Newton's "Principia" or the Ninth Symphony. No one else has done it. But we are convinced that Mr. Ashton is moved to write by no mere fame. He writes to the papers because he cannot help it—because it is his function, and he pines till it is fulfilled. He talks of this function as a "labor," but it is no such thing. It is his joy, his nature, his self-fulfilment. Touch him where you like, he spouts a letter, just as Canon Rawnsley spouts a sonnet. In many respects the two are similar. No matter what happens—the opening of a reservoir, a spring day, anybody's death or burial—we can always safely count on our letter from Mr. Ashton and our sonnet from Canon Rawnsley. "Don't let the Canon do a sonnet on me!" was an old Cumberland lady's dying prayer, but nothing could save her. Nothing could save anything from an Algernon Ashton letter.

Perhaps the tomb attracts him most. In his table of contents we find eighty-five letters classed as "Sepulchral," and there are forty-three "Monumental," and eighteen "Necrological" besides. For one single subject, probably the churchyards win hands down; and that may account for Mr. Ashton's vehement hatred of cremation, which would interfere with his vested interest in graves. He reminds one of Pope's enemy, Dr. John Friend, who was a graphomaniac of epitaphs, and, being imprisoned in the Tower, composed an immense book on the kindred subject of the History of Medicine. But, indeed, all is fish to Mr. Ashton's net. He boasts that "his own Press communications touch upon the most diverse topics imaginable." As a baby sees everything flat, without distance or perspective, so to Mr. Ashton everything is on a level. He has a flat mind, a Tit-Bit mind. He writes with exactly equal dulness on Blondin's birthday, the Suffragists, the Enfield cedar, the healthiest town, the average age of musicians, the height of Vesuvius, the insanitary influence of beards, the grave of Wagner's father and Bach's last grandson, the majority of a Member of Parliament at the last election but one, the taxation of bachelors, the largest Gothic building, Manuel Garcia's cigarettes, the East Tyrone election, German education, the number of musicians cremated, and Shakespeare (for, of course, he is a Baconian). At the foot of each letter he gives his full name and address. Both are printed 656 times over, and certainly they are quite as important as the letters themselves. Let us take but one example of a letter; the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" was destined to receive it:—

> "Sir,—Query: Why is the House of Lords like our illustrious king? Answer: Because it almost invariably does the right thing."

That is all (but for name and address), and we admit that it is just the kind of thing that wins a peerage.

Here and there we come upon the joke that gentle dulness loves. But the choicest jokes are not Mr. Ashton's own; they are quotations from a funny friend—a certain Mr. Oscar Mount Balthasar, descendant of the Three Kings, as Mr. Ashton informs us, though we hope not from all of them. On one occasion this scion of royalty, sitting next to Mr. Ashton, "drily but facetiously remarked: 'No wonder he's so cool—if he's an ice man!'" Perhaps we should have expected something better from a descendant of the Three Kings, but it is quite up to the level of Mr. Ashton, who himself claims from the Plantagenets.

And now it is all over and done. We confess, it is with a sense of pathos, and the tears of things, that we read the last letter (printed in forty-nine separate newspapers), in which Mr. Ashton bids farewell to editors for ever. "I herewith take my final and irrevocable leave as a correspondent to the newspapers," he writes. He tells us that as a musician he will now endeavor to become a great Englishman. That is no consolation. We have many great Englishmen, but only one supreme letter-to-the-editor writer. His leave-taking eclipses the dulness of nations, and to what future can he himself look forward now? How dreary to feel his occupation gone! As Miss Betsy said of Mr. Dick's Memorial, "It kept him employed." But Mr. Ashton is adamant against our entreaties. Like Prospero, he abjures his magic art, he breaks his staff, and buries it certain fathoms in the earth. Oh, but stop a minute! What a subject for Sepulchral Letter the 86th!

THE CITY CROWD.

"Has there been a row?" asked a journalist on Tuesday last of a section of the crowd at Westminster. "No," was the cheerful reply; "but we still 'ave 'opes." It is a crowd which "still 'as 'opes" that forms the matrix or solid body of these agglomerations of humanity whose doings to-day excite some interest and some perplexity amongst observers of social change. In the midst are the criminal and the enthusiast, those who are openly at war with Society, those who are battered by its complexities and troublous demands, those, again, in whom devotion to some ideal cause burns like a flame at the heart. But these are all encompassed and embedded in the multitude of the unimportant: gathered from nowhere, journeying no whither, swaying and eddying, swept into random groups and aggregations, choking for a moment all the city ways, and in a moment leaving them all silent and deserted; the City Crowd which has seen little that is encouraging at the present, but "has hopes" of something thrilling or wonderful yet to be revealed.

You may see it in the dim morning of every day, struggling from the outskirts of the City into tram cars and trains which are dragging it into its centres of labor: numberless shabby, drab figures, with little white faces, shambling over the bridges or pouring out of the exits of the central railway stations. You may discern in places the very pavements torn apart, and tunnels burrowed in the bowels of the earth, so that the astonished visitor from afar, unacquainted with the secret, beholds a perpetual stream of people emerging from the middle of the street, seemingly manufactured in some laboratory below, all of one pattern, with those also among them which the machine has flawed or shaken or broken. It flows always along the high road of the huge town in the day time, like a liquid unprecipitated or a river, in clear even stream carrying down dust to the sea. But at any moment an unexpected incident, tragic or trivial, may change the liquid from clear to cloudiness, or reveal, like the river suddenly banked in obstruction, the debris and turgid elements which it has hitherto borne along so buoyantly. A motor omnibus stands still, a cab horse collapses, men's voices are raised in altercation, an itinerant agitator demands work for all, or announces the day of judgment. Immediately a knot appears in the texture of the wood, a whirlpool in the water. The multitude of the unimportant gather together, "having hopes." With incredible rapidity appear amongst them the criminal, the loafer, the enthusiast; the stream of busy persons has become transferred in a moment into the City Crowd.

There is a note of menace in it, in the mixed clamor which rises from its humors and angers, like the voice of the sea in gathering storm. There is the evidence of possibilities of violence in its waywardness, its caprice, its always incalculable mettle and temper, forming in the aggregate a kind of personality differing altogether from the personalities of its component atoms. Satisfied, curious, eager only for laughter and emotion, it will cheer the police which is scattering it like chaff and spray, mock openly at those amongst it who have come with set purposes, idle and sprawl on a summer afternoon at Hyde Park or an autumn evening in Parliament Square. But one feels that the smile might turn suddenly and inconsequently into a fierce snarl or sneer, and that panic and wild fury are concealed in its recesses, no less than rejoicing and foolish praise. But more than the menace, the overwhelming impression is one of fatuity; a kind of life grotesque and meaningless. It is in the City crowd, where the traits of individual distinction have become merged in the aggregate, and the impression (from a distance) is of little white blobs of faces borne upon little black twisted or misshapen

bodies, that the scorn of the philosopher for the mob, the superhuman for humanity, becomes for the first time intelligible. Separate the drops and particles of it, follow each man homeward through the various ways of the City labyrinth—at the end you will find Humanity in its unchangeable and abiding existence: a tiny suburban home with cottage and garden, a tenement in a cliff of workmen's dwellings, a "child's white face to kiss at night," a "woman's smile by candle light." In each there is, then, resistance, courage, aspiration; a persistence which carries through the daily task with some energy and some enjoyment and not entire discredit at the end. But immediately the mass of individuals has become the aggregate, this note of personal distinction vanishes; Humanity has become the Mob, pitifully ineffective before the organised resistance of police and military, and almost indecently naked of discipline or volition in the comparison; gaping open-mouthed, jeering at devotions which it cannot understand, like some uncouth monster which can be cajoled and flattered into imprisonment or ignoble action; like the Crowd which in all ages has rejoiced one day at the triumph, the next at the Crucifixion, of its King.

Why is it that this writing down of values takes place when mankind is thus collected into aggregations: that the spirit of the mob is so much less reputable than the spirit of its separate components? In part perhaps because the trivial and vacant elements are uppermost amongst a city race whose aspirations and purposes are not associated with organised collective energies and aims. They have gathered for recreation, to be amused: for curiosity, to be surprised: for companionship, in a region where night has its empire, not without its terrors, just beyond the boundaries of their limited experience. The tragedy of common life is dominant, a modern philosopher has declared, not because poverty is the heritage of all but the few, or because existence offers at best a struggle uncertain and austere: but whenever that life is closed in the vision of limited horizons, and moved by no ideal springs. The laborer who cherishes the hope of a renovated society in which all shall be satisfied, the woman who flings herself into prison in the hope that through her sacrifice the freedom of woman will be attained, is a figure to the outward eye, indistinguishable in its darkness and obscurity from the multitude around who jeer and wonder and applaud. But these laborers and women have the secret absent from their fellows which gives their little lives a significance denied to the encompassing crowds; in the sense of consecration to a purpose, a meaning and a goal.

Meantime that spirit abides but in the few; and the Crowd remains, to-day as yesterday, an instrument which the strong man has always used and always despised in the using. The new features of it come from the change that has gathered men from the countryside and the tiny town and hurried them into the streets of an immense city—henceforth always to move in a company, tied as with a chain to their fellows, never to stand silent and alone. In such a transformation there would seem some danger of the normal life of man becoming the life of the Crowd, with features intensified and distorted when collected in tumult or demonstration. We seem to see in the experience of a generation an increasing tendency thus to merge the individual in the mass, more frequent and unfailing response to the demand for agitation which, in fact, is an excuse for absurdity or violence. Man, always seeking to escape from himself, found various channels of egress; in drink, in religious emotion, in political energy. He has now found that he can escape from himself by merely linking up with others like himself to become units in a Crowd. The secret is perhaps most clearly apprehended in America, where the Crowd Consciousness is excited as deliberately as the religious emotion of a revivalist meeting; and after due preparation an aggregate of humanity suddenly breaks into carefully fermented lunacy. So that selected delegates of the political parties—men, as selected, it would seem, of special calculation, intelligence, and prudence—will shout at Denver or Chicago meaningless cacophinations for an hour and a half on end, march round and round the hall playing instruments and singing discordant songs, or suddenly take off their coats or stand on their heads or beat each other with bits of board. It is the experience of the flagellants and pilgrims of medieval times, with hysteria no longer left to chance, but organised as a fine art. In our own "mafficking," in the tearing to pieces of the City Volunteers, in unemployed demonstrations, even in a spectacle so diverting and yet so foreboding as the so-called "siege of St. Stephen's" of last Tuesday, there are traces of similar if less exaggerated emotion: as man, communicating the infection of the Crowd consciousness to his fellow men, suddenly abandons his individual volitions and restraints, and loses himself in the volition of the Crowd. A note of hysteria may seem to be an inevitable accompaniment of a city life so divorced from the earth's ancient sanities as never to appear quite sane: and the future of the city populations, ever "speeded up" by more insistent bustles and noises and nervous explosions, takes upon itself, in its normal activities, something hitherto abnormal to humanity. We shall probably encounter in the future more appeals to the multiplied power of assembly, more determination to find a short cut in lawlessness towards attainment, more passive and active resistance in an attempt at government by violence rather than government by reason. Others, beside the unemployed or the women, will make this visible protest before all men by exhibition of their willingness to face ridicule, discomfort, physical injury, and even martyrdom in their ardour for the triumph of their cause. In a vision across the centuries, with time foreshortened, even material things take upon themselves the quality of motion: and the cities may be seen rising and falling, in growth, in triumph, and decay, like the fire that flares and in a moment fades. In similar vision the streets of those cities are always filled with this tumultuous and curious Crowd: restless, leaderless, astonished at itself and at the world, finding little intelligible either in the universe without or the universe within. Before which assembly in perpetual session there pass the phantom figures of those who appeal for its favor and its judgment: at first to a Crowd contemptuous, then to a Crowd acquiescent and astonished, ultimately to a Crowd applauding: themselves members of it, yet standing always separate and apart: because they alone are working towards an end.

THE ALIEN FOX.

There is a vulpicide in our village. Not till now, within the memory of man, has a man of our country been found so base as to draw trigger against the fox, unless it be true that some time in the late days of the muzzle-loader a certain irate poultryman let off a charge at a calculated ineffective distance "to larn Mr. Thieving Fox not to meddle wi' my hens." The old ideas of rectitude have at length proved too weak to capture the morals of the new man. A semi-townsman, lately immigrant, has got unreasonably tired of seeing his buff Orpingtons carried off to feed the young gladiators, and under the present bright moon he lay and waited for the marauder with his rabbit rifle and destroyed at a shot a day's sport for a thousand men, horses and dogs.

It was, of course, to be expected that even a man who breeds prize poultry and keeps a rifle would have somewhat to say in his own defence of such a parlous deed. If he could have proved that this was a sorry old fox, eaten with mange, and that therefore he shot him, the scowls of the neighbourhood would be changed to smiles, and the hunt secretary might even thank him for his zeal in the cause of sport. He certainly has not so good a defence as that. He says that if the hunt had done its duty by hunting the foxes with reasonable earnestness, he would have stayed his hand, would have allowed his special marauder to run his account until he could have been killed in season by the hounds. He would even make proper allowance for the fact that the hunting of foxes, by increasing the stamina of the survivors, tends to increase their numbers. He would not

be so unreasonable as to refuse the further concession that it is allowable now and then to introduce a healthy Scotch or Cumberland dog fox to improve the local breed for sporting purposes. "But," says he, "the varmint I have shot is not only no Blankshire fox. He is no British fox at all, but a Servian or South Austrian, of no known blood, brought in not to improve breed but simply to increase numbers." And the worst of it is, the man has taken expert opinion as to the nationality of his victim, and the expert has borne out his contention. The parish has brought in a verdict of murder with extenuating circumstances.

We would not deny the pleasures of hunting, or the strength of its appeal to the primitive impulses. There is no sport in the world, on the purely physical side, like the gallop across country that is the one thing we hope for when we go to the meet. True that we might get the gallop without the fox, though no horse carries its rider with such spirit as when the hounds are streaming along in front, the horn sounding, and a host of equine competitors thundering alongside. The farmer who would stare, and worse, at a more or less distant neighbor who came jumping his hedges and scattering his seeds on a solitary frolic, is delighted to see hundreds of townsmen, as well as fellow tillers of the soil, smash the hedges down by the yard and set his sheep stampeding, when the fox leads the way. He joins in the hue and cry on the best of his young horses, which, haply, he sells for a good figure as the result of showing its paces before such a discriminating crowd.

The science of fox-hunting has been so fixed for many years that there is no more to be learned and no chance of making mistakes. Hounds have been bred and selected of such nose and of such speed that the fox stopped out of all his cities of refuge has the poorest of chances. We sometimes give him a little law by keeping the hounds a little shorter in the leg than the forces of evolution would have them, but, in the main, the desire of the field for a kill, as well as a run for its money, gains the day. Only by means of strictest preservation can the supply be kept up to the requirements of a first-rate pack hunting three days a week during a winter that rarely locks up the land with frost. From the sparing and protecting of the wild litters to the turning-down of cubs of all manner of races, and the occasional sly introduction of a veritable "bagman" for a particular day's "sport," is a journey composed of many steps none of much apparent significance. But now that the final stage has been reached, many masters are asking themselves whether the sport has not become too ridiculous to last much longer.

There are still plenty of farmers and other stewards of the land who are proud to have a litter of cubs in their fields, and to be able to assure the whips that they can always find a fox by drawing their coverts. But many secretaries get an increasing number of requests to remove superfluous litters to some place where they may be more welcome. If the secretary fails to comply, and some unauthorised person removes the little family in the night, no very pressing hue and cry is likely to be raised. The cub-stealers know where to find some ambitious person, probably living in the district of some other hunt who wants young foxes, and who may not enquire too particularly whence they come. When a country has been swept by mange, or otherwise emptied, we cannot be surprised if the hunt committee itself knows a good deal about the motherless young foxes that are being reared to make their sadly uneducated *début* before the hounds next winter. Hand-fed, and without the advantage of a four-footed guide to show them the lie of the land, it is scarcely to be expected that they will survive the season and live to perpetuate their amiable kind. Never mind. There will be more young foxes to be had in the spring, if not from the next county, then from Scotland, where the barbarians do not hunt foxes, or from Germany, Austria, Sardinia, and Siberia.

Responsible authorities to whom we have applied have estimated that the trade in foxes runs into thousands a year. Colonel J. S. Talbot, who has turned down many litters, says that as much as ten shillings and a sovereign is paid at times by the man who stands between the catcher and the ultimate customer. The statement refers, we need scarcely say, to none of the Colonel's transactions, but occurs in the confessions of an old fox-stealer with whom he had conversation. If prices like that are obtainable, there would seem to be a considerable market, and we cannot be surprised if foxes arrive from all parts of Europe. It is a *pis aller* to which fox "preservers" resort with reluctance, or at any rate with a heavy sense of responsibility. Not only are the imported cubs of the year, from whatever race they spring, far inferior, for purposes of sport, to those home born and reared by their own mother. They know nothing of the country in which they are asked to run for their lives, and when the hounds come they can only dodge about from neighboring cover to cover, till they are ingloriously chopped in the wood, or by some happy chance escape without giving the field a gallop. Another, and a serious, count against them is that they are very likely to bring mange into the district, and thus destroy the few healthy wild foxes that there may be. They may contract the unseen seeds of the disease in the hands of the dealers who bring them in boxes from far countries, and have an almost equal further chance of doing so in the artificial life they have to lead as turned-down cubs. There is no mother to look after sanitation by removing them to fresh quarters when the earth gets foul. Nor can the man who has charge of them feed them with the discrimination that a good vixen uses. They do not go short, but the greater danger of over-feeding is theirs, and they must often lack the all important change from fur to feather, or *vice versa*, that is at times essential to health. The men who first naturalised foxes did so with immense care, and usually with success; but the more the practice grows the greater is the chance of its proving a curse instead of a doubtful blessing. And the greatest danger of all is that the people who stood very well the over-nursing of indigenous foxes will be struck by the extreme illogicality of its later development, and become silent objectors, secret hinderers, even vulpicides.

Present-Day Problems.

THE INDIA OF TO-DAY.*

During the lifetime of the old East India Company, every twenty years, before the renewal of the Charter, there was a searching Parliamentary inquiry into Indian affairs. That was the opportunity to bring abuses to light and to redress grievances; and from these periodical inquiries date the Acts of Parliament which abolished trade monopoly, limited the powers of the Company, and initiated progressive measures for the benefit of the Indian people. But since 1858, when the Crown took over the direct administration of India, these grand inquisitions of the nation have ceased. For the last half-century, therefore, the control of Parliament and the British democracy over Indian affairs has practically been in abeyance; and the administration of India has been a pure bureaucracy, a bureaucracy singularly honest, industrious, and well-meaning, but subject to the vices inseparable from the bureaucratic system—the vices of arrogance, centralisation, secrecy, and suspicion. Under this rigid mechanical system the people of India have for many years remained quiescent. Now at last a change has come, and the reason is not far to seek. During those fifty years three or four generations of educated Indians have passed through our Indian colleges and universities, men of scholastic attainments sufficient to produce senior wranglers at Cambridge, and to head the list in the Civil Service competition. In public affairs, too, they have done excellently well wherever an opportunity has been allowed to them—as judges of the high courts and prime ministers of Indian principalities. These men, nurtured on Western literature, have aspirations for national recognition, for freedom and self government; they see the poverty, the famine, and the pestilence which devastate their

* "The New Spirit of India." By Henry W. Nevinson. Harpers. 10s. 6d. net.

country, and they are convinced that these calamities would be mitigated if the people had a voice in their own affairs. Such sentiments are natural and praiseworthy; but they do not fit in with the mechanism of official routine, and consequently the educated class has come into sharp collision with the revolving wheels of the great autocratic machine. There is an American saying that it is an ill thing to back up against a "buzz-saw." The educated class has been undergoing this painful experience, and the result is what the Press in England has agreed to call "Unrest in India." Many think this term euphemistic; but in any case the British democracy wish to know what it really means.

Failing Parliamentary inquiry, a trustworthy and independent Press correspondent has, since the days of the Crimea, been the surest source of information upon which the British democracy can rely as regards British affairs in distant lands. At the time of the great famine we owed to the "Manchester Guardian" Mr. Vaughan Nash's mission to India. And in the present crisis this public-spirited journal has again taken the lead. Accordingly, in October of last year Mr. Nevinson, a very experienced traveller and journalist, arrived in Bombay as the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" and other leading organs of public opinion. For the last ten years and more, in regions wild and remote, in South and Central Africa, in Georgia, Macedonia, and the Caucasus, wherever there has been a storm centre, a struggle for freedom, or oppression of the weak by the strong, there has Mr. Nevinson been found, a recording witness of the truth—calm, open-minded, and fearless. Such is the personality chosen as an emissary of King Demos to report on the causes and nature of the unrest in India. The results of his mission are set forth in his book now published, "The New Spirit in India." In it will be found facts and conclusions throwing real light on the subject.

In making his investigations, the author's method was of a direct and practical kind, hearing all sides of the case, official and non-official. He visited the most important political centres, giving special attention to Eastern Bengal and the Panjab, where the unrest took its most acute form; he made the personal acquaintance of the leaders of public opinion, giving in their own words their views of the situation; and he was present at the Sarat Congress last Christmas when differences declared themselves among the reformers. In busy cities, and in famine villages, he had opportunities of observing the social life of the people, and he specially notices the religious movements which have so important a bearing on the national sentiment.

To attempt, in a brief review, to deal with all these multitudinous topics would be like putting Niagara into a pint pot. I can only refer the reader to the book itself, while I select for brief notice two of the leading points in the narrative: (1) the causes which brought about the acute phase of the unrest and (2) possible remedies. As leading up to (1)—the origin of the unrest—Mr. Nevinson gives, in his introduction, a useful synopsis of political events during the ten years preceding his visit to India, taking for a starting-point the arrival of Lord Curzon as Viceroy in 1898. And there can be little doubt that the acute phase of unrest dates from the advent of this masterful personage, riding on the wave of Imperialism which overwhelmed this country, and then spent its mischievous force on the shores of India. Hitherto, Viceroys and Governors, bringing with them the traditions of English public life, had usually acted as a restraining influence on the Indian bureaucracy. But Lord Curzon, as the Avatar of Imperialism and race ascendency, instead of restraining the reactionary activity of officialism, himself led the attack upon all those institutions savoring of freedom, which Indians hold most dear. Curiously enough, Lord Curzon himself seems to be surprised that anyone should think that his policy was the cause of unrest. In his speech in the Lords he said, "We are sometimes told that the unrest in India is due to the oppressive measures of the British Government, and particularly to the reactionary policy of recent years. I have never myself been able to ascertain what the reactionary measures were to which reference was made." For the information he desires he should refer to Mr. Nevinson's synopsis of political events during his viceroyalty. He will then understand that the reactionary policy consisted in attacks upon all those institutions which differentiate our rule from that of Russia; in legislation directed against the popular element in municipalities, against the liberty of the Press, against the independence of the Universities. But, besides legislation, there was the sting of his public speeches: his Budget speech of 1904, in which, in defiance of Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1858, he threatened to exclude qualified Indians from high office; and the singularly inept address in 1905 to the Convocation of the Calcutta University, in which he brought a charge of mendacity against the whole Indian people. On the top of all these grounds of offence came the final catastrophe of the partition of Bengal. Other deep-lying causes, Mr. Nevinson says, were developing general unrest among the people; "but beyond question it was the Partition that directly occasioned the present outbreaks of distrust and hostility." Despair came upon them "when their petitions remained unanswered, their public meetings had no effect, and when the Partition was carried out with despotic indifference to their feelings and interests."

As regards (2) possible remedies, Mr. Nevinson says: "Upon our immediate action will depend the terms under which we must maintain our position in India: whether we are to hold the new spirit fairly on our side, and to co-operate with it for the progress of the country in enlightment and self-government; or whether we are to have our rule confronted by impenetrable resentment, and our best efforts thwarted by indifference or suspicion." Is it to be co-operation or antagonism? Surely common sense suggests that we should try for co-operation before any more of the Sybil's books are burnt. The instalment of reforms now asked for by the Congress Party may briefly be summarised as follows: (1) Admission of qualified Indians to the executive councils of the Viceroy and the provincial governors; (2) enlargement and reform of the legislative councils, so as to make them fairly representative, and invest them with substantial powers of control over administration and finance; (3) wider employment of Indians in the higher branches of the public service; (4) extension of local self-government, municipal and local bodies being made wholly popular in their constitution, and village panchayats being revived for the management of village affairs; and (5) extension of primary education, making it free at once and gradually compulsory. These proposals must commend themselves to practical politicians in this country as a reasonable movement towards giving the people of India a voice in their own affairs. The decision is in the hands of Lord Morley, and will be made known in the course of this autumn session. Looking to his recent utterances and his past record, I feel confident that he will make a genuine advance towards satisfying the reasonable aspirations of "the new spirit" in India.

W. Wedderburn.

Art.

COROT.

No artist has inspired more enthusiasm among English landscape painters than has Camille Corot. No one has exercised a stronger influence on the development of modern landscape in this country. And probably no name rises as readily to the lips of the British connoisseur, real or self-appointed, in this art, as that of the great French master. Yet it is only in respect of his work that we know him: and it is only one phase of that work—the most important one, it is true—that is really recognised outside France. We refer, of course, to his landscapes. With landscape he is so intimately identi-

fied that one is apt to forget, if one has ever heard of, the church panels and other decorative work included in the sum of his activity. Still less do we know of the man's personality. Stray extracts from the pages of Robaut's and Silvestre's intimate reminiscences have from time to time found their way into English publications, but the information thus conveyed has been extremely fragmentary; sufficient, one might almost say, to induce one to a wrong estimate of Corot's character rather than to enable one to judge him rightly. In Mr. Everard Meynell's new volume on "Corot and his Friends" (Methuen), we have a praiseworthy attempt to set this matter right, for the benefit of the British public. The book, as the author frankly acknowledges, is based on the French authorities, but Mr. Meynell has been quick to seize the salient points in the mass of material provided by these—salient in so far as they illustrate the character of Corot himself and the social and artistic atmosphere of his circle. There are many delightful glimpses of the Paris where the painter often had his home and the Ville d'Avray which always had his heart; of student life in the French capital and Rome; of romantic figures in the Romantic movement, of contemporary painters of the Barbizon school, Millet, Daubigny, Théodore Rousseau, Diaz, and of the Classicists fighting for their vanishing privileges; of the Salon and salons; of contemporary writers, Gautier, Alfred de Musset, and others; much speculative inquiry besides. Among these moves the figure of Corot himself, fascinating in its simplicity. Corot, although in the company, was hardly of it; he stands always a little aloof. He belongs to no definite school of painting, certainly not to the Barbizon school, though he painted at Barbizon. He was a school unto himself, one that derived its inspiration partly from classic feeling, more from the pure nature spirit that was one of the influences of Romanticism rather than its whole essence. Again, Corot mingled with poets and poet-painters, and this art carries the impress of the poet-painter's sadness, the Romantic's melancholy. But that is not reflected from his life, which he lived with joy at his heart and a song on his lips. His own career knew no tragedy. He never married because he never loved. His mourning was always tempered by the greater joy that he had in "the preoccupation of landscape," as Mr. Meynell happily phrases it. The pain of early struggle was as nought to him compared with that of many of his contemporaries; besides which he had a competence sufficient for more than he ever wanted in material comfort. He is thus a placid figure in the midst of much turmoil—a figure that stands curiously apart from the passion-waking Romantics among whom he dwelt.

"Mon Dieu, Camille, comme tu es commun!" The exclamation was Corot's mother's, and it referred, of course, to the painter's personal appearance, not to his art. The latter, indeed, never provoked any stronger expression than one of good-humored tolerance either from the millinery mother or the hair-dresser father responsible for Corot's introduction to this world. It was the cry of a parent outraged by the discovery that a bourgeois marriage had not produced a little aristocrat to look at, and the plaint it embodies was partly justified by the facts. Corot, the young man, as pictured by himself on the canvas painted, on his parents' insistence, just before his first visit to Rome, certainly looks no Adonis of refinement. The photographs and portraits of him in later life, in spite of a handsomeness in the very strength of the face, suggest more than anything the rough-bred farmer type. And the word-pictures of the man, given in the many memoirs written round his personality—notably those of Théophile Silvestre's "L'Histoire des Artistes Vivants"—confirm the same idea. Corot was endowed with a massive frame and a big red face. In an age when blue blouses were even more the mode in French art circles than they are now, he was vehemently addicted to a blue blouse; and when he discarded this for civilian dress, the creases in his coat and the disorder of his cravat excited remark. The boisterousness of his laugh in his early days once caused him to be turned out of the Louvre. He had the habit, also, of singing to himself in public, and it is related that he even did so on the staircase of the Tuileries, whither he was invited to a Court party; but this, we learn, was expected of him. It is said, too, that he caused his married sister to faint by a loud exclamation of "Ah, the lovely carrots!" on one occasion when a dish of that favorite vegetable of his was placed upon her table. That he could shave himself without a mirror was a fact of which he was perhaps entitled to be proud. But that he shaved himself very incompletely is the authentic testimony of his friend and apologist, Desbarolles. So he was called "commun" by his mother; and one feels that he only just escaped being called vulgar—he who, out of his whole circle of friends, made Morning and Evening the most intimate. His family, Mr. Meynell remarks, did not understand him. Such is the lot of many a genius, and in this case it is less surprising than in many. For Corot was a mass of outward contradictions, which are only half explained by the ruling passion of his life, the love of his art. Even in the latter there are seeming contradictions. Having scant classical knowledge and but a tepid sympathy with the classics as revived in the Renaissance, he peopled his landscapes with living figures from classic mythology. More than that, he imparted to his landscapes the very flavor of the classics. As Mr. Brownell observes elsewhere, the landscapes of the Greeks, had they left any, would have been like Corot's. The contradictions of his life are not less striking. For his charities he earned—from a country curé—the title of the St. Vincent de Paul of painting, and his large-hearted charity towards humanity in general, his horror of giving pain, his tolerance of frailties he did not share, were almost worthy of any saint in the calendar. Yet he was curiously intimate with the caricaturists of his day, who, lashing the vices of society—vices which they often imitated—did so with the relish and wantonly cruel relentlessness of executioners who enjoyed their work. He consorted with Gavarni and Monnier; for Daumier, old and destitute, he provided a last home. One so "pre-occupied with landscape" could hardly have been distraught by the death of his parents at a hale old age. But his filial piety was a byword with his biographers, and he lived with his mother, obeying all her behests, till the day of her passing. And as he never questioned his parents' law, so he never learned to think lightly of the world's judgments, however he might regard the world's offerings with a child-like wonder.

Mr. Meynell writes interestingly of Corot in many, if not all, of his aspects, of his methods, and of his friends. He gives us also entertaining essays on the Salon in the 'thirties, on the "Sylvans and the Satirists," on Corot's preferences in art, on the famous models of the period, and other subjects that are headed by titles suitable to a poetic fancy and slightly whimsical style. The stiffer landmarks of Corot's career are not omitted; we have the facts and dates of his birth, death, parentage, achievements, and honours. Yet the picture of the man is only complete, as a picture by him is complete, that is to say, in the masses that suggest, not in the details that insist; the personality is still without photographic definition, and between the big, red-faced man and ourselves there still seems to hang a veil, like the silver mist that shadows so many of his canvases. Perhaps it is better that the veil should not be lifted—that he should remain, like his pictures, a little impalpable, a little mysterious. Else we might lose something of the charming mystery of his art, as it soared upwards to the very end.

Three weeks before his death he said to Robaut: "You have no idea of the things I could paint now. I see what I have never seen. It seems to me that I could never before have been able to make a sky. That which is before me is much rosier, profounder, more transparent. Ah, if I could show you these immense horizons!"

It was with the eyes of his artistic soul still fixed on those horizons that he died.

Letters from Abroad.

SOUTH AFRICA: THE PROBLEM OF THE NATIVE AREAS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Of the questions to be settled at the Convention now sitting at Durban, the most dangerous is undoubtedly that of the Native Protectorates. The areas at present reserved for natives aggregate, taking in both territories and small locations, about 390,000 square miles, or more than a third of the whole of British South Africa south of the Zambesi. The total native population, of which the greater number live the larger part of their time outside these areas, amounts to a little more than five millions, as against a white population of a little over eleven hundred thousand, inhabiting some 530,000 square miles. We must take into consideration that the native share of the country is less than it looks, since 275,000 square miles of it are contained in Bechuanaland, where the ground is comparatively worthless. It is the disposition of these native areas, the bulk of which lie, at present, under Imperial protection, and are governed by the British House of Commons, which will constitute the crux of the Convention. A large party will ask for the abdication of control by the Imperial authorities in favor of a central South African Government, whenever the latter can be established. A minority, who know what in such a case will happen to the natives, will object, and feeling may be expected to run high, because the majority will be aware that the minority will communicate their knowledge to the Imperial Government. Those who are familiar with South African politics can forecast easily enough what they will have to tell. It will be, in brief, that there exist three native policies in South Africa:—(1) The policy of the smallest group, of whom Mr. Fisher, the Prime Minister of Orangia, and Mr. Wyburgh, M.L.A. of the Transvaal, are outstanding members, who would respect the reserves, while denying political rights to the natives in white areas. (2) The policy of the Cape, which might or might not keep the reserves closed, but which would give the natives political rights on the same terms as the white colonists; and (3) the policy of the great majority, who believe in both breaking down the reserves and denying natives anywhere in South Africa the right either to have a vote or to own fixed property. This, the largest class, would go even further, and bring all natives, with the possible exception of a few of their clergy, under the pass law and the poll tax. The former law includes a curfew act, and forbids any native to travel out of the farm, or the town, or the location in which he happens to reside, unless by the special permission of a white man. If the reserves are handed over on the only terms which will satisfy the great majority of white South Africans, what will ensue will depend, as to its magnitude, on the form which the union of South Africa may take. If the union is federal, the Cape may save those natives who live within her present borders. But if the union takes the form of unification, the Cape policy will disappear from South Africa. No native will be allowed a vote, or to possess a yard of land in his own country. Every native will have to show that he is the servant of some white man, or if he follows a trade, it will have to be in some line or locality in which there is no possibility of his competing with white men. Education of natives will not be suffered to proceed beyond the most elementary stages, and the Government subsidy will be kept so low that even such a rudimentary instruction will be available for barely a hundredth of the colored population. To these consequences may be added that of immediate and universal rebellion on the part of the natives. They have hitherto been kept peaceful within the Cape by the liberal policy of that Colony, and beyond her borders partly by the hope that her policy would one day be extended to them, partly by the quiet enjoyment of their own lands, more or less under their tribal customs and government.

Under a Federal Government it will be possible to hand over the native territories with certain safeguards. Their present inhabitants could be guaranteed by charter the inalienable possession of their lands, not excepting even the case of rebellion. If forfeiture is allowed for rebellion, rebellion will quickly be manufactured. It would be possible to guarantee them further perpetual rights of free trade with the rest of South Africa, and their representation might be conveniently arranged for in the Federal Parliament by giving seats to European delegates in their behalf with a prescribed voting power. White South Africans would not to-day tolerate the presence of native delegates in a European Parliament. But they might agree that the vote for a native State should be, say, one-tenth of the vote for a white State of the same population, provided such vote were exercised by white men. It would be essential that the delegates for the natives States should be the nominees of the Imperial Government, either directly or through the High Commissioner. If the nominations were made by the "Governor in Council," the last persons to be appointed would be men of the stamp of Colonel Stanford, Mr. Sloley, or Sir Godfrey Lagden. Such men, though marked out by a successful record in administration, are too well known for their friendliness to the natives to be acceptable to the average South African. It would be equally important that the magistracy or commissionership of each native territory should derive its appointment from the Governor set up by the Imperial authorities, without any interference on the part of the Federal Government. There would be the greatest danger of rebellion if the natives felt they were liable to be handed over to administrators of Afrikander extraction. It is not that the Afrikanders would necessarily be bad administrators: what we have to consider is the native fear as to what they would be. And another thing to be considered is the danger that a South African Government would feel tempted sooner or later to take the administrative steps which it foresaw would create rebellion. The Europeans in South Africa will not lose their land hunger under a government which is federal instead of unified; they will simply have greater difficulty in gratifying it. At least one other precaution will be necessary. The Imperial Government must bar out in the native charters any compulsory teaching of Dutch. When union takes place the majority vote will probably be Afrikander. General Hertzog (the present Attorney-General of the Orange River Colony) has said that he will agree to no form of union in which the Dutch language does not receive precisely the same treatment as the English. We may expect, therefore, that there will arise a demand that, in all State schools within the Union, Dutch shall be a compulsory subject as well as English. But such a demand, applied to the native territories, would create instant trouble. The natives think it enough to have to learn one foreign language, and they prefer that such language shall be English.

If, instead of federating, the European colonies unify, what should be the policy of England with the native protectorates? Safeguards may be put down on paper, but, the situation being what it is above described, can there be real safeguards for the native protectorates under a Colonial Government? No doubt there will be dissatisfaction among the colonists if England so interprets her stewardship to the natives as to refuse to hand them over. On the other hand, the liberal-minded and conscientious section, a slowly increasing section, will feel and will say that such refusal is entirely just until South African ideas of native government come more into line with British ideas. And, meantime, is refusal calculated to excite more discontent than compliance would be, accompanied by irritating conditions? After all, the saner and more responsible class of South Africans do not want a large native rising on their hands—at any rate not yet. They will recognise that if Great Britain forbids them to annex or otherwise exploit the native territory, she at least protects them against invasion from that quarter. Finally, the Imperial Government have in their hands a powerful lever for bargaining on this subject. The protection of the British Navy is becoming increasingly appreciated in South Africa. If the Imperial Government intimate to the South African

colonies that they must forego either the annexation of the native areas or the protection of the Navy, they may grumble, but there is no question what their choice will be.—Yours, &c.,

SOUTH AFRICAN.

Letters to the Editor.

MILITANT AND CONSTITUTIONAL ACTION: A CONTRAST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Once again during the last fortnight there is striking evidence of the success of "militant" as against constitutional action in gaining public attention for Women's Suffrage. Newspaper writers continue to encourage the revolutionary campaign by columns of reports, large-typed headlines, snapshot pictures, and leading articles; "militant" action alone continues to produce questions in the House of Commons; while there will hardly be a home in the land where the recent doings of the "militant" suffragists will not be discussed.

Contrast the treatment which is accorded to quiet and constitutional action, and its consequent lack of effect. Last week a memorial was sent to Mr. Asquith asking him to give a clear indication of the meaning of voting qualifications for women on "democratic lines," to introduce Women's Suffrage as part of his Reform Bill this session, and to undertake that the Bill should not pass without the Women's Suffrage clauses.

This memorial was most carefully considered by leading organisations of women. It was signed not only by the National Union of Suffrage Societies, and by some of the very oldest suffrage societies dating from 1867, but by the important Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Women's Liberal Associations, by the Forward Suffrage Union (within the Women's Liberal Federation), by a great working-class organisation like the Women's Co-operative Guild with 25,000 members, by women's trade union organisations, by the Women's Labor League, by the University Teachers' Association with 1,800 members, and by individual sympathisers such as Mrs. Broadley Reid, Miss Tuckwell, Miss Margaret McMillan, Miss Julia Dawson, &c.

What attention was given to this memorial?

Mr. Asquith's reply stated that he was not in a position to say anything beyond what he said last May. The Press may almost be said to have ignored it beyond quoting Mr. Asquith's letter. The appeal was stated to come from "various suffrage societies." In the "Times" a four-inch paragraph in small type appeared, with no names. The "Daily News" put in a paragraph of less than three inches, with no names. In the "Manchester Guardian" there was about half a column with a selected list of societies signing. The "Westminster Gazette," after two or three days, condescended to an insignificant notice, with no names, and in the "Morning Leader" no mention at all of the appeal could be found. No leader or editorial comment of any kind appeared anywhere.

Neglect is the arch-enemy that Women's Suffrage has had and will have to fight. It is often now admitted that "militant" action has been useful in calling attention to the cause. But unfortunately there is little to warrant the hope that the time for such help is past. The constitutional work is what gives lasting strength and solidity to the movement, and is absolutely essential to it. But it is easy to disregard when carried on by voteless women. As far as Women's Suffrage is concerned, there is fear of Government programmes being always "full," of women being always asked "for this once" to abandon the suffrage at elections for some more "pressing" question.

Representative government made constitutional agitation the right and proper form of agitation for those who can wage war through the ballot box. And not only have men votes. They have other forces behind them. Trade unions have the weapon of the strike at their back. The unemployed have the powerful help of the Labor Party in the House of Commons and the country. And all oppressed men can, if they will, resort to revolution.

Women alone have no leverage and no "last resource," and it is the neglect to which our position lays us open which drives women to adopt what are in themselves hateful and often ludicrous methods, but which are dignified by the courage and self-sacrifice they entail. It is only too obvious that they serve the purpose of gaining attention, and though we are still told that they alienate support and put back the clock, we can only say that the hour is nearer striking than before the militant agitation began.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

October 14th, 1908.

BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The fallacy which runs all through Mr. Hobson's letter and his previous contribution on this subject is that the quantity and velocity of money is rigidly fixed. He could not otherwise say "If the same amount of money were paid for a short crop as for a normal crop it is agreed that no unemployment need be caused in other industries by a diminution in the demand for their goods." I do not agree to any such thing. It is not that the supposition appears to me absurd (as Mr. Hobson imputes to me) but that the consequence does not follow.

Let us assume a short crop realising at higher prices exactly the sum that the normal crop realises. Mr. Hobson admits some unemployment attributable to bad harvests in the reduction of employment in harvesting, carrying, &c. Surely this unemployment is independent of the price realised by the employer, and the admission disposes of the alleged agreement. The money, by hypothesis, reaches the farmer, but a portion of what should pass on actually gets no further. There is at once unemployment and lack of demand for want of buying power on the part of those thus unemployed.

For all practical purposes there is also a reduction in the quantity of money. This is the whole secret of unemployment—the money does not get round—and the whole question to be fought out is whether the artificial barriers which prevent its getting round should be removed or there should be more artificial contrivances to try and force it round. I say emphatically that these latter are so many more artificial barriers hindering and not helping.

Mr. Hobson thinks otherwise! For his contention is that we suffer from underconsumption and must find means to get more consumed. He is naturally loth to admit that a bad harvest can cause unemployment, although, as we see, he must concede the reduced employment in harvesting, &c. If a bad harvest caused unemployment that he sees would not be underconsumption, but underproduction—less production, in fact, than was hoped for.

He endeavors, however, to overleap the argument by going to the other extreme and suggesting that the evil of bad harvests, if it exists at all, has no limit. It is true that unemployment tends to increase itself by reason of the fact that the unemployed cannot buy the productions of others and thus leave the latter also without employment. But the evil is kept within bounds by a process directly contrary to that which is advocated in these times as the cure for unemployment. The workers one by one, in defiance of all artifices and arguments to the contrary, consent to accept less per unit of exertion in order to meet the conditions of the market and thus bring their prices within those at which demand exists. It is a painful process, but it will always be necessary so long as the present hindrances to production continue. The hindrances must and always will cause the dislocation. And that must be met by bringing down prices within working limits.

Nor is it true, as Mr. Hobson states, that "there is no reason to attribute to these alterations in the ratio of exchange any considerable quantity of unemployment." His "ratio of exchange" refers to goods against goods; but from one commodity to another the alteration must pass through, not only money, but price of labor in various employments and grades of employment. In every case the adjustment is made or is followed by increase or decrease of supply, and necessitates change in quantity of employment. Reductions to meet the market mean dismissals, and that there is not more unemployment is owing to the fact that the

community is content to put through its production on a smaller total of money.

All this is opposed to Mr. Hobson's contention that a bad harvest producing a smaller total for agriculture will result in the non-agricultural classes having more, and the lack of employment in one trade being balanced by increased employment in others. Bad harvests result immediately in some unemployment, and that is a wave which propagates itself. The money not getting round is for practical purposes so much the less in quantity. If, on the other hand, there were a surplus of production it would offer more employment, and be the very means of creating more money. No money is so good and sound as that which is created against saleable goods actually going through the market. If the goods are not there the money will have vanished. And the assertion which, in varying terms, Mr. Hobson makes in four of the six paragraphs of his letter that it will exist for expenditure on something else is without foundation in fact—to say nothing of the loss already mentioned from dislocation.

It will be seen how senseless is the clamor for restriction of production in order to improve distribution. The inferior harvest selling for as much money as the normal one may bring the employer more profit because he has saved some cost in harvesting. But immediately the wage-earners suffer, and the wave of depression will reach the employer later. Meantime he finds more competition, but only the competition of those who control land and capital, the owners of which thus get the advantage of the scarcity. Scarcity of production is entirely in favor of the rich, never of the poor. The hope of the latter is in excess of production. But I cannot ask for space to follow this up.

Harvests short of expectations do result in some want of employment. It is not Nature, however, we need most to fear, but the artificially (and almost perpetually) bad harvests which result from untaxed land monopoly; taxes on occupation and production; locking up interest-bearing money in public debt; organised interference with prices; to say nothing of the taxes on exchange to which some would have us return. Nothing seems to me more mischievous than the present-day notion that unemployment is natural and that a Government bureau is necessary to correct the misdoings of Nature. The unnatural and unjust arrangements are responsible for the difficulty of finding profitable work. The unemployed are an effect of which the cause should be sought. It is a desolate and desolating doctrine that a Government should concentrate all its attention on the wreckage. If Governments would mind their own business, and do it with more justice and courage, we should not have to look forward as we now must to the time when they will kindly pick us out of the gutter—into which, despite good intentions towards us, they have first thrown us.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. Laycock.

Sheffield, October 14th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Many supporters of the Government will regret that Parliament should reassemble without any definite plan having been formulated for the national organisation of labor, with a view to minimising the effects of recurring waves of unemployment.

As pointed out in The Nation of the 10th inst., the failure to make effective preparations during prosperous seasons for the inevitable time of slack trade, has once more forced us upon the unprofitable round of temporary palliatives which, in the end, increase the evil they are designed to cure. Do not let us, however, again postpone our efforts for comprehensive reform until, with improvement of trade, interest in the matter once more dwindles.

The most useful plan yet made known by the Government is the training of the Special Reserve during the winter months. Cannot it be arranged that at the end of their training all men so desiring may be placed on some of those national works which have been so long promised? This would to some extent check the flooding of the labor market, besides creating employment for other men of various trades. By extending the same system to men quitting the Army and Navy, the beneficial effects upon the industrial position will be greatly enhanced, whilst the scandal of our national defenders being cast aside will be terminated. Whether the work first undertaken should be shore reclamation, afforestation, or canal improvements, Mr. Asquith, with Mr. Burns and his colleagues in the Cabinet, should surely be able to decide with little delay.

However energetic party leaders may be, it should be remembered that public opinion is the driving power which moves Ministers to action.

If the Liberals of the nation, who in this matter will receive the support of a majority of their opponents, do not immediately enforce upon their representatives the necessity for prompt action, signs are not wanting that the unemployed will take matters into their own hands to a dangerous extent. Registration offices will not fill empty stomachs. To wait for panic measures is to court irreparable disaster.—Yours, &c.,

F. Williams.

64, Brighton Road, Stoke Newington, N.,
October 13th, 1908.

THE NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—While it would be absurd to deny that the education question was before the electors at the General Election, I venture to doubt if it contributed so largely to the success of the Liberal Party as Nonconformist Liberals would have us think. The last election was a revolt more than anything else against Imperialism as it had been displayed in South Africa, and particularly in regard to Chinese labor, and it was also very largely a verdict for Free Trade. In my opinion, the education question had clearly only a very secondary influence in the verdict. Few, for instance, would deny that the great Liberal majority in Lancashire was due to the loyalty of the electors to Free Trade, and was gained not because of, but in spite of, the education question.

And while undoubtedly the Government may be said to have received a sort of mandate to remedy injustice in the schools, it would be difficult to prove that that mandate involved the establishment in the public schools of the country of a Protestant standard of religion for teachers and scholars. Many understood that while the Nonconformist grievance would be put right, it would be done rather in the way of putting all religious faiths on an equality than by imposing upon all a standard of average Protestantism, which, while it may appear a good thing to some, is to others of us not only theologically false, but also anti-social and retrogressive.

The Government seemed to interpret its mandate as if it favored ecclesiastical compulsion rather than freedom and equality to all. And this affection for ecclesiastical coercion has been displayed in other matters than education. The Government acting, it is well understood, under the influence of certain wealthy and titled Protestants, who only joined the Liberal Party on the eve of its success, has in its ecclesiastical patronage exercised a sort of boycott against High Churchmen, and consequently for the most part we have had the spectacle of a Liberal Government appointing, with few exceptions, Tory reactionaries.

The Government's sectarian prejudices have weakened its policy and cooled the enthusiasm of its friends. Nothing can excuse it for devoting its first and most precious session to a Protestant Education Bill. How different might its outlook be to-day had it used its opportunity and put the nation into possession of the land, after which it could have gone on to deal with unemployment and other deep social ills in the confidence that it had laid the foundation sure.—Yours, &c.,

An Elector.

October 14th, 1908.

VENEZUELA AND HOLLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In my letter published in your issue of the 12th of September last, I inserted the communication by which the Venezuelan Government notified the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Holland that, for the reasons therein given, President Castro had declared M. de Reús, then the Dutch

Diplomatic Minister at Caracas, unfit to continue serving as the friendly medium in the relations cultivated by the two Governments, and that, accordingly, his passport was sent in order that he could leave the country. In that letter it was stated that this measure, being imposed by the pressing duty of safeguarding the national decorum, only affected M. de Reús personally, and did not alter, in the least degree, the good intelligence that happily existed between the two countries, and which Venezuela wished to maintain in the highest degree of cordiality through any other medium, who would appreciate this goodwill and would use the appropriate means, as a messenger of friendship, for the attainment of the aspirations of both Governments. The Venezuelan Government hoped that by thus limiting the aggressive conduct of M. de Reús, the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Holland would give a spontaneous and satisfactory explanation in order to efface any suspicion that the offence given by the said Minister would be consented to by his Government.

Another communication was sent by the Venezuelan Government to the said Foreign Minister, on the 28th of the same month of July, referring to the subsequent incidents that gave M. de Reús' conduct a much graver aspect. These incidents are fully related, but to save space I only give the following *résumé*:—

The Dutch cruiser "Gelderland" arrived at Puerto Cabello on the 25th of July and at La Guaira on the 26th, without making the usual salute either on arrival or on departure. This omission was made more significant by the same cruiser saluting, with seven cannon shots, the Dutch Consuls at the said ports. However, the Venezuelan authorities did not interfere with M. de Reús, who departed on board of the said cruiser on the 26th enjoying all diplomatic prerogatives. At the same time, on the 25th of the same month, a scandalous attempt was made by the populace of Curazao against the Venezuelan Consul at that island. His residence was attacked, the windows were broken, stones were thrown into the house, and the escutcheon of the Consulate was wrecked. The Consul, finding his family and himself at the mercy of the mob and without due protection on the part of the local authorities, after having received all kinds of insults and even some personal injuries, entrusted the Consulate to the care of the German Consul, and left with his family on board the American steamer "Maracaibo."

This communication ends thus:—

"The gravity of the events mentioned will show Your Excellency the attitude assumed by the colony of Curazao towards the Government of Venezuela, and how such an aggressive attitude endangers the relations of friendship maintained by both countries. So by the offence given by M. de Reús to the Venezuelan Republic and Government, by the omission of saluting the national flag by the cruiser 'Gelderland,' by the attempt against the Venezuelan Consul and family at Curazao, and by the attack on the Venezuelan Consulate at that place, the Government of Venezuela is obliged to declare to the Government of Your Excellency that as long as due satisfaction and reparation are not given for these injuries and grievances, no friendly relations between the two countries can be maintained."

It appears clearly now that this unhappy misunderstanding was caused by the letter addressed from Caracas on the 9th of April last to the Commercial Association "Hou en Trouw," by M. de Reús. In this letter it is stated, amongst other unfounded assertions, that the system of government of the President is to create monopolies and afterwards to annul them under all kinds of artful pretexts, and that while the present Government exist there is no hope of a commercial improvement, because it cannot be expected that the President, after nine years of governing as almost a dictator, will change his home and international policy. M. de Reús was most cordially received by President Castro, who went so far in his desire to show his goodwill towards the new Minister that, although ailing, he anticipated his return to the city only to receive him. Besides, M. de Reús, during his four months' residence at Caracas, was treated with every social distinction and enjoyed every privilege due to his rank. So the disclosure of his disparaging statements naturally produced a bitter disappointment, and under such circumstances it was an obvious duty of President Castro to express the national displeasure by declaring that the author of the furtive letter was not a fit messenger of international goodwill.—Yours, &c.,

A. Aldana,
Consul of Venezuela

Cardiff, October 13th, 1908.

THE FUTURE OF THE POLICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The welfare and efficiency of the Metropolitan Police involve other questions than that of the weekly day of rest, although that is of the first importance.

At present, the men join the Force, after about one month's training, at the age of twenty or twenty-one, and after twenty-five years' service they retire from the Force, when they receive a pension of about one guinea a week. On their retirement their places are filled by recruits, who cost the public 30s. a week. The net result of the present policy is that a man aged forty-five or forty-six years, with ripe experience, in the prime of life, is replaced by a raw recruit, and the combined cost equals 51s. a week. The public loses the finished article, and is supplied with the raw material. Why is it that the police resign as soon as they have completed their twenty-five years' "approved service"? The answer is not far to seek. The expectation of life in the case of a healthy man at forty-five is twenty-two years. If he retires from the Force at the end of twenty-five years' service he receives a pension of one guinea a week for life. If he remains in the Force he may lose it for some offence which, in civil life, would be punished by a trifling penalty, whereas a policeman may be deprived of his pension, which means twenty-two times £54 12s., or £1,200, and this without reckoning either simple or compound interest. It is no wonder that the men, like boys at school, count the days until they are released from the Force. The penalty should fit the crime. The present arrangement is as cruel as it is unjust, and requires drastic modification. If the men were secured in the enjoyment of their pension after twenty-five years, they would know that their life's savings were secured for their families, and they would join on for a further period of five or ten years. If they were provided with divisional gymnasia where they could maintain their physical vigor, if they were taught how to preserve their health in all respects, and if workshops were provided where they could keep up their knowledge of any trade with which they were acquainted, they would continue to serve the public for many years in the admirable way in which our trained policemen do at present. The addition of 2s. 6d. a week would raise their pay at the end of twenty-five years to 36s. a week; the difference between this and 51s. a week which the present system involves would provide a sum which would enable the Force to enjoy a weekly day of rest with increased efficiency, and without additional cost to the public.—Yours, &c.,

J. Fletcher Little.

GREEN, AND OTHER, HEAVENS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I read Mr. Heathfield's letter of the 10th inst. to the children referred to in your number of August 29th. Jack, who is an amusing iconoclast, "flared up" at Mr. Heathfield calling him a "horrid" boy.

"No more horrid than he is himself. His heaven is all wind and texts. I like my puffs with jam in them, and don't believe in dreams."

Charlie (*the elder*): "You are so jolly full of conceit that you think you could do without God or heaven altogether."

"Oh, God's all right," said Jack. "I fought Smith, minor, after the choir practice, for sneaking; and I asked God (to myself) to let me get one good one on Smith's wind, and I landed him a beauty. Smith went quite green."

Charlie: "You need not brag; your mouth looked like a gash in a pound of liver, and you had fifty lines to do."

JACK: "Ah! the doctor *is* a brick. He jawed a bit, and then let me off because I told the truth."

NELL: "I think you are both talking 'irrevelent,' as cook said when father swore because the soup was burnt and the lamb raw."

Mr. Heathfield's heaven has no flowers or green things in it. I wish he would tell me how he found that out.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN HIGGINS.

Pylle, Somerset,
October 12th, 1908.

"GRAMMATICALS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your article on "Grammaticals" in the current issue is most interesting and instructive, but what *is* the matter with "not averse from a moderate quantity of good, sound, fruity port"?

Your writer does not say wherein lies the alleged error in the sentence. Is it possible he wishes to contend that G. A. Sala should have said "averse to"? It is difficult to believe that your writer can have meant *that*, seeing that in his very next sentence he points out the error of "different to."

Please explain what is meant and why.—Yours, &c.,

PERCY BRABY.

Dacre House, Arundel Street,
Strand, London, W.C.,
October 12th, 1908.

[My apologies to the shade of Mr. Sala, to whose rescue Mr. Braby so properly comes. I fancied, very carelessly, that I was writing "averse to"—or rather, that Mr. Sala had written it. Even with the proof under my eyes, I read "averse from" as "averse to," and was sorry for Mr. Sala's memory. "Averse from" is, of course, correct.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

THE PUBLICAN'S LIFE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Now that the Licensing Bill is coming on again in a few days for the final fight, may I call attention to a point of view to which I do not remember seeing any prominence given? This is the very precarious nature of the publican's life. When a man obtains a licence, and proceeds to carry on the business of a publican, he has invested his money in a way in which he has a much smaller prospect than in any other, of a prolonged enjoyment of the result. By the law of averages his lease will be a short one, and the length of the lease is always an important element in the value of its purchase. The State, in granting him the licence is, no doubt, in honor bound not to arbitrarily snatch away the licensee's livelihood, but is equally in justice bound to the public to take into account the hazardous nature of his tenure of it.

No doubt the leading temperance organisations have statistics as to the actual prospects of the publican's life, and to what extent it falls short of that of the ordinary citizen. The writer could cite many striking instances in confirmation of this view, but not in statistical form. The fourteen years term seems more than ample from the point of view of equity.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. LOCKWOOD.

September 28th, 1908.

TWO DAYS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On the first of two days I was one of a "bench of magistrates" who tried a "dock of miners" for cock fighting, Mr. —— presiding. The police evidence was that the birds were much knocked about and covered with blood. The proof was ample, and we had simply to determine the punishment in each case. Mr. —— wished imprisonment without the option of a fine; the majority voted for the alternative, and fine or imprisonment it was. That ended the day's proceedings.

On a following day I was an invited guest at an otter hunt organised by Mr. ——'s keepers. We met on the lawn in the early morning, a merry company, with a preponderance of young ladies. After a walk of over two miles we arrived at the spot where the gamekeeper expected to find the quarry. He, however, drew a blank, and we proceeded down stream. After wading through grass and weeds, waist deep and dripping with dew, for half a mile or more, the dogs gave tongue. Once or twice I got a glimpse of a brown creature rushing from one bit of cover to another, to be again forced into the open. When, sore pressed in the water and under the banks, it tried to break through the circle of laughing and shouting humans who surrounded the pool, one aimed a walking stick at it and hit it over the back. It limped back towards the water, to receive a blow from a young lady's cane as it went down the bank. A dog seized it, but with a cry of pain it snapped back and was free once more. Not for long. Its strength was exhausted, and at intervals it gave short, low moans. It was at last seized by two or three dogs, when it closed its eyes and gave up the fight. Its pads were cut off, and the first given to the lady whose cane had disfigured its nose.

We returned to lunch, and discussed our successful hunt with much gusto.

In the following issue of the local journal the following paragraphs appeared in close proximity:—

"WELL-MERITED PUNISHMENT."

"On —— a group of miners appeared before the local magistrates charged with cock-fighting. The evidence was conclusive, and our only regret is that they were given the option of a fine. Such inhuman brutes ought to be imprisoned with a severe application of the cat."

"SUCCESSFUL OTTER HUNT.

"Last —— Mr. ——'s hounds were out on the —— and had a most exciting day. There was a brilliant company present who afterwards lunched at ——. A large dog otter was killed and gave exceedingly fine sport. It almost baffled the hunters and was game to the last. This is but one of many acts of kindness on the part of Mr. —— in giving a number of our prominent townsmen an opportunity of taking part in manly and exciting sport."

Who were the more inhuman—the miners, or we who had been educated in public schools and universities?—Yours, &c.,

PUZZLED.

October 13th, 1908.

Poetry.

OCTOBER.

ΕΝ ΔΕ ΦΑΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΟΛΕΣΣΟΝ.

THE leaves have an odour of death
As they hang in the sun;
The autumn vapours ascend,
Overclouding their gold:
Not a stir, not a sigh, not a breath,
As they drop one by one;
And we bring our year to an end,
Like a tale that is told.

We are strangers and sojourners here,
O God, before Thee,
As our fathers were; and the light
Of our days is but doubt:
O yet, in the respite of fear,
Deal mercifully,
That we may take note of the night
Before we go out.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

FOLLOWING the example of Mr. John Lane, whose English edition of Anatole France is proving a great success, Messrs. Routledge have planned a translation of Sainte-Beuve, and the first volume of the "Causeries du Lundi" will be published shortly. The project is an interesting one and deserves to succeed, for, considering his eminence as a critic, it is remarkable that there is such a fragmentary portion of Sainte-Beuve's work within the reach of English readers, and even what there is has not been very satisfactorily rendered. William Sharp translated a selection from the essays, and the late Miss Katherine Wormeley published four volumes of "Portraits of the Seventeenth Century," and "Portraits of the Eighteenth Century," mostly extracted from the "Portraits Littéraires"—the least characteristic and interesting of Sainte-Beuve's writings. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Routledge's plan will receive enough support to enable them, at the least, to complete the "Causeries du Lundi."

* * *

THOSE wonderful volumes, in all probably the most solid contribution ever made to criticism by a single writer, are the result of twenty years' journalistic effort. In 1849 Sainte-Beuve returned to Paris, after lecturing for a year at the University of Liège, and found himself with plenty of ideas, but without any regular employment. Dr. Véron, who then edited the "Constitutionnel," asked him to contribute a literary essay to that paper each Monday, and Sainte-Beuve accepted willingly. The engagement continued until 1860, and resulted in the fourteen volumes of "Causeries du Lundi.' In 1861 he began again, and the "Nouveaux Lundis," running to thirteen additional volumes, were continued in the "Moniteur" and the "Temps." Sainte-Beuve's relations with his editors were not always happy, as witness his famous duel with Dubois of the "Globe" when the critic insisted on fighting under an open umbrella, "I may be shot," said he, "but I will not be drowned." Although these twenty-eight volumes form little more than half of what Sainte-Beuve left behind him, no one ever complained that he has written too much. On the contrary, most of his readers will agree with Mr. Balfour, who once said that in the whole range of literature there is no more entertaining writer to take up during a spare half-hour than Sainte-Beuve.

* * *

To the number of writers, ranging from Voltaire and Gibbon to Dumas and Mr. Andrew Lang, who have attempted to enlighten the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, must now be added the name of Monsignor Barnes, a Roman Catholic dignitary to whom we already owe several volumes dealing with Papal history. Gibbon decided that the famous prisoner was the child of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin. Mr. Andrew Lang seems to reject this and various other theories, but he offers no new solution. Monsignor Barnes approaches the subject from a fresh standpoint, and after an independent search through the historical records he believes that he has found evidence sufficient to identify the prisoner with a personage who was at once the son of an English king, a member of the Society of Jesus, an agent of the French Government, and a tipster on Newmarket Heath. This curious theory is propounded in a book called "The Man in the Mask: A Study in the Bye-ways of History," which Messrs. Smith, Elder have in the press.

* * *

THE first complete history of the Medici family that has ever been written is promised by Mr. Murray for the present season. The book, which has been written by Colonel G. T. Young, covers more than three centuries, since it traces the progress of the family from the rise of the Medici in 1400 to their end in 1743. The story is an interesting one from many different points of view. The Medici hold a unique position for the influence they exerted so long over the affairs of Europe. Leo X. and Clement VII. were members of the family, and nearly every existing building or work of art in Florence is in some way connected with it. Colonel Young has gathered together much fresh information concerning the artistic, social, and political life of the period, so that the book is likely to have importance as a contribution to history.

* * *

A NEW series of historical biographies, called "Makers of National History," is to be issued by the firm of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. The object of the series, which will be under the general editorship of the Rev. W. H. Hutton, is to present biographies of a number of great Englishmen whose part in the making of our national history is at present in danger of being under-estimated. The first four volumes to appear are "Cardinal Beaufort," by the Rev. L. B. Radford; "Castlereagh," by Mr. Arthur Hassall; "Archbishop Parker," by Mr. W. M. Kennedy; and "Francis Atterbury," by Canon Beeching. All four subjects are rather off the beaten track, and the series will be a useful one if, as it promises, it directs attention to neglected aspects of English history.

* * *

AMONG Messrs. Mowbray's autumn books is "Charlotte Mary Yonge," by Mrs. Ethel Romanes, who has been helped in its preparation by many of Miss Yonge's friends. Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a shilling edition of Miss Yonge's novels, but it can hardly be doubted that her vogue has greatly declined. Mr. Herbert Paul described her as the spiritual mother of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and though we are sure both writers would deny the relationship, they are at one in their determination to treat serious subjects with no unbecoming levity. But despite their rather aggressive piety, Miss Yonge's novels make better reading than those who have not read them may be inclined to believe.

* * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will issue early in November a new edition of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's work on "The Taxation of the Liquor Trade." The statistics will be brought up to date, and the authors answer some of the chief criticisms passed upon their work when it first appeared two years ago.

* * *

WE have received too late for insertion in last week's supplement a list of autumn announcements from Messrs. Maunsel, of Dublin. It includes an English translation by Mr. T. M. Kettle, M.P., of M. Paul Dubois' "L'Ireland Contemporaine"—an admirable book on Ireland and the Irish problems of the present day, which we reviewed on June 1st, 1907; "When the Dawn has Come," a play by Mr. Thomas MacDonagh that has been well received at the Irish Theatre; a collection of seven short plays by Lady Gregory; and books of verse by Mr. Shane Leslie and Mr. James H. Cousins.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. (Longmans. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"Venice." Part III., "The Decadence." By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. (Murray. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth." Edited by Margaret J. Shaen. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Latins in the Levant." By William Miller. (Murray. 21s. net.)

"The Girlhood of Mary, Queen of Scots." By Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)

"Lorenzo the Magnificent." By E. L. S. Horsburgh. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"Forty Years of Music." By Joseph Bennett. (Methuen 16s. net.)

"Chateau and Country Life in France." By Mary King Waddington. (Smith Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Venetia and Northern Italy." By C. Headlem. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Painting in the Far East." By Laurence Binyon. (Arnold. 21s. net.)

"The Mistress Art." By Reginald Blomfield. (Arnold. 5s. net.)

"The Autumn Garden." By Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

"The Spy." By Maxim Gorky. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Salthaven." By W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Mathieu de Montmorency et Madame de Staël." Par Paul Gautier. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3 fr. 50.)

"Nepomucène Lemercier et ses Correspondants." Par M. Souriau. (Paris: Vuibert et Nony. 3 fr. 50.)

"Das Drama Richard Wagners." Von H. Chamberlain. (Leipzig: Härtel. M. 3.)

Reviews.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.*

THERE is a spirit of exile with which some men are born. Though they may not quit the few fields or streets of their birthplace, they dwell in perpetual banishment, and the yearning for their country is never still. They move about the common world as natives of a land which they have never seen with bodily eyes, but they feel for it the same desire as Ulysses felt when, in the midst of kings' palaces or the enchantments of a lovely witch, he longed always to see the smoke leaping up from Ithaca.

Such people are to be found among ourselves, though, as a rule, like newly-landed Jews, they try to conceal their alien patriotism by imitating the prevailing language and manner, sometimes with success. But in Ireland they have never been uncommon, and are freely recognised. They are often said to be "swept"—possessed by the fairy spirits that are heard in the wind and linger round the Druid stones and unrecorded burial places, always ready to woo away any beautiful youth or girl who may sleep there unawares, and to take their spirit back to its proper home. The Irish have even named this ancestral country of the soul, and given it a shifting place. It is in the West, under the sunset, like all things of longing; for, indeed, if Ireland herself had been set on the German Ocean side of England, with what different feelings her people would have regarded her! And for a name they sometimes call it Tirnanóg, the land of the young, and sometimes Hi Brazil—islands like the Greek Islands of the Blessed, where is the great Achilles. And, as is well known, these islands become visible from time to time at sunset, and then the people of Aran and Achill and the west coast push off their little boats, carrying fire; for if once you could put fire on the islands they would stay and man would live again in his spirit's home:—

> "Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
> Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
> Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,
> And where kind tongues bring no captivity."

William Blake dwelt in this, his native country, nearly all his waking life, and he sometimes used for it the symbol of Jerusalem, the city which he would build in England's green and pleasant land. Wordsworth visited it from time to time, like a child going for a joyful holiday to mountains or the sea. Shelley—but his worshippers have made such a fool of Shelley that we dare not speak of him. Mr. Yeats is now the spirit in exile, and in many a poem and drama he has told of that Land of Heart's Desire, the Danaan land to which Niamh on a fairy horse bore the last of the Fenian Knights, the Innisfree of the soul, the Happy Townland which is the world's bane:—

> "The little fox he murmured,
> 'O what of the world's bane?'
> The sun was laughing sweetly,
> The moon plucked at my rein;
> But the little red fox murmured,
> 'O do not pluck at his rein,
> He is riding to the townland,
> That is the world's bane.'"

The sorrow of exile lies upon such spirits, for among the alien bitterness and disgusts of the world they know that their native country is still in existence, if only they could reach it. "If only they who live in the Golden Age could die," says the Celtic Twilight, "we might be happy, for the sad voices would be still." "Far from my heavenly home," even English congregations sing on Sunday evenings before they go back to supper, and while they are singing some of the people feel how bitter a thing it is to sit by the waters of Babylon. But we think that Mr. Yeats himself is far happier than others in having an earthly home as well, to which he can turn the longings of an exile. Just as an Irish poet of Elizabeth's time so sang of the Black Rose, that the most treacherous English spy could not distinguish whether he sang of his lover or his country; and as Mangan sang of Ireland under the similitude of the Dark Rosaleen whose holy delicate white hands should girdle him with steel; so to Mr. Yeats the exile's longing for the spirit's home is at times almost indistinguishably mingled with the symbolic rose of his country—"Red Rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days." It is thus in his invocation "To the Rose upon the Rood of Time," that he calls to the Red Rose to come near:—

> "Come near, that no more blinded by moving fate,
> I find under the boughs of love and hate,
> In all poor foolish things that live a day,
> Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

In Irish legend and history Mr. Yeats has found the same kind of witchery, the same kind of symbolism for unreal and eternal things, as Rossetti and his attendant poets and painters sought in the legends and history of the Middle Ages. And he has endowed them with a finer vitality, because they belong to him more truly as his national heritage, and are further tinged with the sunset lights of exile and the crimson of indignation. "Know," he says, in the lines at the end of "The Rose":—

> "Know, that I would accounted be,
> True brother of that company,
> Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong,
> Ballad and story, rann and song;
>
> * * *
>
> Nor may I less be counted one
> With Davis, Mangan, Ferguson,
> Because to him who ponders well,
> My rhymes more than their meaning tell
> Of the dim wisdoms old and deep,
> That God gives unto man in sleep."

We cannot tell how far Mr. Yeats is right in attempting other themes than the enchantments of the Sidhe and the dim wisdoms old and deep. In his later essays he has told us his task now is to discover how he can make his work mean something to vigorous and simple men. And, again, he says he has turned from his faery lyrics to the drama, "in search for more of manful energy, more of cheerful acceptance of whatever arises out of the logic of events, and for clear outline, instead of those outlines of lyric poetry that are blurred with desire and vain regret." We cannot say. Ultimately, a great artist only works for himself, and he will take his own course. We would only remind him of what he says a wise woman in her trance once told him in symbolic words easy to understand—that his inspiration was from the moon, and that he should always live close to water There is also that saying of his that poetry and romance can only be made by looking into the little, infinite, faltering, eternal flame that one calls oneself. And, again, "when one looks into the darkness there is always something there."

But even a collected edition does not mean the end of a true poet's work, and Mr. Yeats is still in his best years. We do not doubt that many new possibilities and great adventures lie before him—adventures, it may be, in the common world and the daily life that all men live. But, here, in these volumes, at all events, stands the poet Yeats we have known, the master of the magic world, the man who has lived upon "the phantom verge of things," the singer who could sing with the poignancy of a double exile. Here is the most "rapt" of modern poets, possessed also of an exquisite humor not uncommon in fairies, and tinged, as we said, by that deep crimson of indignation which is the inheritance of all Irishmen and of all exiles. Who but the Irish could make such a street ballad as that on their Transvaal Brigade, containing the lines:—

> "Oh, mother of the wounded breast!
> Oh, mother of the tears!
> The sons you loved and trusted best,
> Have grasped their battle spears."

And, as to exiles, let us remember that the Psalm, "Super flumina Babylonis," which begins with such profound tenderness of longing, ends with a supreme cry for vengeance: "O, daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and dasheth them against the stones." But one does not need to be in Babylon to know the wrath and longing of exiles. For there is a spirit of exile with which some men are born, and even in their own native country they do not escape the torment of its savage indignation.

* "W. B. Yeats's Collected Works." Vol. I. and II.; to be completed in 8 volumes. Bullen, Stratford-on-Avon. Chapman & Hall, London. £4 4s. the set.

THE SHIFTY DUMOURIEZ.*

Carlyle's description of Dumouriez, in his "French Revolution," is well known; his insight into human characteristics was superb, and that word "shifty" remains, even to-day, the best description of the victor of Jemappes. There is nothing in this fine volume of more than 500 pages to shake the accuracy of Carlyle's verdict, although our authors permit a thread of apology to run through their otherwise entirely admirable effort to revive the memory of a famous character and a great historic period.

Only one really creditable story—it is not to be found in the book before us—do we know of Dumouriez: it is that, after the battle of Waterloo had been fought and won, he met one of the *émigrés* in Piccadilly, and that both men burst into tears at the news. No Englishman, however much that he may rejoice at the triumph for his own country, would wish that this story were other than true; but somehow one suspects the tears of Dumouriez. There are no impulses towards honest patriotism in his nature as recorded by his present biographers; and, in fact, the view taken by Robert Burns in well-known lines remains the best criticism of the man to-day:—

"You're welcome to despots, Dumouriez;
You're welcome to despots, Dumouriez;
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville, too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumouriez?

I will fight France with you, Dumouriez;
I will fight France with you, Dumouriez;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumouriez.

Then let us fight about, Dumouriez;
Then let us fight about, Dumouriez;
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumouriez."

Burns and all on this side of the Channel spelt it "Dumourier," and that name was on every tongue at the time. Our authors suggest that an antagonistic biography by one Pigott was responsible for Burns's view of Dumouriez, but we need only read the friendly estimates of the time to appraise Dumouriez much as Burns and every lover of freedom should. Translations of his Memoirs came out apace in 1794 and 1795. Two of them are before us—one by Fenwick in the former year, one by Moore in the latter. In each case the editor's eulogy is followed by Dumouriez's estimate of his own achievements. Very rhapsodical, very egotistical, and, on the whole, very dull, are these "Memoirs," although occasionally relieved by amusing episodes, as when the Revolutionary Army demurred, in its anxiety for perfect equality, to assigning the title of "Citizen-General" to its leader, instead of merely "Citizen." On the whole, we think Burns had only needed to read Dumouriez's own "Memoirs" to have written of him as he did.

Our authors seem to have been led to write this book because one of them, Mr. Broadley, found among his innumerable treasures of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods a manuscript volume containing Dumouriez's plans for saving England from invasion. They have printed this manuscript in the body of their book, but it is its least interesting section, and of merely academic importance to-day. They have wisely enshrined it in a biography of Dumouriez, none the less welcome because it is an apology for that unworthy adventurer. If anyone shares with the editors the opinion that the Dumouriez manuscript is a gem, many more will recognise that the casket is much more valuable than the gem.

We do not complain that the book before us takes the lines of a whole-hearted apology for Dumouriez. That was a sportsmanlike proceeding. We read the apologists of, let us say, Nero and Henry VIII. without conviction, but they have given us books more readable than most historians. The lack of a really judicial attitude has saved our authors from dulness. It is not essential that a great man should be a hero to his valet, but it is all-important that he should be a hero to his biographer. Was Dumouriez a great man? Was he not rather a man of mediocre talents raised by an accident of the moment to a pinnacle from which he speedily fell? That is surely how we may read the story of his early days, when his sword is offered through Europe, freely, indiscriminately; that is how we may interpret his career at the victories of Valmy and Jemappes and during the long exile.

It is not thus that his present biographers think of Dumouriez. They tell us:—

> "They have deemed it an act of tardy justice to portray his services to his country and to England in all their magnitude and versatility; they have also sought carefully to analyse the motives which actuated him at the crisis of his career; and, finally, they have called attention to the generosity and wisdom of his aims alike for France and for humanity at large."

When we turn to the narrative which professes to record these services to France and to humanity we fail to find them, and the claim set forth reduces itself to empty rhetoric. We find a self-seeking, unpatriotic citizen, inspired only by vanity or by mercenary motives. The picture of him, on the return of the Bourbons, "cadging"—there is no other word—for pensions from the Austrian and the French Governments with equal impartiality is not inspiring. We believe that the instinct of our British race, as a whole, when the struggle in which we are engaged is over, is more healthy and chivalrous than that of Dumouriez's apologists. We recall, for example, the enthusiastic reception of one of Napoleon's generals, Marshal Soult, when he appeared in England at Queen Victoria's Coronation, and we are much more proud of this than of our employment of Dumouriez for many years as the betrayer of his country.

After this point of view is emphasised, we have nothing but praise. It is true we would gladly have surrendered the hundred pages devoted to Mr. Broadley's newly-discovered pamphlet had it been replaced by more details of Dumouriez's life. Still, there is a thoroughness about the work as a whole that commands commendation. Well nigh all existing documents and published books upon the subject seem to have been drawn upon; there is a valuable bibliography, an iconography even more precious, and many interesting illustrations. The book must assuredly take its place as a standard work upon one phase of an epoch of inexhaustible interest.

* "Dumouriez and the Defence of England Against Napoleon." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D., and A. M. Broadley. Lane. 21s. net.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POLITICS.*

It is plainly not a valid reproach that

> "There was never yet philosopher
> That could endure the toothache patiently,"

—toothache being so plainly irrevelant to the business of life. But there is some force in the reproach that professed philosophers so seldom write philosophically on politics. Hegel and Spencer, to take two opposed types, alike fail to transcend their mere bias; and when they make a special effort to do so, they are apt to get out of sight of the problem. Spinoza succeeds better than Hobbes and Berkeley and Hume; and Kant holds out hopes of higher achievement; but the ideal political philosopher has yet to come. It is therefore with a hopeful interest that one turns to a volume by Professor Seth Pringle-Pattison, entitled "The Philosophical Radicals and other Essays." He has much of the philosophical temper, with abundant philosophical culture; he has the faculty of learning from his predecessors; and he is here dealing with thinkers who, as he remarks, "have passed into the region of history." His main essay, accordingly, is on the whole a thoughtful and instructive survey. Yet he incurs some of the usual demurrers.

Half the trouble in the strifes of philosophy arises out of a loose use of terms; and we find Professor Pringle-Pattison writing thus: "Unadulterated selfishness as the motive, universal benevolence as the end—these are the two fixed poles of Bentham's thought." The word "unadulterated" here is highly misleading, if not strictly meaningless. The accurate term would have been the one commonly used by the Utilitarians—"enlightened." It stood for the proposition that selfishness is modified by the

* "The Philosophical Radicals, and other Essays, with Chapters reprinted on the Philosophy of Religion in Kant and Hegel." By Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison. Blackwood. 6s. net.

recognition of social reciprocity. A need for disparagement, albeit balanced by a concern for fairness, seems to be the explanation of the Professor's form of phrase; as again of his remark that the philosophical principles of the early Radicals were "in themselves neither very original nor very profound." The same thing might as truly be said of the Golden Rule; but, if anyone should so apply the phrase, Professor Pringle-Pattison's tone to them would not be sympathetic.

Even when he is quite dispassionate, however, the Professor at times oddly misses the philosophical attitude, as when he writes that Macaulay's denunciation of the Utilitarians, though unjust, "is a wholesome reminder of the fate that awaits any extreme party in English politics." Why "English"? Do extreme parties elsewhere contrive to be at once extreme and permanent? The implication is either that the Benthamites, because of their extremeness, were uninfluential, or that their party, on that account, was short-lived. But extremists are fairly often influential. The Tory Party in the early eighteens was extreme, and Cobbett was extreme. And Mr. Pringle-Pattison has cited with apparent assent Mr. Kent's verdict that "the uprising of the Philosophical Radicals was the greatest force of a purely speculative kind that had ever been felt in English politics, and nothing ever did so much to democratise our institutions." He makes no attempt to indicate what, after this generalisation, he means by saying that after 1832 "the Utilitarians were more or less lost in the crowd."

In the terms of the case the extreme, recognised as such, is not as a rule the power-that-is; but no less obviously it often tends to modify the power that is, in which case impermanence is the characteristic alike of the extreme and the popular. The Chartists in their turn were "extreme" relatively to the Benthamites, and they, too, were impermanent as a party; but they set up a movement which continuously modified Liberalism, so that Liberal doctrine in turn meets the "fate" of impermanence which it in turn inflicts on Conservative doctrine. All politics, in fact, is a process of readjustment. Mr. Pringle-Pattison justly says that, thanks largely to Spencer, the idea of evolution has "passed into the fibre of our thinking"; but the charge which he brings against Spencer, of being often at a pre-evolutionary standpoint, is no less justly to be addressed to himself.

At the close of the essay under notice, he sums up that "Philosophical Radicalism was, in short, essentially a negative and critical movement, and its strength departed from it just in proportion as its critical attack was successful." This is very like saying that a general's strength departs from him when he secures peace, or a doctor's when he achieves a cure. If it be meant for disparagement, what political party has ever earned praise? The truth is that Professor Pringle-Pattison too often handles such terms as "constructive" and "negative" and "critical" in a non-philosophical fashion which, if assented to, would cancel any claim to approbation on behalf of his own essays, to every one of which the terms in question would be fatally applicable.

True, he makes one professed stand for a kind of ethical Universalism when he affirms that "the cohesion of the race is secured by organic instincts which reach deep down beneath any such antithesis" as that between Benevolence and Prudence. Quoting as "fine words" a piece of rhetoric of Lord Rosebery's (not visibly related to his lordship's recent platform and Parliamentary eloquence), he goes on to accuse the Utilitarians of being "strangely blind" to the "vast process of unconscious reason" represented by the general deed of man. Here we are well inside the Hegelian void. By Mr. Pringle-Pattison's own showing the Utilitarians were at least part of the process of "unconscious reason," which, according to him and Lord Rosebery, acts on the whole with "pure and splendid purpose," and plainly exhibits "the finger of the Divine." Yet he proceeds thus further with his incongruous censure:—

> "Every abuse they attacked appeared to them due to some 'sinister interest,' which had called it into being originally, and now opposed its removal. A little historical sense might have taught them that in many cases, perhaps in most, what had *become* an abuse had begun by serving a useful purpose, while its persistence after its usefulness had ceased was often due more to the forces of inertia, and even to a mistaken but intelligible sense of loyalty, than to any definitely sinister interest on the part of individuals or classes."

Here there is only the semblance of a philosophic analysis. The "definitely sinister" is on a par with the "unadulterated" of the passage before cited. It is a reduction of terms to nullity. The Utilitarians saw the nature of abuses and the forces of inertia as such just as clearly as does Mr. Pringle-Pattison, and they explicitly named them. When they used the term "sinister interest," they avowedly had in view normally that stress of self-interest which can recognise no claim of a conflicting interest. They did not accuse anybody of preferring to do what he saw to be wrong. But even if they had, in what respect would they have been more inexcusable, on Mr. Pringle-Pattison's own principles, than the "merely" inert and mistaken people? Is it that men become "definitely sinister" and "strangely blind" only when they apply to the Conservative goose the sauce it had prepared for the Radical gander?

Perhaps the best service Mr. Pringle-Pattison's essay can render is to bring home to typical Conservatives some sense of the strength of their opponents' case without so far disturbing their self-complacency as to provoke them to mere obstinacy. And that is not the highest sort of philosophical praise. It amounts to saying that he is no more in advance of his day than the Philosophical Radicals were of theirs, though he may be—what is less difficult—in advance of them. His critical faculty is better exhibited in his essays on other themes, such as those on Spencer and Martineau; or better still, in his critiques of contemporary philosophical critics; and best of all in the reprints in this volume of his essays on the Hegelian and Kantian philosophies of religion. Even in his better work, indeed, he at times lapses to a lower plane, as when he assumes to dispose of a mass of early Darwinian thinking by calling it "turbid," when he is actually demonstrating the turbidity of the thought which he is by way of treating respectfully. One is at times tempted to adopt his device, and pronounce the verdict of "turbid" on his own performance, which in truth does not attain perfect lucidity. But philosophy is not to be advanced by such a mere retorting of epithets. Our Professor is in truth a meritorious and helpful thinker; and in his critique of "Mr. Kidd on Western Civilisation" he does very faithful and useful "critical" work, with just an occasional sop to Cerberus. The most "negative" judgment that the essay tends to set up is that the vogue of Mr. Kidd's simple sophistries is so large as it is partly because the professors of philosophy before him had so imperfectly risen to their sociological task.

A NOVELIST AND ANOTHER.*

In "Over Bemerton's" we pass quickly from the discovery that the book is not a novel to gratitude to the author that it is something else. It is certainly a tribute to Mr. Lucas that we should be willing to quit all demands for a story, for the interplay of characters and for the development of a situation in return for a sequence of charmingly delicate observations and reflections on life. But so it is. The elderly hero of fifty-five, Mr. Falconer, who comes to lodge over Bemerton's bookshop in Westminster, is obviously a mere alias for the essayist, but, far from feeling any disappointment at this, we shake him by the hand all the more heartily. The truth is that we are captivated from the first page by "Mr. Falconer's" quiet humor, his modesty of tone, and the genuineness of his outlook. He invites us to sit and dine with him at an unassuming table, but everything offered to us, from the salt of his wit to the flavor of his wine, is excellent. The secret, perhaps, of the book's charm lies in the artful variety and contrast of the people and things it discusses. We pass easily from Mrs. Duckie, the retired cook and landlady, whose son, Alf Pinto, is a famous music-hall singer, and earns (Mr. Lucas slyly adds) the income of the President of the Local Government Board, to the Wynne household at Queen Anne's Gate, with the charming Naomi, Drusilla the suffragette, Lionel the county cricketer, Frank the journalist, and the "agreeable, ornamental person," Mr. Dollie Heatcote. In the character of Mr.

* "Over Bemerton's." By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 6s.
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It is a far cry from "Over Bemerton's" to "Halfway House," the two authors having no quality in common except that of literary skill. One wonders, indeed, in Mr. Hewlett's case, whether his dexterity as a virtuoso is not in excess of his creative originality. Nothing could well be cleverer than his handling of his figures, or more ingenious than his evocation of an atmosphere, and yet would not "Halfway House" make a much stronger appeal if this literary cake were not so cloying, so overladen with candied peel and sugared ornaments? The appeal is, as always, to the sensuous taste of his readers, but fundamentally the brainwork is so acute that one hesitates to say whether, with some remodellings and retrenchments, the novel might not rise into a high class of art. Quite admirable, for example, is the portrait of the humble heroine, Mary Middleton, who is lifted out of her station as village schoolmistress by her marriage with Mr. John Germain, "a gentleman of fifty, head of his family, deputy-lieutenant, and chairman of quarter sessions." Mary is a charming creature, naturally fresh and sweet in her girlish instincts and emotions, and it says not a little for her creator's art that her charm for us survives the fire of nods and winks and amorous innuendo with which most of the characters lovingly hail her relations with her elderly, "frozen" partner. Mr. Germain's infatuation and self-sophistication are also very subtly delineated, and we hear no false notes in the subsequent analysis of his icy despair when he finds he has only a mockery of love to give his young bride. The failure of the novel, such as it is, does not lie assuredly in the relations of these characters or in the exposition of the situation, but rather in the over-picturesqueness and artificiality of the social background. Again, Mr. Hewlett is so exceedingly clever that by his tricks of style he can pass off on us a gallery of minor figures that are semi-fantastic. And it is in the half and halfness of a character such as Senhouse, gentleman gipsy, poet, naturalist, and Bohemian, that the unreality of the romance lies. Mary Middleton belongs to the everyday world, Mr. Germain to Meredithian comedy, and Senhouse to a literary region that, hanging between both, is reminiscent of Borrow's tradition and Stevenson's flavor. Of course, Mr. Hewlett handles Senhouse, who is the real hero, with great dexterity, and since we are in for "romance," why not accept such flights off *terra firma* as are obligatory in Chapters X. and XI., where Mary follows Senhouse's *patteran* to the North, and stumbles across his camp on Wastdale? These are quite in the accepted style of English romance since the 'fifties, and as such they shatter the illusion of reality. The *patteran* business, in Chapters IX. and XVIII., is palpably absurd, but not much more so than are the chapters entitled, "Friendship's Garland" and "Senhouse on the Moral Law," in both of which the conversation is about as true to life as is the conversation in a Shaw play. The trouble with the English novelist is that he is not content to keep to one plane, but he must needs be walking one minute, and flying the next. Mr. Hewlett manages the transition with almost uncanny ease, he groups his figures dexterously in the Meredithian manner, his aristocrats walk and talk with a mannered preciosity that is undeniably picturesque, but the drawback, artistically, is that what is natural and deep in his analysis of feeling clashes with his virtuosity. His real brilliancy is at war with its shadow of cheapness. This is to say that our author has in so marked a degree the defect of his qualities that one hesitates as to whether one should not write—he has all the picturesque qualities of his art over-blown and running to seed.

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has been translated very well. It is unfortunate that the reader is confronted on the first page with a misprint which quite obscures the name of one of the most eminent modern interpreters of the Gospels. Until we turned to the original German edition of this little work we were quite at a loss to know who "Zulicher" might be. The original at once showed us that it was none other than Professor Juelicher of Marburg, the famous commentator on the Parables. Van Koetsveld, the Dutch preacher, is turned into *von* Koetsveld. Blemishes of this kind should have been avoided, as they produce an impression of carelessness which destroys one's sense of security in reading the translation. Attention has been directed in recent years to the imaginative and poetic character of the Gospels, and scholars of all shades of opinion are at one in maintaining that Jesus was not merely a preacher: he was also a poet, and his sayings and parables are full of the poetic spirit, and often of the poetic rhythm. This point of view is set forth by Dr. Frommel in a delightful manner in the successive chapters of his book. Many of the sayings of Jesus are true offshoots from the tree of Hebrew poetry. His antithetical parallelisms are examples of this. Take, for instance, the following sentences: "Many are called—but few are chosen," "God is not a God of the dead—but of the living," "So the first shall be last—and the last first." Space forbids us to enumerate other examples of poetic form and diction, but the reader will be amply rewarded if he turns to the pages of Dr. Frommel for them. This is a little volume which can be cordially recommended.

* * *

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Last Saturday the Stock Exchange began to recover from the cold fit which followed on Bulgarian and Austrian action in the Balkans, and on Monday and Tuesday prices in the markets most affected regained a substantial part of their losses. In fact, the improvement was so marked that it was thought safe to issue a Chinese loan, and the issue was quite favorably received, though there is a good deal to be said against investments in China until things there have become a little clearer. The Chinese have not yet carried reforms so far that they can be safely trusted by Europeans with the expenditure of money for railroad and other purposes. There was a pause on Wednesday, but the advance has held, as prices in the above table show. There is still anxiety, but on Thursday the City was hopeful that a settlement would be reached in the Balkans without war.

Trade Prospects.

A slight revival of trade seems now to be actually taking place. In the West Riding the woollen trade is more active, and shipbuilding is certainly better. The outlook is brightened by the prospect of an early settlement of the cotton dispute in Lancashire, where the card-room operators have at last been brought into line. The rise in the index number last month suggested that demand is once more catching up supply, and the same thing is indicated by the Board of Trade returns, which were the most favorable for some months. From the United States and Canada also reports of trade are more encouraging than for a long time past. Still one must be careful not to exaggerate or expect too much, especially until affairs in the Near East look better. I gather that at the great meeting of bankers in Denver, the general belief was that the trade recovery would be a very slow one, even if Taft were returned. Unemployment is still rife, and the failures for the first nine months of 1908 in the United States have been more than twice as heavy as in the same period of last year.

The Presidential Election and American Trade.

There is a good deal of doubt about the election, though the best opinion is that Taft will win. There is also a good deal of uncertainty, says the "New York Evening Post," as to the effect on markets. The shrewdest of those who claim that Mr. Taft's success is essential to general prosperity are not inclined to predict more than a temporary spurt in stocks, while many who are eager for his election are frank enough to declare that a victory for Mr. Bryan would not affect the situation unfavorably. As regards the industrial situation, no one whose judgment is highly considered believes that general business would be intrinsically affected one way or the other by the success of either Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan. The fact is, as an able financial writer in the "Post" points out, neither Taft nor Bryan can conjure away the panic. And it is the more difficult for the United States to recover, because she has already injured trade in other countries. In fact, just now the whole world is poor at one and the same time, a thing that does not often occur. When the United States was entering the depression of 1893, Europe was emerging from her depression occasioned by the Baring troubles of 1890. Again, when the situation collapsed in America in 1903, Europe was well on the road to recovery from the German crash of 1900. To-day, money is so abundant in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin, that complete tranquillity exists in each of these centres, and Paris can set about accumulating a great stock of gold for a big Russian loan without creating a ripple of apprehension anywhere in the world. But all this is but the measure of the world-wide depression of general industry. Money has accumulated in such amounts because it has been withdrawn from mercantile employment, and it has been so withdrawn because there is no use for it there. Both exports and imports have fallen off since January. We are selling the rest of the world less than last year, and the rest of the world is selling us less. In other words, all over the globe the eagerness to sell greatly exceeds the eagerness to buy, a sure indication that the whole world is "hard up."

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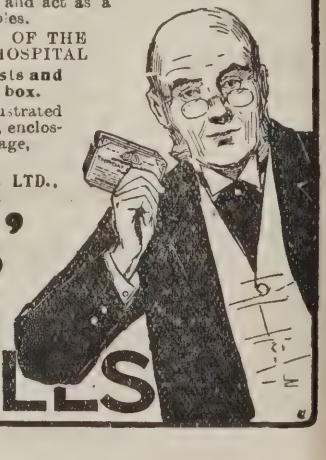

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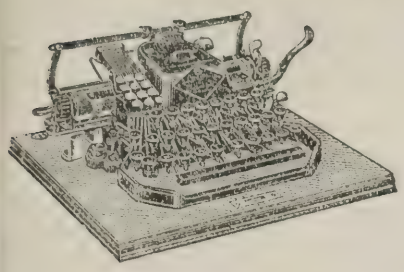

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Diary of the Week.

On Wednesday the Prime Minister announced to the House of Commons the Government's temporary proposals for dealing with unemployment. It is stated that the plans finally adhered to represent the opinion of the less advanced members of the Cabinet, supported by Mr. Burns, and that they fall short of a proposal made to the Government by the Labor Party, which included the giving of power to local authorities to raise a penny rate for the payment of wages to unemployed labor. Mr. Asquith's statement was made in very sympathetic language, and a large section of the Liberal Party appeared to approve it. But the Labor Party, while recognising the value of its administrative concessions, declares the scheme to be inadequate, and has practically formulated a resolution of censure. Its attitude is declared to be largely due to its disbelief in Mr. Burns's administration of the Unemployed Act.

* * *

The pith of the Government's proposals is the doubling of the grant to the Central Unemployed Fund, which, with the addition of £150,000, will now stand at £300,000. Out of this fund the Local Government Board will contribute to localities which are constructing works a sum representing the difference between the value of ordinary contract labor and the value of unemployed labor. Mr. Asquith, in answer to Mr. Balfour, estimated that this contribution would range from five to forty per cent. of the cost of the labor. The other Ministerial contributions lie chiefly in the speeding up of departmental work or the organisation of special kinds of winter employment. Thus, 8,000 workers are to be taken on for the Christmas season at the Post Office, the War Office is to provide for 24,000 recruits for Mr. Haldane's new Special Reserve, tenders have been accepted for nine destroyers and five cruisers, and the work is to be set forward by six weeks. Finally, the disqualification of people who have received poor law relief during the past twelve months, or have been helped under the Unemployed Act, is removed. In a concluding sentence Mr. Asquith admitted that these were only "anodynes," and added that he hoped, before Parliament came to an end, to strike an effective blow at the permanent causes of unemployment.

* * *

The Turkish situation has improved on the Bulgarian side, but has again become difficult so far as the proposed Conference and Austro-Turkish relationships are concerned. The Grand Vizier and the Young Turks, pursuing their consistent policy of a Bulgarian *rapprochement*, are said to have arranged with M. Dimitroff, the Bulgarian delegate, the principle of the purchase of the Oriental Railway, though Bulgaria, according to the well-informed Constantinople correspondent of the "Daily News," declines to pay anything in commutation of the Eastern Roumelian tribute. On the other hand, Austria's separate negotiations for the recognition of her raid on Bosnia and Herzegovina before the meeting of the Conference have failed. Kiamil Pasha insisted that the Conference must meet on the basis of the integrity of the Empire. Germany, which has throughout acted with Austria, while veiling or disclaiming any separate responsibility, supports her ally, and a meeting of the Conference is now doubtful. The Reform Party is clearly anxious about the state of the capital, for they are moving up Anatolian and Macedonian troops in substitution for the worthless Zaptiehs. The news from Armenia is better; that from Kurdistan and Mesopotamia, where the Constitution has been badly received, not quite so assuring.

* * *

On Thursday, Sir Edward Grey, in answer to Captain Faber and Mr. Lynch, admirably defined the policy which he had pursued with so much power, and to which we are glad to see Lord Lansdowne has given unqualified assent. He said that as the Conference primarily affected Turkey, the Government hoped that its first concern would be to safeguard her interests, to secure her compensation, and to strengthen the reforming *régime*. He indicated clearly that our Government's acceptance of the Conference depended on Turkey's final assent, which had not yet been yielded, of its agenda and programme. In Constantinople, there seems some reluctance to admit accomplished facts, which are not likely to be altered, even though they do not involve the moving of a single Ottoman soldier. This is a natural tendency of a threatened Power. In the bedchamber of the Sultan is a prayer-carpet, adorned with the names of all the chief towns in the Turkish Empire, some of which his own policy has long ago lost to it. An English visitor was asked what he thought of the

beautiful adornments of the room. "I think," he said, "that his Majesty wants a new carpet."

* * *

Meanwhile, the Young Turks are pursuing their fixed intention of changing the regiments which guard Yildiz Kiosk, and which, like Louis XVI.'s Swiss Guard, are the only possible engine of reaction, and the Constantinople correspondent of the "Times," who is in the confidence of the Committee, plainly hints that two of the warships have been moved from their moorings in the Golden Horn to the Bosporus, before the Dolma Baghche Palace, and opposite Yildiz, as a measure of warning to Abdul Hamid.—Austria is behaving with her accustomed brutality to the small States that she has wronged, arresting a Montenegrin delegate to Servia at Agram, and roughly prohibiting the export of all arms and munitions from her territory to Servia and Montenegro. This suggestion of vassalage does not improve the hopes of her keeping the peace with these fiery little States. But Bulgaria is showing statesmanship, and though she must qualify her indefensible refusal to commute Turkey's loss of the Eastern Roumelian tribute, she is clearly anxious for a settlement. The language of Prince Ferdinand is most pacific, and if he were more trusted might be held to be almost conclusive of peace between Turkey and her new and powerful neighbor.

* * *

The Licensing Bill has been undergoing a process of re-modelling during the week, the full effects of which cannot very easily be ascertained. Generally the tendency has been to moderate the financial burdens which the measure imposes on the trade. The Prime Minister has proposed that after the expiry of the fourteen years' time limit there shall be a further period of grace for those licence-holders who survive it. During this period the monopoly value of a licence will not be exacted, and there will be no compensation levy. This exemption, however, will be subject to two limitations. Magistrates will be under the Sharpe *v.* Wakefield terms—that is to say, they will be able to refuse a licence at discretion, according to their view of the needs of the locality. Secondly, local veto may be applied by a two-thirds majority. The concession has not been graciously received, and we argue elsewhere that the Government would be well advised either to excise local veto altogether from their Bill, leaving the future open, or at least to extend the character of the local options, so as to include, for example, experiments in disinterested management. This latter course they have indicated their willingness to adopt.

* * *

The precise character of the options and the general advisability of tying the hands of Parliament and Government fourteen years hence were very hotly debated, and the Government's replies were much less conclusive to their friends than usual. The confusion indeed on the Ministerial benches was somewhat marked. Mr. Leif Jones, the leader of the Alliance Party, favored veto by an absolute majority. Mr. Sherwell and others discouraged the overlaying of the principle of the Bill with the hotly contested issue of local veto. Mr. Keir Hardie, as a Socialist, spoke for municipal management, and the existence of a Liberal minority favorable to the Bill but fearful of the renewal of the old controversies which hang round this hot corner of the temperance question was very perceptible. Another change in the measure which is clearly to the good is the extension of the clauses regarding monopoly values to "off" as well as "on" licences. Finally, the House of Commons debated with some heat the clause which sets up a somewhat complicated system of local options for Wales and Monmouth, under which a bare majority is to act in some contingencies, and a two-thirds majority in others.

* * *

On Monday the Clemenceau Government suffered its first loss, and the blow came from an unexpected quarter. M. Delcassé delivered a fierce attack on the Cabinet in connection with the report on the blowing up of the Jéna. The Chamber refused to dismiss the whole Cabinet, but M. Thompson, the Naval Minister, was censured, and forced to resign. M. Delcassé, of course, finds the Government's Morocco policy not strenuous enough, and there is evidently a considerable section of the Conservative parties which think M. Clemenceau has already educated Parliament up to a reactionary Government. One slight indication of this spirit is the attempt made by M. Biétry, the leader of the organised strike-breakers, to revive the Dreyfus case. The situation is curious, because the danger to the Clemenceau Cabinet was expected to come from the Left, not from the Right, since at its congress at Dijon just before the Session opened, the Radical Party pronounced for a policy of advanced social reform, and for the restoration of the *bloc*, which is M. Clemenceau's pet abomination. Evidently M. Clemenceau's Government has a troubled prospect.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes: The Socialist Congress at Toulouse, which came to an end on Sunday, will probably prove to be a turning-point in the career of the French Socialist Party. Since M. Jaurès, in obedience to a resolution carried by a single vote at the Amsterdam Congress, abandoned the policy which had made the Socialist Party one of the most important factors in French politics, the party has been losing ground as a political force. Unification converted two natural groups, representing two different tendencies, into half-a-dozen warring factions. Further discredit was brought on the party by the fierce conflict between the Jaurésistes and the Guesdistes at last year's Congress. The fact that the Jaurésistes then owed their victory to the support of a small section really Anarchist in tendency compromised the Socialist cause and gave a handle to social reaction, which has been used with effect, as the recent municipal elections demonstrated.

* * *

The Toulouse Congress marks a return to a saner policy and the achievement of a real unity. A long resolution—or, rather, manifesto—carried with one dissentient, affirms the necessity of continued Parliamentary action, while admitting the legitimacy of such methods as insurrection or a general strike, should circumstances make them necessary and possible. But speakers of every school condemned not only the repressive measures of M. Clemenceau, but also the criminal folly of those who have sent workmen to be killed by inciting them to unprepared and futile movements. Another healthy symptom was the refusal of the Congress local organisations to confirm the sentences of excommunication passed on M. Breton and other members. Toulouse means that the Socialist Party separates itself from the Hervéiste remnant, and from the little knot of Anarchists to whom an absurd system of representation has given the control of the Confédération Générale du Travail, and accepts the olive branch held out by the recent Radical Congress at Dijon. M. Jaurès' marvellous speech of five hours on Saturday was a return to

the old Jaurès of the days of the Combes Ministry. There can be no reconstitution of the *bloc tel quel*, for the old *bloc* contained elements which cannot blend permanently with Socialism. But there may be in the near future a new social reform *bloc* supporting a Ministry of which the chief may quite conceivably be M. Aristide Briand.

* * *

The Russian Budget for 1909 has been submitted to the Duma Committee. The classification of revenue and expenditure as extraordinary and ordinary makes it difficult to see things as they are; but a deficit of £15,200,000 is admitted, to which must, no doubt, be added at least a share of the floating debt of £32,000,000. The revenue estimates are liberal, but expenditure has gone up at a much greater pace. The deficit of 1909 is to be met by a loan, and no disguise is now made of the fact that a foreign loan of £50,000,000 is in preparation, part of which will go to consolidate the floating debt. The Government admits that the State cannot continue to live by borrowing at a time when one quarter of its revenue is devoted to the debt service, and it will suggest new taxes on income, land, and tobacco, though it evidently has no hope of avoiding a deficit in this way; it, therefore, makes a somewhat pathetic appeal for economy. The disorder in Russia's finances is even less near its end than the disorder in her social life. Two slight steps towards social peace are registered in the abolition of the strictest form of martial law in Poland and in the collapse of the strike agitation among the students.

* * *

The Shah's troops have abandoned the siege of Tabriz, their commander, Ain-ed-Dowleh, has thrown up the sponge, and nobody else is anxious to try where he has failed. Even the Cossacks do not want to leave Teheran, and everything points to despair in the heart of the Shah and his imminent collapse. Just at this moment the official Russian News Agency and the "Novoe Vremya," whose relations with the Russian Foreign Office are notorious, have begun to agitate for armed intervention by Russia and the sending of an expedition to Tabriz "to restore order." Coming at the moment when the Shah seems on the point of being compelled to yield to the will of his people, this proposal gives the very worst impression of Russian good faith in Persia. It is some satisfaction that a section of the Russian Press denounces it, and we trust that the Russian Government will show that it has no thought of committing so gross an outrage on international decency. The best proof it could give of its sincerity would be to recall its officers in the Shah's service. Such a step would precipitate a settlement, and it is a measure long overdue.

* * *

The vacant places in the Government have been filled up by transferring Mr. McKinnon Wood from the Under-Secretaryship of the Board of Education to the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, and by appointing Mr. Charles Trevelyan to succeed Mr. McKinnon Wood. Mr. Trevelyan is sure to do well as a Minister, for he has ability and unbounded interest in political work. The choice of office for Mr. McKinnon Wood is a surprise. He is a very able man, with an experience both of political leadership and of the highly skilled administrative work of which the London County Council is the centre. But, unless he is meant to stimulate and direct the very necessary work of strengthening the commercial side of the diplomatic service, it seems strange to set a municipal statesman to work in the very different line of foreign politics.

The Canadian elections take place on Monday. Imperialism has not been breathed as an issue unless the vigorous campaign of the cotton and woollen manufacturers against "the unpatriotic British preference," as their trade journal calls it, evidences the Imperialist spirit. On all questions of principle there has been no perceptible line of cleavage between Government and Opposition, and the Opposition have concentrated their artillery against the corrupt administration of the Government. Some of the Opposition guns are spiked, not only because their own record in office was bad, but because they have shared in the loss under the Liberal *régime*; very ugly charges, for instance, are being made against one of their foremost leaders. Nevertheless the tide is rather against the Liberals, who have been in office for twelve years. The Conservatives claim to be sweeping Ontario, and making a great breach in Quebec. Sir Wilfred Laurier, however, has the overwhelming majority of 66 in a House of 214 members, and impartial observers do not think it likely to be cut down by much more than half. Probably the North West and British Columbia will decide the issue.

* * *

France and Spain have sent their second joint Note to the Powers with regard to the recognition of Mulai Hafid. The bald official summary does not permit much in the way of criticism, but the emphasis seems to be strong on Morocco's financial obligations, real and asserted. Judging from an interview which a French journalist has had with Mulai Hafid, the Sultan is determined not to allow any European Power to acquire political control over his territory, and will need much careful and diplomatic handling if his profound distrust of France is to be diminished. He is fully conscious of the strength of his position, which is becoming more firm every week. The latest of his enemies to be attacked is the Pretender, El Roghi. That chief's own followers are turning against him, and the Riff tribes are gathering to put the territory he rules under the sway of Mulai Hafid, who promises to exercise a wider and more powerful authority over Morocco than any of his predecessors for generations. El Roghi, even when conquered, will, however, leave his legacy of difficulties behind, for he has given many extensive concessions to Spanish financiers, which will have to come under review.

* * *

Charles Eliot Norton, the American scholar, died on Wednesday at Cambridge, Massachusetts, aged eighty-one. He represented the last living link at once with the classical society of American writers of the middle nineteenth century—Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes—and with their great English companionship. The intimate friend of Ruskin and Carlyle, Professor Norton's life, full and wonderfully varied as it was, may be said to have been divided between association with great minds, the cultivation of his own wide powers of scholarship and reflection, and the teaching and inspiring of the young through his Professorship at Harvard. On his pupils he left an impression as enduring as that which his larger friendships left behind them. Ruskin appears always to have leant heavily upon him, Carlyle to have influenced his mind most powerfully. His own chief contribution to literature lay in his studies and translations of Dante. His mind was cosmopolitan rather than purely American, and his affection for English letters, and his many close ties with our country, deeply coloured it. But, like Lowell, he was a great American patriot.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

The proposals outlined by Mr. Asquith on Wednesday for the relief of the present distress were properly described by him as anodynes. They do not profess to be anything but palliating measures, which the want of foresight universal in our political life drives us to substitute for any far-reaching attempt to cut at the roots of the evil. Such an attempt, however, we shall witness, no doubt, next Session. For the moment we have to consider the value of the Government programme as a measure for meeting the acute distress of the present season. The essence of these proposals lies in the increase of the Government grant from £150,000 to £300,000, and the relaxation of the rules by which the Local Government Board had hindered its efficient application. The larger figures which Mr. Asquith set forth do not appear to us to have so intimate a bearing upon the problem. At any rate their effect is not readily measurable. The Admirality, for example, is accelerating naval works to the amount of some £2,500,000. They are, that is to say, placing contracts to that amount some six weeks earlier than they would have placed them but for the present slackness of trade. We are not much in love with the plan of making the existence of unemployment a reason for increasing or accelerating expenditure on naval and military objects. But in any case it is clear that it is but the merest fraction of the figure given that will contribute in any way to the relief of the present distress. Nor can we quite understand why Mr. Asquith, in his desire to give the House a thoroughly lucid statement of his policy, should have thought it relevant to introduce the number of extra hands which are always taken on by the Post Office towards Christmas time. He did not tell us that the Post Office contemplated any special addition to the number this year, and it would seem that the effect of mentioning such a figure could only be to diffuse an ill-founded sense of security as to the immediate future. Nor do we take Mr. Haldane's Special Reserve too seriously. It will not meet the worst cases—those of heads of families—and we are not at all sure, considering the conditions of service, that it will not tend to remove men from the regular ranks of industry and aggravate the problem for a future season.

There remain the loans raised by municipalities for public works. Here, again, the figures on a first reading look large. Loans to the amount of some £1,500,000, we are told, have been raised with the consent of the Local Government Board for works "in which the employment of the unemployed in the locality was declared to be the object of the application." If a million and a half were about to be spent in wages among the unemployed we should hear little more of the crisis. But, of course, this expenditure has only an indirect relation to the receipts of those whom we all desire to benefit. How much of it actually goes to the unemployed no one can say. There is, however, an available measure of the amount which the public is actually asked to spend in relief. The plan on which these loans are administered is that, so far as possible, local bodies use the labor of the unemployed in the work, that an estimate is made of the excess in the cost of the work due to this cause, and the difference is made up by the Local Government Board out of the Parliamentary grant. How great the difference is Mr. Asquith could not say: it might be five, it might be forty per cent. of the total. But whatever it is in any given locality, it will come out of the sum placed in the hands of the Local Government Board. That is to say, unless this grant is enlarged, it is not to exceed £300,000. When all the millions have been analysed that figure remains, not, indeed, as the total sum that may go to the unemployed in wages through the year, but as the maximum which they are to cost the public. The nation, then, is not in danger of being over-burdened with the cost of the Government's proposal.

In several quarters it has been proposed that, apart from the aid given by the Government, municipalities should have the power to raise a penny rate, not, as now, for purposes of machinery or the hire of land alone, but for direct expenditure on relief works. Mr. Asquith rejects this proposal on several grounds. He urges that it would not be used, but that, of course, is a point on which the municipalities themselves could best judge, and surely it is one on which London, Liverpool, and Manchester are capable of judging. If they did not levy the rate, no harm would be done. He urged, also, that the total amount which a penny rate would produce was small. It would come to £370,000 if levied in all the distressed districts, including London. This sum may be small for the purpose, but it exceeds by £70,000 the national grant which he proposes to make. He argued, lastly, that much more money would be made available by loan, and here the millions come into play again. But these millions, be it remembered, have ultimately to be paid for out of the rates, and the real question is this: is it better to levy a rate, and pay out of income for what are frankly admitted to be relief works, so that the bulk of the expenditure will go to the unemployed, or is it better to borrow for works which are not admitted to be relief works, and some fraction of which will go to the unemployed? We should have thought there were merits in the plan of paying as you go, and of knowing what precisely you are spending on the specific object of relief. In any case, it would seem desirable to give municipalities the option of choosing between the two policies, and to set them free to go their own way, without being subject in every instance to the

control of the Local Government Board. Manchester is well able to initiate and control a policy of local relief for its unemployed.

Be this as it may, the positive benefits of Mr. Asquith's plan, when analysed out, resolve themselves into two. The grant is increased by one half, and the conditions of its administration are rendered more elastic. The receipt of poor relief, or of previous aid under the Act in two successive winters, is no longer to disqualify a man for further assistance. There remains Mr. Asquith's promise that more aid will be forthcoming, if necessary, and this, we fear, we must consider the best part of his speech. We have, unfortunately, little doubt of the necessity, and we fear that the moment when the friends of the unemployed will have to ask for more will come only too soon.

HOW ENGLAND CAN HELP TURKEY.

It is the worst penalty for the weakness of the past, that a Turkey in process of transformation is compelled to face an enemy beyond her frontiers, as well as an enemy at home. The internal reaction has already begun to set problems to the reformers. A trivial incident in a Constantinople slum serves to show that the garrison of Yildiz Palace retains the loose discipline and the fanatical instincts in which Abdul Hamid had trained it. In Armenia, though the fraternisation between the Liberal Turks and the Christians has been complete and sincere, the Kurdish tribesmen can still be used to carry out murders. In North Albania, which is about as far behind the South, as the Highlands of Scotland were behind the Lowlands in 1745, there are also signs of a return to intolerance. These sparse symptoms of reaction are important, because it was the Kurds, the North Albanians, and the Yildiz garrison which were in the past the pillars of the Hamidian *régime*. Whether by accident, or as the result of an underground intrigue, the shocks which the foreign enemies of the new order have dealt it from abroad, have already begun to produce their inevitable after-effects at home. It is on this unstable equilibrium in Turkey itself that the Austrians and their seconds are experimenting. The fate of Bosnia, the status of Bulgaria, the future of Crete—these are merely pawns in the larger game which the Great Powers are playing, to check or to further the Turkish renaissance. A reactionary Turkey would be once more the destined prey of German and Austrian expansion; a free Turkey will be an insuperable barrier to the *Drang nach Osten*. The attitude of some of the Powers in this duel for the soul of the Turkish people is sufficiently clear. England, with France in the second line, has been the enthusiastic friend of the new movement. Austria and Germany are as decidedly on the other side. It is in the attitude of Russia that the clue to the future lies, and on Sir Edward Grey's ability to keep Russia loyally within the Liberal camp, that the success of our efforts to assist the Young Turks may ultimately depend.

The traditional attitude of the Russian governing class is, unquestionably, as hostile to Turkey as that of our own is friendly. The antagonism rests not upon a resentment of all the atrocities and oppressions of the past, but upon a long memory of incessant wars, upon an almost physical prejudice, half racial and half religious, and upon a reading of destiny, which, for more than a century, has taught Russians to look for their own aggrandisement to the collapse of a Turkey in decay. It was the simple consequence of this attitude, that, from the time of General Ignatieff to the Mürzsteg programme of yesterday, Russian policy has always opposed any symptom or suggestion of reforms which might save and regenerate Turkey. During the first days of the revolution, M. Tsinovieff, the Ambassador in Constantinople, publicly expressed his hostility to the new movement, and a semi-official Havas telegram from St. Petersburg even spoke of Russian proposals to suppress the Young Turkish revolt. This early phase of instinctive dislike was followed by apparent acquiescence, but M. Isvolsky, at the time of his meetings with Baron von Aerenthal and Signor Tittoni, was, apparently, prepared to join in the Austrian policy of provocation and dismemberment. Two influences have drawn him into the opposite camp. Sir Edward Grey, with French backing, has induced him to postpone his schemes of "compensation," and to join the ranks—as it is naïvely put—of the "disinterested" Powers. There is some reason to consider this sudden conversion sincere. For M. Isvolsky had hardly struck his bargain with Baron von Aerenthal when a revolt against his policy declared itself in the Russian Press. The spoliation of Turkey, as Austria had designed it, involved also a disloyalty to the Slavs of Bosnia and Servia, which popular sentiment in Russia very properly regarded with indignation. While that complication lasts, Russia cannot make common cause with the German Powers. The result, for the moment, has been to consolidate the triple *entente* of England, Russia, and France. But it would be a mistake to suppose that either public or official opinion in Russia shares the disinterested and sympathetic attitude of England towards the Young Turkey movement. Russian public opinion is rather anti-Austrian than pro-Turkish, and it is so because it is Pan-Slavist. The Russian Court, while it patronises the Black Hundreds, can hardly admire the Young Turks, nor the bureaucracy desire to aid Parliamentarism abroad, while it "thanks God," as the Finance Minister put it, "that there is no Parliament in Russia."

Sir Edward Grey's task is at the best one of the utmost delicacy. Doubtful as we are of the policy of an intimate *rapprochement* with Russia, we cannot refrain from congratulating him on his success in detaching Russian diplomacy from the Austrian intrigue. The worst disaster of all for Turkey would have been the conclusion of a bargain between the three Empires, to despoil and ruin her. Their co-operation would have neutralised French sympathies, and a group so powerful might have

used all the Balkan States as its tools. To secure the goodwill of Russia, even temporarily, for the Turkish renaissance, is an achievement which is worth some sacrifice—provided it does not involve a sacrifice of the very principle at stake. But emphatically it would not be worth the price which Russia originally demanded. We have no selfish interest in confining the Russian Fleet within the Black Sea—the "Potemkin" and her mutinous or obsolete consorts can never be a danger to our naval position in the Mediterranean. But to allow Russian vessels to pass the Straits, without also demanding the entry for ourselves, would be to subject the Turkish capital undefended to the constant menace of coercion. If Russian vessels could terrorise Constantinople unchecked, much as the fleets of all the Powers used in the old days to descend on Mytilene, Turkey would be independent only in name. To consent to such a "concession" as this would be to hand over the Turkish people, tied and bound, to their traditional enemy. It is essential to prevent the accession of Russia to the hostile Austrian group. But the suggestion that England and Russia proposed to act in strict concert in Turkey as they have done in Persia, might ruin our influence and invite the very disasters which we dread. The problem for Sir Edward Grey is how, if possible, to secure the co-operation or neutrality of Russia in Turkey, without allowing her an opening to repeat her Persian exploits.

There are several obvious ways in which we can assist the Young Turkey movement in its double work of construction and defence. Any concession which adds to the real independence of Turkey must increase the prestige of her Liberals, and though it is too soon to abolish the Capitulations, it is feasible to assist her to regain the liberty to control her foreign trade, to modify her tariffs, and to tax resident foreigners. She will need financial assistance, if the more friendly Powers will join us, in a loan, and the aid of expert administrators. But for our part, we should be prepared to go further than this. Until she is secured against the intrigues of neighbours who covet each a fragment of her territory, she must either ruin herself in armaments or buy the alliance of some interested Power. The boon which would most certainly assure the success of her Reform movement would be a limited guarantee from a circle of Powers, while she maintains her constitution, of her independence and territorial integrity. We recently gave to Spain, a less deserving and interesting client, such a guarantee, in concert with France. The North Sea Agreement furnishes another parallel. But whatever model were followed, and whatever degree of sanction or assent were afterwards sought from other Empires, it is for the Liberal Powers to make the guarantee a reality. A guarantee from England and France, with Russia assenting, would be a security for the Liberal *régime*. A guarantee from all the Powers would have no unity of principle behind it, and it would mean no more than the Treaty of Berlin. The choice of the means is a matter for careful enquiry and negotiation. But on the end—the use of all our influence and all our prestige to secure the triumph of Turkish Liberalism—English opinion is unanimous and decided. In no country in the world is Liberalism fighting for so large a stake. There is involved not only the peace of Eastern Europe, and the happiness of oppressed races, but the destiny of the East, and the future of the millions who profess the Mohammedan faith. The success of the Turks carries with it the regeneration not of their race alone, but of every Moslem people which realises that the Caliph has become a limited and constitutional sovereign. The Young Turks have shaken the passive Oriental acceptance of despotism, and challenged the secular tradition which declared that Asiatics are "naturally slaves." For a Liberalism, conscious of the play of world forces, to forward the success of such a movement would be worth sacrifices and efforts; its failure would complicate our tasks in two Continents. Sir Edward Grey has done well; he should be given every encouragement to pursue the work he so bravely and opportunely began.

THE PROGRESS OF THE LICENSING BILL.

The debate on the Licensing Bill in Committee is proceeding as satisfactorily as the system of closure by compartments without any machinery for the selection of amendments for discussion will permit. Ministers have considerably strengthened the claim of their measure to the title of a comprehensive scheme of licensing reform by applying the time limit to off licences. Mr. Harcourt on Tuesday afternoon said that he believed it was universally admitted that off licences have no monopoly value now. It would be interesting to know by what process he has arrived at such a belief. Beer off licences have had a steadily increasing monopoly value since the legislation of 1880 and 1882 first gave Justices effective power to prevent their creation. Wine and spirit off licences have obtained a monopoly value through the Licensing Act of 1902, which gave a similar power with regard to new licences, but gave statutory protection to existing licence holders. Off licences now number over 25,000, and ten million pounds is not an excessive estimate of their monopoly value. They are passing year by year into the hands of brewers, and if they had been left outside the scope of the time limit, as was originally proposed, all the energies of the trade restricted by the Bill would have been devoted to stimulating the sale of liquor on and from off licensed premises. Mr. Balfour said in the earlier part of the Session that the question of off licences was the touchstone of the Government's sincerity. Ministers have answered to the test, and already the Opposition, who allowed the amendment to pass without challenge, are asking for an opportunity of discussing it.

In their dealing with the question of Local Option, the Government have not shown themselves to equal advantage. We pointed out the day after the Bill was introduced that its clear effect, which could never have been intended, was to give to a bare majority in any licensing district the power to prohibit the issue of any licences, new or old. The trade have used this provision against

the Government at every bye-election, and yet it is only since the House reassembled that a majority of two-thirds has been substituted for a bare majority. Moreover, the amendment making the alteration has been put in such a form as to raise a protest from two of the ablest supporters of the Bill—Sir Thomas Whittaker and Mr. Sherwell. It was, in our opinion, unnecessarily enlarging the area of controversy with opponents, and terminating the truce that has hitherto happily prevailed among different sections of temperance reformers, to attempt to interfere with the discretion of a future Parliament by any directing provisions as to the exercise of local control at the end of the time limit. But if any such direction were given, it should not have been one which appeared, by simply mentioning prohibition and reduction of licences, to indicate these as the only forms local option might take. Those who have studied most exhaustively and scientifically the licensing systems of this and other countries have been most profoundly impressed by the futility of leaving the conduct of a trade admittedly capable, if unregulated, of working untold harm to the Commonwealth, in the hands of those whose only interest in it is that of financial gain. It was a mistake to discourage those who hope to find an opportunity, when the close of the time limit gives a free hand to the State, of showing a more excellent way. We are glad to see that since Tuesday night's debate the Government have altered their position in this respect. The Prime Minister on Thursday gave Mr. J. A. Bright most satisfactory assurance that on the report stage of the Bill all the various possible methods of local control will be given an equal chance.

The cardinal provision of the Bill, that of the recovery of public control over licences after a time limit, has emerged scatheless from the ordeal of discussion in Committee. In defending it, the Prime Minister showed to the best advantage those powers of lucid statement and argumentative challenge in which he has no rival in the House of Commons. The attack of the Opposition on this, the vital part of the Bill, was surprisingly feeble. Mr. Balfour, supple in wrist as he is, had to admit once more, to the chagrin of some of his followers, that there is no necessary injustice in a time limit, though, of course, he reiterated his contention that it is unjust when coupled with a levy for compensation purposes. But even with this qualification the admission surrenders the whole case against the principle of a time limit. If the provision of a sinking fund, and the payment of the compensation charge, constitute too heavy a burden on the trade, it is simply a question of cash. The maximum yield of the compensation charge under the Balfour Act is a little more than a million and a quarter per annum. The extension of the time limit by seven years would reduce the annual amount necessary to be accumulated to replace licence values on its termination by over two millions a year. If, therefore, the fourteen years' time limit would be just were there no compensation charge, a twenty-one years' time limit would be not merely just but generous. We are glad that the Prime Minister has intimated his willingness to make some concession on the question of the time limit when the Bill reaches the report stage. We greatly dislike the precise method which he has adumbrated—that of giving licences which survive the reduction period a seven years' freedom from monopoly value and compensation charges, subject nominally, at any rate, to the possibility of extinction under local veto or magisterial discretion. On this point we shall take an opportunity of enlarging next week.

But some extension of the time limit is, we think, both sound policy and good strategy. No doubt soundly financed companies could, without difficulty, make the sinking fund provision which a fourteen years' time limit would render necessary. But to thousands of shareholders in the numerous weak and badly financed companies the Bill, if enacted without amendment, would mean serious loss. Many of them have been foolish and have no claim in justice for greater consideration than the original proposals of the Government would have given them. But it is sound statesmanship, when making a change in the policy of the State, to minimise, so far as is consistent with the realisation of the ends sought by that change, the financial loss which it brings to individuals. To those earnest advocates of the Bill who count such an argument as this of little weight, we would point out that the offer of a concession on this point has already, by general consent, increased the chances, for some time past believed to be very slight, of securing it a second reading in the House of Lords.

To achieve such a result Ministers are justified in sacrificing everything but the essentials of their measure. To its carrying they have devoted, and rightly devoted, the greater part of the most important and critical Session of the present Parliament. For it they have braved, and rightly braved, the loss of several bye-elections, and at all events a temporary loss of popularity with the electorate. If they fail to carry it, no Government for the next ten, nay, perhaps for the next twenty years, will attempt so comprehensive and far-reaching an effort to deal with the licensing question. The alternative policy of the taxation of licences may be financially worse for the trade, and is fiscally and scientifically justifiable enough, but it gives no such promise of fundamental temperance reform as does the present Bill. And the measure of the sacrifices its authors have made for it is the measure of their responsibility to see that nothing is wanting on their part in foresight, in strategy, and, if need be, in willingness to compromise on non-essentials, to secure its passage into law.

THE PERSONALITY OF MR. BURNS.

The restricted character of the Government's programme of temporary relief for the unemployed must, we suppose, be attributed to Mr. Burns, and will be regarded as the victory of a view of unemployment which the President of the Local Government Board holds in common with the bulk of Conservative and middle-class opinion in England and with a section of the Liberal Party. There is, indeed, a certain irony in Mr. Burns's association with it. The President of the Local Government Board came into public life as the leader of the most turbulent

demonstration of unemployed people that London has ever known, and he has not formally disavowed the Socialist views on which his brilliant early career as an agitator was built. Mr. Burns did something more than climb the parapet of the building in Downing-street where he recently held sway. He was one of the founders of the New Unionism, that is to say, of the force in trade unionism which, though not confined to unskilled labor, brought in a body of new recruits, and strongly emphasised both the political side of the trade union movement and its Socialistic tendencies. Mr. Burns, therefore, was brought into the business of Government by the same kind of flow in ideas and the same tendencies in workmen's politics as those which gave responsibility to men like M. Briand and M. Millerand. He has been the first manual workman asked to join a British Cabinet; he has been the first Socialist called on to shape the practical policy of one of the historic English parties. The fact that his admission to Cabinet rank coincided with the formation of a Parliamentary Labor Party, of great numerical strength, of thoroughly representative character, formed, in the main, on the lines of his own action as an independent personality, added weight to his position, and gave him a great, and one would have thought, an unmistakable, message to maintain touch between the two divisions of the progressive forces. It is, we suppose, no secret that Mr. Burns has been unable to keep this contact, and that if the Government and the Labor Party are in disagreement on the problem of unemployment, where they might well have come to an understanding, the President of the Local Government Board bears his share of responsibility for that decision. We are by no means quarrelling with all that Mr. Burns has said and done on unemployment. He was, in our opinion, wise in resisting the Bill of last year. His sense of the danger of dislocating the regular labor market, and of weakening the character of individual workers by drawing them into a slatternly, half-dependence on badly-organised relief works, is creditable to his instinct as a skilled workman, and to his feeling of loyalty to his class.

Where we have been unable to follow Mr. Burns is in the almost purely negative character of his attitude both to unemployment and to the general mission of the Labor Party in Parliamentary politics. We should have thought that Mr. Burns and the Labor Party would have regarded each other as natural allies. His language has sometimes suggested that he looks at them as deadly enemies, corruptors of the intelligence and *morale* of the British workman. We should have said that his special business in the Government was to see that Liberalism and Labor marched as far together as their principles and tactics allowed, and that both were kept in being as necessary elements in the opposition to reaction and Protection. Mr. Burns has not accepted the *rôle* which his earlier career seemed to mark out for him. He has, indeed, ignored it. He has developed into a good, stiff administrator of a conservative type, scrupulously honest, heavy-handed, and rightly so, in his dealings with public offenders. He has interested and amused the public, for striking personalities are rare, and Mr. Burns is not only a political artist of distinction, but he stands for a type of British statesmen whom only light-minded men would treat with disrespect. He has been faultless in his discharge of the ceremonial dignities of his office. He has, indeed, failed in none of the points where his more malicious critics, and they, we are sure, are few, predicted failure. It appears to us, therefore, the more regrettable that so acceptable a public servant should seem to decline or to despair of the task he was set to undertake. Therein lies a source of danger to the Government and the Liberal Party, and an obstacle to a highly honorable and even brilliant career. Mr. Burns, with his intimate knowledge of the workman's life, might have been an invaluable element during the years when, under Conservative leadership, an attempt, even a blundering and ill-advised attempt, was being made to find ways out of the besetting trouble of unemployment. It was not possible to arrive at once at the solution. But there were many avenues of tentative, explorative work. Mr. Burns has checked some extravagances in the conduct of labor colonies, and as good action may be negative as well as positive, we shall not disparage it. But by language and by deeds he has also, we think, discouraged experiment when, above all things, the social reformer desired to see such experience carefully and thoughtfully tested, even at the cost of some unremunerative work. He has spoken with favor of afforestation, a sound, and, so far as we know, a widely accredited remedy for unemployment. But he has done little to promote it. He might, we think, have given greater freedom to the municipalities, and we see no point, and no real contact with the spirit of Liberalism, in the refusal to allow them to devote rates to the payment of wages to the unemployed. He has been quite right to stop positive, well-ascertained cases of lax administration, and to see to it that the moral of such failures sank into the public mind. But he has sometimes spoken as if unemployment were a moral disease of the British workman, instead of a regular and invariable incident in the course of modern industry. Under his rule his Department, which for many years has worked in the fetters that an able but narrow administrator devised for the cramping of English local government, has fallen short of the generally high level of activity which this Government has set up. Mr. Burns's office, to the surprise of Liberals, has been the most conservative office in the Government.

The line of extreme caution we have indicated is perfectly natural in Mr. Burns, and entirely honest. But it would be idle to pretend that while he pursues it he gives the country and the Government the kind of advising and propelling force that the late Prime Minister hoped to find in him. He may reply to us, with much force, that he prefers to be himself, and to that our only rejoinder can be that politicians, no more than other men, can live to themselves alone, and that those who most admire an original and highly interesting character, raised by its own worth to a position of singular eminence, must desire to see it employed in the service which made Mr. Burns a great public man.

Life and Letters.

METHODS OF MELODRAMA.

SOMEWHERE in the pale-green back files of an esteemed contemporary is to be found a picture with the immortal initials of F. C. G., wherein may be seen John Bull, once the sedate, bedizened with peacocks' feathers and dancing a dance both wild and weird. In the background, if the files of our own memory serve us well, may be seen foreign faces agape with astonishment, and beneath is some such legend as this: "What, he too can make a fool of himself!" It was the Mafficking time, when London surprised itself and the world by showing how silly it could be if it tried. Men held it to be a temporary insanity, but it was an insanity which displaced a habit, shook a tradition, and lowered a pride. Down to the Mafficking time John Bull was wont to thank God that he was not as other men are, noisy, emotional, excitable, theatrical, or even as these Frenchmen; that he was not accessible to sentimental appeals, nor moved by words, or by anything but the most matter of fact considerations, not given to outward shows, nor amenable to mob rule. He hated a scene, and those who made scenes. If he suffered he grinned and bore it. If his children suffered he expected them to bear it till the moment for action came, and then to rise suddenly and strike swiftly, to say little and do much. We have changed all that. In these days of newspaper sensation we have discovered that the way to succeed is not to reason, but if we may coin a verb of which the times have need, to unreason, not to talk sense, but nonsense, not to organise and marshal real forces, but to display sham forces, not to act but to advertise. It is the age of the advertiser, and who cares what is behind an advertisement? The greater the fraud the greater the cleverness in making it appear real. If your army are men in buckram, all the smarter of you to pass them off for real soldiers. If your jewels are tinsel, the greater your audacity in winning admiration for them as genuine. We admire your audacity, we laugh at your cleverness, and, far from being angered at your deceit, we thank you cordially for the laugh.

People with a cause have caught the trick. They have learnt that the first of all objects is to arrest attention. Study in all things notoriety. Make people talk about you. If you cannot do it otherwise, do it by standing on your head in the Strand. Then they must turn round and stare. By standing on your head you may relieve the unemployed, who might starve for anything argument, statistics, appeals to justice, sympathy, pity can do. Do not appeal to other people's heads, but stand on your own and tickle their fancy for the absurd. This man, they will say, has hit on a new method of advertising. He is one of us. He is up-to-date. Let us find out what he wants and give it him quickly lest he should begin to bore us with reasons. Here are a score of men sitting down in Trafalgar Square. Why sit in Trafalgar Square? It is hard and draughty. It is absurd to sit in Trafalgar Square. But that is precisely why you should sit there if you want to get anything done. You sit there to prove that tens of thousands of people ought to have work found for them, and it is the kind of proof that the public appreciates. Being a slender, fragile woman you hurl yourself against a serried rank of well-fed constables. You do that to prove that you have moral force on your side, and that you are right. It is the kind of proof that the public appreciates.

It is the temper of the public that decides how it shall be addressed. It is the "great sophist" that corrupts writers, speakers, agitators, organisers, imposing on them the need for rhetoric, for fallacies, for melodrama, for antics. If we try to put the blame on the agitators, could they not reply that they tried reasonable methods and failed? "We piped unto you," they might say to the great unheeding mass, "and ye have not danced." Still more truly, "We mourned unto you and ye have not wept." The great world goes on its way, a vast unheeding machine, grinding out its daily tale of work and pleasure, of wealth for one, and livelihood for another, and misery for a third. What shall stop it for one moment, and force it to give heed to the cry of injustice or suffering? It is too vast to be human, too complex to understand itself. Democracy, men thought in old days, was to give every one a voice. True, the majority would always have its own way, and individuals might sometimes find themselves roughly over-ridden. But at least they would have a voice. The very smallest minority would at least be able to speak for itself. And speak it can. But how is it to make its voice heard in all the clamour? The cry of the causes goes up like the confusion of the battle roar from all sides. John Bull, not wishing to be unkind or unjust, is at first ready to listen. But soon the din is too great for him and the clamour too confusing. There are too many claimants on his grace; they all want different things, and they will not give one another time to speak. Dimly he realises that each grievance raises complex and different problems, which he thinks he would like to investigate. But before he has fairly settled down to his books, another claimant from the other end of the world jogs his elbow. The end of it is that, on his side, John Bull is inclined to condemn all reformers as a nuisance, and to shut his ears to all grievances, in order to escape sheer mental distraction and imbecility. On the other side, the reformers and the grievances become clamorous. Each sees that its own sole chance of getting attention is to drown the noise of all the rest. It lets reason, dignity, truth, go by the board, and guides itself by the example of the importunate widow. Not by argument, not by its merits, is the cause to prevail, but by the capacity of its exponents to make themselves objectionable. They will make it more uncomfortable for John Bull to be deaf than to listen; or they will divert him by antics and absurdities. All is fair in agitation and advertisement. The one supreme object is to catch the eye and ear—never mind how staring the colours employed, or how raucous the sound.

The fault, then, is not wholly with those who use theatrical methods. It is public stupidity, public slowness, public indifference to the things that affect the national welfare, public susceptibility to absurdities that tickle the fancy, that discourage reasonable and stimulate ridiculous methods of propaganda. But ought we not, in justice to both sides, to admit another element as well? Suppose the methods not merely theatrical, suppose that the collisions with the police, in which most of them are designed to end, involve some physical discomfort for the performers, may we not say that, unconsciously perhaps, society is asking and they are giving something more than a mere dramatic display? May we say that the modern test of a cause is a mitigated form of the ordeal by suffering which throughout civilised history has been the test of all causes? There is an impulse, not wholly irrational, to gauge the cause by the sincerity of its advocates, and the sincerity of its advocates by the measure of their will to endure on its behalf. For a Russian revolution this test is a tremendous reality. For us it has become something like a formula or a show, and it is often hard to say, in an individual case, whether the joys of notoriety outweigh, or are outweighed by, the discomforts of a modern martyrdom, with newspaper paragraphs and photographs of the victims in the most picturesque circumstances all complete. At any rate, to be just, we must admit the more serious blent with the purely theatrical element partly redeeming it. But when the best is said, the growth of this method of appeal is not one of the signs on which the enthusiast for democracy, if such a one survives, would care to dwell. John Bull in old days was, perhaps, a bit too solid. He was a dull old gentleman at times, and his respectability was overdone. But, at least, he was not silly, and his dislike of ostentation, of melodrama, had in it something which commanded the respect of a world which his starchiness irritated. At least he got through his work and built up a reputation for his power of reconciling free and full

discussion with the efficient conduct of affairs. This reputation, we fear, is dwindling, and must dwindle. Discussion cannot go on in a bawling crowd, nor affairs be conducted efficiently by a performing troupe.

HEART OF FIRE.

"See me there," wrote Augustine on the book of his confessions, "and praise me not more than I deserve; there believe not others about me, but myself; there mark me, and see what I was in myself, by myself; and if aught in me pleases thee, then praise with me, Whom, and not myself, I wished to be praised for me." Lord Acton included this life history amongst the three greatest formative books of the world; historically it would be difficult to dispute his verdict. This sumptuous edition, "The Confessions of St. Augustine" (Seely & Co.), comes but in the intermediate stages of the book, whose life is numbered not by years, but by centuries; which will live as long as the human heart is curious about the past, or in any ways troubled and inspired by longing to know the meaning of the world. It is the solid ground as much as the effort beyond the horizon which has given this work an earthly mortality. Visitors to Pompeii are familiar with a sudden thrill of wonder—expected beforehand, discounted, and yet at the moment dominant—at the intimate revelation of the life of an age. It is excited not by the temples, the aqueducts, the civilisation which has changed, but by the civilisation which remains. A rope is flung across the unfathomable abyss of time; and beyond is man and his hopes and desires, scarcely distinguishable from yesterday. It is the coins and rings, the inscriptions to children and dumb animals, the injunctions to vote upon the walls, the corn and fruit and flowers still unfaded, which reveal the little detail of a little span of days. And the same impression is created by these confessions. Set amid a theology of mystical splendour, encompassed by invocations and passionate prayers, with a background of heaven and hell casting dim lights and shadows over the trodden world, here is a life discovered, unchanged, across the gulf of a thousand years. It is a scene, at the first, of tranquillity and enjoyment, a settled order. The child grows in the school, accepts Latin but hates Greek, bursts out with the hot spirit of manhood into the riotous pleasures of the senses; repents, sins, repents again; at once in loving and loathing of his offences. The very "accidents" are abiding; fear at lungs giving way with a pain in the chest, adventure during the "vintage vacation," a book found in a cottage, a child crying in a garden, whose crying changed the history of the world. Monica, when young, gets into trouble for licking the wine from her fingers; later, she is troubled by whispering servants; Nebridius and Alypius share with Augustine, professor of rhetoric, the determination to pursue wisdom, wherever it may lead them. The human element is never absent in this, the greatest of the mystics; with others, Carlyle, Teresa, Catherine, adventures into the abysmal depths of personality, *abyssus humanæ conscientiæ*, never check or minimise the profound realisation of human affections. The comparison is closest with Carlyle. "'Twas the Most High God that made mothers," cried the modern mystic, "and the affection of children's hearts." "Thou createdst her," is the cry from another age, "nor did her father and mother know what a one should come from them." With Carlyle, he had wept at the death of a friend; "finding my heart utterly darkened, and whatever I beheld was death." "Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them: and I hated all places, for that they had not him: nor could they now tell me 'he is coming,' as when he was alive." With Carlyle, he can confess, "I found my repose in bitterness." With Carlyle, also, he can find, in the supreme anguish of sorrow, the insufficiency of tears. "My mother wept," is the confession of "Sartor," "but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent up in silent desolation." "I closed her eyes," said Augustine, "and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart, which was overflowing into tears; mine eyes at the same time drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife." Later, "behold the corpse was carried to the burial; we went and returned without tears." Only after an attempt at bathing—"having heard," he quaintly explains, "that the bath drives sorrow from the mind, I found my sleep not a little softened"; and "I gave way to the tears which I before restrained, to overflow as much as they desired; reposing my heart upon them."

It is human life set in a great atmosphere, and the human spirit embarking on great adventures and explorations, compared to which the journeys across the visible globe appear but as a very little thing. In other writings Augustine is the master of a precise theology: here he is of the fellowship of all who embark on hazardous enterprises in the kingdom of the soul. We are far, in this atmosphere, from the contempt of the ascetic for earthly beauty. Rather a certain wonder is always present with him at the abiding loveliness of the world. He freely confesses "an attractiveness in beautiful bodies, in gold and silver, and all things." "Worldly honor hath also its glory, and the power of overcoming and of mastery: whence springs also," he declares (it is a personal experience) "the thirst of revenge." "Things beautiful"—he clings to this assertion—"they, out of Thee, and out of the Soul, were not unless they were from Thee." He sees no temptation of the devil—as so many of his predecessors and most of his followers—in the glory of earth, and sea, and sky. Beauty is transient, but it is real—to be rejoiced in and approved. "They rise, and set; and by rising, they begin, as it were, to be; they grow, that they may be perfected; and perfected they wax old and wither; and all grow not old, but all wither." In that great tenth book in which, with a kind of ecstacy, he raises his paean of rejoicing to Life and the Maker of it, he finds all these transitory things united in an exultant hymn of praise. "I asked the earth, and it answered me 'I am not He,' and whatsoever are in it confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps and the living, creeping things, and they answered, 'We are not thy God, seek above us.' I asked the moving air, and the whole air with its inhabitants answered, 'Anaximenes was deceived, I am not God.' I asked the heavens, sun, moon and stars, 'Nor' (say they) 'are we the God whom thou seekest.' And I replied unto all the things which encompassed the doors of my flesh, 'Ye have told me of my God, that ye are not He; tell me something of Him.' And they cried out with a loud voice, 'He made us.'"

"The doors of my flesh." Yes, but there was a key to these also, and a door flung open: revealing a ladder set up to heaven and angels ascending and descending. On a quiet day, Augustine and Monica are looking out from a window at Ostia, over the pleasant garden, and discoursing on "the presence of the Truth which Thou art, of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be." They suddenly penetrate this closed door, as others have passed through it, in all ages and of all regions, into the mystical land beyond. It is a voyage into the great Quiet, which lies behind and untroubled by the noises of the world. The sister souls "did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very heavens, whence sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth": outward, into the life whence all life springs—the life to which all life shall one day return. "If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed, hushed the images of earth, and waters and air, hushed also the poles of heaven—yea! the very soul be hushed to herself, and by not thinking on self, surmount self—hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign"; then—"could this be continued on"—what glory might be revealed in the exaltation of a Quiet which earth's noises have hidden! "Life might be for ever like that one moment of understanding which now we sigh after: were not this, enter unto thy Master's joys." And when shall that be? "When we shall all be risen again, though we shall not all be changed."

The revealing visions come and go; meantime here

are the earth and her disquietudes, making little for peace. "The tumult of the flesh" is beating within: without, the Roman civilisation is flickering towards its death; amid the influx of an invader upon an age which has forgotten the old elemental terrors and thought that comfort was the attainment of man's earthly ambitions. The Confessions of Augustine are set in the light of conflagrations and the glare of burning cities: with the world falling to pieces, everything that seemed secure and permanent crashing to the ground. He had found causes distracting to meditation, while peace remained, in a lizard catching flies, a spider entangling them, rushing into her nets. Later he is to find more obvious disturbers of the life which humanity desired and destroyed. Yet through all he could transfer his interests to a sure haven and appeal beyond the revolution of the moon and sun. In these confessions he is occupied with the robbing of a pear tree at Hippo or the satisfaction of a beggar in Milan: occupied also with the question what God did before He created Heaven and Earth, the mystery of time, with past and future alike unreal, the mystery of memory, the object and end of human desire. The ecstacy is sometimes a visible passion, operative through the clamor of the senses. "Thou wert with me," he cries, "but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which unless they were in Thee, were not at all. Thou calledst and shoutedst, and burstedst my deafness. Thou flashedst, shonest, and scatteredst my blindness. Thou breathedst odours, and I drew in breath and panted for Thee. I tasted and hunger and thirst. Thou touchedst me; and I burned for Thy peace." But sometimes the note is quiet, as of a sunset: praying for that "Sabaoth's Sight" which has been the goal of longing on so many rough voyages. To the God who is "Unchangeable yet all changing, never new, never old, always working, never at rest," he will cry for rest at the last: "O Lord God, give peace unto us, for thou hast given us all things: the peace of rest, the peace of the Sabbath, which hath no evening."

THE JOLLY WORLD.

Here comes the finest laughter ever laughed! It comes with an entrancing whiff of roast pig, and a splash of red wine on its cheek, and in its hand a never-ending bun. And, see! the man who leads it in, riding upon a monstrous frog, is the imaginative scholar, joint deity of sensitive intellectuals at the old Court Theatre, exquisite translator, for whom Euripides had been waiting twenty centuries. To the joy of an England that knows and cares nothing about Oxford's academics, Mr. Gilbert Murray has this week entered upon the Professorship of Greek, and into those fastidious walls he leads this figure of immortal laughter, with a whiff of garlic round it, and the old red earth sticking to its leggings. The scene is one that Aristophanes himself might have laughed over; but Oxford hardly shivers, remembering how even laughter grows decent with antiquity.

It is the "Frogs" (George Allen) that Mr. Gilbert Murray brings with him to the Professorship, prompted, one might have supposed, by their fitness for the marsh of Christ Church meadows under autumnal rains. But the British frog, even in cultured Oxford, never reaches the sweet variety of the Greek frog's voice. It can say "Brekekekex," but it cannot say "Co-ax, co-ax!" So there must be some other reason, and, perhaps, we find it in the name of Euripides printed at the top of each left-hand page. Is, then, the book only done as a bit of criticism—just to bring in that poetic contest in hell, where the verses of one poet are weighed in lump against another's upon a critical balance that goes up and down like a grocer's scales? If that is so, Oxford can look forward to a fine time over the "Women on Law-and-Order Day," which ought to follow. But it will be a pity if the service of this most creative of translators to the cause of laughter is to stop there. How pleasant to see again in his splendid versions the Jingo warriors, with their flaunting plumes and cheese rinds, the police court trial of the dog that stole the cheddar, the philosopher swinging in his balloon to abstract his thoughts from common earth, the peasant astride the dung-beetle knocking at the gate of heaven to ask if peace is there, the flights of birds chattering in their happy realm, the priest consecrating offerings into a little bag! And look! here come the women in revolt—Suffragettes, every woman of them—rushing the House in men's clothes, holding debates by lamplight, speaking from the Speaker's chair, boasting their Conservatism, voting for Socialism, enacting glorious revolutions, thundering the eloquence of common sense, denouncing silly war, clamorous for peace, inventors of the omnipotent boycott, beautiful and terrible as an army with banners!

And then we may enter into a sunlit land—the jolly world of man's eternal childhood, where the sky drops fatness and earth pours out her kindly fruits. There life is an immortality of cakes and wine. There pork chops frizzle on the grid, hares turn upon the spit, neat girls are boiling soup, the cuttle-fish fries in the onion that it loves, and eels are quiet at last, embedded in beetroot. It is the Feast of Pitchers, and the wine that spouted so mysteriously from berries springing out of stony ground and twisted stem now oozes in purple through the jars. Out of doors a light wind blows across the sunshine, the figs are bursting with ripeness, the olives are turning dark, the corn stands red and heavy under passing clouds, and from the little woods and lakes come the pleasant notes of doves and partridges and quails and snipe and plovers and thrushes and finches and wheatears and widgeons and wild-duck and all things nice. There the sunburnt husbandman goes in and out, happy in his honorable toil and muddy clouts. His friends gather round him for enjoyment, solid, sensible, and silent; unless there is a bit of a wedding on, and then, naturally, a man gives tongue. His wife spreads the table, a jolly creature, too, humoring the masculine pride, winning her will, shrewd in the ways of things, and alluring as a wine-cup. That was the good old stock from which sprang the bulldog breed of Trafalgar and Waterloo! Ah, in those old days our countrymen were men, indeed—big chested, broad shouldered, clear skinned, long of arm, and short of tongue—not like our modern degenerates, all tongue and a long vote!

But where are the boys of the grand old times:—

> "Good six-footers, solid of limb,
> Well-born, well-bred, not ready to fly from obeying their country's call,
> Nor, in latter-day fashion, to loiter and lie, and keep their consciences small;
> Their life was in shafts of ash and of elm, in bright plumes fluttering wide,
> In lance and greaves and corslet and helm, and hearts of sevenfold hide!"

Yes, and there were writers in those good old days—great writers whose swords were mightier than their pens, whose words were half-battles—fine, sounding, long battles beside, with no weak-kneed lucidity about them. But now our youth has fallen into a green-sickness, a melancholy wasting. It worships Clouds instead of the friendly gods. It meditates pessimism and listens to what suicides say. Not one of them has the heart to drown in a butt of Malmsey, or roast a whole ox when the river is frozen over. But they nibble nuts like white mice, they talk of spinach chops, they dare not eat cheese for fear of hurting the mites, they suck a charcoal lozenge after meals, wash it all down with foaming goblets of hot water, and calculate the value of their "body-building sustenance" in terms of calorics.

And then the way they talk! They'd argue the hind leg off a dog to prove white is black and our only general a funk. They are always asking tiresome question, too, and they show no respect for the hoary head and the Front Benches. And as to women! You might think the dear little god of love had died last year to hear them prate about their superwomen and termagant shrews and the crazy cats they stick on the stage

and call their heroines! How has this sickly venom dribbled into our race? Does it come of free education or of cheap tea? Oh, before it is too late, let us purge from our system its corrupting kakogenics:—

"Dull, theoretical,
Faddist and doctrinaire,
Abstract, economist,
Ibsenish, Pragmatist,
Jaegerite-woolly-clad,
Cabbage-and-water-fed,
Stewed-in-George-Bernard-sauce,
Fabian rot!"

Let us burn the Thinking Shop of Socrates and all these other Sophists, journalists, essayists, latter-day dramatists, and follow our Master far beyond the low hills of Oxford to that dear Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, that never was on earth or sea, where Falstaff jests for ever beside his sack, and the Abbey of Thelema is always gay with gallant men and ladies no less gallant. There we will make Aristophanes our president of the Anti-Puritan League, and take our oath to observe the Thelemite rule of "Do what thou wilt," because, as its founder said, "men that are free, well-born, well-bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompts them unto virtuous actions."

In that Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, where Bacchus is a jolly god, not maddening the brain or distorting the form of man, we will lie beside the purple juice and think no more of wisdom's charcoal lozenges or of war's mouldy cheese. There we will celebrate the marriage of our President with the fair foreigner, young Oxonia of the West. For the wedding feast we will have pease broth, and red mullet, and some dozens of gammons, and dried neats' tongues, and goose pie with a foundation of black-cocks, and hares, and lambs, and octopus legs in garlic, and dried fruits, and honey-cakes, and sesame puddings, and mince pies, all flavored with a shred of our President's verse. As for drink, the only philosophy we remember is the doctrine of Thales that all things are water, and so we will drink our wines out of fire-buckets. And when the feast is over, we will revel in the hay and dance till midnight on the daisy field with ladies so proper and handsome, so miniard and dainty. For that was the way they had in the good old times, before wisdom and war came to vex the world. That was a way they had in the good old times, which nobody can deny.

So the eternal contest goes on. Here is the jolly world of field and food and fire, in which happiness is poured out like rain and sunshine for all to take their share without robbing a cat. And into the midst of its innocent revelry there stalks intruding that grey and hungry shadow of man's unsatisfied spirit, criticising, questioning, disturbing, and tormented by infinite visions. There it stands, and as we pelt each other with grapes and figs, it keeps murmuring with tiresome persistence of man's unhappiness, and of the greatness from which his unhappiness springs. What an absurdity when it is so easy to be neither unhappy nor great, and there is so short a time for joy before we hear the frogs croaking like passing bells under the keel of old Charon's boat!

ON NURSERY RHYMES.

It is stated in the Press that the United States Education Department has lately recommended that fairy tales should no longer be read in the schools. One can form no guess as to the composition of this earnest band of workers; but by this example we may judge of the deadly nature of their work. Their *métier* would seem to be the lessening of the joy of the world, the taking from generations yet unborn the capacity for wonder, the power to take a large, unselfish interest in the spectacle of things, the putting them more than ever at the mercy of small private cares. The only imaginative relief from these for the great mass of the people under the fostering care of these educationalists will be found chiefly in the brutalities of the Sunday newspaper, and the worthless "facts" of the American equivalents of "Scraps" and "Answers." One would have thought that glory and loveliness fled away from the modern world fast enough, without being hustled to hasten their flight, and that the type of mind which prefers the contemplation, say, of a motor-car to that of a rainbow, is not in the United States in any need of protection from the deleterious influence of fantasy. But it seems otherwise to the gods of the American educational Olympus.

It looks as though America were taking measures against the danger of producing a poet. Once or twice in a generation a child is born with a generous capacity for detachment, an impersonal delight in the beauty of the world, apart from any private considerations of interest or gain. Then "some evening at an Ionian festival or morning amid the Sabine hills," without effort, without struggle, the sights and sounds of Nature are reflected in lovely words in the clear mirror of the poet's mind.

But if it is the intention to guard against this danger, not only fairy tales in the school, but nursery rhymes in the home, should be banned. A nursery rhyme is the most sane, the most unselfish thing in the world. It calls up some delightful image, a little nut tree with a silver walnut and a golden pear, some romantic adventure, a voyage of the Infanta of Spain, only for the child's delight and liberation from the bondage of unseeing dulness. It brings before its mind the quintessence of some good thing. "The little dog laughed to see such sport." There is the soul of good humor, of sanity, of health in the laughter of the innocently wicked little dog. It is the laughter of pure frolic, without unkindness. To have laughed with the little dog as a child is the best preservative against mirthless laughter in later years—the horse laugh of brutality, the ugly laughter of spite, the acrid laughter of fanaticism. The world of nursery rhymes, the world of "old Mrs. Slipper Slopper," is the world of natural things, of quick, healthy motion, of the joy of living. It is the real world. The world of the Sunday newspapers, "Camberwell's Crime—Mutilated Body found in a Chest," is a fantastic Inferno. The present writer never remembers laughing at anything so much as at "Mrs. Slipper Slopper," unless it were at the "Ballad of Lord Bateman." This last, of course, can hardly be called a nursery rhyme, but one would almost rather have written it than the Divine Comedy.

In nursery rhymes the child is entertained with all the pageant of the world. It walks in fairy gardens, and for it the singing birds sing. All the king's horses and all the king's men pass before it in their glorious array. Craftsmen of all sorts, bakers, confectioners, silversmiths, blacksmiths, are busy for it with all their arts and mysteries, as at the court of an Eastern king. The most delightful pictures in the great picture book of the world are chosen for it, and evoked at will. "Din din, doun," says a Venetian nursery rhyme,

"Tre sorelle in un balcon."

It is a Giorgione or a Titian in five words. One sees the three young sisters, with their golden hair, their hanging strings of pearls, their fans and lace. It is the time of carnations; and on the balustrade over which they lean is a great pot of the superb patrician flowers.

Many rhymes are mothers' excuses for playing with a baby's hands and feet:—

"Shoe the horse and shoe the mare,
Let the little foal go bare,"

can hardly be said without tickling the small naked feet. Again,

"Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can—
Pat it and bake it, and mark it with T;
Oh, what a cake for baby and me!"

is accompanied by a play with the hands. The fingers are always counted in repeating

"This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home."

The French begin with the thumb, and say, "This one killed it, this one plucked it, this one cooked it, this one

ate it, and this was the sauce," at the last clause drawing the child's little finger round its palm.

Who were the poets, the unknown "makers" of the nursery rhymes, the troubadours, the "finders" of these delightful things? Will there ever be any more? The American Education Department seems to wish to cut off the supply of them in that country. The first requisite of a maker of nursery rhymes would appear to be the *joie de vivre*. He must be alive and delight in life. The one man living at present in England who might make a nursery rhyme is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In the opinion of the present writer the snatches of songs scattered here and there about his books are the best of his work:—

"Wheat He gave to rich folk,
Millet to the poor,
Broken scraps to holy men
Who beg from door to door,
Thorn-bush for the camel,
Fodder for the kine,
And mother's heart for sleepy head,
O little son of mine."

This has the note of nursery rhymes. It is not an elaborate description, neither is it a mere enumeration. It is rather a reflection, suffused with joy in what it reflects. "Apple tree with apples on," says the rhyme of the willow pattern plates. It points out to us with delight that most beautiful sight on earth, an old tree loaded with red apples in September. We look, and grey though our world may be, dominated more and more by ethical and philanthropic dulness, the vision is a pledge and token to us of a red glow at the heart of things.

Letters from Abroad.

THE CHANCES OF THE TURKISH REFORMERS.

CONSTANTINOPLE, OCTOBER 15TH.

To an observer of Western politics there is something almost unintelligible in the order with which the Turkish Revolution goes on its way. Here is an attempt to reconcile one of the most copious mixtures of peoples, half-civilised and uncivilised, in the world, holding forms of faith that have mutually repelled and warred on each other for over a thousand years. Here is an old theocracy overturned in an hour, with hardly more fuss than if it were a milk cart in a London suburb. Here is a city almost ungoverned, with only a handful of incompetent police, and no municipal power worth speaking of, with all men free to sell and buy arms, and, in point of fact, with thousands of more or less worthy citizens armed from daily custom, or going home happily in the tram car with the newest type of European revolver in their pockets. No ordinary centre of government exists, save that a half-deposed Sultan, with a popular Grand Vizier at his back, pretends to rule by daily leave of the army and its revolutionary chiefs, with now and then a rude reminder that no reaction will be tolerated, and that that dangerous "Swiss guard" of his must be changed. The Ministry leans on a secret Committee of Public Safety. The Parliament has not yet met, and its elements and centre of stability are quite unknown. Here are wild Kurds and Turkish porters, mere beasts of burdens, haunting the crowded quays and alleys by the thousand. Mushroom newspapers appear without regular censorship, issuing tiny leaflets in the shape of special editions, and read to wayfarers in streets and bazaars, who do not even know the Turkish letters. And all this in Ramazan, the fasting month, when nights of feasting succeed to days of prayer and abstinence, and when the force of a simple, but sensational and highly exclusive, creed is brought vividly home to its myriad believers.

As if these factors of peril were not enough, the foreign situation has suddenly seemed to threaten the disruption of the Empire. If it no longer wears this aspect, Turkey has, in the main, to thank Sir Edward Grey. His firm and generous speech, the evident sympathies of the British people, gave the situation the turn it needed, and enabled the reformers to steady their own minds, slightly to tighten the loose reins of local government, and to trample out the first sparks of the reaction. The Sultan was sternly warned, and took the advice. No one knows better than he the precariousness of his position. Indifference would probably be the main feeling in the Empire should the Padishah share the fate of his brother Murad, and should Rechad Effendi be peaceably girded with the sword of Osman. But, indeed, the Hamidian rule may fairly be credited with some share in the calm of the capital in face of the storms of the last three weeks. Abdul Hamid never attempted to govern his people well; but he taught them to obey. Some few months ago, a couple of the Sultan's Albanian guards, with a grievance, suddenly took it into their heads to "hold up" the outer Galata Bridge, along which roll daily the noisy and very diverting currents of the city's life. One man stationed himself at the Galata end, the other at the Stamboul entrance. Both soldiers wore only their side arms. But their uniforms were recognised, and not a man in the throng dared to arrest them or disarm them. Only to their own officers did they yield.

Now, therefore, that the Sultan's frightfully abused power is gone, and that the army, with its favorite leaders restored from long and often painful exile, is against him, the succeeding authority is treated with something of the same unquestioning docility. But, indeed, the Turkish character lends itself to a quietness of method of singular value to a revolutionary movement whose leaders desire that it should have a bloodless history. The Committee men whom I saw struck me as singularly calm, equable persons, bearing little resemblance to the prevailing Western type of agitator. They are thoroughly cultivated, know our politics well, and have examined all sides of the very complicated problem before them. It was they who turned the people from the rather perilous policy of "watching and besetting" the Austrian shops, and substituted the peaceful boycott of Austrian goods, which has proved to be one of the most formidable weapons that lie at the disposal of an aggrieved nation. As I left Constantinople Austrian trade with Turkey had practically ceased. The people would not buy Austrian goods, the porters refused to touch them, newspapers would not renew their contracts for Austrian paper, the Austrian Lloyd steamers called at Turkish ports—*e.g.*, Trebizond—without booking a single passenger or embarking an ounce of goods. The Committee's handling of the Bulgarian trouble has been equally prudent. They realised at once, after the Bulgarian declaration of independence, that there could be no war, not merely because the Turkish Army, completely disorganised under Hamidian rule, could not have stopped the Bulgarians, even before the ancient walls of Constantinople, but because they had firm hold of the policy of a good understanding with Bulgaria, and were determined not to relinquish it unless events forced their hands. It would have been fatal to leave the Constitution to the mercy of war, which destroyed its predecessor. It would have been equally fatal to sink the grand idea of the Revolution, that of the creation of an Ottoman people, Moslem and Christian, and the development, on lines of political equality, of a true national spirit, enforced by a national army, recruited from all sections of the population, and from both its creeds.

It is here where Young Turkey has scored its great success. It has created a patriotism which never existed under Abdul Hamid. The National flag is everywhere, National badges, adorned with the not very strange device of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, are sold by thousands in the streets. National music rends the air far into the night-time, until the dogs take up the wondrous tale, and settle the Giaour's last hopes of repose. It is so like the French Revolution. We are all French, and fraternal, and plant our allegorical trees of liberty, and smile at the thought of that unamiable Louis Seize, the Prisoner of Yildiz, and preach the gospel of Jean Jacques, and all the while drink in this intoxicating atmosphere of the Arabian Nights! The practical question has been how the new basis of

national life would accord with the exclusive practice of Islam, and how it would be received by the ruder Moslem peoples—and by the able Christian peoples, the Greeks and the Armenians, who almost monopolise the commercial life of Turkey. Difficulties have arisen on both sides. The Armenians opened both hands to the new movement. The Greeks wavered. Could they abandon or qualify the old Hellenist ideals? Could they identify themselves freely with Ottoman nationality? The early local elections in the districts round Constantinople have caused some heart-burnings. The Armenians were, in some cases, willing to divide representation with the Turks. The Greeks, better organised and more alive to political methods than their old masters, claimed solid votes for their candidates, and have swept the board. The last *fracas* in Smyrna was, I think, concerned with electioneering trouble between Turks and Greeks. It seems doubtful whether the slow-moving Turkish mind, innocent of the ways of commerce, and used to power but not to work for it, can compete in the political field with its quick-witted rivals.

Here lies the problem, and it is largely one of education. So far as preaching goes, the Young Turkish propaganda has been singularly active. "I preach equality of rights in our mosques," said a member of the Constantinople Committee to me, "and I do the same in the Armenian Churches. I ask Moslem and Christian to leave their separate faiths behind them in mosque or church, and when they go outside to think only of the country and their common citizenship." It is fortunate that the Liberal movement has the Sheikh-ul-Islam at its back. But Moslem opinion is divided, and the two specially perilous questions are the position of women and the new doctrine of political equality with the Christian races. Old residents in Constantinople thought it an astonishing thing to see officers saluting ladies in carriages, and it was notable that the reactionary demonstrations before Yildiz Kiosk made a special point of the reformers' desire to raise the status of Turkish women, *i.e.*, to lift them out of the lonely and stupid life of the harem. The new influences are highly modern, thoroughly utilitarian in spirit, and not a little sceptical, and it is hard to tell how far they will sink into the rude soil which is already resisting them in Kurdistan and Mesopotamia. The new Turks themselves are not without fears. For example, they are specially anxious that the *rapprochement* with the Christian races should not break down the anti-alcoholism of the old Mohammedan world. Nevertheless the movement goes on, and its promoters are ubiquitous. If a reactionary mollah denounces Liberalism in a mosque he is, if possible, countered by a reformer. In far-away Cæsarea an American resident, writing to a friend in the capital, reports that an anti-Christian demonstration was at once stopped by a Young Turk, an emissary of the central body. The same influence has been successfully employed in Trebizond, and I shall be surprised to hear that it has failed in Armenia. Whether this seed of enlightenment can be sown all over the Turkish Empire and bear fruit, only those who have studied the mixed problem of race and religion which it suggests can say.

But at least one consequence of the new departure for Islam and Turkey is being vigorously pursued. One of the most interesting institutions in Turkey is Robert College, that splendid monument of American philanthropy in the East. The great teaching centre that looks down on the towers from which Mahomet the Conqueror made his spring on Constantinople, has had much to do with the making of Bulgaria. Students from Robert College have gone back to their country to lead its army, to govern its towns, to run its banking and commerce. At one time over ninety per cent. of its graduates were Bulgarians. But now things are changing. The Bulgarian students are falling off, for Bulgaria is now able to conduct her own higher education. But since the Constitution the Turkish students have rapidly increased. Under the Hamidian rule they came stealthily and were often withdrawn, the Sultan himself peremptorily ordering the removal of two of his nephews, one of whom was Prince Sabaheddine, now one of the leaders of Young Turkey. There are now thirty-four Turkish students at Robert College, and the immediate demand of the newcomers is for instruction in the Turkish language and literature, a demand in which some of the Armenians have joined them, declaring that they are Ottomans now. The result is that the college is preparing to develop on the Turkish side, and there is a serious prospect that it may do for the ruling stock in the Empire what it has done for the most powerful of its subject races. At all events Europe has now before it an experiment in which the statesmen of Turkey who believe in liberty, in tolerance, in honest government and humane feeling, are laboring for the reformation of their country. It is not for the Christian world, which has drunk of the same cup and commended it to them, to dash it from their lips.

H. W. M.

Present-Day Problems.

THE UNDERFED CHILD.*

In March last the London County Council appointed special officers to investigate the home circumstances of the children who were receiving meals in twelve selected schools. The results of the enquiry have now been published and put on sale. For the thorough sifting of conflicting evidence and the patient verification of facts as well as for the elaborate classification of the families concerned, this report is unique of its kind, and should be studied by all anxious to gain some clear insight into the problem of the underfed child. Of the two officers who directed the enquiry, the one was for several years a district secretary of a Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, while the other and a majority of the assistants in the enquiry, had worked as volunteers with one or other of the local Committees of that body. It is not possible, therefore, to impugn the competency of the staff concerned with the investigation; and the results, surprising as they are in certain respects, may be received with a confidence which they would not otherwise have deserved. In selecting the schools for the enquiry, an attempt was made to choose schools representative of the various types of districts to be found in London. Two lay among streets where poverty exists isolated, unrelieved, and forlorn, and two where poverty is found crouching at the back doors of wealth and luxury. Three stood in regions where dwell the lower middle class; four were distinguished by the presence of a large amount of casual labor among the parents; while the twelfth is described as situated in a criminal neighborhood.

Teachers and others have often been accused of grossly exaggerating the number of necessitous children, using the word "necessitous" to mean, as defined by the Provision of Meals Act, children "unable by lack of food to take full advantage of the education provided." Some of those, who advocated the investigation, were bold enough to predict that not more than a third of the children fed would be found really to require meals. The contents of this report prove conclusively that this is not the case. In the twelve schools 2,581 children, drawn from 1,218 families, were reported by teachers or by Care Committees as necessitous. At an early stage of the enquiry it was seen that the method of selecting the children left much to be desired. A girl might be receiving meals in one department, while her brother in the Boys' School or her sister in the Infant School were allowed to go hungry. It is rightly assumed in the report that to distinguish between the needs of different members of a family is impossible, and that all the school children of one family must be treated alike. If the children, whose names were not on the "feeding register," but who belonged to the families from whom the necessitous cases were drawn, are included, the number of children in the 1,218 families rises to a total of 3,334. This last

* "Report of the Home Circumstances of Necessitous Children in Twelve Selected Schools." P. S. King & Co.

figure represents therefore the number of children who, if we assume that the Care Committees made no mistakes, ought to have received meals. It is right to mention that 85 of the children, whose existence was brought by the investigation, were attending schools other than those selected for investigation, and, as it is not stated whether or not they are being fed, this number ought perhaps to be deducted from the 3,334.

The results of the enquiry showed that of these 3,334 children 2,630 were, in the opinion of the investigators, necessitous, and ought, therefore, to have been fed, while 704 were not considered to require meals. The number who, as already stated, were actually being fed was 2,581. The enquiry thus establishes two conclusions. First, there are a quantity of children who are overlooked by the Care Committees, though belonging to the families from which the necessitous children are drawn. Secondly, if these children be included, the number fed does not differ much from the number who ought to have been fed. It is true that some children were fed who ought not to have been fed; but, on the other hand, some children, who required meals, were neglected.

We can now form an idea of the number of necessitous children in London. During last winter, the highest figure reached by the weekly returns was just short of 50,000. Assuming, as we may do, that the twelve schools were typical, 50,000 may be regarded as the maximum number of really necessitous children in any one week. This estimate is, however, subject to one important qualification. No attempt was made in the enquiry to investigate the circumstances of all the children in the schools; only those families were considered from which children were being fed. If, therefore, there were mistakes in soliciting, amounting to about 21 per cent., and children to this amount wrongly claimed as necessitous, we are justified in supposing that corresponding mistakes were made by the Care Committees in excluding families who ought to have been included in the necessitous list. The figure 50,000 must be regarded as below rather than above the mark. We can then say that in a nominal year, when no unusual distress prevails, the number of necessitous children will rise to a figure of at least 50,000.

The second, and perhaps the most valuable, portion of the report is concerned with an attempt to classify the causes which have led to the existence of distress in the different families. The families are divided into seven classes. Far the largest class is the class which includes "the intemperate and wasteful parents." No less than 44·7 per cent. of the families come into this category. "In practically all these cases," says the report, "one or both of the parents are drunkards." Figures are given for each school; and it is curious, and perhaps significant, to find that the percentage of drunkenness is highest in the two schools situated in "a wealthy district," where only 2 per cent. of the children were being fed, and lowest—little more than half—in the poorest school, where 45 per cent. of the children were receiving meals.

The next largest class, containing 19 per cent. of the families, comprises the casual laborers. No doubt many of the first class would belong here, but they are excluded, and no family is included in more than one class. The casual laborer, or "the under employed," as he is termed in the report, is rightly distinguished from the unemployed. These last are placed in a class by themselves, and amount to 5·7 per cent. of the whole. The smallness of this figure deserves attention.

The class, when the need is due to the illness of the wage-earner, contains 3·9 per cent., and the class, including widows and deserted wives, 5·0 per cent. of the whole. In these five classes all the children are regarded as necessitous; they together comprise 69 per cent. of all the families. It will be seen that respect is paid to the need of the child, and not to the character of the parents.

The sixth class, which contains 16·9 per cent. of the families, includes those whose earnings are regular, or who are in receipt of parish relief. It is here that the investigators are obliged to lay down a "poverty line." The incomes of all families are expressed in terms of a family made up of two adults and four children. Rent, insurance, and the like, are then deducted. If the remainder is less than 15s. a-week, the family is regarded as necessitous. This poverty-standard does not differ materially from the standard adopted by Mr. Rowntree in his investigations in York. In the last class—4·8 per cent. of the families—the parents themselves admitted that meals were not required.

There is much else of interest in the report, but it can only be briefly touched on here. Elaborate tables classify the incomes and the trades of the different families. Other tables demonstrate the extent of the overcrowding. Out of 1,218 families, only 307 can be said to possess adequate accommodation; in the remainder there is overcrowding, varying from three persons to a room up to seven persons—ten cases—and even to eight persons—three cases. In the Appendix appear a number of specimen case papers, indicating the extent of the information. In these brief sketches of individual families will be found woven together something of the tragedy and the comedy of human life.

It is impossible to criticise here all the assumptions, methods, and conclusions of this report, though, like other investigations of this kind, they are all open to criticism, and will undoubtedly receive such, in particular, from those who bring to the study preconceived opinions. But to those who approach the report with open minds, it will prove a document of illuminating interest, challenging the attention and directing the energies of all who see in the health of the children of to-day the hope and the pledge of the future well-being of the State.

R. A. Bray.

Publishers and the Press.

We have received from a firm of publishers the following letter which was sent to them from the offices of the "Daily Mail" accompanied by a dummy sheet of its proposed supplement dealing with Christmas books, and containing a "specimen review." We think it necessary to publish it in the interests of the public and with a view to maintaining the good faith and propriety of work appearing in the form of literary criticism:—

Sir,—On Monday, December 7th, the "Daily Mail" will publish a special and altogether unique supplement under the title of the Daily Mail Story of Christmas Books, &c.

Most people at Christmas time seek for some guidance in the selecting of books, Christmas cards, Christmas numbers, music, calendars, stationery novelties, &c., and no reliable guide has hitherto been obtainable. The publication of a bare list of books, authors, and prices, obviously conveys little information of the style and character of the volume.

The "Daily Mail" Stories will, it is safe to say, be read by people who are anxious to know how to spend their money best in buying Christmas books, &c., for presentation.

No display advertisements will be accepted, but whatever space you desire will be devoted to a well-written and illustrated description of the particular lines you wish to advertise. For instance, if you wish to specially push one particular toy-book, any space you purchase will be devoted to a description of the book's contents, its special features, and the ages of the children for whom it is most suitable. In the accompanying "dummy" you will find a specimen fragment showing you how the "Story of Christmas" will be written.

Our terms for the special supplement are £35 net per column, and I shall be glad if you will give the matter your immediate attention, in order to allow us time to do justice to your productions. This supplement is in addition to the ordinary literary reviews which appear every Saturday.

On hearing from you, our representative will be pleased to give you a call.—Yours, &c.,

(Signed) A. W. Faulkner,
Advertisement Manager

October 20th, 1908.

Communications.

THE WORKING OF OLD AGE PENSIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Now that the applications have been made, even before the actual working of the Act is proved, it is possible to hazard a few conjectures upon its general effect. The relief to many brave and struggling old people is immense and cannot be imagined by those whose daily life is not spent in contact with the poor. Perhaps no one was aware how large was the anxious and heroic band of veterans just above the pauper class, or what valorous efforts they have made to keep from dropping into the ranks of the destitute. To these people the Act has come as a surprise, and their delight is pathetic beyond words.

But it is impossible to forget that there are some difficulties and dark shadows about the measure, royally welcome as it is in many directions. The strain upon the public purse has been dwelt upon sufficiently. The inducements to fraud and perjury have also been noticed, and both these are grave difficulties, no doubt, but they are not insuperable. Skilled and patient administration, and a more just distribution of burdens may in time meet both cases. But there are some other points which seem to have escaped notice in the discussion. One of these is this: People in receipt of parish pay are in part supported by their children, if they have any, who are called upon to help their parents. There is no such clause in the Pension scheme. So we shall have Mrs. Brooks, who has been kept from the parish by her sons, pensioned, while her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Snooks, whose sons did less well for her and have been forced to contribute, will come under the Poor Law. Quite rightly, it will be urged, for piety should be rewarded. But gently; the Brooks's sons will withdraw their aid instantly and altogether; and laugh at the Snooks's family. The pension goes directly into the sons' pockets in the one case; and the others will have a fierce sense of injustice. Neither of these effects were contemplated at the time. Then a third old lady, Mrs. Crooks, may have lost her sons, in war or by accident. Through no possible fault of hers she may be on the parish; and she will behold the possibly less estimable Mrs. Brooks drawing a weekly crown from the Post Office, while she is expected to live on half that sum from the relieving officer.

The poor are passionately jealous in these cases. They will forget the good intention of the Act, and only see its one-sidedness. They will be roused to a fury, which will be a surprise to the administrators and legislators, and will seem ungrateful and unreasonable. But every week which passes will increase the volume of public opinion. Here are two systems of relief, the rates and the taxes. They collide. They are wasteful, for one machine will do for both purposes. The new one is unpopular in its working. In fine, the paupers will come in for the pension, the local authorities will be bound to do the work, especially the discrimination part of it, which will soon be a jest and a derision without their aid. Then the scheme will grow beyond all calculation, and the great question will be, once more, the children's contributions. A great many sons resent having to pay one farthing towards an aged parent's bread already. It is a salutary discipline to insist upon that payment; but it must ultimately be dropped in Poor Law cases, or else introduced into Pension cases. To do the first would be demoralising; and when once the Pension scheme is at work, how is so great an alteration to be brought in? It will shatter the whole fabric.

Take the case of a certain old Biddy. She has one son a carpenter, another a plumber, and lives with a son-in-law, who is a miller and childless. She has applied for a pension, which the miller's wife will promptly take from her for her board. Next door lives an aged carter, with two sons, both carters, both married, each with young children. The old carter is on the parish, and the young carters help to keep him. But when they see the carpenter, plumber, and miller released from all filial obligation, their indignation will be severe, and not wholly without bottom. They will revolt by the simple method of refusing to pay. The guardians will summons, will spend a month's doles on extracting a shilling a head from the young carters, and the land will be sore vexed with many such conflicts. Actually, too, it may be noted that the carter was a steady fellow, and was invalided by a kick from a horse, while the old Biddy was never a good mother, made no sacrifices for her sons, and cast them forth on the first opportunity to get their own living. It is no thanks to her that they have done so, fairly successfully. In poor districts all this is known, all is weighed, all is criticised acutely and unsparingly. Let anybody try to administer a coal charity fairly in a village. His ears are belabored with remonstrances. What? You have given Fanny two hundreds and Liza and me but one hundred a-piece! Well, you reply, you and Liza live together, and you each have a son in a good position, and you own your cottage. Fanny has no one at all, and is older than either of you, and pays rent for her house. Will these admissions oil the troubled waves? Not one jot. The old ladies will clamour you down, until you wish all the coal burnt; but, even when it is burnt, they are not purged from the fever of their envy and wrath. They will cast the very few ashes in your teeth. Is the worst anomaly going to pass unnoticed?

The Israelites stoned Adoram, who was over the tribute, when he tried to pacify them, and it is to be feared that similar tragedies await the unhappy administrators of so much joy and so much contention. Their lot is not to be envied, and if they can settle the claims without being laughably beguiled, perhaps they may devise ways of escape from the worse difficulties which await them.—Yours, &c.,

Hambridge, Taunton, October 22nd, 1908. C. L. MARSON.

Letters to the Editor.

IS CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY POSSIBLE?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of October 10th, Mr. G. F. Abbott quotes me as saying that "Moslem teachers have been proclaiming for some years that this" (namely, that women in popular belief among Turks have no souls) "is a popular error and that woman has a soul."

He then adds, "as a matter of fact, the alleged belief in woman's want of soul has never been a popular error among the Mohammedans." It is a "Christian fiction," "a libel," &c., which Christians, and even Voltaire "have delighted in attaching to Islam." It is a surprise to me that Voltaire should have so delighted. But the existence or non-existence of the popular error is the only question at issue. I could furnish authorities whose opinion coincides with my own. One must suffice. In the late Sir Edward Malet's interesting book, "Shifting Scenes," published in 1901, he mentions (page 67), that he had to remonstrate with the Khedive of Egypt for placing himself in positions of danger during the troubles in Egypt. This, according to the writer, was his reply (the italics are mine):—

"Death does not signify to me personally; our religion prevents us from having any fear of death; but it is different with our women. To *them, you know, Life is everything: their existence ends here:* they cry and weep and implore me to save them." That is evidence of popular belief from a recent authoritative source.

I have a habit of verifying quotations, and Mr. Abbott's quotation, while quite correct as far as it goes, does not go far enough. I give what the charming Lady Mary Montague says:—

"Our vulgar notion, that they do not own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true; they say they are not of so elevated a kind, and, therefore, must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss."

In other words, the popular belief in Lady Mary's time, nearly two centuries ago, was that women had souls, but of an "inferior order." For the purpose of illustration, and it was only for such that I mentioned what I believe the

popular error to be, I might equally well have written, that the influence of Western ideas tends to get rid of the "popular error" that women have only souls of an inferior order. I preferred, however, to write of what, in my opinion, the popular error is.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

Prinkipo, October 14th, 1908.

THE FUTURE OF TURKISH WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During the old *régime* one hardly saw anything in the papers concerning Turkish women. To-day, the greater part of the third month of our revolution, the papers are occupied by discussions, with much heat in them, about our sex. Before the Constitution women were of no importance; they were a neglected quantity, and, like other neglected elements, were supposed to have no right to stand up for themselves. Besides, it was generally supposed that there were few or no women who were able to speak for themselves, but to-day the contrary is proved.

Among the influences that were working during the last thirty years for liberty, the *rôle* of the Turkish woman was considerable, although indirect. The influence which brought about our revolution was a revolt against the misdoings of the Government, and some of these specially appealed to woman. Barbarous and secret cruelties crushed the life and spilt the best blood of Turkey's children. Constantinople was the most stricken city in the Empire. Eighty thousand were sent away from its gates into exile, misery, chains, and torture—some to death, or even worse. These victims were mostly students, youths, anybody who had an independent spirit or talents, or who was known even to read a page of a foreign newspaper, or was supposed to have done so. There were also many, mostly from the middle class, the sturdy, the honest, the patient middle class of Turks. Now the mental attitude of the mothers and wives of these victims towards the old *régime* is easy to see. The majority of Turkish women in Constantinople, even among those who hardly understand the meaning of liberty, are for the Constitution, which assures the lives of their children and husbands, which lifts the horrible uncertainty and fear of having an unknown fate hanging over the heads of their beloved.

These women, who see in the Constitution both a remedy and a vengeance for their blood wrongs, will stand by it, will teach their children the love of liberty, as they have been doing for years, and in dying they will leave their hatred of tyranny as a blood inheritance to their sons and daughters. Those women whose beloved ones sleep in the depths of the blue Marmora, dropped to die like dogs; those women whose children have expired in filthy prisons or died in wretchedness and misery; those women whose children have come back crippled, with swollen limbs that have not carried the chains for many years for nothing, with tired souls that no longer can rise with a youthful joy to the nation's great Baïram, with faces that have shrunk and grown old in their prime youth; those women, the mothers and wives of those youths, will they ever forget or forgive? No, never!

Hence the force of the majority of women in Turkey will be spent in maintaining the spirit of liberty alive in Turkey.

The generation of women who have already been the means of propagating large and liberal ideas are an educated minority. They are the fortunate few who were not morally maimed by some of the foolish and unworthy creatures who call themselves governesses. They are women who had by chance fallen into good and honest hands, or had been taught by their fathers or husbands. Naturally this minority understood that the salvation of a nation lies in the proper education of high-minded and patriotic women. They understood that the reason why Anglo-Saxons occupy so lofty a moral position in the world's civilisation is due to their sacred ideas of womanhood and home. These women have worked silently, but knowingly, bringing up liberal-minded sons and patriotic daughters, building honest hearths where real comradeship dwells, where a man is encouraged to go on in serving his country, although that service meant sometimes worse than death.

I learn from Salonika that there were women happy enough to be actually engaged in the first revolutionary movement, and that they helped and worked most courageously to bring about the nation's freedom. A small society of women, including Eminé Sémié Hanoum and Enver Bey's wife, carried papers on their persons, helped the Committee to assemble, and hid the members from the spies. They were valiant; they were great, and their acts will ever be engraved in the grateful memory of the nation. Ignorant, and kept back from all that develops a woman's character, this is the small but direct and valuable contribution of Turkish women to our declaration of Liberty.

Now as to what they are doing or will likely do in future I will add a few words. At present a warm discussion is going on in the Turkish papers on the Turkish woman's position. Some women began to demand, after the revolution, their right to learn and work with their companions in life. There was in this nothing that ought to have hurt or awakened religious prejudice. But a French article appeared, signed by a Turkish woman's name, Féridé, but in reality written by a Jewess, and this caused a storm. The writer declared that she would unveil. This caused deep indignation in the majority of the Turks. As a fact, no reasonable Turkish woman asks to unveil. All that they ask for is a liberal education and a right to accompany their husbands, and to become fit educators of the future generation. What they can do in future will be decided by the kind of instruction they will get.

I am very glad to be able to address English women on behalf of all Turkish women. We are doing our best to place English influence and the English language foremost in our future schools for girls. England has ever stood for right and justice. The Turks will never forget that England indignantly refused the division of Turkey when the Emperor Nicholas proposed it, through Sir H. Seymour, the English Ambassador in St. Petersburg. Turkey will ever remember who helped us through from the treaty of St. Stefano. Not only will Turkey remember these, but we Turkish women will try to make our country great, not in possessions so much as in right and justice. Turkish women desire that the future mothers of Turks shall be strong in peaceful and great in human movements. For such a triumph we must have good schools. The victories of Japan were in the triumph of her learning.

The actual cry of the Turkish woman to more civilised womanhood, specially to England and America, is this: You go and teach the savage, you descend into slums. Come to this land, where the most terrible want, the want of knowledge, exists. Come and help us to disperse the dark clouds of ignorance. We are working ever so hard to get away from the slavery of ignorance. The opening of schools by the English everywhere in Turkey would be welcomed by Turkish mothers. Simple, healthy, human teaching, such as Anglo-Saxons are able to give, is what we want. Give us living examples of your great, serious women. But let the conditions be such that poorer classes may have it within their power to send their children to school. For we ask not for luxury or grand institutions where comfort is found, but for simple teaching. More than for bread and water, more than any other want, we cry for knowledge and healthy Anglo-Saxon influence.—Yours, &c.,

HALIDE SALIH.

Constantinople, October 12th, 1908.

"BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When an economist like Mr. Laycock gets into difficulties he usually takes to the "bush," *i.e.*, the money question. I do not propose to follow him any further than the monetary point raised in our original discussion. He is now willing to assume that a short crop may realise at higher prices "exactly the sum that the normal crop realises," but he yet insists that the unemployment which I admit occurs in the trades, raising, harvesting, and carrying grain, will be communicated to other trades through a failure of the usual demand for commodities on the part of those unemployed in the agricultural trades. But if the same

sum of money is paid for the crop, some persons connected with the raising, carrying, &c., of this crop must receive more income than before to set off against the loss of income in those who are admitted to be unemployed, and their expenditure of this additional income will create an increased demand in the trades making the goods they buy, equivalent to the decreased demand in the trades injured by the fall-off of demand from the unemployed. No net reduction in demand and employment in other trades than agriculture is shown.

This was my main original contention, and Mr. Laycock fails entirely to meet it.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. Hobson.

October 19th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I humbly suggest that the correspondence in your columns under this head has wandered rather far from facts into the realm of abstractions. In the first place, crops do not go into consumption in the condition in which they are harvested, nor for the most part in the country which grows them. Corn is usually packed in bags; a shortage in the world's crop means a bad time for sackmakers and a shortage of cargo for shipowners. Secondly, in this connection it is hardly fair to speak as though harvests referred only to grain destined for consumption as bread. There are minor items, such as the textile fibres, oilseeds and their by-products, barley and hops for the brewer, potatoes and rice, and sugar. A shortage of any of these implies increased cost of some manufactured articles, and a resultant restriction of demand.

Thirdly, it seems not out of place to suggest that most manufactured goods are sold in the first place to meet a speculative and not a real demand. Manchester may not have speculated at all; the production of every mill may have been sold far ahead and business have seemed so easy and lucrative that new mills have sprung up to meet an apparently permanent expansion in the world's consumption. A season of bad crops comes and the mills learn that they have to face an absolute stoppage of demand; heavy stocks are held in India, in China, and elsewhere, and merchants are afraid to buy anything. Good harvests mean more than good trade; they entail a rush and scramble, overproduction and overselling; and until this ceases we shall have the necessary backswing of the pendulum to the other extreme.

A final point which seems to me unfairly handled is the question of profit margin on high prices. My limited experience shows that the higher prices go, the more reluctant the purchasers become to buy without mature consideration, and the more manufacturers are forced to cut profits to secure buyers at all. Far from the total profits being the same on the high-priced small sales and the cheap large sales, I should doubt whether they approach even the same percentage on the turnover. The assumption that the money value of the turnover of harvests is the same whatever the quantity of output appears to have no particular relation to facts.—Yours, &c., W. G. W.

London, October 20th, 1908.

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—During the coming winter we should not neglect temporary services of employment, even if they appear to be but small ones. In the time of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury hundreds of shoeblacks, if not more, were organised in London, sometimes earning as much as six shillings in a day.

These shoeblack brigades appear to have passed away, though there seems some slight revival in London just lately.

In our provincial towns we may walk miles in dirty boots for the want of anyone to clean them, unless we go to an inn or railway station. It may be that people are less in the way of having their shoes cleaned in the streets than they used, but a return to a former habit is worth while to help those who really want work. Cannot shoeblack brigades be organised before winter in every one of our towns?—Yours, &c., J. Marshall Sturge.

Charlbury, October 20th, 1908.

GRAMMATICAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is always dangerous to lay down the law about matters of language without verifying—indeed, within the limits reached by the New English Dictionary, it is foolhardy. The word "averse" is well within those limits; and if your grammarian's own reading has not told him that "to" is no less correct, and even more usual, than "from," after that word, a reference to the blameless columns of the N.E.D. would have apprised him of that fact. So with "different to"; that is just as right as "alien to." Of course, the "to" in these phrases merely indicates relation; as with the dative in Latin, which is used after verbs compounded with *ab*.

As to what he calls the "hanging" participle—I should rather call it the "*in*dependent," for it hangs on nothing—that is, no doubt, a Latinism which was all right in an inflected language, but has now become awkward. Still, it was a favorite with the Elizabethans. Sir Francis Walsingham, in particular, hardly ever gets through a letter or dispatch without affording one or more examples of it.

I must not waste more of my time or your space on these matters; but I think I could prove to your grammarian that he has censured some locutions that are as innocent as doves, and spared a good many of the blackest crows that now infest the field of good English.—Yours, &c.,

Grammaticulus.

October 18th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—If Mr. Braby and "The Writer of the Article" will look in "Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary" they will find the following:—

"Averse . . . with *to; from* is, however, still used.—Yours, &c.,

Ellen R. Taylor.

7, The Mount, Malton,
October 18th, 1908.

THE NEWER SPIRIT IN INDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—A few weeks ago you were good enough to allow me a column in your valued journal, and I find, in spite of much self-restraint, that I am compelled to ask you once again for a little space.

The number of books about India and the phenomenon called "the unrest" is growing rapidly—from which, presumably, it may be inferred that there is some kind of demand on the part of the public for correct information. It is, therefore, quite necessary that critics and reviewers should indicate and classify the various points of view from which the subject has been approached. We have, firstly, such masterpieces of perverse bureaucratic mendacity as the books and miscellaneous writings of Sir William Lee-Warner, Mr. J. D. Rees, Sir Henry Craik, Lord Curzon, *et hoc genus omne*—the kind of stuff that an "Imperialistic" public devours with peculiar avidity. We have, secondly, the whole of the Congress literature, embodying the labors of Sir Henry Cotton, Sir William Wedderburn, Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, the late Mr. William Digby, Mr. Naoroji, Mr. R. C. Dutt, Mr. G. K. Gokhale, and a great many others. And the newest of this latter series is the excellent and thoughtful volume of that fearless veteran, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, which Sir William Wedderburn reviews in your issue of October 17th. Very aptly the title of his book is the "New Spirit in India"—a spirit whose genesis has already been accurately determined. But not a single volume has yet been written about what I may call the newer spirit in India.

Let us be clear about the stages of development. We start with a bureaucracy that grows more and more dissociated from the people, until it culminates in the vagaries of England's greatest Viceroy.

> "O that the present hour would lend
> Another despot of the kind!
> Such chains as his were sure to bind."

This gives rise to the new spirit in India, which *asks* for more freedom and for self-government of the Colonial type. But now has come the newer spirit in India, which does not think of asking for anything. It has set before

itself the task of absolute severance from England, the ideal of absolute freedom, to be attained, if possible, by a peaceful revolution as a result of overwhelming moral and intellectual courage.

In other words, while England declares that there shall continue to be an *imperium*, the newer spirit declares that there shall be an unqualified *libertas*, and the new spirit, of which Mr. Nevinson has been writing, has served as a bridge over which the newer spirit may pass to its destination. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind for the sake of correct historical perspective. I have said that not a single book has been written about this newer spirit. But the newer spirit does not even ask for a book. It is seeking to write its own eventful chapters in the pages of history.—Yours, &c.,

V. Chattopadhyaya.

78, Lancaster Road, W.,
October 19th, 1908.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have read the letters of Mr. H. J. B. Montgomery and others in your recent numbers. May I state the views of a plain man who is not a penologist or a prison commissioner, and has not known much of the professional criminal?

1. The first object of imprisonment is to prevent the repetition by the same criminal of like acts.

2. The second object is to deter others.

3. The third is to attempt the reform of the prisoner, if, and so far as, it is consistent with 1 and 2.

There is nothing so cruel in a civilised state as impunity. One quarter of the total prison population seem to be professional criminals. (Nation, p. 18.) If they cannot be cured, it is surely just to detain them. When new, unknown methods shall have cured them, let us, or our descendants, let out the prisoners again.—Yours, &c.,

George Whale.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.,
October 16th, 1908.

LIBERALISM AND SOCIAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I am told on all hands that Liberalism is decadent. And this at a time when the "personnel" of the Cabinet is admittedly powerful; its unity unchallenged; its support in the House of Commons loyal and enthusiastic; its programme of social reform practical and inspiring. Yet the results of recent bye-elections show that there is something to be said for the assertion in my opening sentence. Liberal canvassers at Newcastle and elsewhere ascribe the cause of these defeats to the fact that the electorate do not understand the objective of Liberalism in relation to the present economic and industrial system of this country.

The Conservative Party stands plainly for the perpetuation of the present unrestricted system of frenzied competition, their panacea for all human ills being "Tariff Reform and work for all."

At the opposite pole the Socialists range themselves with their idea of the Socialised State, in which land, capital, and personal ability are all nationalised.

Laugh at these doctrinaire schemes as we may, here are two clear and intelligible policies. In face of them, what has Liberalism to offer? To those who are suffering acutely from the widespread poverty and insecurity of employment, concomitant with the concentration of the means of production in the hands of the few, Liberalism seems to offer nothing better than opportunistic legislation, tinkering and time-serving. While to middle-class and rich Liberals, its apparent philandering with Socialistic ideas (equivalent in their minds to confiscation of property, and a monotonous dead level of existence) is a terrifying spectacle.

It follows then that what is needed is a dinning into people's ears of the ultimate Liberal attitude towards social reform, regardless of the danger of tiresome repetition. We oppose to the Conservative idea of unrestricted industrial warfare, and the Socialist conception of the nationalised State, a third ideal—a State, in which the means of production are again equitably distributed, as they have been through the lengthiest and most stable periods of history We recognise the fact that many of the most urgent problems which confront us can only be solved by State-action, and even by a measure of collectivism. Hence there is nothing to prevent those who believe in Socialism as a direction and not as a state—in kinetic as opposed to static Socialism—to support us in our general policy. We lay no claim to be thaumaturgists; for we know that leagues of difficulties lie between us and the attainment of our theoretical aim—difficulties, nevertheless, which our past record and our future programme prove we intend to surmount.

Let us by all means stick to our time-honored motto of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," provided that we use such terms in no perfunctory fashion. Let us show how Liberalism has accomplished the democratisation of the old feudal machinery of politics. Let us expose the fallacies of Protection to our heart's content. But, above all things, let our theory of social betterment—the equitable distribution of the means of production, as opposed to their nationalisation, or their concentration in the hands of the few—sink down deep into the bewildered brain of the British public. Therein, to my mind, lies the way of salvation in this age of street-corner oratory.

Two questions, by way of conclusion. Is the theory, which I have delineated, the official Liberal objective in relation to social reform? And if not, has Liberalism an alternative theory to put forward?—Yours, &c.,

F. N. E.

Bromley, Kent,
October 21st, 1908.

MR. ASQUITH'S CONCESSION TO THE BREWERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There must be many persons deeply interested in licensing reform, like myself, to whom Mr. Asquith's concession of twenty-one years' further enjoyment of a State-created monopoly value will come as the last straw. I am almost driven to hope that the Lords will throw out the Licensing Bill, so that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be forced back on his "reserves," *i.e.*, the higher taxation of licences through the Budget.

The Bill now proposes that in 1930 those of us who live long enough to be taxpayers then shall have a sudden increment, or relief from our taxes, to the extent of some £10,000,000 a year from the monopoly value of licences. It is a pleasing prospect, no doubt, even though most of us will be dead first. But why, if it is right that we should get ten millions a year in 1930, should it not be right for us to get a smaller sum now? If Mr. Asquith would clap on the five millions now, abolish the compensation levy, and give a fixed grant of (say) a million a year from the Exchequer for compensation purposes, the "man in the street" would understand it, and see that it was fair. The rest of the Bill could go through without trouble.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. Allen.

1, Mitre Court Buildings,
October 21st, 1908.

"ORTHODOXY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is somewhat of a surprise and disappointment to find Mr. G. K. Chesterton committed to a vulgar, non-paradoxical truth. I refer to his denunciation of suicide as "the ultimate and absolute evil." This is pharisaism with a vengeance. Its very obviousness and simplicity should have condemned it in the author's own eyes. On the same reasoning, celibacy is the unpardonable sin. *A fortiori*, Death is "the ultimate and absolute evil"; but, thanks to suicides (among other persons, places, and things), the world is no longer of that unnatural opinion. But, then, this is one of those paradoxical beliefs which—as Mr. Chesterton once knew and recognised—are very hard to hold simultaneously.—Yours, &c.,

S. Henry.

St. Anne's-on-Sea,
October 18th, 1908.

THE HABITUAL OFFENDERS BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The objects of the Home Secretary's Bill are two-fold, or should be so:—

(1) *The protection of society* by the better provision for the prevention of crime.

(2) *To provide ways and means for reforming* those who, unfortunately, have lapsed into crime time after time, and for helping them on, after their ultimate discharge, in face of the inevitable difficulties which they will always have to contend with. This is already in part provided for by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

The latter part of the task imposed upon society offers enormous difficulties, and, to be successful, requires a closer study and longer discussions than have been bestowed on this all-important problem hitherto. As this is no party question, it is to be hoped that all parties will unite (as was the case in the Children's Bill) in examining minutely not only the ways and means, but also the machinery proposed to work them, before the measure be passed.

As regards the person branded as "the habitual offender" (after having served the first period of imprisonment and finding himself in the second term of probation), what are the provisions which are to enable him to regain his liberty?

The Home Secretary proposes a committee consisting of:—

(1) Visiting justices.

(2) Prison officials (governor, chaplain, priest, and doctor).

(3) Specially co-opted persons able and fit for the work, whose duty it is to decide whether the person is wishful of leading an honest life, or is fit to do so, in order to concede his or her liberty.

To be able to judge of the character of any man, woman, or child, and still more of their intentions, there will be needed a great amount of knowledge of human nature, of intelligence, and of deep sympathy. But all these qualities are of absolutely no avail if sufficient time, and many opportunities under different conditions to exercise them, be not given. Even then, the great stumbling block will be that all the inquiries perforce will have to be made within the prison walls, in an atmosphere haunted by the natural dread of the presence of the governor, warders, and other prison authorities, be they ever so lenient and humane. Even the influence of the lay element (*i.e.*, the visiting justices and co-opted members) is lessened within the prison walls, as all those who have an insight into the practical working of our ordinary prisons can fully testify.

The Home Secretary does not say for what period the lay members are to fulfil their voluntary duties; and how can they be compelled or induced to perform their labor of love, these duties being voluntary, if they have other calls on their time, which may be of greater importance to them at the moment? The Home Secretary declares that he at present knows a sufficient number of men (ladies are not mentioned, though they are more active and more to be relied upon in these matters, as will be shown later on) to whom he can entrust the onerous task. But if they should fail, will he know others to replace them, and will successive Ministers be able to do so?

Again, how do these new enactments affect the voluntary members?

It is stated that the committee "shall hold *meetings* at such intervals of not more than six months as may be prescribed"—or, in other words, a minimum of two meetings a year! Surely there is some omission here!

And the *visits* of the voluntary members to the *prisons?* Here, too, there seems to be no provision made for the number of times they have to attend gaol for the important work of judging individual cases.

That the difficulties awaiting the lay members are not imaginary is proved by the working of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society (founded sixty years ago), and run on a similar system to the proposed new measure.

First we have:—

(1) *Voluntary elected members*, ready to give their time, and assist prisoners after their discharge.

(2) *Visiting justices*, elected from the magisterial bench, to serve two years if city, and a number of years if county magistrates. To these must be added lady visitors, elected by the Home Office.

(3) *The prison authorities* (governor, chaplain, &c.).

Now what has been the result—surely a far different one to that which was expected?

In the first few years a good number of voluntary members were forthcoming, magistrates amongst them. Then, notwithstanding their excellent work, the voluntary members fell away, so that at present there exist but few societies who can boast of having any. The consequence of this is that the work of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies falls on the shoulders of the prison authorities, who, by force of circumstances, are not competent to aid effectively after the prisoners' discharge.

So much for the voluntary members. Now, what has happened in the case of the visiting justices? Their duty is to visit in prison twice a year, and it must be admitted that little useful work can be done with occasional visits like these. But even here, experience of many years has shown that visiting justices (with a few exceptions, of course) have taken even less interest in the matter of prisoners to be discharged than the voluntary members. It is a deplorable fact that nowadays few societies exist who can rely on any assistance from them; in fact, the total ignorance of the existence of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, and the duties of a visiting justice connected with them, is not uncommon.

On the other hand, those few societies who have lady visitors are better off, for statistics have proved that they take their duties seriously by their repeated visits to their charges while in gaol, and regular attendance at the meetings to assist the committee's working. It is to be hoped that lady visitors will be provided for in the Bill.

Now, seeing that visiting justices are so reluctant in performing their easy duties in regard to prisoners awaiting their discharge in an ordinary gaol, where sentences of imprisonment are of short duration (maximum six months), how can it be expected that the vastly more onerous duties (spreading over a number of years) will be more conscientiously undertaken when the new measure becomes law?

One thing is certain, that there *must be voluntary aid* if we are to carry out the generous spirit of the proposed law, and although the difficulties which stand in the way, as I have endeavoured to show, are great as proved by actual experience, still, these difficulties should not prevent the passage of the measure, as no doubt ways and means will be found to remedy these very important defects.—Yours, &c.,

N. KOLP.

Poetry.

A PORTRAIT.

IN a broad stone-flagged passage, once I saw
A woman lift a platter of white wood,
Whereon jugs, loaves, knives, high-piled dishes stood;
Her eyes, far-seeing counsellors, did draw
Age-old blue wisdom from the skies, while law
Implicit on her forehead seemed to brood;
Her lips were heralds, ever proclaiming good,
For riches, in her hair shone red-gold, raw.

She smiled, with some fair city's welcoming grace
Before whose gleaming turrets night has flown;
Whose loftier parts are Heaven's resting place,
Whose very fabric is Earth-beauty's own;
Earth's plenty teems within her wide embrace,
About her walls Spring's spicy airs are blown.

J. MARJORAM.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

AMONG Mr. Heinemann's autumn books is an English translation of the "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly, Peer of France." Frénilly's memoirs contain some excellent pictures of French life, both at Paris and in the provinces, during the Revolution, the First Empire, and the Restoration. Their author was a cousin of Madame de Staël, but he had ultra-Royalist sympathies, and some of his best pages are the caustic portraits he gives of the leading figures of the Revolution. He welcomed the Restoration with delight, but he was overwhelmed to discover that Louis XVIII. "was a thorough Liberal and an enemy of the aristocracy." Charles X. made Frénilly a Peer of France, but again his satisfaction was lessened by the fact that seventy-five others were similarly honored. "No doubt," he writes, "in these seventy-six new peerages there were four or five who represented the flower of France, whether by birth, fortune, wisdom, or sane opinions; but even this did not absolve them from the crime of being seventy-six." When Charles X. abdicated, Frénilly left France in disgust, and retired to Gratz to write the "Recollections," which are among the most entertaining memoirs of an age particularly rich in this class of literature.

* * *

ANOTHER book dealing with the France of the Revolution is "The Life of Mirabeau," by Mr. S. G. Tallentyre, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have almost ready for publication. Mr. Tallentyre, who is the author of a couple of good volumes upon Voltaire and his times, has a great subject in Mirabeau, and one which still has considerable freshness for most English readers. Indeed, with the exception of Carlyle and Morse Stephens, no writer has dealt at all adequately with the complex character of the first statesman of the Revolution. Recent research has unearthed some fresh material, and we may expect from Mr. Tallentyre a capable account of Mirabeau's career.

* * *

IN "An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts," Mr. W. M. Pierce investigates an interesting by-path of English ecclesiastical history. Martin Marprelate was the name appended to a series of pamphlets written against Episcopacy by a number of Elizabethan Puritans, many of them deprived ministers. They contain choice specimens of theological invective, and severe measures were taken by the Government to suppress them, but without success. The authorship of some of the pamphlets has been determined by Maskell, who wrote a "History of the Martin Marprelate Controversy" from the High Anglican standpoint, but the subject still provides abundant scope for research. Mr. Pierce writes as a Nonconformist, but he endeavours to deal with the theme in a scientific historical spirit. The book will be published by Messrs. Constable.

* * *

THE same publishers have in preparation an English translation of Angelo Neumann's "Reminiscences of Richard Wagner," which, in its German form, we reviewed on July 6th, 1907. It contains many interesting details about the production of Wagner's works, as well as of the general progress of German music during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

* * *

A WORK to be published next week by Messrs. Methuen promises to give us "our true historic perspective in the matter" of the woman question. It is called "Woman Through the Ages," and is the latest result of the indefatigable Dr. Reich's labors. The book begins with a study of pre-Greek women in Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, and Judæa, and then proceeds to a history of woman in ancient Greece and Rome, in the Middle Ages, during the Renaissance, and in modern times. Many details concerning the dress, amusements, education, and social position of women are quoted from original sources; but Dr. Reich's main object has been "to give the general, underlying principles as clearly as possible." The book is sure to be welcomed by those who enjoyed hearing Dr. Reich expound Platonism, but it is doubtful whether the stalwarts of the Woman's Social and Political Union will be equally satisfied.

* * *

PROBABLY few readers of to-day know even the name of Eaton Stannard Barrett, one of whose volumes, "Woman and Other Poems," ran into three editions within a few years of its publication towards the beginning of last century. His political satires, "All the Talents" and "The Comet," were also very popular, though it is not now easy to see for what reason. Professor Raleigh, however, seems to think that Barrett's mock romance, "The Heroine," may still find readers, since he is preparing an edition for "The Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry." That excellent series has already given us a number of exceedingly useful reprints. We shall be interested in seeing how Barrett's work will be received.

* * *

DR. SPENCE WATSON has written a memoir of Joseph Skipsey, the miner poet, who was for several years the keeper of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon. Skipsey was a working miner until he reached middle life, and some of his poems from "The Collier Lad" and "Carols from the Coal Fields," inspired by his labor in the mines, have been said to be not unworthy of Blake. The memoir may, possibly, add something to our knowledge of the Pre-Raphaelite group, for Skipsey was a friend of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others who took a leading part in the movement. It will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

* * *

A FUND has been started for the purpose of establishing a memorial to the late Professor Churton Collins. The memorial will take the form of a scholarship or prize for Greek or English literature, the details of which will be settled by a committee of the subscribers. Subscriptions will be received by Mrs. Arthur Boutwood, Bledlow, Bucks. We understand that Mr. Sidney Lee is likely to succeed Professor Collins as Professor of English literature at Birmingham. Mr. Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" has just reached a sixth edition. It was first published in 1898.

* * *

"SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MEN OF LATITUDE" is the attractive title of a volume of studies by an American critic, Mr. E. A. George, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue immediately. The essays treat of John Hales, Chillingworth, Whichcote, John Smith, Henry More, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and Richard Baxter. Most of the ground traversed by Mr. George has already been covered in Principal Tulloch's two excellent volumes on "Rational Theology in England in the Seventeenth Century." Mr. George has, however, treated his subject in a more popular style than Principal Tulloch did, and he also makes large use of quotation, many of the extracts being from books not nowadays easily accessible or at any rate not often read.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Panmure Papers." Being a Selection from the Correspondence of Fox Maule, Second Baron Panmure, afterwards Eleventh Earl of Dalhousie. Edited by Sir George Douglas and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay. (Hodder & Stoughton, 2 vols., 24s. net.)

"The Life of James McNeil Whistler." By E. R. and J. Pennell. (Heinemann, 2 vols., 36s. net.)

"Family Letters of Christina Rossetti." Edited by W. M. Rossetti. (Brown, Langham, 15s. net.)

"The Women Bonapartes." By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen, 2 vols., 24s. net.)

"Napoleon and his Fellow Travellers." Edited by Clement Shorter. (Cassell, 12s. net.)

"De Libris: Prose and Verse." By Austin Dobson. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

"Russian Essays and Stories." By Maurice Baring. (Methuen, 5s. net.)

"Piccadilly to Pall Mall." By Ralph Nevill and C. E. Jerningham. (Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The English House." By W. Shaw Sparrow. (Nash, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Egypt and Its Monuments." By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin. (Hodder & Stoughton, 20s. net.)

"The War in the Air." By H. G. Wells. (Bell, 6s.)

"A Poor Man's House." By Stephen Reynolds. (Lane, 6s.)

"A Prince of Dreams." By F. A. Steel. (Heinemann, 6s.)

"L'Ile des Pengouins." Par Anatole France. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3fr. 50.)

"Récits des Temps révolutionnaires." D'Après des Documents inédits. Par Ernest Daudet. (Paris: Hachett, 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE PANMURE PAPERS.*

If it cannot be said that Lord Panmure, to give him the title by which he is known, was a particularly interesting or an unusually important personage, it cannot be denied that he filled for a time a position of fascinating interest, and commanding importance. He was Secretary of State for War during the second and more critical half of the Crimean campaign. When he succeeded the Duke of Newcastle in February, 1855, the office of Secretary at War was abolished, and he was the first Minister who had entire control of the Department, including its finances. When Lord Palmerston formed his first Government after the defeat of Lord Aberdeen's Administration in the House of Commons, the only post he had at once to fill besides his own was Newcastle's. But it was, of course, by far the most vital to the prosecution of the campaign, which then absorbed the interest of the public and excluded all other matters from their view. Not until Palmerston yielded to the House of Commons by assenting to the appointment of Roebuck's Committee did Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Sidney Herbert follow Aberdeen and Newcastle into retirement.

Lord Panmure was a Whig placeman, who had been crowded out of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet by the Peelites, and had previously been Secretary at War under Lord John Russell. He became a Free Trader when Lord John regarded Free Trade as a dangerous heresy; and when Erastianism in the shape of lay patronage sundered the Church of Scotland, he joined Dr. Chalmers in the Free Church, described by a critical farmer as a "groand *poletical engine.*" There seems, however, no reason to doubt that Lord Panmure's motives were conscientious, or that his convictions were sincere. He was a Scottish Whig of the purest water, to whom religion and politics were different sides of the same thing. Having been in his youth a soldier, he understood the military details of his business, and he was an indefatigable worker.

These volumes do not purport to be a biography. They consist almost entirely of letters written to Lord Panmure, or by Lord Panmure himself. Many are from Queen Victoria, and only a few of these have appeared in Her Majesty's published correspondence. They display the late Queen's microscopic interest in details, and also her deep concern for the welfare of the army at the siege of Sebastopol. Nothing connected with public business was too large or too small for her, or for Prince Albert. Lord Panmure's own task was to redeem the credit of the War Office, which had suffered under the Duke of Newcastle, and to bring the war to the speediest end compatible with its ostensible objects. He had the great advantage of profiting by the Duke's failures, and of completing efforts which his predecessor had begun. He had nothing to do with Inkerman, or Balaclava, or with the delay after the battle of the Alma, which made possible the fortification of Sebastopol. Most of what Lord Panmure did the Duke of Newcastle would probably have done. But public opinion demanded a scapegoat. The defects of the British army, and especially of the hospitals, had been exposed by William Howard Russell, the famous correspondent of the "Times." The House of Commons had assumed responsibility for the conduct of the campaign, and Lord Palmerston was emphatically the Minister of the House.

It appears, however, from this correspondence that Lord Panmure has been, in one respect, wholly misrepresented. His official despatches to Lord Raglan, who commanded the expedition till his death, were harsh and censorious. His private letters, on the other hand, now for the first time published, are friendly, familiar, sometimes even jocular, and in no case did he contravene Lord Raglan's wishes. The despatches were written for the House of Commons, and were approved by the Queen. But no action was taken upon them. Even Lord Raglan's staff, which was to be "reformed, and that radically," remained just as the General constituted it, and every precaution was taken against wounding his susceptibilities or hurting his pride. Palmerston was continually pressing to have "incapables," as he called them, removed. Panmure stood between him and Raglan, taking all the blame, defending himself in the House of Lords, and receiving with imperturbably good temper all Lord Raglan's complaints of interference from home. Politics he regarded as a game, and he seems to have been continually impressed with a belief that Lord Derby, who had refused office when Lord Aberdeen resigned, would come in before the end of the war. He was tormented by gout, and would gladly have given way to Lord Ellenborough, whom he designated as his own successor. But he was blessed with a thick skin, and perhaps consoled by the reflection that the Prime Minister had taken office as an inevitable man. The mere substitution of Palmerston for Aberdeen had brought the public to believe the best, instead of the worst, about all military and Ministerial arrangements. Lord Panmure himself was no optimist. He sincerely condoled with Lord Raglan upon the difficulty and danger of assaulting Sebastopol. He criticised the French with a freedom and candour that could scarcely have been surpassed. To Lord Raglan himself he was always, in his private letters, considerate and kind, endeavouring to make careful provision for his relief from unnecessary correspondence. Kinglake asserts roundly that Lord Panmure "took his marching orders from the sheets of the 'Times.'" In his familiar correspondence he refers to that journal, and to newspapers generally, with exuberant contempt.

But the editors of these volumes do not, we think, refute Kingslake by stating the fact that Lord Panmure did not become acquainted with Mr. Delane until he had ceased to be Secretary for War. For the picturesque historian does not allege anything clandestine or behind the scenes. On the contrary, he says that the Minister did what the newspaper told him to do. It is obvious that the charge contradicted is quite a different thing from the charge made. Lord Panmure held the opinions of the man in the street, which were also the opinions of Lord Palmerston. The Duke of Newcastle, whether he was right or wrong, thought for himself, and adopted a tone of academic propriety. Unequal to a trying emergency, he had valuable qualities for a constitutional Minister in ordinary times. Lord Panmure had no accomplishments, and was no scholar. But he was active, energetic, and determined, doing the day's work in the day, and troubling himself very little with ulterior considerations. Lord Aberdeen always thought the Russian war a gigantic blunder, and never forgave himself for having been dragged into it. Lord Panmure was not in office when the war broke out, and the ethical aspect of the struggle did not concern him. He does not seem to have asked the reason why more anxiously than Lord Cardigan at Balaclava. He had, however, as we have seen, strength enough to hold out against Palmerston in the business of his own department, and, though he did not underrate difficulties, he did not shrink from encountering them. There is not in this book any evidence that he possessed remarkable talent, or brilliant ability of any kind. He wrote colloquially, and adopted any suggestion made to him, if it were at all feasible, and promised any hope of improvement. After Lord Raglan's death he had to prop up General Simpson, who distrusted himself without being trusted by others, and to make elaborate preparations for superseding him, whenever he resigned, by Sir William Codrington, whose own capacity was called in question, not without reason, by competent critics. But he carried into all tasks the same spirit of simple, dogged determination which marked his course through life. When the Duke of Cambridge returned from the Crimea, Lord Panmure advised him not to return, and at once apprised Lord Raglan of the fact. In discussing the Duke's claim to succeed General Simpson, Lord Panmure wrote, "Your Majesty will, I trust, forgive me when I state that, admitting all His Royal Highness's hereditary courage, he (*sic*) thought he might fail in self-control in situations where the safety of the Army might depend on coolness and self-possession." Nevertheless, when Lord Hardinge resigned the command of the Army in 1856, the Cabinet selected the Duke of Cambridge to succeed him, and Lord Panmure at once offered

* "The Panmure Papers: Being a Selection from the Correspondence of Fox Maule, Second Baron Panmure, afterwards Eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., G.C.B. Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart., M.A., and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B., late of the War Office. With a supplementary chapter by the late Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 2 Vols. 24s. net.

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him the position in a letter which much gratified the Duke. There were many reasons against this appointment, which was a great obstruction to Army reform. There were, doubtless, some reasons in its favor, such as the avoidance of personal jealousy where merit did not decide. But the Panmure Papers contain no argument one way or the other, positive or negative, good or bad. There is, however, little use in criticising a book for what it does not express. The value of these papers is incidental, personal, and miscellaneous, not serious, connected, and political. It is certainly strange to read that the great Marquess of Dalhousie, Lord Panmure's cousin, whom he ultimately succeeded in the earldom, and who, by the way, is here miscalled "Earl," at least in the Index, did not, on June 7th, 1857, "feel any alarm at the state of affairs" in India, which he "looked upon as exaggerated." It is, however, quite conceivable that, if Lord Dalhousie had been himself in India, the Mutiny might have been more speedily crushed. About the same time Lord Panmure himself wrote to Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary: "I am not disposed to take a gloomy view of anything, but I confess the letters from Canning and Elphinstone, Haines and Grant, all stagger me." Prince Albert, however, found time to write, on the 19th of June: "The pins attached to the Victoria Cross, as in the specimen you submitted, will answer very well. The Queen has tried them, and found them to do so." Queen Victoria wrote ten days later, with her peculiar, yet quite genuine, humor: "The Queen thinks that the persons decorated with the Victoria Cross might very properly be allowed to bear some distinctive mark after their name (*sic*). The warrant instituting the decoration does not style it 'an order,' but merely a 'naval and military decoration,' and a distinction; nor is it, properly speaking, an order, being not *constituted*. V.C. would not do. K.G. means a Knight of the Garter; C.B. a Companion of the Bath; M.P. a Member of Parliament; M.D. a Doctor of Medicine, &c., in all cases designating a person. No one could be called a Victoria Cross. V.C., moreover, means Vice-Chancellor at present; D.V.C., decorated with the Victoria Cross, or B.V.C., Bearer of the Victoria Cross, might do. The Queen thinks the last the best."

It does not require much sagacity to perceive that the whole of this letter is Prince Albert's, except the one delightful sentence, "No one could be called a Victoria Cross." Both the Queen and the Prince were as much taken up with the Indian Mutiny as they had been with the Crimean War. But their passion for detail was invincible, and the Queen's sense of humor was not shared by her husband. Neither of them shared the flippancy of Lord Palmerston, who wrote: "The capture of Delhi, followed, as I trust it will be, by the relief of Lucknow, will give a new character to the contest. It will now resemble a widespread tiger-hunt." It adds not a little to the attraction of this book that the subjects are various, and that little traits of character are constantly appearing, such as Lord Panmure's beginning of a letter to the illustrious Florence Nightingale, "Dear Miss N."

THE GOSPEL OF AGRICULTURE.*

Nothing has been slower in Great Britain, not merely by comparison with some Utopian ideal but by comparison with nearly any other country, than the progress in agriculture during the past fifty or sixty years. On thousands of farms probably, no new idea has been put in force during the whole of that time. The same crops are grown, in the same way, and in the same wise rotation. Seeds have slightly improved, thanks entirely to the seedsman, who would have improved them still more if he had received any encouragement from the farmer. The most noticeable advance is in the comparatively unimportant respect of machinery, whereby crops are more economically harvested, and, to a very slight degree, seed is more economically sown. Our own improvement in this respect came to an end some twenty years ago, when the ring of greater manufacturers of agricultural machinery stopped the annual prizes that till then had been given by the Royal Agricultural Society. It was not convenient for them to spend large sums on improved models and still less agreeable to find the prizes won sometimes by a comparatively unknown firm. At about the same time the Canadians took up the system that we were discarding, and have since gradually taken from our manufacturers a large part of their foreign trade. But it needs no Protection to "save" our farmers from Canadian and American machinery. Their own conservatism is ample guarantee for that.

As we have said, improved ploughs and harrows and drills are, comparatively speaking, a small matter, though on that head much could be adduced to show how important they are. Of more serious moment is the tide of scientific and practical knowledge that has transformed agriculture in other countries and left our own in an almost complete backwash. For an instance, we need go no further than the new and laborious boom that Mr. Stead is endeavouring to make in Professor Bottomley's bacteria inoculation for leguminous crops. For many years the German, the United States, and, no doubt, other governments have cultivated and actively distributed these preparations. Thanks to them and a wise policy of encouragement, some of the most hopeless land in the States has been made the most productive under Alfalfa, which, in this country, is still caviare to the multitude under the name of Lucerne. It is not Mr. Stead but Lord Carrington as President of the Board of Agriculture who ought to be extending the knowledge of the latest discoveries in agriculture by every means at the disposal of a well organised government. The Canadian Government has experimental stations scattered through the Dominion where hundreds of varieties of grain are tried every year; its well-paid agents scour the world for all kinds of things, from timber trees to grasses, that offer any likelihood of repaying acclimatisation; and it is entirely at the disposal of the farmers so far as its information or advice and the supply of sample seeds and fertilisers are concerned.

Our own Board of Agriculture is not sparing of the material at its disposal. No enquiries are turned away. The farmer who asks for the name and remedy for some disease or pest that is new to him receives prompt attention, especially as such enquiries are rather rarely made. But the most apathetic and unenterprising body of farmers in the world needs more than that. The method of their salvation must be thrust into their letterboxes and shouted into their ears, before agriculture will see that definite revival that the continued greatness of our land demands. If the rural post-offices had been only half as much used for this purpose as they have been for the recruiting of soldiers and sailors, the Army and Navy would not be the last to benefit though far greater national advantage would have been the result.

Mr. Will Ogilvie's new book of the open life sets down in prose form but in the spirit of poetry many indelible pictures of Australian and other life—the camp fire "in the weird silence of the brooding Bush"; the progress of vast flocks through the pains and perils of drought to the shearing sheds; the adventures of the river road when the floods come down and cover miles of plain without turning back the intrepid mail-coach driver from his course. But there is nothing quite so illustrative of the energy of the newer lands as the contrast drawn between British and American farming, the story of the irrigated terraces of Colorado and a brief glimpse the author gives of one of the State colleges at work in spreading the light won by laboratory and seed-plot research.

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getting the audience into any sort of lecture hall and making it believe in the value of "flower-pot experiment" and "new-fangled ideas." The obstacle, however, has never been seriously attacked and is, we believe, considerably exaggerated. There is an enlightened, or at the very least, credulous, farmer here and there in every county, and when by what looks like necromancy he raises a sixty bushel crop of horse-beans on a field that has never before produced forty, the fact becomes notorious and the experiment calls for imitation. That is slowly going on, thanks often to returned emigrants from more enlightened countries who bring back the "new" ideas with them. But before we have learnt these there will be other new ones and we are losing our old supremacy in agriculture much faster than we are ever likely to lose our supremacy in ships. There is more work for an Agriculture League than the Navy League can dream of. If this important factor in national excellence is to flourish, we must have our own public means of acquiring and spreading knowledge.

The Government has called into being by its Small Holdings Act a new class of agriculturists numbering thousands of men with open minds and a desire to know all that is known about those methods that have spelt success for small culture in most of the countries of the world. There is now an audience that will listen and that even demands instruction. The making known of the provisions of the Act itself has been left to a small band of Liberal M.P.'s who within their means have well acquitted themselves of their task. None the less the work of spreading agricultural knowledge cannot be left with safety to private individuals, however enthusiastic. There is, we know, much legislative work still to be done before agriculture is wholly freed from its shackles. But it is certain that in a great and possibly vital number of cases the difference between failure and success on the new small holdings can be determined by a spreading of the gospel of agriculture as it is known to the best instructed among us.

MEMORIES OF THE 'EIGHTIES.*

The reminiscence which collects stories of a past age is of value if the stories are something beyond desultory anecdote. They are welcome if they contain things which amuse. They are of more value if they help to throw light on history or yield some sense of the changing aspect of the world. They are of most value if they possess significance in the light which they may throw upon the character of the men who were of importance at the time. Mrs. Cornwallis West can rightly claim, for these diverting and vivacious pages, inclusion in all these three classes. The remembrance is of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, and most of the prominent persons of that perplexing age enter the scene, if for a moment only. One of the dominant impressions, after the book is closed, is of the remoteness of that time, separated though it be by less than a decade from the life of to-day. The political war-cries have changed, the parties have regrouped themselves, the old statesmen have vanished from the scene: enthusiasms which then were unheard of now occupy the attention of all men's minds: enthusiasms which then swept the world upon tides and currents of emotion now lie stagnant and deserted. Lady Randolph Churchill saw the ruin of Paris in 1870 and the South African war (in a hospital ship) thirty years later. For six delirious years she was at the centre of one of the most intoxicating political adventures the British Parliament has ever seen. She entered the world of literature as editor of an expensive magazine: she was personally acquainted with the men who made history while history was being "made" with unusual rapidity. From a rich store of reminiscence she has wisely selected anecdotes and descriptions which are nearly all fresh and diverting and full of revelations in personal character.

Amongst stories "of significance" there is a characteristic one (not new) of Disraeli saying to Lord Randolph when offered more wine, in "flowery and exaggerated language," "My dear Randolph, I have supped your excellent champagne, I have drunk your good claret, I have tasted your delicious port, I will have no more." "This greatly amused me," adds the narrator, "as, having sat next to him at dinner, I had particularly noticed that he drank nothing but a little weak brandy-and-water." Gladstone appears under another guise. "On one occasion," says Lady Randolph, "I had been at the House hearing Randolph making a fiery attack on him, which he answered with equal heat and indignation. The hour was late, and Randolph and I had just time to rush home and dress to dine at Spencer House. The first person I met as I went in was Mr. Gladstone, who at once came up and said, 'I hope Lord Randolph is not *too* tired after his magnificent effort.'" "Any Hindu who dies at Benares," wrote the author of the "magnificent effort" in cheery accents from India, "and whose ashes are thrown into the Ganges, goes right bang up to Heaven without stopping, no matter how great a rascal he may have been. I think the G.O.M. ought to come here: it is his best chance."

Here is Bismarck, troubled by the evidence of exuberant waste of life in worm and fly. He "said he loved Nature, but that the amount of life he saw awed him, and it took a good deal of faith to believe that an 'All Seeing Eye' could notice every living atom when one realised what that meant. 'Have you ever sat on the grass and examined it closely? There is enough life in one square yard to appal you.'" Cecil Rhodes, on the other hand, is learning—with difficulty—how to play. "I am learning the mysteries of Bridge," he writes, "and even with shilling points am only thirty shillings to the bad. I quite see that it is an assured income to a thinking player." "I have been treated with great urbanity," he adds, "in spite of some mistakes, such as revoking, &c." Who would not be "urbane" to an Empire builder and millionaire under such trying circumstances? The stories of the Franco-German war are worth recording. Napoleon III. was under no delusion as to the chaos of opinion just before the catastrophe. "How can you expect my Government to get on?" he asked. "The Empress is a Legitimist: Morny is an Orleanist: Prince Napoleon is a Republican: I am a Socialist—only Persigny is an Imperialist, and he is mad." In the height of the extravagant festivity, when all the horizon seemed cloudless, there were those who knew what tremendous events were in preparation. After a good Twelfth Night Party, Count Hatzfeldt, then Secretary to the German Embassy in Paris, remarked, "I never saw their Majesties in better spirits than they were last night; and God knows where they will be next year at this time." The remarkable defence advanced for one of the chief performers in the tragedy might almost be extended to all. Lady Randolph was present at the trial of Bazaine at Versailles. He "sat impassive, even while Maître Lachaud, his advocate, making a curious defence, at one moment pointed with a dramatic gesture to the accused, exclaiming, "Mais regardez-le donc! Ce n'est pas un traitre, c'est un imbécile."

The astonishing story of Lord Randolph Churchill's political suicide has been well told in former publications. He did not even tell his wife, Mr. Winston Churchill asserted in the biography of his father. Here is that wife's record of an incident which still remains in part inexplicable and altogether tragic. She had been arranging details of a coming reception at the Foreign Office.

> "The night before his resignation we went to the play with Sir Henry Wolff. Questioning Randolph as to the list of guests for the party, I remember being puzzled at his saying: 'Oh! I shouldn't worry about it if I were you; it probably will never take place.' I could get no explanation of his meaning, and shortly after the first act he left us ostensibly to go to the club, but in reality to go to the 'Times' office and give them the letter he had written at Windsor Castle three nights before. In it he resigned all he had worked for for years, and, if he had but known it, signed his political death-warrant. When I came down to breakfast, the fatal paper in my hand, I found him calm and smiling. 'Quite a surprise for you,' he said. He went into no explanation, and I felt too utterly crushed and miserable to ask for any, or even to remonstrate. Mr. Moore (the permanent Under-Secretary at the Treasury), who was devoted to Randolph, rushed in, pale and anxious, and, with a faltering voice, said to me, 'He has thrown himself from the top of the ladder, and will never reach it again!' Alas! he proved too true a prophet."

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incidents of the life of the "eighteen eighties." Lord Randolph excites his father to fury by having Mr. Chamberlain to dinner—"a man who was a Socialist, or not far from one: who was reported to have refused to drink the Queen's health when Mayor of Birmingham, &c." "How," he asked, "could the influence of such a man be anything but pernicious?" Here are the "fourth party" in riotous spirits scandalising those who thought politics a serious affair by interpreting them as a splendid game. "Sometimes to hear Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Randolph discussing the situation," is the protest, "the uninitiated might have thought the subject was a game of chess." Lady Randolph pilgrimages with two of them to the Monday Pops amid the mockery of her friends at her "weird companions": "one solemn with beard and eyeglass, the other æsthetic with long hair and huge spats." So appeared in such exhilarating days Sir John Gorst and Mr. Arthur Balfour. Lady Randolph proves singularly effective in telegraphic repartee. A New York millionaire, asked for a subscription to the War Hospital Ship, replies, "I have no knowledge of the scheme." "I cabled back, 'Read the papers'; but this, alas! did not untie his purse-strings." More successful was the treatment of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Invited to lunch, "Certainly not," he wires. "What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" "Know nothing of your habits," is the comforting reply. "Hope they are not as bad as your manners."

The whole scene is set—in the early chapters—in a society still possessing inherited simplicities: with wealth accumulated, but not yet, as in the later stages, gambled in "South Africans" or wasted in war or wild personal extravagance. The "strict observance of the English Sunday" filled the young visitor from Paris with amazement. There was no Queen's Hall "to while away a wet afternoon": "the fashion of going to the country for the week end was not known: motors had not yet commenced their deplorable developments. In London 'a lady never travelled alone without taking her maid with her in the railway carriage': the American woman had not yet arrived, and was still 'looked upon as a strange and abnormal creature, with habits and manners something between a Red Indian and a Gaiety Girl.'" It was not till well on in the 'eighties that people began to give dinner parties on Sundays, "and at the beginning" very few had out their carriages. Thirty years ago practically no restaurants existed in London, and dinner anywhere but in a private house was thought quite "emancipated." Nothing is more impressive in this volume than the evidence of the hurrying pace at which to-day the world is being rushed into newer conditions of being—some undesirable, most untried.

NOTES ON NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.*

This volume represents the penultimate section of Dr. Abbott's long, exhaustive "Diatessarica," and the author is to be congratulated upon having brought his arduous task, with its wealth of minutiae and width of speculation, so near to its completion. The appeal of the entire series, he observes, is based on its character as a collection of "facts carefully ascertained, fully and impartially stated, and so indexed and arranged as to be readibly accessible." Their value, in this light, is undoubted, for high scholarship and indefatigable patience have enabled Dr. Abbott to collect materials from Origen, Epictetus, the papyri, the Targums, and the early fathers, which make all serious students of the new Testament his debtors. But this book, like its predecessors, cannot be summed up adequately as a collection of data. It is not content to be objective. Fancy, as well as fact, lies over its pages, *i.e.*, fancy in the sense of the imagination correlating linguistic data, penetrating the crust of language, and striving to reconstruct the inner processes of thought and feeling which threw up the varied strata of the literary evidence in question. It is in this direction that we cannot always follow the learned author. We take some of his torches gratefully, but not in order to accompany him on his out-of-the-way routes. One underlying axiom of his work, for example, seems to be the assumption that when Jesus or any of the New Testament writers employed a phrase from the Old Testament, the speaker or author in question had the context in mind, and consciously allowed it to determine, or at least affect his later use of the term. To the Western scholar, with the texts before him, this is not an unnatural inference. But surely it fails to do justice to the freedom and spontaneous variety of actual life. Consecrated and familiar language is repeatedly used by people who are quite oblivious of its context, and who take it on their lips to express the unpremeditated feelings and hopes of their own lives. They "cast the 'language' old into another mould." Men and women are not so "bookish" as the modern scholar is apt to presuppose; when they build their houses, they are not painfully conscious of the quarries whence the stones came. Great original personalities, especially, must be credited with a sweep of creative genius which renders it an unfruitful and irrelevant task to explain the minutiae of their language out of the earlier literature of their race or age. Dr. Abbott scarcely seems to allow enough weight to this consideration. Occasionally he strays out of sight of it altogether. Thus, after pointing out, for example, that the only use of "Son of Man" in the Pentateuch occurs in the song of Balaam, which declares that God cannot repent because He is not "Son of Man," the author adds: "And how could Jesus fail to have it [*i.e.*, this passage] in His mind, whether He accepted it, as from Scripture, or rejected it, as from Balaam?" This assumption is far from obvious; Jesus, for all his love of the Scriptures, was not a scribe. But it is only one instance of a principle which too often in Dr. Abbott's deft, delicate hands, is allowed to work up his real facts into an unreal product; the historical imagination, in the very exuberance of its own subtlety and ingenuity, melts into fancy, which is a very different thing.

The first part of the book contains explanatory notes bearing on "Silanus the Christian," but of great technical use and independent interest. The two larger notes, which make up the second part, discuss the term "Son of Man" and "The Self-Manifestation of Jesus." A comprehensive index enables the reader to find his way about in the heterogeneous stores of learning scattered through these studies. As he does so, he lights upon a number of suggestions tucked away in small print. Thus he discovers that incidentally Dr. Abbott defends the Domitianic date of the Apocalpse, though he rejects the modern hypothesis that John, the son of Zebedee, died an early death by martyrdom. His exegesis of Rev. xiv. 4 explains the phrase "not defiled with women" as a reference to the purity of worship which withstood the seduction of Rome the Harlot. But this is surely improbable. Had any such idea been in the writer's mind, the singular would have been used, not the plural. Ascetic celibacy is plainly the meaning of the description. Again, in the notes on Rev. i. 1, Dr. Abbott has vexed his soul in vain. The "angel" of Jesus here is simply the *angelus interpres*, a conventional figure of Jewish apocalyptic, and it is superfluous to connect it with the Paraclete. The most valuable sections in the book are perhaps those devoted to the exegesis of the Apocalypse of John. On the other hand, the closing notes on the connection between the story of the stater in the fish's mouth and the restitution of Peter (in John xxi.) seem quite off the level of probability. "As the poems of Israel influenced the chronicles of Israel, so—it can hardly be doubted—the poetry of the first generation of Galilean and Jewish believers must have left its impress on subsequent prose narratives of the life of Christ throughout the Roman Empire." This may be granted in the abstract. The story of the cursing of the fig-tree may be an instance of the literalising of a metaphor or a parable. But Dr. Abbott's curious and ingenious arguments fail to make it psychologically probable that John, in the last chapter of his gospel, was working consciously upon Matthew's narrative as allegorical, and that, in so doing, he was right. There may be a case for this verdict. Only it would require to be stated more cogently, with less appeal to precarious inferences from language and hypothetical symbolism.

* "Notes on New Testament Criticism." By Edwin A. Abbott. A. & C. Black. Price 7s. 6d. net.

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A PAGE FROM THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.*

In "The Spy" Gorky presents us with a pendant to "Comrades," his picture of revolutionary propaganda amongst the Russian democracy. Both books will live in history, and both should be studied by Englishmen to understand the Autocracy's repressive methods, and certain phases of the struggle for Constitutionalism which three years ago resulted in the creation of the halt, maimed, and one-eyed Duma, a mock Parliament without power, but still a Parliament.

The student of Russian literature is struck in most Russian authors by their mournful or cynical recognition of the brutalities of life and the cowardice of human nature. To one school of writers these vices, brutality and weakness, are innate in the soul of their people, to another they are the product of centuries of autocratic oppression, misrule, and national stagnation. Probably both schools are right. The nation's history is a product of its character, and its character of its history. Whether it be Ivan the Terrible and his blood-stained *strelitsi*, or Nicholas II. and his "patriotic" Black Hundreds, we know that the tyranny of brute force breeds alternately cowardice and revolt in a nation. The charge that has always lain against the Russian Autocracy, whether against Nicholas I. with his "order reigns in Warsaw," or against Nicholas II. with his "order reigns in Teheran," is that as the great foe of popular liberties and self-government, at home and abroad, it has always played the part of the "samodour" or domestic bully. The spirited element in the nation which has shown fight of any kind against this great gendarmerie has always held the sympathies of Europe, for Europe understood only too well the brutality of the police methods by which the mild "moderate Liberals," the students, professors, and refined women engaged in the campaign for social reform and popular education, were turned into "terrorists." It is written in the pages of George Kennan's "Siberia and the Exile System," the cowardliness of this gendarmerie. And the later tactics of the Russian police, of the notorious "third section," and the decorated generals, in their creation, yesterday, of the "Black Hundreds," are the subject of Gorky's last novel.

The hero of the book, which in the Russian edition is entitled "The Superfluous Man," is Yevsey Klimkov, a peasant orphan, a nervous, timid, and puny boy, who is adopted by the blacksmith, Uncle Piotr. Yevsey, both at home and at school, early finds it the best plan to make no resistance, but to take in silence all the beatings of Aunt Agafya, and the bullyings of her son, Yashka, because resistance only enrages his persecutors the more. The dreamy child is afraid of the sombre landscape round him, of the drunken muzhiks, the scolding women, the quarrels and fights among the neighbours, he is afraid also of the blacksmith's tales of the devils and God. And he notices that everybody is seeking for mastery over somebody else, and goes in constant fear, himself, of his superiors, and of life. "The whole of life was filled with terror, and terror sundered the people one from another." But when a fire threatens to burn down the whole village, all the people unite in friendliness and help, and, after putting it out, each sees that his neighbour is a good fellow, and Yevsey wonders why the peasants should not unite and drop their life of malice and discord and hatred. Uncle Piotr, who is a philosopher and typifies the fatalistic attitude of the Russian peasant to the evils of life, after narrating one day how he was beaten by the officials for lodging a complaint with the governor, and kept in prison for three months, gives Yevsey his rule of life: do whatever is assigned to you, keep yourself to yourself, and beware of bold men. Time passes, and Yevsey is taken by Uncle Piotr to the neighbouring town, and is handed over to his new master, the old bookseller, Matvey Matveyevich, who is secretly in the pay of the Police Bureau. The shop, in fact, is a trap for students and political suspects, who come there in search of prohibited "political" literature which is supplied to Matvey by the police spy, Lukin. Yevsey notices that his master attracts the attention of some of his customers to the books which Lukin has brought, and that after he has sold them the latter, and obtained their addresses, these customers never reappear, and one day, the boy, on an impulse, warns two customers not to buy such books. Yevsey gathers from a broken conversation he overhears between his old master and his housekeeper, the comely and kind-faced woman, Rayisa, that there is a dark mystery between the two; and later he discovers that Rayisa, when suspected of poisoning a man has been saved from hard labor by the bookseller's interest with the police, and he has forced her to become his mistress. Lukin, the spy, however, has also mysterious relations with Rayisa, and in a scene of sinister force, Dostoievskian in its intensity, the boy witnesses the poisoning of the old bookseller at Lukin's instigation. Rayisa and Yevsey, who know too much about Matvey's death, go to live in Lukin's quarters, and the boy obtains a small post in the local Police Bureau.

The description of Yevsey's life in the police station is very true to life. In Russia the police are recruited from the most doubtful class, men who will stick at no dirty work, and the fact that the Government relies so largely on their activity endows them with arbitrary power. They are not answerable to public opinion, for the average Russian citizen goes in fear of the police, and the only check on their actions is the control of their official superiors. In all countries the police have a tendency to work together in defiance of the public, but nowhere more so than in Russia. But Yevsey finds that the police are keenly envious of the political spies. The clerks in the Bureau speak with admiring fear of the spies' power over people's lives, and of their ability to "fix" a man so that no matter what he does or where he goes he will, inevitably, be landed in prison. This is the ideal of men who are the instruments of despotic power. Even Zarubin, Yevsey's little fellow clerk, observes with satisfaction, "everybody is afraid of us. Let's get into the Department of Safety and become political spies. . . . Then what a life we'll lead." The opportunity for this step in life comes unexpectedly to our timid hero; he has explained to Zarubin his idea that poverty and stupidity are what keep the people back, and that the Czar is rich and the people are poor. Therefore, if the Czar will give his riches to the people, all will be contented. And Zarubin reports Yevsey's treasonable words to his official superiors. Yevsey is arrested, and shut up in a cell for ten days, and, in a fit of cowardly anguish, to save his skin, he reveals that his ideas are not original, but that he has gathered them from the talk of an idealistic old man in the Chancery Department, Kapiton Reüsov. The old clerk is arrested in his turn, and Yevsey, for betraying his friend, is promoted to the Department of Public Safety, and joins the Bureau of the political spies.

In the last two hundred pages of his novel Gorky has drawn with great sharpness the psychology of the police street spies as distinguished from the aristocrats of the profession, the provocators. Yevsey has joined the service in the days of the Japanese war, when everything is in confusion in the official mind, and when the massacre of the people's procession in Petersburg on "Bloody Sunday" has roused all classes to revolt and indignation. The old order seems tumbling to pieces. The spies' usual diversions, drink, women, and cards, fail to appease their growing uneasiness. The frequent harangues of their official superiors, and of the richly-dressed "gentlemen from Petersburg," that they must work more zealously and cleverly, and that "all ways are permissible," only betray that the Bureaucracy is growing weaker and weaker. When the incredible news is spread everywhere that the Czar has granted a Constitution to the nation, the spies are warned that the foreigners, the Liberals, and other enemies of Holy Russia are closing round the throne, and that to counteract their manœuvres a secret society has been organised by the counts and princes and governors submissive to the will of the Czar, the "League of Russian Men," alias the Black Hundreds. The description of the change in the general public's attitude, of the expression of confidence, enthusiasm, and joy on the faces in the streets, in place of their old humble, flat, and cautious look, is admirably done. The people believe that the Constitution is theirs, and free, bold speech is heard wherever crowds gather together. The spies are powerless, the authorities seem to be standing still. But one day the old dread and perplexity, the old

* "The Spy." By Maxim Gorky. Duckworth. 6s.

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suspicion and distrust, appear again on the faces in the streets, and people's voices show anger, fear, resentment. Crowds of rowdies and hooligans have suddenly appeared in the streets, waving national flags and carrying portraits of the Czar, and beating respectable citizens. The Constitutional processions are attacked by the hooligans, who are secretly organised by the police and the Department of Safety. It is the triumph of the Black Hundreds. The spies are now armed with revolvers, and mingle with the rioters, shouting, "Down with the Constitution! Hurrah for the Emperor!" People who refuse to take off their hats to the flag are shot down. The people are divided, they are to be shown what liberty is. "Freedom means murder, robbery, and mob violence." Yevsey, who, horror-stricken, assists at one of these street massacres in which a young student, a bold and fearless man, is torn to pieces by the hooligans, cannot stand the strain of this new work that is demanded of him. His mind gives way, and, a prey to fresh fears, he commits suicide. "The Spy," although clearly a work of political propaganda, contains so artistic an analysis of the confused soul of the Russian people in its alternate fits of fear and revolt against its master, the gendarmerie, that it will certainly live in history, along with the bitter satires of Soltykov. It is a mournful page of Russian history that Gorky chronicles for us, but it is relatively bright in comparison with the hopeless outlook of Liberal writers during the gloomy and leaden reigns of Nicholas I. and Alexander III.

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The panicky feeling caused by the upheaval in the Near East has passed away, and though the danger of a conflagration cannot be considered altogether removed, the Stock Exchange has regained control of its nerves, and is disturbed only by an occasional tremor when some more than usually alarmist report is put in circulation. The general composure, however, is reflected in the comparison of prices at the head of this column, which contains the securities most intimately concerned in the Balkan statement. The steadiness extends to all the markets, but is accompanied by a decline in the volume of business which is beginning to call forth the old complaint from members of lack of occupation. The lull is ascribed to unwillingness to enter into new commitments while the Eastern imbroglio still remains unsettled, to uneasiness respecting home affairs, owing to the large amount of unemployment, to bad trade, and unsatisfactory railway receipts. Some excitement and disappointment was exhibited upon the announcement of the Mexican railway dividend on Thursday afternoon, and the stocks declined heavily in a very short time.

One symptom of returning confidence in the stock markets is the appearance of several new capital issues. One of these is the offer of £300,000 Four and a Half per cent. Debenture Stock by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, well known to ocean travellers as the R. M. S. P. The stock is secured upon the whole of the Company's fine fleet, and other assets, valued together at £3,784,548. At the price of 98½ per cent. it constitutes a sound, well-secured investment.

British Investments in Argentina.

When speaking last week of the world-wide depression, one exception might possibly have been made in the case of the Argentine Republic. No doubt she is affected to some extent by the adverse conditions prevailing in other countries, which would operate, if in no other way, to lessen the demand for her products. There are, however, practically no manufactures in the country, its prosperity depending almost entirely on pastoral and agricultural conditions. These have been for quite a long time past very favorable, the country having enjoyed several good harvests in succession. The crops now ripening promise to create a further record, the total value being estimated at the equivalent of £92,000,000. If this is realised, the Republic will have ample means for meeting her obligations abroad, the railways will be assured of heavy traffic receipts, and will, in their turn, be able to pay good dividends on their ordinary stocks. In fact, the reports recently issued indicate that not only is it possible for the railways to maintain their dividends at the usual rates of 6 to 7 per cent., but to devote large amounts to reserve, and to the improvement of their properties.

The situation presented is in strong contrast to that in existence after the Baring crisis of 1890, when a moratorium was declared on the foreign debt and the provinces and municipalities were defaulting generally. Undeterred by the bitter lessons then taught, the British capitalist has, since the recovery became assured, poured his money into the country like water. It is computed that upwards of £138,000,000 of British capital is invested in Argentine railways alone, and the total amount, including Government and municipal stocks, tramways, and miscellaneous securities, probably approaches £300,000,000. As nearly all the defaults have been compromised, the bulk of this capital is giving a very good return. In fact, it would be difficult to find a group of investments upon which the yield is so high. The railways, at least, seem assured of good dividends for the next year or two, but it can hardly be expected that the present level of prosperity can be maintained. Bad seasons will be experienced and may produce a reaction almost as startling as the advance has been. That, however, is a small misfortune compared with what would happen if the Government of the Republic should be tempted to indulge in warlike adventures, improvident expenditure, or any of the vagaries to which Spanish-American Governments have, unfortunately, been liable in the past. It has been on its trial for a considerable period now, and, it may be hoped, can be trusted to preserve intact the fine fabric of credit which has been erected. But in times of abounding prosperity it is desirable for investors to have in mind the contingencies that may arise, and to require a good percentage on Argentine investments. A portion of the yield should be regarded as an insurance against possible risks.

Lucellum.

The List will close on or before Monday, the 26th October, 1908.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1839)

Capital issued and fully paid:		Debenture Capital:	
Preferred Stock	£600,000	Already Issued	£700,000
Ordinary Stock	900,000	Present Issue	300,000
	£1,500,000		£1,000,000

Issue of £300,000 Four-and-a-half per cent. First Debenture Stock.

This Stock forms the balance of an issue of £1,000,000 like Stock (of which £700,000 has already been issued), which is equal to two-thirds of the present paid-up Capital of the Company. The Company was established by Royal Charter granted in 1839, and the Stock is created under powers conferred on the Company by a subsequent Royal Charter dated 7th March, 1882, and is secured by a Trust Deed in favour of Trustees giving a first charge by way of floating security upon the entire property and assets of the Company. The Trust Deed contains a provision that the Company will not create any general charge upon its property or specifically mortgage any of its ships in priority to this issue. By the Trust Deed the right is reserved to the Company, should it at any time issue any further Capital, of creating and issuing from time to time further Debenture Stock carrying interest at such rate as may be agreed, ranking in all respects *pari passu* with this stock to an amount equal to two-thirds of the amount of such further Capital for the time being issued and paid up. The Stock is not redeemable for nine years, but after 1st January, 1918, the whole or any part is redeemable at par at the Company's option at any time, on six calendar months' notice to the Stockholders.

ISSUE PRICE £98½ PER CENT. The Instalments are payable as follows:—

£ 5 0s. per cent. on Application,
£20 0s. per cent. on Allotment.
£25 0s. per cent. on 2nd December, 1908.
£25 0s. per cent. on 2nd January, 1909.
£23 10s. per cent. on 2nd February, 1909.

£98 10s.

The Stock will be issued and will be transferable in any amounts not involving fractions of £1.

Interest on the Stock will be payable half-yearly on 1st January and 1st July in each year, the first payment of interest calculated from the dates for payment of the several instalments will be made on the 1st July, 1909.

Payment in full can be made on Allotment, in which case interest on the full amount of Stock allotted will run from the date of payment. Scrip Certificates will be issued as soon as possible after allotment.

Prospectus.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL STEAM PACKET COMPANY have authorised Messrs. ROBARTS, LUBBOCK & Co. and THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, Limited, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for £300,000 £4½ per cent. First Debenture Stock of the Company.

The Company was established by Royal Charter granted in 1839, and its powers have been extended by subsequent Royal Charters dated 30th August, 1851, 7th March, 1882, and 5th July, 1904. Under the Supplemental Royal Charter of 1904 it is stipulated as a cardinal principle of the Company that it is to be and remain under British control.

During recent years the sphere of the Company's operations has been considerably extended, while great improvements have been introduced into the passenger services with Argentina, Brazil, and the West Indies. The Company is under Contract with His Majesty's Government for the conveyance of Mails to Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and the West Indies, Central America, and New York.

The Fleet consists of Forty-eight Steam Vessels, with an approximate aggregate gross registered tonnage of 205,086 tons. There are also Steam Tugs and Launches, and Freehold and Leasehold properties, at home and abroad.

The property of the Company upon which the Debenture Stock constitutes a first floating charge, consisting of the Fleet of Steam Vessels, Premises and Plant at home and abroad, Stocks, Stores, Investments, Book Debts, and cash in hand, stood in the Company's books on 31st December, 1907, at the sum of £3,784,548, inclusive of payments up to that date on account of new Steamer building.

During the present year, the new Twin-Screw Mail Steamer, "ASTURIAS," of 12,002 tons, has been delivered by the builders, Messrs. HARLAND & WOLFF, and placed in the Service, and the two Passenger Steamers "AGADIR" (built 1907) and "ARZILA" (built 1907) have been purchased for the Morocco Trade. The security for the Debenture Stock has therefore been considerably increased, and will be still further enhanced as more new Steamers are constructed.

The amount required to pay the annual interest on the whole £1,000,000 Debenture Stock is £45,000, and the surplus last year, after allowing for this amount, but, before providing for Depreciation, was considerably more than £200,000.

An Official Quotation on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

A Brokerage of 5s. per cent. will be paid by the Company in respect of all allotments made to the Public, provided the Application Forms bear a Broker's stamp.

Applications for the Debenture Stock should be made on the Form of Application issued with the Prospectus, and should be forwarded to the Company's Bankers, accompanied by a deposit of 5 per cent. on the amount applied for.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction, and if a partial allotment only is made the surplus deposit will be applied towards the amount payable on allotment.

In case of default in payment of any instalment at its due date, all amounts previously paid and any interest payable thereon will be liable to forfeiture.

Transfers of Stock will be accepted on the ordinary Form, and will be registered at the head office of the Company.

The proceeds of the present issue of Debenture Stock are required for the general purposes of the Company.

A copy of the Royal Charter granted 26th September, 1839, and of the further Royal Charters granted in 1851, 1882 and 1904, and of the Trust Deed for securing the Debenture Stock, and of a letter to the Company from Messrs. Snell & Swaffield, dated 19th October, 1908, agreeing to guarantee the subscription of the present issue, may be seen at the offices of the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. Bristows, Cooke and Carpmael, 1, Copthall Buildings, E.C., on any day while the subscription list remains open, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the offices of the Company, 18 and 57, Moorgate Street, E.C., 32, Cockspur Street, S.W., and at Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, or from the Bankers, or from Messrs. Snell & Swaffield, 5, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

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ALFRED S. WILLIAMS, ESQ. *(Deputy Chairman)*. — WILLIAM C. KENNY, ESQ.
SPENCER HENRY CURTIS, ESQ. — ARTHUR NEVILE LUBBOCK, ESQ.
JAMES HEAD, ESQ. — EDWARD NORTON, ESQ.
SIR JOSEPH SAVORY, BART.

Bankers.

ROBARTS, LUBBOCK & CO., 15, Lombard Street, E.C., and THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD., 112, Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C., and Southampton.

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Solicitors.

BRISTOWS, COOKE & CARPMAEL, 1, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

Secretary.

R. L. FORBES, ESQ.

22nd October, 1908.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

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(INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER 1839).

Issue of £300,000 4½ per cent. First Debenture Stock.

To THE DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid your Bankers the sum of £_____ being Five per cent. deposit, I beg to apply for £_____ of the above First Debenture Stock, in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus, dated 22nd October, 1908, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount that may be allotted to me, and I undertake to pay the balance as specified, and I request that such Debenture Stock may be registered in the Company's books in my name as follows:—

Name in full _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

Usual Signature _____ *Date* _____ 1908.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

The Kaiser has made a characteristic and, we believe, thoroughly sincere statement to the "Daily Telegraph" through the mouth of an unnamed diplomatist, wrongly said to be Sir Frank Lascelles. The pith of the statement lies in the Emperor's words that "it is one of my dearest wishes to live on the best of terms with England. Have I," he asks, "ever been false to my word? Falsehood and prevarication are alien to my nature." In spite of these feelings and his continual expression of them, the Kaiser complains, we confess with some truth, that England insists on regarding him as its "arch enemy." He admitted the hostility of a portion of the German press and people. Of his own friendship he volunteered two substantial proofs. The first was that he refused to receive the Boer delegates, and thus brought their tour to an end, the second that he declined the invitation of the Governments of France and Russia to join with them in calling on us to put an end to the Boer war. Evidence of this, said the Kaiser, existed in the Windsor archives. His final act of goodwill was when, in concert with his Generals, he drew up a plan of campaign for the British Army and sent it to England, the plan being almost identical with that adopted by Lord Roberts.

* * *

The specific statements in this characteristic "document" have been hotly repudiated in Paris, at the instance, no doubt, of M. Delcassé, the Minister who was approached in the matter of the anti-English "combine" by M. Muravieff. The Delcassé rejoinder specifically admits three attempts at intervention in South African affairs. The first was made, he maintains, by Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, now German Ambassador at Constantinople, in 1896, after the Jameson Raid, and was an invitation to France to join in guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the South African Republic. This proffer France refused. In 1899 M. Muravieff asked France whether she would join in a specific intervention with a view to ending the war. M. Delcassé declined, but in the following year agreed, stipulating, however, only for friendly interference. The Kaiser was next approached, and he, after wisely suggesting that such policy involved grave consequences, asked for a guarantee of the *status quo* in Europe. This France declined, and the negotiations came to an end. The German Press is bitterly censorious of the Kaiser's *communiqué*, especially of the statement that he devised an anti-Boer campaign while all Germany was passionately pro-Boer.

* * *

A somewhat serious turn has been given to the suffragist agitation. Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, and Mrs. Drummond, who were charged at Bow Street with inciting the public by means of a handbill, to "rush" the House of Commons, have been bound over in various sums to keep the peace, with alternatives of three months' and ten weeks' imprisonment. The defendants, in pursuit of their policy, have gone to prison, and we are sorry to see that they are treated as second-class misdemeanants. Their brilliant defence aimed at proving that their action was political, and in this, we think, it completely succeeded. Unfortunately, under the Prison Act of 1898, the magistrate appears to have freedom to treat prisoners as first or second-class misdemeanants. In any case, it is doubtful whether the Government were wise in instituting such a prosecution, or the Home Secretary in declining to counsel the magistrates, as he certainly could counsel them, to imprison these ladies without degrading them. It is tactlessness such as this which gives bitterness to agitations. The charge of inciting to violence is a wide one, and, with a hard winter and two turbulent agitations in full swing, a Liberal Ministry may be presented with the odious task of sending to prison some of the chief figures amongst the Suffragists and the extreme Labor men. Some discretion is, we think, necessary if such a contingency is to be avoided.

* * *

Meanwhile, the violent suffragist tactics have had what we suppose their leaders regard as a success. On Wednesday, two young women, one an Australian, having gained admittance to the Ladies' Gallery by misleading statements, began to address the House in the midst of the debate on the Licensing Bill, and, when the attendants tried to remove them, chained themselves to the grille. A sympathetic man also made a demonstration in the Strangers' Gallery, while a second batch of women made a disturbance in St. Stephen's Hall. The result has been a temporary closing both of the Ladies' and of the Strangers' Galleries. The Prime Minister was also rudely interrupted while opening a bazaar at the Union Chapel, Highbury. The fact that

these breaches of order are committed by agitators who only propose to enfranchise a very small section of propertied persons, and that these ladies have expressed complete contempt for measures like the Licensing Bill, is obviously estranging the Liberal Party from Women's Suffrage, while it attracts Conservative support. The "Times" maintains its opposition to Women's Suffrage, but the "Daily Telegraph" has pronounced, with some emphasis, in favor of the limited Bill which Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Pankhurst unite in proposing.

* * *

THE debate on the Government's policy over the relief of the unemployed was not satisfactory from any point of view. Many supporters of the Government justified their action not so much by what has actually been done as by the hope that something very different will be done next year. On the other hand, the Labor Party, in opposing the Government, had no clear policy to suggest, and were not united among themselves. The proposal of a local rate was the only measure that could for the time being emancipate municipalities from the control of the Local Government Board, and the necessity of this emancipation was shown by Mr. Henderson's uncontradicted statement that out of fifty-eight applications of the smaller localities for the formation of Distress Committees, the Local Government Board had given permission in fourteen cases only. The kind of difficulty that results is illustrated by a resolution passed by the Bournemouth Town Council, declaring that the action of the Local Government Board makes an amendment of the Unemployed Workmen's Act imperative. On the other hand, Mr. Burns held the trump card of the economist's objection to the increase of the rates.

* * *

BUT the discussion on the subject has brought out clearly that the saving on the rates is largely illusory. Instead of a simple rate for relief works as such, there is to be much more extensive borrowing from the mixed motive of the relief of the unemployed and the carrying out of useful works. In the end, as was brought out very forcibly at the Manchester Distress Committee on Tuesday, the burden must fall on the ratepayer. Mr. Burns, in his speech of last Saturday, made his position quite clear by formally repudiating relief works, while he also committed himself to the position that by adjusting the times and seasons of municipal and Imperial expenditure—the joint total of which he fixed at £300,000,000 in a year—the number of unemployed could be reduced to two or three per cent. This position is hardly less extravagant on the one side than Mr. Keir Hardie's estimate of the number of the unemployed as over two millions on the other. The most hotly challenged passage in Mr. Burns's speech was that in which he said that the average workman spent about five shillings a week in alcohol. This is a higher figure than Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's researches into working-class expenditure warrant us in accepting. On the whole, Mr. Burns's tone, though combative, was not unsympathetic. His personal position is strong, but we hope he will recognise that the party is not prepared to give him the blank cheque in dealing with unemployment for which he has asked.

* * *

THE *entente* of France, Russia, and Great Britain in Near Eastern affairs has already had some effect. The representatives of the three Powers have presented a Note to Bulgaria, backed by Germany and Italy, asking her to disband the 75,000 reservists she has called out, and suggesting to her a negotiation with Turkey on the question of compensation for the loss of Eastern Roumelia. If she comes to an arrangement with Turkey the Powers will acknowledge her independence, but not otherwise. This probably supplies the outside pressure for which Bulgaria has almost asked. Her reply has been favorable. She promises to dismiss her reservists and to negotiate with Turkey. On this side peace is almost assured. But the Austro-Servian situation is not improved. Austria still virtually declines a Conference, unless her annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina is ratified, so that her negotiations with Turkey, which her Press falsely accuse England of discouraging, are at a deadlock. On the other hand, the Slav propaganda in Russia rises rapidly, the Tsar is receiving the Servian envoys, who are presenting a prayer that Russia will veto the annexation, and the fiery Servian princelet, George, is the hero of the hour in St. Petersburg. The dubious Russian attitude naturally keeps Servia and Montenegro restive and defiant.

* * *

THE Canadian elections took place on Monday, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier won a victory of unexpected magnitude. His majority, in a House of 221, stands at about fifty, or only some sixteen less than in the last Parliament. Quebec remained loyal to her chief, and in Ontario, where the Conservatives looked for a clean sweep, they made practically no progress. The new provinces naturally supported the Government, which has done so much for the settlement of the North-West, and Conservative gains in Nova Scotia were offset by losses in New Brunswick. Only in British Columbia did the Opposition make much advance, and there the Asiatic labor question was the dominant issue. The charges of "graft," true though many of them were, did the Liberals little damage, partly because the electorate thought the Conservatives as bad, partly because in a new country corruption is not counted an intolerable blot on an efficient Government. The main pillars of the Liberal Party's strength, apart from its record of development, were the Premier's personal hold on Quebec, and the party's long tenure of office, with control of patronage and concessions. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is now Premier for the fourth time, and he will push on the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal.

* * *

THE Presidential election takes place on Tuesday, and the last week of the campaign has been trying to look like a "whirlwind finish." Mr. Roosevelt has sent all the Cabinet on the stump, and himself issued a couple of encyclicals, in which he declares, for the thousandth unconvincing time, that the election of Mr. Bryan spells industrial chaos. Meanwhile, Mr. Hearst has published more letters, in which the Attorney-General of Republican Pennsylvania is revealed accepting money from the Standard Oil Trust and killing legislation for it, and the Governor is revealed appointing judges recommended by the Standard Oil for their "familiarity with the great industries of oil and gas"; while the "World" charges the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency with trying to get Government timber lands very cheap. Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan are both doing miracles of campaigning in

New York, but Mr. Bryan's voice and physique are wearing the better. Republican predictions give their man a comfortable majority of 100 electoral votes, but the "Evening Post" says prediction is more than usually futile owing to the fact that great sections of the population have given no clear sign how they intend to vote.

* * *

Since we went to the press last week the House of Commons has spent two days on the clause of the Licensing Bill which fixes the basis of the compensation to be given for licences extinguished during the reduction period. The corresponding clause in the Act of 1904 was, as the Prime Minister pointed out, neither discussed in committee nor on report. The debate has been, on the whole, businesslike and free from heat. The Government's position that the bases of taxation and compensation should be identical has been sustained by substantial majorities, and has not been shaken in argument. The Prime Minister has, however, wisely promised some alteration in the machinery of income-tax assessment in order to accelerate the bringing up of the admittedly inadequate Schedule A valuations to a level which will do justice both to the dispossessed licence holder and to other taxpayers. We doubt whether this result can be satisfactorily attained except by an entirely fresh assessment of the annual value of licences, including those which are not likely to be extinguished, and whose owners therefore have no motive given them by the Bill for bringing up their assessments to a proper level. A promise has been made that, on the report stage, some allowance will be given to extinguished licences for loss of the chance of a further seven years' life at the end of the time limit. By an amendment introduced by the Solicitor-General, the right of a manager who is a licence holder to compensation for loss of employment when the licence goes, has been recognised for the first time in the history of licensing legislation. Another of the Solicitor-General's amendments, slightly extending one standing in the name of Mr. Sherwell, has secured to the licence-holder a minimum of one year's profits as compensation for loss of business or employment.

* * *

In the Lobby, interest has mainly centred on the amendments to be made in the report stage, and on the chances of the measure when it goes to the other Chamber. The view we expressed last week in favor of the dropping of the clause which deals with local option after the end of the time limit, is widely endorsed among the supporters of the Bill, both in Parliament and in the Press. The prohibitionist section of the temperance party are, however, putting considerable pressure on the Government to prevent such a result. We are surprised that they do not see how little chance Local Veto will have of adoption at the polls if it starts its career weighted with the difficulty created by the seven years' optional extension of the time limit, which the Government have expressed their willingness to grant. In another column, we give reasons for the objection we made last week to this proposal, and for preferring a simple extension of the term from fourteen to twenty-one years. The chances of the Bill receiving a second reading in the Lords appear to be better than when Parliament re-assembled. Two or three Unionist peers of character and standing are supporting the Bishops in their efforts to secure this result. But it is as yet too early to say whether they will succeed in shaking the fixed hostility of the great majority of their party.

* * *

The situation in Persia has become very gloomy, and the Russian occupation of Azerbaijan shadowed forth by the Russian Press is imminent. Russian troops are massed on the frontier, but Sir Edward Grey says they have not yet crossed it, and will not unless Russian lives are in danger. The Russian excuse will convince nobody, because so long as there was civil war in Tabriz Russia remained inactive, prepared to intervene with military force only when the Shah was beaten. The people of Tabriz draw the natural conclusion that Russia is fighting the battle of the Shah's despotism, and they have issued an appeal to Europe. The Shah, meanwhile, has let the day fixed for the promulgation of the new electoral law pass with the statement that he is personally drafting one "to suit the needs of the country." The Persians fear the worst as to the meaning of the Anglo-Russian agreement, but Sir Edward Grey will, we hope, recognise the strong ties of sympathy between the Young Persians, whom Russia would destroy, and the Young Turks, whom he supports.

* * *

Sir Eldon Gorst has let himself be interviewed by the Mokattam on the question of constitutional government in Egypt. He declares that the Government had no intention of introducing them and that events in Turkey did not affect the problem of self-government in Egypt. Full Parliamentary government in Egypt was impossible, and the proper course was to develop the existing Organic Law as the people became ripe for wider responsibility. A scheme of extended local government would soon be introduced, and Egyptians would find the best way to secure more power would be to demonstrate their capacity to use these institutions. If this record of Sir Eldon Gorst's remarks be correct, they do not appear to have been very prudent. It is futile to say that the revolution in Turkey has not affected the situation in Egypt, and, if it has not affected the Government's point of view, it would have been better to say nothing.

* * *

The Prussian budget, published last week, is an unpleasant surprise for the taxpayer. Some £10,000,000 more revenue are required, most of this for the increase in the salaries of officials, teachers, and parsons, their long overdue compensation for the high prices caused by Protection. In the current year only £2½ millions of new taxation are to be imposed, unless, as is very probable, the railways produce a large deficit. The proposed new taxes are a graduated increase of the income-tax on incomes above £350, a higher supplementary tax on large incomes, and a tax on the profits of companies public and private. There is naturally a good deal of objection among commercial men to this last proposal, and the feeling of uneasiness is pretty general at the imposition of new State taxes coinciding with the demand for new Imperial taxes. The "Vorwärts" has published the draft of the projected Imperial tax on gas and electricity, a tax which is condemned by ordinary citizens as reactionary and injurious to industry, while the Bavarian Government contemplates it very unfavorably as an obstacle to the electrification of its railways, to which it is committed.

Politics and Affairs.

THE KAISER'S APPEAL.

It is proper, we think, for the British nation to recognise at once the friendliness and the candor of the Kaiser's communication to the "Daily Telegraph," though we are afraid its material value is discounted by its author's confession that the German people does not think with him, and by the very emphatic German endorsement of that hint. No harm to us, but much good, was meant by this obviously sincere and impulsive pronouncement. The Kaiser still clings to the object which lay behind his letter to Lord Tweedmouth, namely, the closing of the Anglo-German quarrel, and the opening instead of an era of warm understanding with the people of whose history and character he is a close and admiring student. We can understand his chagrin that his passion for the sea, which he learned from his English upbringing, and his delight in his Admiralty of the British fleet, should be twisted to his disadvantage, and his continual profession of friendliness for us treated as part of a Machiavellian scheme for putting England off her guard. No man of his character and habits of speech could at once cherish such plans and use such language. Nor do we in the least degree question the general truth of his assertions about the South African War. We doubt whether he would ever have joined a coalition against this country. We are not sure, indeed, that he did not go somewhat beyond the etiquette of the situation when he informed Queen Victoria that there was a chance of European pressure for the purpose of ending the South African War. There can be no doubt of the attempt to form such a combination. The *communiqué* which M. Delcassé, we imagine, has made, or caused to be made, to the "Times" and the "Daily Chronicle," does not deny it. According to the Delcassé version, Russia made two approaches to France, in 1899 and 1900, in favor of intervention to stop the war. The first was declined, the second was accepted, coupled with the stipulation that the interference should have a friendly aspect and intention. Germany was then sounded, and the Kaiser's reply was to demand a general adherence of Europe to the Treaty of Frankfort before entering on a course of diplomacy which might well have ended in war. The negotiations closed there, and the Kaiser may well have thought himself at liberty to inform England of a design which he did not originate and did not accept. Even if he had done less—or more—we could hardly have blamed him. No one who has lifted a corner of the diplomatic curtain is unaware of the perils which the African adventure heaped upon our head, and of the long period during which it ensured the enfeeblement, even the effacement, of British power in Europe. But let no Englishman accuse anybody but the domestic statesmen who brought it about. It was foreseen by the opponents of the war, and it was urged by them as a reason for bringing it to a conclusion at the earliest period consistent with the attainment of satisfactory peace. If it be true that our present friends, France and Russia, were foremost in taking advantage of our disabilities, and our present opponent, Germany, intervened to save us from humiliating pressure, that is no reason for a retrospective quarrel with those Powers, though it may be a cause for modifying the senseless view of Germany as an insatiable anti-English power, always "on the pounce" to humble and damage us. The mistaken nation, like the erring individual, made its great miscalculation, moral and material, and had to pay for it.

But though Englishmen may welcome the Kaiser's disclosure that Germany did not, in fact, play an unfriendly part to us during the Boer war, and that he gave proof of his friendliness by refusing to receive the Boer delegates at the time when almost the entire democratic opinion of Europe and of Germany favored their cause, his statement to the "Telegraph" will not, we are afraid, close the anti-German campaign in this country, or entirely remove the causes of difference between England and Germany. Why not? The answer is, we think, two-fold. Setting aside the sheer unreason of the Anglo-German polemic, there remain some substantial causes of disagreement. The first is the differing methods and aims of German and English policy in Europe and the Near East. The second is Germany's apparent claim of equi-pollency between her navy and our own. On the first point, we cannot but hope that the success of the Turkish Liberal revolution will pave the way to a measure of co-operation between the two Powers. Any such co-operation was impossible so long as Germany worked both from headquarters and through the medium of her powerful representative at Constantinople, solely through Abdul Hamid and his creatures, while England's influence with the Turkish Government had disappeared. These conditions are vitally changed. The rule of the Palace is over, and with the advent of honesty and Liberalism to power, England, through no act or conscious movement of her own, has regained her old force in Turkish councils, and will, we believe, use it disinterestedly for the country's good. If Germany will recognise this new situation, we see no reason why she and England should not work together for the regeneration of Turkey, and why such enterprises as the Baghdad Railway should not be undertaken jointly by the two Powers. The second question, that of the German effort towards the construction of a fleet approaching the British Navy in strength, is more difficult. It does not arise in any crucial form for two years to come. But German statesmen cannot fail to remember that while, in fact, the Kaiser speaks of the danger of the Far East, and of the desirability of common action there by the German and British fleets, a yearly addition of three or four "Dreadnoughts" or "Invincibles" to the German Navy produces an enormous pressure on our Admiralty to build every year five or six such units. This is the practical equation of German and British shipbuilding. The Kaiser only follows the accepted thesis of our naval writers when he puts forward the creation of a strong navy as the natural complement and safeguard of an extending sea-commerce and a Colonial Empire. But such a theory of sea-Power must have some reference to the character and extent of the material interests which each country seeks to protect. Germany is not an island, in almost exclusive reliance on naval defence; she has only about

one-tenth of our sea-board; her mercantile marine is not comparable to ours; our Colonial Empire completely overshadows hers in size, in importance and wealth, and in its dispersal through all the quarters of the world. Events in the East have not added to the world's sense of security, or its dependence on moral obligations, and the Kaiser, if he desires to understand British opinion and to realise how strongly its best elements desire peace with Germany, must also reflect how much his own naval and foreign policy may strengthen or weaken their hands.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

THERE will be no real progress in the great national debate on Unemployment so long as politicians of the two great parties in the State continue to boggle at the claim of "the right to work." Let us, therefore, at once examine that claim and decide upon it. The right to subsistence, with or without work, is explicitly asserted in our Poor Law policy. It is admitted as a duty of every civilised State to see that none of its members starve. Since no one denies that the operation of our industrial system is such that men who are both willing and able to work for wages in private employment are unable, from no fault of their own, to get it, it is the evident interest of Society, through its instrument the State, to help them to obtain such work in preference to maintaining them in idleness. This plain public interest constitutes an obligation of the State to find such work, if it can. Corresponding to this obligation, there arises a "right to work."

We can recognise no loophole of escape from the logic and the justice of this argument, save one, *viz.*, the inability of the State to fulfil this obligation. If it can be shown that the State, from financial or other weakness, is inherently incapable of bringing about such increase of employment in bad times as will suffice to meet the case of the genuinely unemployed, the duty and the "right to work" together lapse. Is this the case of those who repudiate "the right to work"? The able speaker who seconded the resolution in the House of Commons this week "could not see how a right could be said to rest in an individual to demand from society the provision of something which society was not organised to provide." And it is undeniable that society is not yet organised adequately for such provision. But if society is able so to organise itself as to make provision, ought it not to do so? This meaning of "the right to work" is not a revolutionary claim. It is simply an intelligent advance upon the ineffectual policy of the Poor Law, a sounder, saner safeguard against the social waste due to the defective working of the industrial system.

The importance of this clear acceptance of a sound "theoretical" position is that when it is once agreed that there is an obligation in the State to find employment for the unemployed, if it can, we are driven to facing the question, "Can it?" To this practical issue the debate in the House of Commons this week furnished no sure or quite intelligible answer. The Prime Minister has clearly intimated that his immediate proposals are merely palliatives. But, at a time when there is reason to suppose that some ten per cent. of the manual workers of the country are unable to get work, it is essential to scrutinise more closely their efficacy. If we found it possible to ascribe to a mere adjustment of State and municipal undertakings anything like the importance which Mr. Burns in his sanguine way assigned, the major part of the problem would be solved. But giving due weight to the magnitude of public expenditure, amounting in all to nearly £300,000,000 per annum, we cannot believe that more than a few millions at the outside can be anticipated or postponed so as to level up employment, without detriment to the public interests. That the 9½ per cent. of skilled unemployment which exists at present could by such means be cut down to the two per cent. which is the normal figure in good times, may at once be rejected. At the same time, a more thoughtful planning of new public works, so as to utilise the best labor available in slack times, is a genuine contribution towards remedial treatment. Still more might be done along these lines, if private employers could be stimulated to co-operation with this public policy.

But it is idle to pretend that the utmost care in adjustments of this sort will meet, in any large degree, the magnitude of unemployment in decaying or changing trades, or in periods of general depression. No one who fairly faces the facts can deny that, at any rate until the deeper and slow-working remedies have matured, public industries and temporary relief works upon a considerable scale must be adopted to meet the emergency. Any refusal or slowness in promoting these schemes will only lead to a demoralising debauch of indiscriminate charity, in which the maximum of harm and the minimum of assistance to the genuinely unemployed will accrue. Bearing this in mind, we are unable to understand the reluctance which Mr. Burns displays to sanction the establishment of Relief Committtees under the 1905 Act. If Mr. Henderson's statement be correct, that recently the application of no fewer than forty-eight municipalities to be permitted to establish such Committees has been refused, it is no wonder that Mr. Burns should seem confident that the £300,000 now available for assisting such Committees in their work will amply suffice, not, indeed, for the relief of the unemployed, but for the demands made on their behalf. No one seriously pretends that relief works are anything else than a disagreeable, a dangerous, and an expensive expedient. But they form a quite evident necessity of the situation, and it is right to think out more clearly than has yet been done the best safeguards against their abuse.

There are, we venture to think, certain sound principles which stand out sharply. When Exchequer loans are given to municipalities or other public bodies to assist them in undertaking works which either would not have been undertaken this winter, or might not have been undertaken at all, there should be no inducement given to prefer unemployed labor to labor obtainable in the ordinary way. It is always desirable that better labor should be preferred to worse, both in the interests of the work and of the workers. If useful public works thus undertaken do not absorb the out-of-works, they

will at least prevent some more efficient men from drifting down to unemployment, while ordinary relief works which make no pretence to be works of public utility must be financed in order to supply the need. One other point in the policy of relief works requires attention. If the right to such work is to be accorded, it must be accompanied by conditions of pay and employment which render such relief markedly less desirable than ordinary outside employment. The criticism that to pay standard rates of wages for unemployed relief would be a premium on unemployment, which would create fresh unemployment as fast as it filled it up, is absolutely and obviously valid, and the demoralisation which preceded the present Poor Law is a decisive historical witness to that fact. How to make such relief pay consistent with the other requirement that the efficiency of the worker and his family shall be maintained is perhaps the most difficult crux in the whole policy. In some cases it might be met by maintaining the worker and making payment to his family, in other cases by substituting payments in kind for cash. But by these or other devices the undesirability of employment on relief works must be brought into line with the demands of humanity.

One point in conclusion we would reinforce. The more closely the problem of skilled unemployment, especially in times of depression, is approached, the more evident it becomes that national or local relief works are unsuitable. What is needed here is an extension of the principle of public insurance upon a trade basis with such inducements as can be contrived to stimulate regularity of production and constancy of employment. The new Census of Production ought to assist us in the better demarcation of industries. It ought to be possible to impose upon each of the more organised and settled trades a certain obligation to maintain its labor so as to prevent it from throwing burdens on the public by reckless or exaggerated fluctuations. Elasticity in expansion and contraction within limits is essential to industry. But an insurance policy which threw upon each trade the cost of keeping a waiting margin of workers, instead of throwing this expense upon the public or on other trades, would be a piece of sound social construction. The State might well afford to lend it financial assistance where the burden seemed excessive.

A VICTORY AND A DEFEAT.

The return of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government to office after a most strenuous campaign by a slightly diminished majority, is a remarkable testimony to the personal ascendancy of one of the most accomplished politicians of our time. It is a great achievement, after twelve years of continuous power, to be entrusted with a new term of rule by a democratic vote composed of such a variety of changing factors as that presented by new Canada. But it is nothing more. To speak of it as a Liberal victory is to utter an unmeaning—we had almost said a dishonoring—phrase. When in 1896, after twenty years of wandering in the wilderness, a Liberal Free Trade party was placed in control of the government of our most important over-sea dominion, British Liberals felt a glow of pride. No such feeling greets the tidings of this last election, which marks the triumph of no single Liberal principle. During the heated political struggle, which has raged throughout the country from Nova Scotia to Vancouver, no issue of importance affecting the rights or vital interests of the people, political, industrial, religious, or educational, has divided the rival bands of combatants. The main struggle has been of a peculiarly sordid character, in which Sir W. Laurier has appealed to great material enterprise, present or prospective, as an effective answer to the charges of political corruption freely brought against almost every department of his administration. Although these charges, the gravest of which were made against the Interior Department under the Hon. Clifford Sifton, were for the most part not susceptible of exact proof, it is admitted that the arts of "graft" and "boodling," which were once regarded as the peculiar defects of Republican government, have fastened their poisonous fangs into Canadian politics. Enough has been disclosed before committees and even in law courts to show that the most vulgar modes of bribery have been employed to secure timber limits and other valuable governmental properties. Documentary evidence of validity charges prominent Liberal politicians with direct personal participation in these spoils. The most prevalent method of meeting this attack has been to picture the corruption which prevailed under the Tory rule of Sir J. Macdonald in the early days of the national policy and the founding of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Now it is quite indubitable that the tariff system, which was first firmly fastened on the shoulders of the Canadian people in 1878, was directly responsible for the entrance of corrupt business pressure into politics. The famous "Red Parlour" gatherings, in which the business interests bargained with the statesmen, belong to the ordinary history of Protection. But the very notoriety attending these corrupt proceedings and the full denunciation of them by Canadian Liberals, only served to give more shameful emphasis to the dramatic betrayal of Free Trade and political purity which has constituted the career of the "Liberals" during their twelve years of office.

It is the story of a temptation, a fall, and an unretrieved collapse of principle. In 1896 Sir W. Laurier and his comrades were outspoken and complete Free Traders, denouncing in unmeasured terms the iniquities of the Protective system, and pledging themselves in case of victory to its overthrow. Next year, safe in office, they constructed a tariff not appreciably less protective than its predecessor, accompanied by an imperial preference which masqueraded as a step towards Free Trade. The several changes they have since effected in their tariff have strengthened rather than abated the protective character. The slightness of the preference has been attested by the withdrawal of such portions as were alleged to imperil by British competition the interests of Canadian mills, and by the recent introduction of an intermediate tariff and special trade treaties

which have cut down to an almost negligible quantity the advantage which Canada pretended to assign to the Mother Country over foreign competitors in her import trade. This protective system, flanked by a set of governmental bounties for the encouragement of the home steel and other industries, has been the only conspicuous political achievement of a "Liberal" Government in Canada!

The fruits of this protection have been manifest and manifold. Their widespread character was revealed by the investigations of the Trade Commission of three years ago, or would have been revealed had the Government dared to publish a full report of its proceedings. Every vicious form of ring, corner, and trust, with monopoly prices, coercion of labor, tax-dodging and corrupt tampering with elected persons and officials, every evil familiar in Chicago and Philadelphia, were visible in rapid fungus-growth throughout the industrial centres of Canada. Most of these evils were directly traceable to the protective system, and to the policy of government by "pulls" which it implies. We do not suggest that this malady is yet so widespread or so systematic as it has become under the more developed machine-politics of the United States. But Canada is moving rapidly along the same road, and the Liberal Party has shown no more real will or capacity to resist temptation than the Democratic Party in the Republic.

How hardly shall they that have riches! For it is the supreme temptation of material prosperity to which the Liberals of Canada have yielded. In a poor struggling agricultural country such as was Canada in 1896, the Nemesis of high protection must have come quickly. The injurious policy of handing over to a few little groups of manufacturers the power so heavily to tax the farmer and the laborer would have been driven home by the pinch of poverty. But the betrayal of Free Trade by Sir W. Laurier happened to coincide with a sudden new discovery and a swift development of the solid rich resources of the great North-West. During the last ten years an unprecedented and almost unchecked growth of trade, population, transport, and attendant manufacturing and commercial activity, has supervened. Even the contagion of the financial and industrial crisis, which has frozen the enterprise of the United States this last twelve months, has hardly abated the enthusiasm of Canada. Her eyes are so firmly set upon the future that she is little disposed to scrutinise the past for lessons or for warnings. The result of the elections makes it manifest that recriminations of party politicians interest her far less than the great new schemes for the further material development of the country, the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the proposed canal connecting Georgian Bay with Montreal. In British Columbia alone are there signs of trouble near ahead. There the shadow of the Asiatic immigration question has darkened the prospects of the Government, and brings to the front of politics one of those "real" issues which neither smooth words nor public subsidies can settle. But for the present Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government may continue to glide on without formal shipwreck down the perilous stream of public corruption.

THE EXTENSION OF THE TIME LIMIT.

In commenting last week on the concession as to the length of the Time Limit which Mr. Asquith has announced his willingness to make on the Report stage of the Licensing Bill, we expressed our approval of the principle of the proposed change on grounds both of policy and of tactics. We indicated, however, our strong objection to the method which the Prime Minister adumbrated of lightening the financial burden imposed on the Trade by the Bill. We now wish to state more fully the grounds on which our objection is based. The Bill, as it now stands, proposes to effect, during the fourteen years commencing on April 5th next, a reduction, which may be roughly taken at about one-third, in the number of on-licences. During that period the compensation charge imposed by the Balfour Act is to be maintained without substantial alteration. On-licences extinguished are to receive compensation on the basis of their having an expectation of life equal in length to the unexpired term of the Time Limit. At the end of the reduction period all on-licences, and also, by virtue of Mr. Harcourt's amendment, which has already been adopted, all off-licences are to expire. Any licences, whether on or off, granted after that period are to be new licences. Their grant is to be entirely at the discretion of the Licensing Authorities, subject to the power of the parochial electors of the ward or parish to veto absolutely by a two-thirds majority the issue of on-licences, and to limit their numbers by such majority as may be determined by a future Parliament. Under the provisions of the Balfour Act as to new licences, which will then become applicable, the Licensing Authorities are to be at liberty to impose any conditions as to management, and are, in any case, to insist on an annual payment equal to the monopoly value of the licences. Whatever may be thought of the propriety of the term fixed for the period of grace, it will be seen that the enactment of these provisions would afford an opportunity for each locality to remodel its licensing system in 1923 in accordance with local opinion, and to adopt any expedient for regulating the sale of liquor which the experience of this or other countries might suggest, without any regard either to vested interests or equitable expectations.

For this clear-cut Time Limit, Mr. Asquith now proposes to substitute a more complicated provision. The reduction period is to remain at fourteen years; at the end of it, reduction with compensation is to cease; but all ante-1904 on-licences and all ante-1908 off-licences which may be renewed in 1923 are to have a further term of grace for a period of seven years. These licences are to be a class by themselves; they are to pay no compensation levy, and no charges for monopoly value, but they are to be subject every year to extinction without compensation at the discretion of the Licensing Authorities; and they may also be extinguished during the period if a veto resolution is carried by a two-thirds majority in the ward or parish in

which they exist. They may also be extinguished as the result of the passing of a reducing resolution by such majority as a future Parliament may determine.

The first objection which suggests itself with regard to this proposal is the absolute uncertainty of its operation. A licence-holder may enjoy the seven years' extra term, or the life of his licence may come to an untimely end at any Brewster Sessions during that period. If his house is on one side of an electoral boundary line it may disappear without compensation, while his neighbor on the other side of the same street, but in a different ward, may keep his licence for the full seven years. It seems to us that the scheme as amended will fail to achieve one of the principal objects of a Time Limit, namely, that of giving those interested in licensed premises the opportunity of making definite provision, by setting aside an ascertained annual sum out of profits, for the ultimate extinction of the monopoly value of the licence. It is of the essence of a sinking fund that the term of years during which it is to be created should be known at the beginning. But if this proposal is enacted, no owner of a licence will know whether his sinking fund will be required in fourteen years or in twenty-one years or at some intermediate time. We can understand the position of those who consider that no extension of the Time Limit is necessary, but we cannot understand the standpoint of those who think it right, or, at any rate, expedient, to give such an extension, but are not prepared to give the trade to which the concession is offered any definite indication of what is to be the length of it. It is indeed a haphazard method of procedure.

Moreover, if the new proposal of the Government is embarrassing to the Trade on account of its uncertainty, it is, we think, equaly embarrassing to the Licensing Authorities for the same and other reasons. It purports to give the Licensing Justices absolute discretion to refuse any licence at the end of fourteen years, but it will be an invidious task for them to select among well-conducted houses certain licences for extinction without compensation, while, at the same time, giving to others, equally well conducted, a seven years' life, free not only from monopoly value payments, but from the compensation levy imposed by the Balfour Act. It was the impossibility, before 1904, of getting the magistrates to undertake to any considerable extent this difficult and unpleasant task that led Lord Peel and his colleagues to propose a Time Limit and compensation for licences extinguished during its currency. We are now to have the Time Limit, but much of the old difficulty is to remain for at any rate seven years after its expiration. If one could be certain that the difficulty would end with the expiration of the further seven years there would not be so much to be alarmed at from the public point of view. But it seems almost inevitable that the singling out of certain houses for exceptional benefits between 1923 and 1930 would, at the end of that period, put them, in practice, in a privileged position. The expectation of renewal for such licences would acquire a money value which would be the subject of bargain and sale. A house which had escaped both the scheme of compulsory reduction up to 1923 and the chances of veto and magisterial execution between that date and 1930, would be looked upon as having survived because it was the fittest. The free hand for the State which it is sought at the later date to obtain would be fettered. There would be no clear break in the tenure of licences, giving an opportunity for a fresh start under new conditions. New on and off-licences would have been granted in considerable numbers and for varying terms of years up to seven. Some of these would extend beyond 1930. The difficulties of a community which wished to carry out local veto or further reduction of licences, or to adopt municipal or disinterested management, or to put an end to the tied-house system within its borders, would be greatly enhanced. The provision in question would stand in the way of the local optionist, for during the seven years the hardship which the carrying of his proposal would inflict on the trade would greatly reduce its chances of adoption at a poll. Those who, like so many members of the Parliamentary Labor Party, are in favor of municipal or disinterested management would be in the same position, for it will be readily admitted alike by the supporters and by the opponents of these systems that they only offer any substantial hope of success if applied to the whole of the licences in a town or village. The existence of competing houses managed by private traders would be fatal to their prospects from a temperance reformer's point of view.

Another objection to Mr. Asquith's proposal is that it unfairly discriminates financially between licences extinguished during the reduction period and those which survive it. The former are, under the Bill, to be compensated for on the basis of their having a fourteen years' life; those which survive may have a twenty-one years' life, during seven of which they will be free from the compensation charge. Mr. Herbert Samuel has already recognised the impossibility of maintaining such an anomalous discrimination, and has foreshadowed an amendment on the Report stage of the Bill, under which the compensation to be given will be increased by taking into account the possibility of the life of the licence enduring for twenty-one years. How is that possibility to be measured in terms of cash? It is not to be a certainty under the scheme adumbrated, and cannot, therefore, logically be dealt with as such. If it is so dealt with, a licence extinguished in the fourteenth year will be compensated for on the basis of its having seven years to run, while one extinguished in the fifteenth year will get nothing. But whatever may be the compensation given to extinguished licences for the chance of a further seven years' life, it will have to come out of the compensation fund. This, under the Bill, is to be fed by levies spread over fourteen years only. Unless the annual levy is to be raised in amount, in contradiction of the statement made by the Prime Minister on the introduction of the Bill, the greater amount of compensation to be given to extinguished licences on account of their increased expectation of life will decrease the number which can be extinguished during the reduction period, and this to a very considerable extent. If, therefore, the compensation fund is to be

kept solvent, the Government's original estimate of the reduction which their scheme will effect will fall far short of realisation in the result. We have little doubt that when Ministers recognise this difficulty they will be driven to adopt the only course which seems open to them, that is, to extend the compensation levy for the further term of seven years, so as to enable the Licensing Commission, under the borrowing powers given them by the Bill, to raise the necessary money on the security of the expectant income of the fund during those seven years. But if this expedient course be adopted, one of the concessions the Government are offering to the Trade vanishes altogether.

The more closely we examine Mr. Asquith's new proposal, the clearer does our conviction become, that it will be uncertain in its incidence, embarrassing in its working, and prejudicial to temperance reform in its results. To any such scheme we greatly prefer a clean extension of the Time Limit from fourteen to twenty-one years. The original proposal was strictly logical, and equal in its operation between one licence-holder and another; and amendment of it should fulfill the same conditions. It is as strong supporters of the Time Limit, and as anxious for its successful working, that we urge the Government, when making a concession to the Trade the principle of which considerations of public policy and of political expediency unite to justify, to make it in such a manner as merely to postpone, and not to impair, the benefits offered to the community by the logical, clear-cut, and certain provisions of their original scheme.

THE HOPE OF AN EDUCATIONAL CONCORDAT.

We are glad to gather from Mr. Runciman that he is "not without hopes" of a settlement of the Education question. This, we suppose, is to come by way of *pourparlers* between the Government and the heads of the Anglican Church. There appears to be reason for believing that the Primate, on whose natural good temper and diplomatic gifts so much store is justly set, has taken some very definite steps towards peace. It is stated that Dr. Davidson has practically offered the Government to surrender to the public authority the Church schools, some six thousand or so, in the single-school districts. In return the Government and the Liberal Party are to be asked for "compensations." These "compensations," it is said, are to take the form of a right of entry into the existing public schools. In other words, denominational teaching is to be given in addition to Cowper-Templeism by an assistant teacher within school hours. It is clear that if some such proposition has been laid on the table, it approaches, even if it does not touch, the acute point of the religious controversy. The grievance of the Nonconformist parent lies in his restriction to the single school under clerical control, where Church formularies are imposed, and where the atmosphere is more or less strictly Anglican. If this can be removed, the problem of the towns, where the alternative school is usually available, may solve itself. Furthermore, the phrase, "right of entry," may very well be used to cover a practically harmless accommodation of religious differences. No State authority, for example, ought to object to making school buildings free to the Church after school hours, and keeping them lighted and warmed for her religious services. The difficulty arises when it is proposed to weave a special form of religious teaching into the curriculum, and to put upon a section of the State service the duty of providing it. The interests of the Church in such a settlement are obvious. The number of Church schools is decreasing, even under the operation of the Act of 1902. Nothing in the world can stay the tendency of the private and secondary system to give way to the public and general one. Therefore, it is even more to the advantage of the Church to secure a foothold in that part of the educational domain which is growing than to retain her hold on her own territory, on which the tide of modern progress steadily encroaches. The question, then, would seem to be whether the association of the single schools with the national system is worth the partial surrender of the public schools.

Much should, in our opinion, be done for peace, if peace is practicable. On this point it is necessary to speak with some caution. The Primate is at once a diplomatist and a moderate. He is something of a Liberal in the ecclesiastical sense, and, in the later phases of his primacy, he has shown a wider outlook on the future than most of his contemporaries on the episcopal bench. It was not he who rejected the Bill of 1906, and it will not be his fault if the olive-branch of 1908 is fruitless. But we all know that this educational controversy is not governed purely by the spirit of Christian charity or by tolerant views of ecclesiastical statesmanship. In other words, it depends just as much on Mr. Balfour as on Dr. Davidson. If Mr. Balfour thinks that it is necessary to keep the country clergy in being as a Conservative force at the next election, and that they would be affronted by the loss of the single schools, we may be quite sure that on one point or another these negotiations will suffer shipwreck. And, on the other hand, the Nonconformists may consider the concession of the right of entry into the public schools, even if it could be assimilated to the class-room system, to be too grave an invasion of the free and non-sectarian area created by the Act of 1870. They may think, as we have said, that special Church influence over education is likely to decrease, and the unsectarian, or even the secular, principle, resting, as it does, on the power of the national purse and the national will, is bound to increase. If they take this decision, any settlement resembling that which we have indicated will be rejected. But the total failure of the treaty-makers would undoubtedly carry heavy consequences, and we cannot believe that if the rural difficulty is settled, the urban problem is insoluble. The Government must, on the failure of the Conference, revert to their Bill and push it through the House of Commons. The House of Lords will then reject it, and the Government, at the close of the Session, may be faced with the almost total failure of their programme, and with a situation as regards the House of Lords which can no longer be evaded or postponed.

Life and Letters.

THE INSTABILITY OF THE WORLD.

Modern civilisation carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. That is the contention of one of the most brilliant of its critics who, in a series of imaginative nightmares, has exhibited the easy arrival of the end. Mr. Wells has formerly demanded supernatural machinery to effect his outpouring of calamity and terror. A comet, bearing a strange gas, will make everyone sane: With a sudden gasp of amazement, they will realise the essential insanity of the life which they had hitherto regarded as natural to mankind. Martians, descending from the darkened sky, with irresistible powers of heat ray and poisonous dust, will wipe out humanity as a man will wipe out a wasp's nest. But to-day he returns to the solid ground, and without any assumptions but those of but a slight advance in mechanical invention, exhibits the forces which make towards a cosmic overthrow. The apparatus required is not much more than will undoubtedly be furnished within the next half century. Since "The War in the Air" (George Bell & Sons) was begun, indeed, fact has almost raced past it. The flying machine, heavier than air, which journeys from London to Glasgow, excites (in the novel) a frantic astonishment. The newspapers "foam at the headline," and "are not so much published as carried screaming into the street." But already at Le Mans Mr. Wright with his fifty miles flight has revealed that this particular journey will be certainly accomplished but a few months from to-day. And given effective flying—to be utilised in war not for the transference of men but for coercing a nation into capitulation—the march of events appears to follow a natural chain of sequence. Each nation, armed to the teeth in a world which has scarcely apprehended war—a city-bred people—is to-day restrained from fighting by fear of consequences. Each nation—in this grim forecast—thinking itself secure in the possession of this new invincible weapon, plunges into effort for the overlordship of the world. The German air fleet invades New York. The city "drinking up the wealth of a continent as Rome once drank up the wealth of the Mediterranean, and Babylon the wealth of the East," after a hopeless resistance, capitulates. The poor, neglected in their quarters of squalor, like the poor in Paris in 1870, raise the cry that they are betrayed. Sporadic violence against the invader breaks the truce. The Germans, enraged, determine to make an example which will crush out the need for further effort in a cruelty which is ultimately to prove a kindness. Fire and brimstone rain down from the airships like the fire and brimstone which rained down upon the cities of the plain. At the end New York is a smoking mass of ruins: a cemetery of a million dead. The assumption of terrorism would have been justified had war been operating under the old conditions. Rage and a fury of revenge on such occasions will always transcend cowardice; man, in a kind of madness, will be content to be destroyed, if only he can destroy. It is only when the resistance becomes obviously senseless—when he has no means of hurting his enemy—that he finally accepts the inevitable. But in the new conditions of air fighting such an equilibrium is never attained. There are no frontiers that can be guarded; desperate men, equipping these new craft, can always exact terrible reprisals. In return for New York's destruction, Berlin is smashed to powder by American airships; in return for Berlin, other American cities. Madness and delirium seize the people: the whole world is at war; modern civilisation blows up and vanishes from the world.

With the destructive fury of the war comes the collapse in the whole edifice of credit which maintains the economic efficiency of the industrial system. Men demand gold as in America last autumn, hoarding it in their stockings or burying it in their gardens; the stock of gold becomes exhausted, bonds and shares waste-paper, factories closed, the city populations find neither work nor bread. In peril of imminent destruction from the enemy above, men claw and mow at one another in chaotic struggle in the starving cities, reeling back visibly into the beast. After the fighting comes the famine, after the famine the great pestilence. The organisation of society is broken and fissured: the vast multitude perish, the few that remain, like the survivors of the Roman civilisation after the impact of the barbarian, are found at the end of the tale, in village communities or isolated huts, or encamped in the ruins of once populous towns. Amid the nettle and the ivy the survivors of London wander forlorn through the empty labyrinths: as the survivors encamped in the ruins of Rome in the long twilight which preceded the Middle Age. After the three hundred years of diastole there came "the swift and unexpected systole, like the closing of a fist." "They could not understand it was a systole," writes Mr. Wells. "They could not think of it as anything but a jolt and hitch, a mere oscillatory indication of the swiftness of their progress. Collapse, though it happened all about them, remained incredible. Presently some falling mass smote them down, or the ground opened beneath their feet. They died incredulous." So incredulous indeed died Babylon, Tyre, Rome, refusing each to believe that it was witnessing the end of a world.

How far is this sombre vision a nightmare merely? How far a warning of the things which may come to pass? Mr. Wells requires for his "Götterdämmerung" no fresh influx of barbarian hordes to smash civilisation brutally to pieces: not even the upheaval from below, in the consolidated masses of the poor, which has seemed to so many modern observers a force destined to consume civilisation in fire and blood. He takes merely the undeniable note of the age, that material advance has far transcended moral progress, and that this inequality is full of the elements of danger. Man has wrested secrets from sun and star, equipped himself with apparatus which should make him rival the older gods, stolen, like Prometheus, the fire of heaven to be his servant, and made the earth and the air to obey him. Yet this unparalleled control of dead things has failed to eliminate his silly national jealousies, his little prejudices and selfishnesses, his clumsy determination to make his life a brutal, irrational thing. Mr. Wells outpours his vials of wrath upon the Crowd: the little vacant street-bred people, the "common abundant life," "flowing, in its cheerful, aimless way," towards the Abyss. His hero, one of this Crowd, Mr. Bert Smallways, is one of "the sort of men who had made England and America what they are." "He had lived all his life in narrow streets, and between mean houses he could not look over, and in a narrow circle of ideas from which there was no escape. He thought the whole duty of man was to be smarter than his fellows, get his hands, as he put it, 'on the dibs,' and have a good time." But the author need not have gone to the Crowd for his illustration. No lunacy that flourishes amongst the little but is intensified amongst the great. The German Professors, the conversation of an Oxford College Common Room will exhibit as dangerous a combination of truculence and terror as any gathering of patriots at a public-house bar. The war scare of a halfpenny paper, with its frantic appeals to race prejudice and passion, is revealed in deepening imbecilities in sixpenny magazines which circulate amongst the country clergy, or half-crown reviews which lie upon the table of country houses. Countless millions in Europe and Asia and America, "instead of being born rooted in the soil, were born struggling in a torrent they never clearly understood. All the faiths of their fathers had been taken by surprise, and startled into the strangest forms and reactions." Everywhere in the early twentieth century this observer finds "a sort of heated, irascible stupidity"; everywhere "congested nations in inconvenient areas, stopping the exchange of population and produce with each other, annoying each other with tariffs and every

possible commercial vexation, and threatening each other with navies and armies that grow every year more portentous."

After a time, says a great writer, the earth grows sick of her children, like exhausted ground that will bear fruit no more. It is impossible that society could "blow up" with such rapidity as is here pictured; the process is, in any case, foreshortened. But any student who has followed the history of Rome's destruction—the gradual disintegration of a society exceedingly complex and rational—will never conceal from himself the possibility of similar vast changes in the world of to-morrow. The process is always incredible to those who think that they represent the last word of progress, that mankind henceforth has but to settle down and be comfortable in a world where tranquility is secure. Dr. Dill has described such a life under the Roman peace, with the municipalities competing in magnificence of building, all the arts of life secure, the farmhouse (in one picture) with the peacocks in the garden under the sunlight, and every accompanying element of enjoyment and repose. The only sorrow which disturbed such an age was the sometimes transient regret that all the great things had been accomplished; that humanity, in a completely rational society, had nothing to contemplate in the future but a repetition of the present—an endless end of the world. A few generations later that farmhouse lies deserted, the cities are crumbling into ruin, society itself has fallen to pieces, terror, and with terror child-like superstition and ferocity, have achieved dominance. Night has resumed her ancient Empire. What guarantee does the present offer against the repetition of a similar catastrophe? Civilisation possesses weapons adequate to protection against forces without. It has no protection against forces within. One of the passing figures in Mr. Wells's vision of desolation mourns over the vanishing of all the bright hopes of a transfigured world. "The sense of fine beginnings! It was all a sham. There were no beginnings. We're just ants in ant-hill circles, in a world that doesn't matter: that goes on and rambles into nothingness. New York—New York doesn't even strike me as horrible. New York was nothing but an ant-hill kicked to pieces by a fool."

This prophet is at least justified in one contention: that the future, whether in orderly progress or with sudden or gradual retrogression, will be astonished at the "hallucination of security" in which to-day society reposes, forgetting seemingly that but a thin crust separates it from the central elemental fires, or that the heart of the earth is a flame. There are forces of resistance to disintegration and decay, even amongst this shabby crowd which appears to the indignant observer but an aggregation of aimless, impossible lives. Mr. Wells in earlier work has shown us the humanity and romantic ardor of Mr. Hoopdriver and the resolute hope of Mr. Lewisham, even if in later effort he can see little but the fatuous ineptitude of Mr. "Art" Kipps or the ineffective blunderings of Mr. Bert Smallways. It is with no panic fear, certainly with no acquiescence and despair, that the reformer of to-day will contemplate the possible future of a society beyond measure complex, baffling and uncertain in its energies and aims. But the warning always useful, but now more than ever desirable, can never be too strongly emphasised: that with the vertical division between nation and nation armed to the teeth, and the horizontal division between rich and poor which has become a cosmopolitan fissure, the future of progress is still doubtful and precarious. Humanity—at best—appears to-day but as a shipwrecked crew which has taken refuge on a narrow ledge of rock, beaten by wind and wave; which cannot tell how many, if any at all, will survive when the long night gives place to morning. The wise man will still go softly all his days; working always for greater economic equality on the one hand, for understanding between estranged peoples on the other; apprehending always how slight an effort of stupidity or violence could strike a death blow to society as at present constituted, and elevate the forces of destruction triumphant over the ruins of a world.

THE CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

There is something poignant in the very smell of Russia. To cross her frontiers from industrious, well-arranged Germany, where health and happiness are laid down in the Imperial regulations—to enter the mouth of the Neva from the Swedish doll's-house and toy farmyard, is like going into a prison. Hopelessness is written over the gate, and as you pass through the corridors and cells of the country, there rises the sense of forgotten suffering, of human tears, and immemorial wrong. On every side the vast landscape stretches out, flat and indistinctive. You feel that, in whichever direction you may go, there will be no change in that scene for hundreds and hundreds of miles—nothing but that expanse of land, flat to the horizon—an expanse where a river bank becomes a cliff, and a rise of a hundred feet an event in a day's journey. Here and there the surface is marked with strips of thin cultivation. You see the draggled huts of a village, unknown and unvisited as a Central African kraal, and in spring or autumn the shaggy peasants are wading about in the mud, and in wintertime in the snow. Or it is a small town, and from the middle of its hang-dog streets rises the big white-washed church, with a roof of pale green iron plates, a blue or brazen dome, and at the top the Russian cross, having a bar for the Crucified's Feet, with one end higher than the other, because the Russian Christ was lame.

So to the traveller the scene goes on—a succession of plains and wastes, and unvaried forests and God-forsaken villages, and poverty-stricken towns and muddy people, green with famine, or spitting out the husks of sunflower seeds, their only luxury but drink—until the monotony of its depression is almost unendurable, and one would say of the whole country that melancholy had marked it for her own. Yet there is no land, not even Italy, to which the thoughts of exiles turn with greater longing. "It is all very well," said the Russian lady who refused to die after seeing Naples; "it is all very pretty, but it is not Siberia!"

Perhaps it is near daybreak in midwinter, and the sledge is struggling eastward under transparent darkness. It emerges from the streets of an ancient town into the open country, like a boat clearing the harbour, and every minute the east grows paler, and the snow whiter, till, at the first ray of sun, for mile after mile, the lines of hardly perceptible ridges suddenly glow with crimson, and, as the sun moves westward, low-down above the horizon, all the world, except the brown and blue forest, turns to shining silver. Or it is spring, and the birch woods are alive with young leaves, though the freshness and the smell of half-melted snow are still upon the air. Or it is June, when night is white, and the whole land for a thousand miles is sweet with the smell of the hay, and as one stands under hardly visible stars and listens to the silence of night's little sounds, the spirit of Russia becomes a thing that can be felt—as palpably felt as the Egyptian darkness. Or, passing down the stream of the Volga, you may tie up for the night and come upon a scene like this in Yaroslav:—

> "I went ashore, and walked about the streets of the quiet city; a sleepy town, with trees and grass everywhere (the trees very dark in the twilight); the houses low, two-storeyed, and all painted white, with pale green roofs as white as ghosts in the dusk, ornamented with pilasters and eighteenth-century and Empire arches and arcades. Every now and then one came across a church, with the remains of the sunset making the gilt minarets glisten. The whole was a symphony in dark green, white, and lilac (the sky was lilac by now). The shops were all shut; the houses shuttered, the passers-by few. The grass grew thick in the cobble-stones."

The picture is from Mr. Maurice Baring's new book of sketches—"Russian Essays and Stories" (Methuen)—not so substantial and thoughtful a work as his "Year in Russia," but distinguished by the same fascination and sensitive personality. There are few English people who can grasp, as he does, the double nature of the Russian scene and the Russian spirit. This description of Yaroslav, for instance—how pathetic in its remote quietude and dying lights! But the present writer remembers, and probably Mr. Baring remembers, how different was the look of Yaroslav only three years

ago, when those grassy streets were thronged with black crowds of men and women yelling in triumph for liberty, chanting the Russian "Marseillaise," hailing the downfall of tyranny and capital, while officials and employers cowered in their cellars, or slunk away in three-horsed sledges by night, galloping for their lives to far-off Moscow, the very railways and posts being in the hands of revolution.

A double-natured land—a double-natured people, as Mr. Baring has well perceived. Many who hear the name of Russia think first of the gaol, the torture-chamber, and the execution yard. That is the land where the despot is hanging the noblest of his subjects by a hundred a month, and massacres are carried out to time like business transactions. That is the land where the greatest of living writers calls to the Government to put the hang-rope round his old neck because he can endure the horror of the executions no longer. That is the land where the finest intellects of the country, men and women alike, are sent in long trains with grated windows to rot in unknown deserts; where peasants, men and women alike, are strapped barebacked on benches and flogged without mercy, because they cannot pay the interest on French and English loans; where boys and girls and famous men are sunk into the oblivion of prison for months and years without trial. Young men and young girls will there destroy the agents of tyranny with less apparent emotion than we feel in drowning kittens, risking every pain and dishonor that man or woman can suffer. On both sides the contest is carried on with a violence that varies chiefly according to the power of inflicting it. It is a land, also, where "Tsar Hunger" reigns—a fitting home for Gorky's desperate wanderers, and the poignant sorrows of Andréeff. Peasants in the lust of thrift or passion will there contrive the obscure abominations of the "Powers of Darkness." As Mr. Baring tells, they will strangle a mother's only baby on pretence that it is Antichrist. They will form themselves into monstrous sects, whose orgies of blood cannot be described. Brides will let bridegrooms find them hanged above the bed. Men by thousands will so despair of life that they take vows never to reproduce it. Peasants will light a fire under a horse's belly or gouge out an eye to make it draw a cart from the mud. "It is enough," said the dying Basároff, first of Nihilists, when Anna came at last to see him; "it is enough—now darkness." The darkness, without that satisfaction, might seem the natural character and end of all Russian life.

Yet there is no race in the world so merciful, so full of pity, none in which the simplest and deepest feelings of mankind play so powerful and unaffected a part. If we should choose the one characteristic that more than any other distinguishes the Russian people, it would be pity. Here and there in Europe one may find pity, too. Schopenhauer, in his philosophy of sorrow, counted pity the chief of virtues. Thomas Hardy, from the inner knowledge of sorrow, watches the course of mankind with the Spirit of the Pities. But in Russia, filled so full with man's sorrow, the pity is unconscious and universal. It is as natural a part of the race as its hair, and all possess it, perhaps even the Tsar. To a Russian the most savage criminals being taken to gaol are "the unfortunate." No beggar is ever refused in Russia; from the hungriest, and even from the richest, door he is never turned away empty. "Why should the rooks die? They have a right to live," cried the villagers to a shooting party, and nearly killed the sportsmen. In his last book Mr. Baring told of peasants incited to the destruction of their master's house and the plunder of his goods, and how they replied, "He is rich and would suffer if he became poor. We are used to poverty and must have pity on those who are not used to it."

This peculiar sympathy pervades the whole of Russian life. It is as though every man and woman were indeed brother and sister, or, at least, some near relation, without the dulness of relationship. We suppose that in no country is equality so quietly accepted as a matter of course—not the mere equality of possessions, which could not make much difference, but the sense of equality in a common manhood. It is quite true that the educated people are very highly educated—that, as Mr. Baring also notices, their ideal of "culture" is something far beyond the range of our public-school and country-house people, and that in art and literature and music Russia is now leading the world with yearly increasing influence. But, none the less, there is no great gulf fixed between the educated Russian and the peasant's mind. Of what other peasantry in the world could it be said that their favorite reading is a prose translation of "Paradise Lost," because "a sweetness comes to you with it," as Mr. Baring told us in his "Year in Russia"? And both in the simple wisdom of their conversation, in their sad music, and the sudden tempest of joy in their dances, the Russian uneducated people seem to live, as it were, from a deeper level than others reach.

To live in common peril is of itself the surest equaliser. Whether the danger be poverty, famine, war, imprisonment, or execution, does not much matter. There is no true comradeship and no true testing of a man without danger, and it is, perhaps, in the school of danger and misery that the Russian people have learnt their characteristic pity for the miserable. It is in the school of danger that the educated Russians have learnt the politeness of equality, and a freedom of social intercourse that English society has no conception of. Thus out of the eater cometh forth meat, and in the land of despotism alone is liberty to be found. "You talk a great deal about freedom," said the eighteenth-century Frenchman to a lady; "but where have you found it?" "Only in the Bastille," she replied.

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT.

In the second of his communications to the Christian Society at Corinth, St. Paul laid a marked emphasis upon the statement that he is not a servant of the letter but of the spirit; and one of the most convincing proofs that the Christian religion is a religion of the spirit and not of the letter, is the fact that the Founder of it left no written documents of any kind behind him. As far as we can gather from the fragmentary records of His life that have come down to us in the literature of the New Testament, He never wrote a single line or committed a single syllable to manuscript in the whole course of his public activities. That Jesus Christ was acquainted with the art of writing we have every reason to believe. In the narrative, in St. John's Gospel, of the woman taken in adultery, it is expressly stated that "He stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground." It is true that this narrative is not found in the best Greek manuscripts, nor in many of the old translations of the fourth gospel. The earliest of the Church fathers make no mention of it, and it is certainly not written in the Johannine style or spirit. Whence the passage comes from, whether it formed part of a lost apocryphal gospel, or whether it originally belonged to the gospel of St. Mark, cannot, in the present state of scholarship, be ascertained. But, in all probability, it was part of the primitive Christian tradition which ultimately found a resting place in St. John: although the text, as it has come down to us, is somewhat uncertain, there is every reason to believe that it is an old and genuine source, and a correct record of the fact that Jesus was skilled in the art of writing.

According to an old ecclesiastical tradition, dating back to the fourth century and probably based upon the above-mentioned incident, the Founder of the Christian Faith entered into a correspondence with a certain Syrian Prince named Abgarus of Edessa. As Naaman the Syrian had in far-off times appealed to Elisha, so this Syrian Prince now appealed to the Physician of the diseased, the paralytic, and the lame to come and heal him of his sickness: at the same time offering him a humble but friendly shelter in his capital from the persecution of the Jews. He received an answer in the spirit of the Johannine gospel, in which the Christ is made to say that He has not time to come to him, but

that, after the accomplishment of His work on earth, and when He has returned to the Father, He will send him one of His disciples. Like a great deal of the apocryphal literature which sprang up in the early Christian centuries, this correspondence is written with the double purpose of edifying the believer and confirming him in the faith. It is one of the many beautiful products of the pious imagination, and has no claim to be regarded as an actual historic fact. Setting aside this ancient tradition as a blossom of the religious imagination, and accepting as historical the narrative in St. John as to the writing on the ground, we may take it that it was no part of Christ's purpose to announce His message to mankind except through the life He lived and the death He died. He committed nothing to writing because He did not want to live in the hearts of His followers through the exact letter of what He said but through the spirit which manifested itself in His whole demeanour and personality. It was in this sense that St. Paul understood Christianity. The letters of this remarkable man are the earliest and most voluminous accounts we have of the Christian movement in its early days. These accounts contain a certain amount of ephemeral and controversial matter, which belong rather to the historical than to the permanent elements of the Christian Faith. But, apart from this, it is probable that no one has more fully caught the spirit and temper of his Master than St. Paul; and his letters, taken all in all, are a supreme embodiment of almost all that is best in the Christian attitude of mind. Nevertheless, if we go through the whole Pauline literature, we shall find that only about four direct quotations are made from the sayings of Christ. These sayings, although not committed to writing in the form in which we have them now, were current in the primitive Christian communities. Most of them were no doubt known to St. Paul. And the reason why he hardly ever refers to them is that he considered himself to be a minister of the spirit and not of the letter. It was not the words but the spirit of the Christian religion which were all in all to him. In Christianity as well as in Judaism, his fundamental conviction was that the letter kills: it is the spirit only which gives life. In his mind, Christianity was not a religion which demanded service to the letter; its essence was not to be found in any outward standards, however sacred, but in an inward attitude and temper —in a spirit and not a code.

This must also have been the central conception of the four evangelists. We have only to look at the sovereign freedom with which the synoptic writers and, above all, the fourth evangelist handle their materials to be convinced that their aim was to reproduce the spirit rather than the letter of the original Christian message. This is most emphatically the case with St. John. In this gospel the Bearer of this message is made to express it in the words of John. John discards the letter of the synoptic evangelists, and translates its spirit into a language of his own. Even the first three evangelists, although they largely agree in general outlines, exhibit so many differences in detail and arrangement that we can only account for these differences on the ground that they, too, considered themselves as servants of the spirit rather than the letter. A familiar example of this attitude of mind is the treatment of the Lord's Prayer by the four evangelists. It is not alluded to at all in St. Mark and St. John, although it is one of those utterances which must have made the deepest impression upon the primitive adherents of the new religion; and where it is recorded in St. Matthew and St. Luke it is recorded in two different forms. Many other examples of a similar kind might be taken from the gospels to show how indifferent the earliest Christian societies were to the mere form in which their faith was expressed so long as they retained the spirit of it. In this respect they were following in the footsteps of their great Exemplar: He was so indifferent to the letter that He never committed any of His utterances to writing at all.

In all these matters it must be admitted that the Christian of to-day has much to learn from his ancestors in the Faith. He is too much of a literalist; he is too much attached to mere verbal texts and expressions; he is too anxious to confine the supreme object of Christian reverence within the restricted limits of isolated texts and ecclesiastical formularies. One of the most hopeful signs of the reform movement in Islam, as represented by the Young Turks, is the effort which it is making to rescue Mohammedanism from the letter of the Koran. If this movement ultimately succeeds, and Mohammedanism becomes a religion of the spirit, a great future may yet be before the peoples of the East. Islam has, before now, surpassed the Christian populations in the production of character and in the march of civilisation. Its decay in recent centuries is, to some extent, owing to the slavish literalism with which it interpreted its sacred books. Should this method of interpretation come to an end (and there are many signs of it all over the Mohammedan world), and should Mohammedanism eventually re-emerge as a purified religion of the spirit, it is possible that the rise of the Mohammedan peoples may be as sudden and startling as the recent transformation of the Japanese. The future is with those peoples who most fully realise that the past is an inheritance to be used, not a burden to be borne.

SALMON IN THE THAMES.

Years ago when we fished in a shallow, muddy stream many times smaller and little more accessible than the Thames, we used to be startled each evening at about the same time by a tremendous splash. Or sometimes we were so fortunate as to see the cause, a long, silver fish hurling itself out to fall in again almost broadside. It was Salmo the leaper, a ten pound grilse that had wandered into that lone backwater whose other inhabitants were only a school of bleak and an occasional chub. All who have made acquaintance with the salmon in fresh water, whether as more or less ineffectual anglers or as constrained observers, will hope that the best possible construction can be placed on the reported capture of a six pound grilse last week at Kingston. No one can love the Thames so much that he would not love it more if it were once more the home of the king of all British fishes.

The operation of casting bread upon the water must have been a lucrative financial investment by comparison with the efforts during the past eight years of the Thames Salmon Association. Since 1901 the hatchery at Dedham has annually produced numbers of fry, which have been turned into the river to a probable total of eight hundred thousand or, it may be, a million smolts. Many of the dangers of the salmon's life have been evaded when the fish has put on its "sea jacket" and is ready for its first wonderful migration. Yet he would be a sanguine spirit who would hope that one in every five hundred that went to the sea would come back in five or six months' time with every ounce turned into a pound. In the summer of 1902 a grilse was taken in the estuary and accorded the honor of a glass case in the British Museum. It may possibly have been a Dedham fish. At any rate, its presence in the river with its head probably up-stream was a heartening sign, and encouraged Mr. Grenfell (now Lord Desborough) and his friends to go on with their work. The fish caught at Kingston and thrown back last week has not been identified with certainty as a salmon. Though its appearance, if it be a virgin salmon, is at the right time of year, according to most of our salmon rivers, it does not coincide with the expectations of the Chairman of the Thames Salmon Association, who recently stated that he expected the first evidence of success to come in the spring. For our part, we should expect to see the autumn grilse first, and our best hope is that the fish caught in Waterworks Reach may be a salmon and may not be alone.

It is certainly time that the courageous work of the Thames Salmon Association should begin to bear fruit. Without the co-operation of the London County Council and the Thames Conservancy Board in dealing with the pollution of the river, no one would have dreamed of

attempting the re-establishment of the salmon. For three-fourths of the nineteenth century, the Thames was a river that no self-respecting salmon would take a look at, even from Gravesend. The journey of a smolt to the sea, if not a physical impossibility, would have been an experience well calculated to wipe out all the pleasant memories of the upper Thames. Not even the impulse that makes the fish hurl themselves at an impossible fall till they die would have urged the returning grilse through the filth and poison that sewer and gas-works not long ago poured past Woolwich and Barking. But as one by one the nuisances have been abated, the Thames has flowed in purer flood to the sea. The mud banks have been gradually purged and restored more or less to the consistency of the up-Thames meadows that are their legitimate origin. The County Council steamboats, most inconsiderately removed by the present Moderate majority, did a good work in washing the foreign matter out at a slightly quicker pace than the lap of the tides. In many places, the mud has vanished and revealed the miracle of a clean beach of shingle. Smells have abated, the sparkle of the water has come back, and it is now several years since salmon experts declared that there was no good reason why *the* fish should not come again to the upper Thames. When roach and dace, out of mere idle curiosity, descend with impunity as far as Greenwich, and smelts wander up from the sea to Teddington, it is not to be expected that the impulsive salmon will fail in time to come up under the prick of the homing instinct.

For years it must be but a small thing. The ova that a pair of salmon may deposit in a quiet upper reach must be reduced by nine hundred and ninety in every thousand before such destructive agencies as trout and eel, swan and coot, water beetle, flood, drought, pike, and the unknown perils of the sea are satisfied. In spite of their rather remarkable fecundity (and our six pound grilse may lay five thousand eggs), the increase of a river population is a slow business. In spite of their known faithfulness to the river that has bred them, many fish have probably been bred by the Thames Salmon Association for the fishermen of other rivers. Most creatures like a crowd at times of migration, and it must need a little courage to leave a large company making for Avon or Tweed and go off alone, or with only one or two companions, to an entirely unfashionable river. Nothing succeeds like success. The salmon escape annihilation by means of an overwhelming plenty of ova and young calculated to glut the ravagers. There is little doubt that the percentage of survivals from ten million eggs is greater than that from a few thousands. We hope that the time will come when eggs are spawned by the million in the Thames, but it is not yet. When it becomes a pastime to watch the salmon negotiating St. Margaret's weir by hundreds in an afternoon, this glory of the Thames will have been safely re-established. We fear that that pleasant sight will not be seen in the lifetime of those courageous gentlemen who are doing their best to make it an actuality for the next generation.

It is after the fishing season opens in February that a run of salmon would be most acceptable as an earnest of sport in future years. According to the old records, May was the month when the salmon of the Thames chose to re-appear in the pink of condition as fighters, and, if the fates would so have it, as the best food that either salt or fresh water can produce. It is then that we may hope, if we are optimists, to see fish of a far more generous growth than the six pound grilse, fish whose efforts as spawners in the autumn will be far better regarded and whose chances of living to spawn again may be far more slender. There are the sea nets to be encountered, and similar and other dangers of an exceedingly long and tortuous estuary; the chance of a long wait below the weir owing to too little water above and below; and a summer amid the nerve-racking disturbances of a river crowded with pleasure craft, and the menace of every angler's lure between Lechlade and Twickenham.

The last danger is the least of them all, and it is probable that five thousand fish must be hatched in any river for every one of the third year that falls to the rod. Nevertheless, we hope that all rods will be stayed till the salmon takes a thorough hold once more in the river of all others that gives every man who wields a rod a reasonably equal chance of indulging in the most exciting kind of angling.

Art.

THE SECRET OF WHISTLER.

The Man and his Art! You sometimes hear the phrase used antithetically, as though one could dissociate the creator from his creation. But the artist and the man are one, for the art is nothing but the highest expression of the personality: an expression, however, of the whole being, not of its accidental non-essential part. The modern undiscriminating appetite for biographical gossip and detail confuses the two things, and a hasty criticism draws superficial deductions from the mixture. Because a poet gets drunk sometimes we must treat all his poetry as though it were steeped in alcohol; because he does not pay his tradesmen we are to detect the bankrupt strain throughout his verse. But the poetry springs from the entire nature of the man, and the drink and debts may have scarcely touched the surface. We may usefully investigate the artist's "attitude towards life," remembering, however, that a person's attitude towards anything, be it deliberate or instinctive, is not the whole of him.

Some thoughts of this kind are suggested by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Life of James McNeill Whistler" (Heinemann), a sumptuous and, on the whole, an adequate biography of one of the great creative workers of our time. It is a book as fairly written as any memoir can be that is informed by the piety of a deep friendship and the enthusiasm of hero-worship. The writers loved Whistler, and they think him the supreme painter and draughtsman of the nineteenth century. But they do not strain their advocacy or weary us with eulogium, preferring to set forth the facts, and leaving them, as the phrase goes, to speak for themselves. So, on the whole, they do with sufficient clearness. They may not establish Whistler on the pedestal where his biographers would wish to set him; but they leave us with a juster estimate than that usually taken in his life-time and since. There are those who persist in regarding him merely as a strident example of the super-self-conscious æsthete, with all the foibles of the species intensified. To Mr. Chesterton, for instance, he is only an aggravated exhibition of "artistic temperament." Whistler, he says may have been a great artist, but he was a very small man. It was not merely that he thought a good deal about himself. What makes his case worse was that "he thought so much about art." He could not forget art; and in so far "he was only a man with the artistic temperament," whereas the really great artist "can dismiss the subject of art," and on due occasion wish it at the bottom of the sea. "Similarly, we should be more inclined to trust a solicitor who did not talk about conveyancing over the nuts and wine. . . . What we really desire of any man conducting any business is that the full force of an ordinary man should be put into that particular study. We do not desire that the full force of that study should be put into an ordinary man"—and so on.

It is ingenious in the paradoxical vein. But the "similarly" gives away the argument. We may or may not object to a solicitor talking shop at the dinner-table: except as a point of manners, there is no reason why we should. A lawyer explaining the law is more likely to be interesting and well-informed than when he is discoursing on literature or philosophy. The man who really cares for his occupation, whose being and nature are wrapped up in it, does not hang it up out of business hours, like his office-coat. The poet, the painter, the writer, the inventor, the statesman, the scholar by no means "dismiss the subject" that in-

terests them when not actually at work upon it. One hears little except politics when Members of Parliament are gathered together. Do not sailors talk of their ships, soldiers of their regiments, schoolmasters of their boys, sportsmen of the birds they have shot (or missed), golfers of the records they might have made? Any man whose life-work is real to him cannot often, except by a conscious effort to conform to the conventions, get himself into the frame of mind of wishing it at the bottom of the sea. Does Mr. Chesterton never talk or think about books except when he is writing them?

As a fact, these volumes show that Whistler was not always "talking about art." He thought about many other subjects, and, in his versatile, sparkling way, he had a wide conversational range. But when he wrote for publication or when he spoke for the public, then, it is true, he did write and speak about nothing else. He gave the reason himself. Art, he said, was the one matter he understood scientifically—the one study in which he possessed technical and systematic knowledge. In everything else he was an amateur; and this butterfly, as people chose to think him, and as he scornfully encouraged them to think him, had a profound, a rooted, a fanatical disbelief in amateurishness. No effectual work, he held, can be accomplished except by the skilled craftsman, the person who understands his material and has learnt the use of his tools. Nothing can compensate for the absence of this understanding and training: not feeling, nor morality, nor general culture, nor the widest possible knowledge of other things. Here was the difference between Whistler and the critics of his day. Tom Taylor once suggested to him that some detail of one of his pictures was, "after all, a question of taste." "It is not a question of taste," replied Whistler, "it is a question of knowledge." One might as well say that it is a question of taste for the engineer whether or not he shall use girders sufficient to withstand the strains they will have to endure. And in art taste *is* knowledge—the knowledge of the expert based on secure principles as opposed to the shifting uncertainties of the merely intelligent layman.

It is objected to Whistler that he upheld the cult of Art for Art's sake—*l'art pour l'art*. It was not a phrase, so far as I can discover, that he himself used; on the contrary, its special exponents, the members of the so-called æsthetic school, were the objects of his satire. But it is true that he did pursue art for the sake of art, and expressly and directly for no other purpose whatever. In the view of some critics, that is a deep offence. Art, we are told, ought to have a moral purpose, an ethical, even a religious inspiration. Very likely: so ought engineering, and medicine, and other branches of human effort. But it is not the business of the artist, any more than it is that of the engineer or the doctor, to teach morals directly. His function is to acquire that knowledge of color, proportion, and design which will enable him to produce beautiful objects; just as it is the object of the doctor to learn how to cure sick people, and that of the engineer to make engines and railways. To speak of Art for Art's sake is surely no more unreasonable than to speak of engineering for engineering's sake, or architecture for architecture's sake. A great church may be erected *ad majorem Dei gloriam;* a fine road or bridge may be designed for the service of man. Nevertheless, cathedrals do not get themselves built by meditation on the glory of God, nor bridges by the love of humanity, but by an instructed acquaintance with the properties of stone and brick, of iron and steel, of weights, stability, and construction. I do not know whether the men who poised the towers of Lincoln on their hill-throne, and those who pointed the windows of Chartres, the men who threaded the arches of Waterloo Bridge, and the men who drew the rampart of Assouan athwart the Nile flood—I do not know whether these or any of them often paused in their work to think out its inner and its ultimate significance. But I do not imagine they did. The genius of the great craftsman, whether he work with metal or clay or words, is, like all genius, mostly unconscious: an emanation from the immanent and universal mind which it is given to him to translate into articulate forms. So it is with the artist, the musician. He attends to his technique, his harmonies, his line, his color. His conscious will is mainly directed to the utmost mastery of his medium and the right economy of his resources. For that purpose were his ten talents given unto him. In that sense he does well to follow Art for Art's sake; and if he does so faithfully, the ethics of the case will take care of themselves.

Such was Whistler's conception of his task. His life was a protest against defective workmanship caused, as he thought, by subservience to popular conventions and uninstructed sentiment. The artist, he held, was a scientific expert who worked by rule and system; and, being an expert, he could only be tested by technical canons, and judged according to the opinion of those who had acquired an adequate knowledge through practice. The ignorant critic, who estimated pictures by the attractiveness of their subject or by the moral lessons they were presumed to convey, was no more entitled to be heard than if he dogmatised on mathematics or astronomy. Ruskin, he said, might possibly make a desirable professor of ethics or of economics; as a professor of art he was trying to teach something he was himself unable to perform. What right had he to criticise the painting of a picture when he could not paint one himself? What had his morals, his history, his philosophy, his rhetoric to do with the matter? It was the amateur, again, opposed to the practitioner. The British public could not and does not understand this attitude. It did and does believe in respectable amateurishness. A nation, which leaves amateurs to manage its politics, amateurs to control its armies, and amateurs to administer its subject provinces, cannot be expected to take its art criticism quite seriously. We are under the impression that the English gentleman with a high character, amiable manners, and some general culture, can dispense with special training, whether he is engaged in managing a public office or in considering a picture. Against this temper, with its loose thinking and slovenly dogmatism, Matthew Arnold protested, as it manifested itself in education, in literature, and in society. Whistler was on the same side as Arnold, within his own sphere. He refused to meddle with what he did not understand. A lady once asked him, as he listened silently to a hot discussion between a Catholic, a Calvinist, and a Neo-Pagan, what religion he believed in. "I, madam?" he answered. "I am an amateur." There was truth as well as wit in the answer. Whistler's religion was the zealous pursuit of his art. There he was a priest, dedicated to the service of the altar; and he laid claim to a power of interpreting the scriptures and delivering the sacred message which the laity could not possess.

Like all rebels, he grew to enjoy the act of revolt so much that he often forgot its purpose. The calculated eccentricities of his personal conduct were, it seems to me, part of his protest against the *bourgeois* Philistinism of a society whose conventionality was making life as dull and muddy and coarsely colored as its art. There was an impression, I believe, that Whistler was a late example of the artistic Bohemianism which was rampant in Paris when he was a student there with Du Maurier, a survival of that gay, irresponsible order described in "Trilby." But Whistler's irregularities were certainly not the result of a want of self-control. He did not give himself to drink or dissipation or any kind of physical self-indulgence; he set up, indeed, a rather severe standard of personal taste, refinement, and discipline: the demands of his work, which he fulfilled with remorseless fidelity, imposed on him a toilsome asceticism. In the ordinary obligations of life—as son, brother, husband—he was kindly, generous, and affectionate. It is true he was always quarrelling, and he could not, as he bitterly said, afford to keep a friend. That was due not so much to selfishness as to sensitiveness. He was a vain man, with the love of sympathy and the desire for approbation abnormally developed. He wanted to be noticed, admired, appreciated. The

neglect and the obloquy he affected to ignore hurt and nettled him. His angry wit, his barbed and stinging satire were the cry of a wounded soul. A greater character would have cared nothing for all this and gone on quietly with his work, to its and his own great gain. Whistler cared so much that he was driven to extravagance and perversion. Because the public would not accept his art he insisted that the public in every period and country was indifferent to all art. "There never was an artistic age," he said; "there never was an artistic people." Art, that taught the Greek the measured rhythm of balanced limb and flowing drapery, that "dipped the Spaniard's brush in light and air": art has her intimacies with the man not with the multitude. Only the few, the elect, can approach the goddess; the others do not matter. Because his popular rivals had vitiated popular taste by sentiment and pictorial anecdote, Whistler declared that painting should be independent not merely of sentiment, but also of morality, of social feeling, of nationality, of the passions, the emotions, the good and evil that make up life. It was not concerned with things as they are which is metaphysics, nor with things as they might be which is idealism or ethics, but only with things as they appear to the educated eye. Portraits, for instance, ought not to be painted "life-size," for no man, he said, is ever *seen* life-size, except, perhaps, a recruit when he is being measured by the recruiting sergeant.

In the ardour of his protest Whistler went too far, and was in reality false to his own principles. His limitations were not due to the theory of Art for Art but to his own restriction of the theory. He seems really to have been able to conceive the sitter in his studio as a mere combination of certain lines and lights and shades and colors. A man posing for a portrait may be an arrangement in black and brown: but he is also something more—a human being with all the records of failure, success, love, hate, endeavor, and a complex historic and sociological environment, written on his face and form. These are part of the things seen as much as the pattern the legs make in the light and the shadows playing round the head. Rembrandt, Velasquez, Franz Hals, Holbein, saw them; Whistler did not, or, at least, when he saw them as he did in the "Carlyle" and the Portrait of his Mother, it was against his own will and his own conscious plan. The inspiration within him would not always be denied; but he did his best to repress it, and he succeeded so well that, with all his superb technique, his distinction, and his accomplishment, he contrived to miss his place beside the greater masters whom he emulated and admired.

SIDNEY LOW.

Letters to the Editor.

REMEDIES FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No one pretends that Monday's debate on unemployment was either soul-filling or satisfactory. There was a decided air of unreality about the whole business.

The Government deserve to be heartily commended for the promptitude with which they have brought forward their schemes for temporary relief. But something more is required, in anticipation of the coming winter.

An amendment of the Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905 is needed so that local authorities may have greater latitude in their efforts to meet local needs.

We too often forget that, however excellent proposals may be in the gross, they have to be worked out in detail. A certain degree of elasticity is necessary to suit the different local conditions.

To ensure more local freedom, and, may I add, more local responsibility, an immediate amendment of the Act of 1905 is absolutely necessary.

The Act permits a local authority and its distress committee to make provisions for the establishment charges and for the purchase of land for relief works; but they may not provide the means *for carrying on* the schemes.

This is rather a fictitious distinction, which is bound to hamper, if, indeed, it does not sterilise, local action.

The admitted difficulty in many quarters is not so much the getting of money as the provision of suitable work.

I am not unmindful of the economic objections to providing for relief works out of the rates, *but we are doing it now* in the most uneconomical way.

We are encouraging schemes, and failing to provide the wherewithal to carry them on. Endeavoring to protect a principle by a fine drawn distinction, we are stultifying local action.

An illustration of this comes from Scotland. The Edinburgh Distress Committee have started a farm colony sixteen miles from the city. It is said to be quite a successful experiment. The Town Council has advanced the money for the purchase of the land. But a claim has been made on the town council by the distress committee for repayment of a sum of £4,600 disbursed by them. There is no dispute on the merits. The necessity for the expenditure is not questioned, but the town council is advised that to the extent of £3,700 that expenditure can not be met by them under the provisions of the Act. Of that amount £2,846 is charged against the rates in the committee's accounts, for revenue expenditure on the farm colony. A deadlock has ensued which may seriously affect the operations of the distress committee for the coming winter.

Let us face the facts. From a strictly economic standpoint expenditure of this nature is more easily justified than the premature initiation of loan works on capital account which may take many years for completion.

Then, again, many local authorities have, for years back, in times of necessity, made provision for the unemployed in winter by grants from burgh funds and by putting the unemployed on to ordinary corporation work, in city gardens, and on city streets, adding temporarily to their staff for this purpose.

Is it, therefore, unreasonable to ask that the restrictions on the action of local authorities under the Act of 1905 should be removed so far as the purposes for which expenditure may be made is concerned?

The field of their activity may be enlarged to include provision—with the necessary financial limitations—for the following purposes.

(1) Establishment charges, including expenses in respect of labor exchanges.

(2) Expenses of emigration and removal of the unemployed from one area to another.

(3) Expenses for the acquisition of land.

(4) The expense of working labor colonies, or the provision of other suitable work.

The first three objects are already provided for under the Act of 1905.

With regard to financial checks under the Act, a local authority may contribute to an amount, in any one year, not exceeding the equivalent of the produce of a halfpenny rate This sum may be increased to the extent of the equivalent of a penny rate, with the consent of the Local Government Board. If the Act of 1905 were amended as suggested, the financial provisions might be extended to give power to the local authority to contribute to the extent of a penny rate with any expenditure proposed in excess of this amount to require the sanction of the Local Government Board. The Local Government Board could either sanction the expenditure, as a local charge, or provide the necessary funds from the Government grants.

By this means, with a joint responsibility, we would have beneficial co-operation between the local and central authority. It is well to bear in mind that the local authority best knows the local needs, and that they ought to be made to feel their responsibility in the matter. We ought to link up this chain of responsibility. May I add that grants from the Imperial Exchequer are more inequitable in their incidence, and are likely to be less economical in their results than rate aid, which, after all, emphasises local responsibility, and is the best guarantee for proper expenditure.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE MCCRAE.

House of Commons,
October 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Returning home after a late autumn holiday in which opportunities occurred for talking over the terrible question of unemployment and of also personally seeing a fringe of the labor trouble, I venture to make one or two reflections and suggestions in the hope that they may, perhaps, be of some small benefit. In the first place, it seems impossible to doubt the asserted fact, that in the growing army of the unemployed there is a very real percentage of those persons who do not want work, but who purpose to live on any provision (national or local) which may be made for those who desire work but can neither find it nor get it. The letter narrating "a little incident of unemployment" which Mr. John Murray wrote a few weeks ago to the "Spectator" is only too true. This, it will be remembered, was a case of a lady requiring extra labor in laying out a new garden, and who made application to the Central Bureau in Glasgow for seven laborers, no technical skill required; the pay to be 18s. a week. After some delay four men were sent; of these, two returned at once; the third made use of his return ticket after putting in four days' work; one only stuck to the job, and he had once been a gardener.

It becomes, primarily, a question of separating the wheat from the tares. How is it to be done, so that the genuine out-of-work does not suffer from the presence of the mixed multitude of incapables and wastrels who have joined their ranks, and hang on to their skirts? It has been suggested to me that the method given below, and which has been found helpful for another purpose, might be utilised. So much out of employment springs from the customary ebb and flow of this or that particular trade or calling. An employer, for example, keeps a weekly wage-sheet, and when the works are in full swing employs, say, 500 men; but a slack time comes and he can only find work for 300 of them. The remaining 200 are only struck off the wage-sheet because there is no employment and hence no wages for them, though in some few months' time, perhaps, their services will be required again, or others will have to be called in. The suggestion is, not to strike off their names, but keep them on the sheet, leaving the weekly spaces empty or starred. The men are not discharged, they are still on the books of the firm, but owing to circumstances they are available for employment elsewhere, either temporarily till they are wanted again, or till their names are transferred to the books of some other firm. Let the employer be requested to send in a list of men he can spare to some public authority, so that it may be at the disposal of other employers, of the labor exchange bureau, of this and that public body which employs labor. Then the men requiring work should be the first called upon to give it. There will be no inquiries to be made, as they bear the genuine stamp upon them, having never been deprived of their position as part and parcel of a certain source of employment, though, unfortunately, actual work was, for the time, suspended. To carry such a plan out, it would also be necessary to relax some of the trade union rules and regulations *re* employment, but in times of pressure, hard and fast custom would naturally and reasonably stand aside. Boards of wages, &c., combinations of masters *and* men, would gradually take the place of the present constant war between capital and labor, which is so contrary to the spirit of the religion of Christ.

For the incompetent (too frequently so rendered by the curse of drink) and the wastrel, other measures should be taken under the Poor Law; but we must be careful that such did not interfere with the work of the genuine and capable seekers of work. Invalidity could be insured against under a national system. But in all cases there must be the right—the right of justice—that the wheat be dealt with separately from the tares. The public are sympathetic and human hearts are burning to check and destroy the ravages of hunger and want that are threatening our brothers and sisters and the little children, so near the heaven we, some of us, feel at times so far from. But public opinion is surely on the right tack in demanding that justice shall be done to the *bonâ-fide* workers first. Any sapping of the manly independence by which a man relies on himself, given the opportunity, must inevitably tend to loss of the fine gold of character which is the nation's greatest asset. No mere humanising of the Poor Law will avail; on the contrary, it may cause mischief in its train.—Yours, &c.,

J. FROME WILKINSON.

Barley Rectory, Herts,
October 28th, 1908.

BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is not I who have found myself in difficulties in this controversy, and if I have gone into the "bush," it was because it was necessary to follow Mr. Hobson there. Only in the mental confusion of the money question can he maintain the semblance of supporting his views. If anyone fixes his mind on the actual commodities (after the manner of the older economists who fought and won the battle of Free Trade) it is palpable that a diminished yield will not afford as much employment for its handling and development as the more abundant harvest. Mr. Hobson it is who asks us to put our minds on money; and he repeats that if only the scarcity will raise the price so as to make the money total the same there will be no diminution of demand by the agricultural interest. I repeat that he is wrong. For money got in that way will not continue to go round as it should within the circle of the agricultural interest. One section gets the money and does not pass it on. In effect, that is less money; certainly it is less demand; which is the point at issue. To this there are very important corollaries. I am ready to fight the question to a finish, either in the "bush" or in the open, but I fear you will not tolerate the lengthening of this correspondence.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. LAYCOCK.

Sheffield, October 26th, 1908.

MRS. FAWCETT AND WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My attention has only just been called to an amazing misrepresentation which appeared in a letter in the columns of THE NATION of October 17th, to the effect that I and others have abandoned "the narrow principle" of the suffrage for women on the same terms on which it is granted to men. This principle, the abolition of the sex disqualification for the franchise, is, and always has been, considered fundamental by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies of which I am the President.

In the autumn, at the instance of Miss Llewellyn Davies and Mrs. Vaughan Nash, officers of the Women's Co-operative Guild, I signed a letter for the National Union urging Mr. Asquith to define what he meant by his declaration on women's suffrage to the deputation of Liberal M.P.'s in May, requesting him to embody clauses in his promised Reform Bill dealing with women's suffrage, and not to wait for such clauses to be added by private members. I did not, and do not, recognise in this any abandonment of the principle on which the National Union is founded.—Yours, &c.,

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

October 26th, 1908.

THE TURKISH VIEW OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I should have thought that the difference between a belief that women have no souls at all and a belief that they have souls of an inferior order is too obvious to need elaboration. Had Mr. Edwin Pears attributed to Mohammedans the latter doctrine, I should have had no cause to dissent from him. As it is, he has committed himself to the statement that the ordinary Mohammedan holds the former doctrine—a statement which, I repeat, is wholly erroneous. My contention is that this doctrine has never formed part of the creed of Islam, but that it is a mistake propagated by Christian writers. In proof of my contention I quoted from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu a passage which went quite far enough for my purpose. I am glad that Mr. Pears has found my quotation accurate. The supplementary quotation he gives is, I submit, irrelevant to our discussion. The point at issue between us is whether Islam recognises that women have souls or not, and on this point I beg to reinforce Lady

Montagu's evidence with a citation of another eighteenth century witness—no less an authority than George Sale, "our honest and learned translator" of the Koran, as Gibbon very justly describes him. Sale, in his "Preliminary Discourse" to that translation, emphatically declares:—

"Before we quit this subject it may not be improper to observe the falsehood of a vulgar imputation on the Mohammedans, who are by several writers reported to hold that women have no souls, or, if they have, that they will perish, like those of brute beasts, and will not be rewarded in the next life. But whatever may be the opinion of some ignorant people among them, it is certain that Mohammed had too great a respect for the fair sex to teach such a doctrine."

The Koran, in fact, contains many passages proving that the Prophet was very far from countenancing so ungallant a belief. But it will be noticed that Sale admits the possibility that such a belief may be entertained by "some ignorant people." If Sir Edward Malet, as quoted by Mr. Pears, heard the Khedive of Egypt giving expression to this belief, that would only show that the Khedive was one of those "ignorant people." And in this connection it is interesting to refer to Djevdet Pasha, the well-known Turkish Minister of Justice and author of the "Tarihi-Osmani," who suggests that the curious notion that Mohammedans deny to women the possession of a soul may have been derived from the Nusrayrees of Syria—a population Mohammedan only in appearance, but secretly holding a good many "strange doctrines." If it is so, an Egyptian's opinion on the subject might easily be traced to this unorthodox source.

Now, the evidence of a Turk like Djevdet Pasha on the matter of Turkish belief is, to my mind, worth a whole library of second-hand literature. But Djevdet Pasha does not stand alone. I have before me a recent publication by another Turk ("The Crescent *versus* the Cross," by Halil Halid. London: Luzac & Co. 1907), and I find in it a lengthy chapter devoted to "the position of Muslim women." To that chapter I refer Mr. Pears and all those who wish to be informed as to the real Turkish attitude towards this interesting question. Here I shall content myself with mentioning only that Halil Halid agrees with me in describing the notion under discussion as "an old fable," and in maintaining that "no Mussulman will ever dispute" that women have souls, or that they are entitled to "the joys of eternal life in the Paradise of Islam."—Yours, &c.,

G. F. Abbott.

Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.,
October 25th, 1908.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I again ask permission to call the attention of your readers to conditions created by the mal-administration of the Small Holdings Act, and suggest a course of action? I will take an actual case as my text.

David Nicholls, a Kent laborer, who applied for land under the Act, is about to be evicted from his home. Land belonging to the landlord of his cottage was, to Nicholls' undoing, suggested as suitable, and the man was forthwith served with notice to quit. Magisterial proceedings and a High Court Appeal delayed the matter for three months, thus giving the County Council, and the Board of Agriculture, ample time to provide the applicant with the land he was promised. But both authorities contented themselves with futile negotiations. And now Nicholls' home and life are to be sacrificed. His is a pathetic figure. A decent, reliable, and capable man, he must leave a village in which he has lived for thirty years, the first victim of the Government's policy of delay.

This is not a solitary case. Even in his own district three men, similarly situated, who have had the rashness to apply for land, are oppressed by fear of a similar fate. And ten men, I am told, in the adjoining parish, who have been awaiting this decision have decided not to apply for holdings.

A few weeks past an oldish laborer was describing to me how, at the time of Joseph Arch, the men of these same villages struggled by combination to free themselves from this intolerable servitude. They were beaten, he explained, by the farmers, who picked out their leaders one by one and crushed out their independence. Exactly the same thing is now occurring; something must be done, and that quickly. The men are being forced back, and the hope which sprang up when this Act was passed is quickly dying down.

There is only one way of dealing with this situation: The people must and will combine, but their combinations will fail unless such of us as have understanding, wealth, or energy help in our various ways. For the moment the men's combinations in this district—the land clubs—are holding together, though the railway company has harassed us by preventing their men from giving help.

But our federation—the Land Club Union—definitely wants more money, not only to help Nicholls and others who are likely to be similarly treated, but also to enable us to prepare full reports of the various cases of mal-administration, and to impress these cases upon the Government and the public, through deputations to London and other methods. We want help, too, to strengthen our organisation, which now includes some three hundred working-men, until we can break down the combined opposition and indifference of landlords, farmers, and authorities. I may say that so far as I have been able to ascertain, no land has been obtained in this neighbourhood, nor has any practical step been taken towards providing a single holding. The struggle must be carried on; and—and this is the great point—it wants a far bigger organisation than ours.—Yours, &c.,

Montague Fordham,
Hon. Sec. Land Club Union.

Limpsfield, Surrey,
October 26th, 1908.

GRAMMATICAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—If any other reader has derived from the grammar of "Grammaticulus" as much simple fun as I have done, he has not banged sixpence for nothing. It is an exquisite notion that we should perpetuate in the twentieth and succeeding centuries the grammatical pranks of the Elizabethans, whose accidence has to be expounded to us by the learned. I am a touch more familiar than "Grammaticulus" supposes with the definitions and explanations of the dictionaries. My own dictionary, a voluminous and very excellent one, but not impeccable, after stating that the word "averse" includes the idea of "from"—which it most unquestionably does—goes on to favor the use of "averse to." I am "adverse to" this advice. If, however, "averse to," "different to," the participle that has no subject, and the solecisms innumerable of the Elizabethans are styles agreeable to "Grammaticulus," he is plainly welcome to set the teeth of compositors on edge with them in every printing-office in London.—Yours, &c.,

The Writer of the Article.

October 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The writer of the article under the above heading in your issue of the 10th instant, has gibbetted a goodly number of distinguished authors, with proofs in support, for violation of the rule of concord—in other words, for using plural pronouns in relation to singular nouns.

To say nothing of the difficulty of distinguishing in English between singular nouns that convey singularity, and those that convey plurality of idea, there are cases where the use of a pronoun differing in number from the substantive to which it relates, though obviously incorrect from the point of view of grammatical construction, is not only admissible, but soars from grammar into rhetoric, and takes on the dignity and elegance of a figure of speech known as syllepsis.

Possessing, unfortunately, little or no knowledge of English literature, I am unable to quote any examples of syllepsis from English writers, but here is one from Racine:

"Entre *le pauvre* et vous, vous prendrez Dieu pour juge;
"Vous souvenant, mons fils, que, caché sous ce lin,
"Comme *eux* vous fûtes pauvre, et comme eux orphelin."

Can any of the incriminated passages quoted by the writer of "Grammaticals" invoke this figure of speech in self-defence?

If there were an English Academy *qui faisait autorité*

in all matters relating to the language, it would, long ere this, have settled the question affecting the preposition by which the word "averse" and its derivatives ought to be followed. The note in Webster appears to have reason on its side, so, until further and brighter light is thrown on the subject, one had better follow Webster, who says:—

"The affection of the mind signified by the word 'averse' being exerted *toward* the object of dislike, the word should be followed by *to*."

Kindred terms, for purposes of analogy, are *dislike, contrary, repugnant* (which are always followed by "to"), and not *different*, which requires to be followed by "from."

Will the writer of "Grammaticals" kindly say, for the benefit of willing learners, what is the matter with the following sentence which he quotes from Leslie Stephen?—

"The rational and the emotional nature have such intricate relations," &c.

And when he has time, one would be grateful to him for an article on amphibologies. Examples of this blunder abound even in the best English writing, and a collection of them would not only constitute as powerful an indictment against style as false concords do against grammars, but would be vastly more amusing.—Yours, &c.,

D. N. Samson.

74, Grosvenor Road, Highbury, N.
October 27th, 1908.

["Nature" should obviously be "natures."—Ed., Nation.]

"THE GOSPEL OF AGRICULTURE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your review last week under this heading includes charges affecting English farmers which, I think,, warrant a word in reply. I am an old practical agriculturist. Among the potent causes of the apathy farmers show in the matter of experimental progress, is the insecurity of tenant right in permanent improvements.

This not only prevents tree planting, draining, and other solid advancements, but checks the enterprise that would try the suggestions of scientific agriculturists. The latter lose much of their influence owing to their want of practical knowledge of what I call "Bread and cheese" farming!

Scientists seldom understand the nature of the difficulties with which a farmer has to contend. They write learnedly and scientifically from the academic point of view; but the touch of nature's precariousness rarely reaches them. They are accurate and informing about ideal farming; but of the crushing disappointments brought about by the action of irregular seasons on the various soils with their differing aspects they know but little. The fitfulness of markets and prices add mental strain to the physical troubles with which all farmers have to contend.

The crowd of importunate bagmen, each with an "infallible" manure, a "marvellous" cake, or a "charming fat-producing" spice, help to produce mistrust in "miracles," however scientific.

Here, in Somerset, during the last fifty years, the whole system of farming has changed. Corn, flax, teazles, &c., have ceased to pay; beef and pork are seriously less profitable, and the whole trade of farming has had to be reconstituted. This has been accomplished by accepting changes, greater than any suggested by such scientific dreams as the nitrification of square miles of stubborn soils (a very different thing from an experiment with a quart of earth in a flower pot), and has been brought about by the energetic study of breeds of cattle and stock of all kinds, the acceptance of exact and scientific methods of cheese and butter making, and entirely modern methods of harvesting, so that the dairy farmers will now stand comparison with those of any other part of the world.—Yours, &c.,

Pylle, Somerset, John Higgins.
October 26th, 1908.

PUNISHMENT AND MR. GLADSTONE'S BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I make some remarks on the letters of Mr. Kolp and Mr. Whale which appear in your last issue?

Mr. Whale tells us that the first object of imprisonment is to prevent the repetition by the same criminal of the like acts, the second object is to deter others, and the third object is to attempt the reform of the prisoner so far as can be done consistently with the first and second objects. As regards what the objects of imprisonment ought to be, he is, perhaps, not very far from the truth, but as regards the objects actually pursued, the third might be almost wholly struck out. With regard to Mr. Whale's qualification I may remark that reformation is always consistent with his first object—the prevention of crime by the reformed person. In fact, it is (when it can be effected) the best mode of prevention. But in the case of habitual or professional criminals, we have not hitherto attempted this, and when Mr. Whale writes of professional criminals, "if they cannot be cured, it is surely just to detain them," he forgets that we have not made any effort to cure them—at least if he uses "cure" in the sense of "reform," not "deter."

Hitherto our great object so far as the criminal is concerned has been to deter him from repeating the crime. Reformation has only been tried on a small scale with the younger offenders. The first part of Mr. Gladstone's Bill proposes to extend the present provisions. But the object of the second part of his Bill is simply to render the criminal unable to repeat the offence by keeping him in a place where he cannot offend. This is to be done for the protection of the public. There is no provision in the Bill for "providing ways and means for reforming" habitual offenders; and if we entertained a hope of employing such means effectually, why should we defer the employment of them until a fourth conviction when reformation will have become more difficult than at an earlier stage? What the Bill proposes to do is very different. It seeks to provide for the liberation of a habitual thief who has reformed without the employment of any reformative method. The moral leper is to be periodically examined by the priests and to be liberated when they pronounce him clean, but no curative treatment will at any time be resorted to.

The indefinite sentence aims simply at protecting the public by keeping the prisoner in a place where he cannot offend. If he becomes incapable of offending from age or ill-health he may be set free. As we are going to provide against the prisoner's future depredations by disablement there is no use, so far as he is concerned, in passing a deterrent sentence on him. The object of that sentence—unexplained, I think, by the Home Secretary—can only be to deter others. But while preventive detention does not need any severity—unless what is required to compel the prisoner to perform remunerative labor—I do not find this laid down in the Bill. The prisoner is to be treated in the same manner as if in penal servitude, except in so far as the Home Secretary may think fit from time to time at his own discretion to relax the rules in convict prisons. He is not bound to relax them at all.—Yours, &c.,

October 27th, 1908. M. A.

Poetry.

RENCONTRE.

He spoke of God, the final goal,
He talked, my friend, of God on earth,
Of God within each human soul,
Of spiritual birth;
And through the darkness, as he spoke,
The footsteps of a stranger broke.

We heard his slow uncertain tramp,
We moved aside to give him room,
We saw him slouch beneath the lamp,
Rough hewn against the gloom,
And on his shoulder, as he stepped,
With rosy cheeks an infant slept.

With bitter oaths, that fled the light,
We saw him stumble as he went,
"My friend," I said, "if you are right,
Behold God immanent."
"Nay, look," said he, "ere he be gone,
How sure and still the child sleeps on."

H. H. Bashford.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MESSRS. BELL are to be congratulated on the completion of their excellent edition of Swift's prose works. The final volume, issued this week, contains a full bibliography of all editions of Swift's writings, whether separate or collected, published before the end of the eighteenth century, an essay on the Portraits of Swift and Stella by the late Sir Frederick Falkiner, and an essay embodying much new information by the Dean of St. Patrick's on the relations between Swift and Stella. Dean Bernard inclines to the view that Swift and Stella had been secretly married by Bishop Ashe in 1716, although it is impossible to bring evidence amounting to a demonstration in support of it. He agrees with Sheridan in thinking the marriage to be a compromise between Swift's wishes and those of Stella. Swift was willing to give her the assurance that he would never marry anyone else, but he was inflexible in his determination that they should live apart, as heretofore, and also that their union should not be acknowledged to the world. We are able to announce that the much-needed edition of Swift's correspondence, the plan of which was interrupted by Mr. C. Litton Falkiner's tragic death in an Alpine accident last summer, will be brought out under the supervision of Mr. Elrington Ball. When this is done we shall at last have a worthy monument of one of the greatest masters of English prose, if, indeed, he is not the very first.

* * *

MR. ALFRED NOYES' coming biography of William Morris in the "English Men of Letters" series deals chiefly with Morris's work as a poet, and contains an interesting parallel between him and Tennyson. In turning to the Middle Ages, says Mr. Noyes, Morris adopted "a convention for himself which will, finally, give him a lower, though not less secure, place than that of Tennyson." Tennyson's strength lies in the fact that he grappled directly with the intellectual problems of his generation, and although we have in some ways outgrown those problems, he "will inevitably be regarded as the broadest and fullest voice of his own century." Morris's method was at once broader and less practical, but he did not take up medievalism in the spirit of a mere æsthete seeking an anodyne or of a scholar composing skilful exercises. "There was no preciosity in his choice of the Middle Ages as his 'form of style.' . . . His work is suffused with the eternal light of that vision of an ultimately reconciled and ransomed world to which Shelley attained and Keats was climbing when he murmured, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty!'—the vision shadowed forth in sign and symbol by all the prophets of all the ages; the unconquerable and inviolable hope of mankind, that the desert and solitary place shall at last break into singing, and the wilderness blossom as a rose, and sorrow and sighing flee away." These extracts from Mr. Noyes' concluding chapter promise a sympathetic study of a robust figure, whose achievement as a poet has been overlaid by his other activities.

* * *

THERE still remain a number of writers unrepresented in the "English Men of Letters" series who might well be included. Mr. Henry James's biography of Hawthorne shows that "English" does not exclude "American," but Emerson, Longfellow, Whitman, and Oliver Wendell Holmes are all absent. Then William Blake, Smollett, Izaak Walton, George Herbert, Bishop Butler, William Law, White of Selborne, Charlotte Brontë, Newman, Keble, Borrow, John Stuart Mill, and R. L. Stevenson, make up a fairly long list of exclusions. Books on Mrs. Gaskell by Mr. Clement Shorter, on Charles Kingsley by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and on Ben Jonson by Professor Gregory Smith, have been announced for some time, but do not seem likely to be published in the immediate future.

* * *

A NEW volume of essays by Miss Agnes Repplier will be published next week by Messrs. Gay and Handcock. It is called "A Happy Half-Century," and deals with the period from about 1775 to 1825, an age in which Miss Repplier thinks literary fame was very easily won. Among the books that made their authors famous during this half-century were Glover's dreary epic "Leonidas," Mrs. Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," Darwin's "Botanic Garden," and Mrs. Charlotte Smith's "Emeline," a novel which procured rapid advancement in the Indian service for the author's son. "We sigh," says Miss Repplier, "to think how many ladies became famous against their wills a hundred and fifty years ago, and how hard it is now to raise our aspiring heads." This period, which Miss Repplier calls "the age of the accursed annual," is admirably suited to her good-natured satire and witty and allusive style.

* * *

THE literary supplement of "The New York Times" states that Mr. Egan, the American Minister to Denmark, is at work on a volume of Shakespearian studies that promises to contain some fresh revelations concerning the sources of many episodes in the plays. Mr. Egan was compelled to re-model one of his articles—that on "Danish Influence on Shakespeare"—in consequence of some studies made by Baron Palle de Rosenkrantz into the relations between Shakespeare and two Danish diplomatists in London during the reign of James I.—namely, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The pleading of Hermione in "A Winter's Tale" is also declared by Mr. Egan to have been suggested by an English contemporary broadside ballad on the trial of Anne Boleyn.

* * *

IN the preface to "Some Eminent Victorians," a book of recollections to be published next week by Messrs. Duckworth, Mr. J. Comyns Carr describes himself as "still an impenitent Victorian." Neither in art or letters does the more instant appeal of a later day affect him so forcibly as did the heroes of an earlier generation. This is the correct temper for a volume of personal reminiscences, and as the men of whom Mr. Carr writes include Dickens, Tennyson, Browning, John Bright, Dr. Martineau, William Morris, R. L. Stevenson, Rossetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, Millais, Whistler, and Irving, he has good grounds for his praise of the Victorian age. "I am prepared," he says, "to accept lightly enough the criticism that probably awaits me, that the heroes whom I have worshipped are no longer the heroes of to-day."

* * *

THE issue this week of cheap editions of two such books as "The Letters of Queen Victoria" and Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is a notable event in the history of publishing. The former work runs to nearly 1,500 pages, and can be had in three volumes at the very low price of six shillings for all three. "The Life of Gladstone" is slightly larger in bulk, but appears in two volumes at five shillings. Both books are excellently produced, and reflect the greatest credit upon Mr. Murray and the proprietors of the "Daily Chronicle," to whom their publication is due. Possibly this is but the first step towards a general lowering of the price of books, though it would be obviously impossible to expect anything like as great a reduction as has been made in these two instances.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Baldassare Castiglione, the Perfect Courtier: His Life and Letters, 1478-1529." By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Murray, 2 vols, 30s. net.)

"The Life of Henry Pelham, Fifth Duke of Newcastle, 1811-1864." By John Martineau. (Murray, 12s. net.)

"Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York, and His Times." By Alice Shield. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Russian Conquest of the Caucasus." By John F. Baddeley. (Longmans, 21s. net.)

"Old and Odd Memories." By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of Mirabeau." By S. G. Tallentyre. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Woman Through the Ages." By Emil Reich. (Methuen, 2 vols., 21s. net.)

"Lauzun: Courtier and Adventurer. The Life of a Friend of Louis XV." By Mary F. Sanders. (Hutchinson, 2 vols., 24s.)

"A History of English Cathedral Music." By John S. Bumpus. (Laurie, 2 vols., 6s. net each.)

"Eighteen Years in Uganda and East Africa." By Alfred R. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda. (Arnold, 2 vols., 30s.)

"Lewis Rand." By Mary Johnson. (Constable, 6s.)

"The Hermit and the Wild Woman." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan, 6s.)

"Les Détours du Cœur." Nouvelles. Par Paul Bourget. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE MISTRESS OF HOLLAND HOUSE.*

The Lady Holland with whom we are familiar from the descriptions of her guests, or, we might say, her victims, is a tyrannical and formidable figure. Ugo Foscolo, who was ready to go to Hell with the master, declared that he would not go to Heaven with the mistress of Holland House. The stories of her overbearing temper fill the records of the time, and many an oppressed celebrity must have been inclined to follow the example of Lord Melbourne, who rose from her table declaring, "I am damned if I will dine with you at all." The two volumes published by Lord Ilchester reveal to us a different Lady Holland. It is true that the writer of this journal can say sharp things and pass bitter judgments, that she has a good deal of confidence in her own opinion, and that that opinion is readily given on questions in which it could not pretend to carry any special authority. But if the Lady Holland we all know sometimes peeps out in the journal, there is almost a submissive and docile tone in these pages, and the essentially affectionate nature of a woman who in later life was more feared than loved continually betrays itself. It must be remembered, of course, that the journal stops short at 1811, and that it includes the unhappy years which Lady Holland spent with a husband who neither received nor deserved a wife's love or respect. If Lord Holland's good nature helped in the end to spoil her, the contrast between the two husbands was well calculated to draw out all the tenderness of her nature.

Lady Holland, the daughter of Richard Vassall of Jamaica, was born in 1771, and married at the age of fifteen to Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, in Sussex. Miss Vassall, who was to come into £7,000 a year at her father's death, was a considerable catch. Her husband was twenty-three years older than she was, and his wife's repugnance to the marriage and her surroundings was not softened by the overshadowing neighbourhood of Sir Godfrey Webster's aunt, with whom she kept up an incessant warfare. She hated Battle and her husband's world of country and sporting interests, and at last managed to get her own way and drag him off into a life as distasteful to him as his own life was to her. From 1791 to 1795, when they separated, she was continually abroad, her husband occasionally leaving her to revisit his home. During this time, Lady Webster, keenly though she enjoyed the excitement of travel and the pleasure of visiting the galleries of Italy, was intensely unhappy over her marriage, and she was haunted by the prospect of her ultimate return to Battle. The rights and wrongs of the domestic quarrel need not concern us. It is enough that the two were absolutely incompatible in temper and interests. Lady Webster constantly refers to Sir Godfrey Webster as "my tormentor." At Florence Lady Webster met Lord Holland. "Lord G. Leveson-Gower and Lord Holland came here the day before yesterday. . . . Lord H. is not in the least handsome; he has, on the contrary, many personal defects, but his pleasingness of manner and liveliness of conversation get over them speedily. . . . We all went to the Cocomero and returned here to supper. Lord H. quite delightful; his gaiety beyond anything I ever knew; full of good stories. He seems bent upon politics, and with his eagerness I think it is lucky he is out of the way of saying foolish, violent things." This entry occurs in February, 1794. Their attachment ripened fast, but it was not till 1797 that Sir Godfrey Webster obtained a divorce, and in the same year the Hollands were married. The compensation that Sir Godfrey Webster took for the loss of his wife does not give an attractive impression. He insisted upon having Lady Holland's fortune during his life, leaving her an allowance of £800 a year. Three years later he shot himself, not afflicted by the loss of his wife, but in despair over his losses at play.

Lady Holland's journal only goes down to 1811, and there are considerable lacunae. Some of them are provoking. We pass, for example, from the summer of 1802 to the summer of 1806. Most of that time the Hollands were abroad, but they returned to England in the spring of 1805, and it would have been interesting to have Lady Holland's comments on the making up of the Whig Government. As it is the journal is only resumed just before the death of Fox. That event is described fully and with feeling. Mrs. Creevey declared in a letter published in the Creevey Papers that when Fox, though very ill, was still in London at the end of July, Lady Holland used to plant herself in one of the rooms and that Fox resolutely refused to see her. The journal does not throw very much light on the relations of Lady Holland and her husband's uncle and hero, though it is pretty evident that she rather liked Fox against her will, and that she judged his wife with the severity with which in many quarters she was judged herself. Lord Minto mentioned that Lady Holland did not admire Mrs. Fox and would willingly indulge herself now and then with a fling at her. "One cannot but regret," she writes in her journal, "that such a man is lost to society, for so may his retirement to St. Anne's be called, and the habits of his life when there. Mrs. Armstead, I understand, possesses still those merits which, when united to the attractions of youth, a degree of beauty and much celebrity, placed her above her competitors for the glory of ruining and seducing the giddy youth of the day. She has mildness and little rapacity, but those negative merits, when bereft of the other advantages, constitute but an insipid resource in solitude." Lord Ilchester very rightly quotes in a footnote the very different opinion given by Lord Holland's sister: "Mrs. Fox's patient fortitude, her gentle piety, endear her to me every minute, and, loving her as I do for his sake, still I must do so for her own, for she deserves it." Lady Holland did not much approve of Fox, but whenever she met him she was charmed by him. "Mr. Fox was extraordinarily pleasant." . . . "Mr. Fox is come here to dine at the Whig Club. . . We sit up very late with him: his conversation is always instructive and amusing. He shuns politics as much as I could wish. Criticism, literature, and observations upon character are his chief topics. It is astonishing what a storehouse of knowledge his mind is of every sort from a fairy tale up to a system of philosophy." The entry closes with a sentence that is diverting enough when we remember that the writer used to order poor Lord Holland to be wheeled out of the room. "He set off early the next morning. Mrs. Armstead disapproves of his absence being extended beyond the time she fixes."

Lady Holland liked Fox's society much better than she liked his opinions. Her Journal shows how very little sympathy she had with the principles that were so dear to her husband. In one of the first passages that mention Lord Holland she writes: "His politics are warm in favor of the Revolution, and his principles are strongly tinctured with democracy. It is the brilliant side, and apparently the honest one; all young men are hit by it at first, but when they see more of the world they cure of their honesty and love of liberty." In 1799 she describes a talk she had with Canning, who began by saying how much satisfaction it had given him to act in concert with Lord Holland on the Slave Trade, and went on, as she thought, to sound her on the possibility of influencing his opinions, "but however I may wish, I did not encourage it, as Lord H. is too firmly attached to the obsolete doctrine of Whiggism to be yet open to persuasion." In the same year she mentions that she had refused to see Mackintosh (before his conversion) on account of his principles, "as she had always dreaded her house becoming a *foyer* of Jacobinism, and invariably set her face against receiving revolutionists." Writing of Lord Westmoreland, she says "he spoke so brutally of some of the wretched prisoners who had escaped his fury that my heart beat high with indignation, and even I for a moment felt a movement in behalf of a nation I never liked." The protest which was signed by Lord Holland (one of the four dissentients) against the Martial Law Bill for Ireland in 1801, she speaks of with impatience as "a foolish protest," which "made a great deal of noise." Altogether, it is evident that if Lady Holland tyrannised over her husband at table, he preserved his independence elsewhere.

The Journal gives us Lady Holland's opinions of most of the persons whom she met frequently. Grey she describes, in the days when she was still Lady Webster, as a man of violent temper and unbounded ambition. In 1798 she writes: "Grey, Tierney, and Erskine dined here last

* "The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland (1791-1811)." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. Longmans. Two Vols. 21s. net

week. Grey was placid in temper and pleasing in his manner—a contrast to the general state of both, as he is usually irritable and supercilious. His heart is warm and excellent, and those few who do not detest him love him with great affection; but he is universally unpopular from the offensiveness of his behaviour." Canning was a constant visitor, though Lady Holland exclaims, and not unnaturally, at his conduct in 1807. Sheridan she likes when she sees him, in spite of herself. Her description of Lord Lansdowne accords with the general impressions that he seems to have left on his contemporaries. "His character is a monstrous compound of virtues and failings; the world has never done him justice for his ample portion of the former. A simple, well-meaning man once said, 'What a pity 'tis that Mr. Fox has no private character, and Lord L. no public one.'" When he was in Ministry many of the squibs of the day had compared him to the Jesuit, Malagrida. Goldsmith, with his usual simplicity, said to him, "I wonder, my lord, at their comparing you to Malagrida, for he was a very honest man." Of Whitbread, she remarks that everybody dislikes him though everybody respects him; while she records many illustrations of the appetite for place and money that distinguished the Grenvilles. There are, as was to be expected, several good stories. When Gilbert Wakefield was tried for his pamphlet, he made a long speech, in which he named Nero, Tiberius, and Polypheme. Lord Kenyon, in summing up, said an English jury would not be browbeaten, notwithstanding all he said about the Three Roman Emperors. "People are very much occupied with the Divorce Bill. Lord H. has felt a shyness in attending the progress of it in the House of Lords. A bishop, full of the subject, last week began talking to him; he expressed his approbation of its becoming a criminal proceeding, and added, 'And do you not think, my lord, that it would diminish the frequency of the vice if parties were condemned to imprisonment for five years?' Lord H. was, of course, puzzled how to answer." It is safe to assume that that was the only occasion on which Lord Holland was puzzled how to answer a speech in the House of Lords.

A FRENCH GULLIVER.*

The modern world of letters contains, now that Samuel Butler is dead, only one great member of the school of allegorists, and he (need we say?) is Anatole France. M. France derives from more than one of his great predecessors —from Rabelais, from Swift, from Voltaire. Like them, he takes sides in politics, interfering vehemently in the actual processes of government without losing his power of perspective, his view of human character and destiny as a whole. Like them, he is an accuser, and would-be destroyer of society as it exists, is penetrated with a sense of its injustice, pities its victims intensely, but gives his commiseration an indirect and ironical, rather than a rhetorical or poetic, form, and is almost equally sceptical of men's beliefs and of their ultimate resources and power of happiness. Like them, he has immense humor, great recklessness, and not a little coarseness of speech, coupled with delightful shyness and refinement of phrasing, a mastery of many styles and effects. Like them, he is a humanitarian, if not a crusader, even while his writing seems to aim at convincing you that history is mainly a dungheap for fools to scratch over. And like them, though much less conspicuously than Swift, he has the faculty of making the grotesque seem simple and real. But then, as with all great writers, Anatole France is individual. He does not possess Swift's fanaticism for naked reality; a Frenchman and a Parisian, he has a tenderness for the forms and graces of life, the coquetry of women, the vanity and self-deception of men. He could never have drawn mankind as Yahoos, and it is characteristic of him that he should choose to dress them as penguins. His stroke is more delicate than Swift's direct and massive method; and while it is directed by the same motives of pity for the inevitable evils of mankind, and their slender equipment of defence against natural catastrophe and human error, its author is not so well guarded from the idealism that Swift kept sternly at bay.

These qualities go to the making of the phantasy which M. France styles "L'Ile des Pingouins." They have not quite produced a masterpiece. About half-way through his book M. France wearies of his puppets, and throws them aside. Penguin Island becomes frankly France and Paris, and its creator plunges straight into a brilliant polemic, in which the familiar figures of Boulanger, Dreyfus, Esterhazy, Mercier, Zola, Delcassé, mingle in a series of farcical and scandalously amusing satires on French politics, and then disappear, like wraiths, in a sombre Wellsian vision of a coming age. So long as M. France interests himself in the development of his penguins from the moment when "ils sortent de la zoologie pour entrer dans l'histoire et dans la théologie," he is at his best, or nearly at his best. When he drops them the inspiration is intermittent. The burlesque of the Dreyfus case, and the Rabelaisian episode of Madame Cérès, are examples of sheer drollery, with an edge of bitter meaning sharpened by one's knowledge that the author was a valiant soldier in the battle of humanity that the French intellectuals fought and won. But they lack the delicate savor that belongs to the fable of the Penguins. There M. France is happy. On that fancy he can lavish his medieval learning, his classicism, his anti-clericalism, his irreverence, his pity for the sufferings of men, his contempt for their masters, spiritual and temporal. The theme is conceived with audacious mockery. St. Mael, a Cambrian saint of great renown, engaged in missionary work among the islands of Brittany, is driven, by a plausible device of Satan, to the arctic islands inhabited by the Penguins. There, aged and half-blinded by the snow and ice, he mistakes the human attitudes and gestures of the birds, and, thinking them to be men, of an unusually reasonable and pacific type, baptises them. His missionary enterprise has grave results. Reported in Paradise, it arouses "neither joy nor grief, but extreme surprise." A conference of saints, martyrs, and doctors of the Church is called to resolve the question how, as penguins do not possess souls, the regenerative effects of baptism can apply to them. A suggestion to create a new race of semi-mortals, after the type of harpies and centaurs, is unfavorably received by saints with special experiences of these indecisive types, and finally, on the proposition of St. Catherine, it is agreed that the penguins are to have souls, but only little ones.

So the island of the penguins is towed away to Europe, and penguin society is started on its long march to perdition. The Devil institutes clothes as one means of corruption, the division of land as another, the equal taxation of rich and poor as a third. The strong man brutalises the new community, the cunning and the unchaste deceive it. Religion founds itself on one kind of delusion, monarchy on a second kind, and the legend of St. Orberose coarsely masks the author's ironical attack on medieval religion and the entire fabric of Catholic faith. Penguinism develops, the people "subscribing by their private misery to the public prosperity." Wars begin, and Penguins discover a "natural enemy" in Porpoises, and Porpoises in Penguins. Through centuries of blood and fire, "the unity of the creeds is maintained." "A constant practice of the Church undoubtedly tended to perpetuate this happy communion of the faithful, for every Penguin who thought differently was immediately burned." A further contribution to progress was made by the religious orders, who, by making palimpsests of Greek and Latin manuscripts, preserved "four thousand copies of the Gospel of St. John." Thus M. France, applying his simple Voltarian formula to medieval belief, art, scholarship, takes his readers in a few seven-leagued strides across the Christian ages, and lands humanity in the sceptical period, with capital predominant, democratic politics in the hands of rascals, society concentrated in vast cities, governed by joyless millionaires, "bald at eighteen," and finally laid in ruins by the anarchists. A second time the tide of barbarism rolls over Europe; a second time it slowly recedes; a second time the idiot-tale of the race of Penguins is told; a second time Paris-Babylon is reared. And with that futile enterprise M. France's ironic Muse ceases to concern herself with the tragic absurdity of human life.

* "L'Ile des Pingouins." Par Anatole France. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 3fr. 50.)

HOME LIFE IN ITALY.*

The author of this book has thought it her duty to apologise for "presenting her subject in so incomplete and un-

* "Home Life in Italy: Letters from the Apennines." By Lina Duff Gordon (Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield). Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

systematic a way." We doubt if her readers will consider any apology needed. The most sensible method of treating so wide and indefinite a subject was to describe as vividly and intimately as possible whatever aspect of Italian life she knew best by personal experience. This happened to be the peasant and middle-class life in the district lying between the Apennines and the sea-coast from Spezia to Pisa. The result is a book of great charm and sincerity, which gives a truer and more intelligible idea of the national character than a more ambitious scheme would have done. Mrs. Waterfield evidently feels a discriminating and humorous sympathy with Italian ways of thinking and acting, and this she expresses admirably in a fresh unacademic style, which is quite her own. The value of the book is much enhanced by the photographs, and by Mr. Waterfield's excellent drawings. It is an unexpected pleasure to find an illustrator who, besides being an artist, is also imaginatively in touch with his subject. Each chapter is introduced by a motto, felicitously chosen from Italian folksongs and proverbs. Thus "Dove il diavolo non può mettere la corna, ci mette la coda" heads a fascinating account of "Messer il Diavolo and ancient rites in Modern Italy."

> "Se canto tutto il giorno il pan mi manca,
> E se non canto mi manca ogni cosa,"

is the appropriate motto for an entertaining chapter on the unconventional ways of servants, and the delightfully human relations which a little good-humored tolerance makes possible with them.

> "But there were limits at which even my Italianised mind rebelled. I objected to Mariannina stirring the soup with my silver paper-knife when the wooden spoons could not be found, or giving the chickens their food in our best flower-vase; still more did we cry out when she pulled up our rosemary cuttings to flavor the roast with, and Adelina brushed my skirts with my husband's hair brushes, and, in a fit of economy, aired the clothes before the drawing-room fire. Perhaps their most irritating fault, shared with many Italians, is a habit of putting everything down to Fate. In this old castle they have the additional resource of spirits; if anything is found broken or is tidied away beyond recall, they declare that *i spiriti della Fortezza* are the culprits, and there the matter is supposed to end. It comes from a certain laziness of mind; they will work themselves to the bone, but conceive it a labor to go two yards out of their way to fetch a poker when a golf club, happening to be at hand, will perform the office equally well."

But Mrs. Waterfield makes us familiar with the humors and domestic history of many other households besides her own. From the poorest peasants of the hill-country to the amiable old bachelor Marchese in his eighteenth century villa, it is surprising what a number of types she is able to describe without caricature, but sympathetically, from within. Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is the chapter on the emigrants to America, and the ten following, which present under many aspects the life of the peasants, their feasts and fairs, their superstitions and fairy folk-lore, their generally lazy and worthless priests and ill-provided village schools, where yet sometimes an intellectual and high-minded teacher may be found.

> "Not a square inch of ground is ever wasted, and the possible return of the soil, calculated to a nicety, is induced to yield up its full promise by incessant and vigilant toil. But these very people, the backbone of Italy, are those who, for the most part, lead a life of suffering and of grinding poverty. The women are withered at forty, the men toil on like so many driven beasts, and *pazienza*, if any real profit went into the pockets of the toilers. For what is all this thrift and labor? To eat a little bean soup and a hunk of coarse maize bread, and clothe themselves with a cheap flannelette bought from the travelling *merciaio*, who climbs many a steep hill with his pack. The Italian, so quick with his knife to avenge a small wrong or a supposed insult, is the most patient being in the world in bearing the great ills of life, and they recount their misfortunes with a dignified submission to the inevitable. Only in some parts of Italy, where Socialism is rife, are they beginning to realise their poverty and the possibilities of a different sort of life. When they are fully aroused, one wonders what will happen. At present they take the good and evil in life as part of the great scheme of the world."

The last chapter but one, headed by the motto, "A tavola non s'invecchia," describes in Boccacian fashion "A dinner party at which is related: how an amorous adventure of a notary was made public; how a thief was blessed; and how a vengeance was taken worse than death." The last chapter contains the diary of Cherubina, a young servant girl, from the Etruscan Apennines, written during a visit to England for her relations and friends at home. It is a quaint and delightful instance of that inborn sense of style which even uneducated Italians often possess.

> "I begin again my beloved book, in order to read it when I return to Italy. My dear listeners, on the 3rd of August my good *Padrona*, knowing that every first Sunday of the month a festival was kept in the Catholic Church, took me to the evening Benediction. But it was nearly two hours' walk, so you can imagine if it was near. Arrived at the church, dear friends, they wanted sixty centimes before they would let us in! We entered. My friends, you ought to have seen my face,—there was a very fat man, with a belly like a cauldron, who showed us into a bench. When I sat down, and looked around and saw the number of people coming in, I began to understand why everyone was made to pay that money, for if all could have come in without paying, the people would have been like the frogs which crowd together in the water in the summer time. Now began the Benediction; to me it had seemed a thousand years waiting to see the customs of the country, but I now saw that they behaved quite naturally, as at San Benedetto and everywhere else. And then began the music with organs. I said to my *Padrona*, 'They sound like the organs of San Benedetto; can it be true that by chance, and by the grace of God, I am there?'"

And so the book ends, as it ought, on a note of that simple and genuine beauty, which at all times has been the most precious inheritance of the unsophisticated Italian mind.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Mr. Bancroft's life covered nearly a century; he witnessed the most important events in his country's history, and in many of them he took a distinguished part. He was American Minister in London 1846-9, in Berlin 1867-74; he was throughout a convinced and consistent democrat, and from this standpoint—to quote Ranke's criticism—he wrote the "History of the United States." For English readers the interest of his life is, perhaps, the picture which the book gives of a past stage of American mind and manners: Bancroft represented a type which it would be difficult to find to-day. He came of a sturdy, independent, and rather hard stock. His father was a Congregationalist minister of that Arminian school which in its recoil from Calvinism approximated to the Unitarian standpoint. The frequently recurring clause in his family prayers: "Give us a teachable temper," represents the atmosphere of the household; it was one in which reserve, application, and self-reliance naturally thrive. The son entered Harvard young, and at eighteen was sent to Europe at the expense of the college to study philology and Oriental languages with a view to entering the ministry. The impression left on him by German University life is worthy of record. Of Göttingen, where he spent 1818-20, he writes with little enthusiasm. "I admire their industry, but they do not love labor; I consider their vast erudition with astonishment, yet it lies as a dead weight on society." He thought better of Berlin. "At Göttingen the whole tendency of the courses is to make the students learned; here the grand aim is to make them think." His own bent was not towards speculation. "Good Christianity is better than bad metaphysics" is his comment on a pretentious sermon; he heard Hegel, but "thought it lost time to listen to his display of unintelligible words."

In 1822 he returned to America. The change was uncongenial; he did not take to Boston, nor Boston to him. He was thought self-assertive and affected; he found Harvard "sickening and wearisome." He preached; the taste of New England judged his sermons artificial; he held a Greek tutorship, and was "the laughing butt of all the College," to quote a contemporary. To divergence of temperament were added differences of political opinion which in a small community, certainly not wanting in self-esteem, led easily to distrust and ill-will. Boston society, then, as now, exclusive, sure of itself, and intolerant of opposition, was Whig or Republican; the parties were separated by a Chinese wall of demarcation; there were no dealings, public or private, between the two. In later years, when he had become a personage, he met a lady of the Whig aristocracy of the city. "I did not find you at home when I called," he said. "No," was the answer; "and you never will." He drifted from ecclesiastical to academic and political life, and served his party indefatigably by speech and pen. In 1837

* "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft." By M. A. de Wolfe Howe. Hodder & Stoughton. Two vols. 16s. net.

he became Collector of the Port at Boston; in 1845 Secretary of the Navy in the Polk administration. He was now embarked on the stormy sea of American politics; but, strong party man as he was all along, partisanship was impossible to his enlightened patriotism; as he had refused to take New England for the country, so he now refused to identify the interests of his party with those of the State. In the Civil War he stood on the Federal side throughout. He saw from the first that the policy of the slave-holding States was one of aggression; that their aim was not only to retain slavery but to extend it.

> "The beginning, the middle, and the end of our troubles, the origin of the disturbances, and the difficulty of their adjustment, lies in the fact that we have four millions of semi-barbarous, semi-civilised men among us, who are unfit for the political franchises of citizens. These men are scattered as slaves along the low country upon the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the two banks of the lower Mississippi. Their masters have not virtue enough to set about training them for freedom; and they, the masters, see, or fancy that they see, that freedom will come to the black men at any rate, unless a way should be found for the continual expanse of slavery over new territory. Hence a policy sprang up in the South to add to the country Cuba, which must have been followed by the acquisition of St. Domingo, the northern provinces of Mexico, portions of Central America; and the most imaginative dreamed of introducing the system of forced negro labour along the banks of the Amazon. Their dream was a slave empire surrounding the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea."

Bancroft distrusted abstract methods, and would have postponed the question of Abolition. "Slavery will remain, but will cease to reign," he wrote in 1861. But, when the war broke out, he knew that only heroic remedies could end it. "Remove the cause of the rebellion," he urged in 1865; "it is the part of justice; it is the part of peace." And he brushed away the pedantry of constitutional lawyers with the fine saying, "the power to establish slavery everywhere was not contemplated by men who formed a union 'to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty.'"

As a diplomatist he showed insight and prescience. In 1849, "The affairs of Ireland," he wrote to Polk, "are much worse for them than you can conceive. The result must be in the end enlarged and radical concessions at the expense of the Anglo-Irish Church, and to the repression of the Anglo-Irish landlords; and these concessions will not be made till the crisis becomes more imminent." On trade questions he was in advance of his time and country. "Thiers is a thorough Protectionist, equal to the worst Whig in the worst days of the tariff mania with us"; and again, "Send a tariff man to England, and he must be cured. Here five are employed to do the work of two; because, if not employed, the number supported by the poor rates would be still further increased." He possessed the social gifts common among educated Americans; he was a linguist; his conversational powers were exceptional; he lived on terms of intimacy with the most distinguished men in Europe and in the States. His letters record witty and pointed speeches —the Emperor Alexander's answer to Madame de Staël's compliment, "Your Majesty is the best of constitutions," "I, I am only an accident; the happiness of a nation should have a more enduring guarantee"; and Chateaubriand's comment on Lamartine's "Girondins," "Il dore la guillotine." He could also, on occasion, make them. When the British Ambassador at Berlin had the bad taste to ask him in public why the American representatives appeared at Court "all dressed in black, like so many undertakers," he expressed his surprise that the ambassador of the Queen of England "should have failed to perceive that we could not be more appropriately dressed than we are—at European Courts, where what we represent is the Burial of Monarchy."

As a thinker he was vigorous rather than profound. He found "In Memoriam" gloomy and sceptical; he distrusted Darwinism; he did not care to go below the surface of things. The striking letter to Dr. Allibone (II., 311) in which he connects the Christological problem with the extent of redemption is an exception. "Either the redemption of the human race is very imperfect, and partakes of the imperfections of its own nature; or the redeeming power is the power of an infinity that is free from imperfection. Here you have my creed, and I hope it is yours." He regarded "the Roman clerical party" as a danger to religion and society. "To carry out this system," he wrote after the Vatican Council, "civilisation must go back; the beams of the State must decay from dry-rot; and the eyes of the people must be put out." He survived his return from Berlin for almost a generation; few of his fellow-citizens were so honored and sought after as he was to the end. To him old age was, in words which he was accustomed to quote, "like sitting under the trees of the garden in early winter. The bloom and verdure of summer are gone; but by their departure it becomes easier to see the stars."

POPULAR FICTION.*

On the writing of "A Prince of Dreamers," a novel of the Court life of Akbar, the great Mogul-Emperor, a contemporary of Elizabeth, Mrs. Steel has brought to bear all her brilliant imagination, knowledge, and faculty of picturesque description. The novel may be enjoyed for its high literary quality, for its skilful renderings and adaptations of Oriental verse sprinkled through its pages, and for the vivid and dramatic scenes that are threaded on the string of the exciting plot. But it fails conspicuously if it is intended as an interpretation of Indian life and feeling three centuries ago. The characters, courtiers, statesmen, soldiers, poets, priests, dancing girls, and harlots, are modern Europeans in their outlook and mental attitude, bone of our bone, underneath the disguise of their dress and calling. Not only is the atmosphere modern, but the Oriental manners and tone of feeling seem nearer to Earls' Court than to feudal India. And the three Englishmen, Elizabethan traders, John Newbery, Ralph Fitch, and William Leedes, who come to the great Mogul's Court seeking permission to traffic, appear as ghosts of the past, incongruously at variance with this India of sentimental romance. Mrs. Steel, in fact, does not possess the gift of the historical imagination, and temperamentally she is typical of the mental character of those distinguished Anglo-Indians who have ruled and administered our Indian Empire without power to enter into the soul of the people. Many of the scenes such as Chapter XX., where the debauchee, Khodadâd Khan, wakes to find himself in the hands of his judges, or Chapter X., with its description of the game of *changan*, or Mogul polo, are admirable pieces of writing, and we can enjoy the whole book whether the illusion prevails with our innocence or makes terms with our critical taste.

In "The Happy Medium," Mr. Marriott brings together fourteen stories which are decidedly cleverer in force of style than are most of the short stories of our popular novelists. Mr. Marriott has remarkable range, and is equally happy in handling a fantastic theme, "The Great Danger," a study in irony; "Other Times, Other Morals," or a pure piece of humor, "The Golliwog." The last tale is delicious. The mischievous and seductive Hilda Garland, when warned by her staid husband, Henry, that she is seeing too much of young Leyland, and that people are talking about them, responds by purchasing a large, black, woolly Golliwog, which she talks to at meals, and upon which "she lavishes all the adorable fondness which had been Henry's due." The parlor-maid, Ann, after struggling to keep her countenance, breaks down into hysterical shrieks, and the expressionless, middle-aged Caroline, who succeeds her, is initiated into her duties as follows:—

> "Oh, by the way, you'll find your master very considerate; but he has one peculiarity. He has an extraordinary affection for a—a sort of doll, a Golliwog. You know what a Golliwog is?"
>
> "Yes'm. A black woolly doll. Same as children play with."
>
> "Exactly. Well, your master doesn't play with it, but he likes it near him at meals. It was given him," said Hilda, with downcast eyes, "by a very dear friend."
>
> "Yes'm. I understand 'm. I knew a gentleman——"
>
> "Never mind the gentleman—Caroline, I think you said your name was. At breakfast, then, and dinner, you are to lay a place for the Golliwog, just as you do for us—on your master's right. Not at luncheon—unless he happens to be at home. Nor when we have company. Your master only needs it when he is lonely."

---

* "A Prince of Dreamers." By Mrs. F. A. Steel. Heinemann. 6s.
"The Happy Medium." By Charles Marriott. Nash. 6s.
"69, Birnan Road." By W. Pett Ridge. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
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"Very well 'm. Is that all 'm?"

"That is all, Caroline, thank you."

At the door the gaunt figure hesitated. "Please 'm, how do I speak of it—'m? As Master Golly?"

"As Master Golly," said Hilda primly.

As soon as the door closed Hilda flung herself on the sofa, stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth, and drummed with her heels in a silent convulsion.

Caroline was colossal. She might have been brought up with a family of Golliwogs. She didn't, like Ann, try not to see the Golliwog, but with a perfectly expressionless face—though evidently, as Hilda saw, with the intention of pleasing the master—gave it an almost motherly care. When, in passing, Caroline stopped to straighten the black, smiling figure on the chair, Hilda nearly choked. She got through the meal without an explosion, though later, when Caroline came into the drawing-room with whisky and glasses, she nearly broke down.

"Please 'm," said Caroline, with decently-folded hands, "do Master Golly sleep in the master's room, or have he a cot?"

"Oh, I'll see about that, Caroline," said Hilda through her teeth, in a wild murmur.

The wretched Henry has ten days of this monstrous punishment, after which, on admitting that he "has been a fool about young Leyland," he is handed a letter by his wife in which young Leyland thanks her for forwarding his suit with Violet, and says he is to be married the week before they sail for Ceylon. Most of the stories are as effective as "The Golliwog," though "He, She, and It," which aims at the horrible, merely falls into the gulf of the unnatural.

Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel is characterised by the keenness of eye for class outlook and shades of social manner which made "Name of Garland" a classic authority on suburban life. In "69, Birnan Road," the author pursues the same quarry with so deadly and exact a knowledge of its habits that the poor animal seems to have not the least chance of getting away. Fortunately for Mr. Pett Ridge the suburban Londoner, though gregarious in his instincts, never combines with his fellows for self-defence, or the hunted might turn and rend the hunter. In the story before us we watch the movements of the Hartley household, their friends, relatives, and acquaintances, nearly all of whom belong to the class of city clerk, with the same dispassionate interest that we gaze at a housefly under a microscope. Not that the author is lacking in feeling. But his vision is so extraordinarily cool and detached, and his humor is so dry, as to merge the artist in the skilled sociologist. The framework on which "69, Birnan Road" is built is ingenious. Chapter I. starts with the clever, sensible, young wife, Ella Hartley's, schooling of Fred, her good-humored husband, in the niceties of social behaviour, and the last chapter but one ends with her confessing her own inferiority to him: "Fred, it is I who can't keep step with you. . . . . You're a successful man, and you go out into the world each day of your life, meeting fresh people, collecting new ideas. In every moment of every day, something happens. . . . . My day is made up of rising in the morning, looking after Sixty-nine Birnan Road, and going to rest at night. . . . I am not even where I was. I have slipped back." Fred has risen in his business life as a railway man, and Ella has lost her good looks and her social aspirations along with them. But in a clever final chapter Mr. Pett Ridge relents and takes Ella to the great Mrs. Featherstone, and thence to the latter's *modiste*, Madame Beatrice, in Grafton Street, and the novel closes with Fred's cry, "You wonderful, wonderful woman!"

In "Salthaven" Mr. W. W. Jacob rather reminds us of an experienced stage-manager who is overhauling a limited stock of properties to see how they can be made use of for a new piece. Most of the characters in the novel recall the rag-doll of our childhood, which looked strangely familiar, even when endowed with a fresh linen face and new garments by the kindly parental hand. Perhaps Mr. Jacob is wise not to depart from the lines of his former successes, for once the British public has proclaimed its liking for a special brand of humor, it dislikes to be asked to smile in the unexpected place. And with Mr. Jacob's latter volumes we always know a little beforehand what we are going to smile at. The elderly mariner, Captain Trimblett, and his cautious cogitations anent his friend, Mr. Truefitt's, matrimonial prospects, is an old friend; so is the beautiful and engaging Miss Hartley, for whose sake her pertinacious suitor, Bert Saunders, takes an enthusiastic interest in gardening, which is her father, Mr. Hartley's, favorite hobby. It is *de rigueur* in this class of humorous novel that the men shall be severely henpecked by the women, and that the young girls shall keep their admirers on tenterhooks by a lengthy chain of skittish coquetries. Given this literary tradition, which derives ostensibly from Dickens, Mr. Jacob's humor is not without an individual freshness. He is never tedious or vulgar, and he conducts the intricacies of a well-won situation with a neat and workmanlike touch. His stay-at-home mariners, however, scarcely offer his power of invention a fair field. He has done the burlesque voyage before now, but why should he not take a leaf from the book of Frank Stockton, and launch a ship of nautical comedians on real salt water?

It is a little ironical that the "Opinions of the Critics" should be gathered together as an advertisement in the end-papers of Mr. Merrick's last volume of stories. Everything that the critics say in praise of the author's wit, wisdom, and artistic skill is true, but the volume itself is by no means equal to most of its predecessors. Of course, that does not imply that the book is not full of grace and charm. Everything that Mr. Merrick writes is delicately done, full of spiritual irony and wit. But most of the stories in "The Man Who Understood Women" depict the life of a semi-fantastic Latin Quartier. These artists and actresses, are types of a Bohemianism that never dies in Paris, but there is too strong a vein of Pierrot and Columbine in their mental histories to convey the illusion of reality. And we cannot afford to lose Mr. Merrick as a painter of everyday life. Witness the admirable "Time the Humorist," a story which puts in a nutshell all the irony that attends the development of our British drama, or "Dead Violets," which alone is worth the price Mr. Nash asks for the volume. Of the Tricotrin Stories—which America no doubt will rate highest—a charming example is "How Tricotrin saw London." The collection, in any case, is too good to be passed by, but Mr. Merrick's unique gift finds its true scope when he is analysing life this side of the Channel.

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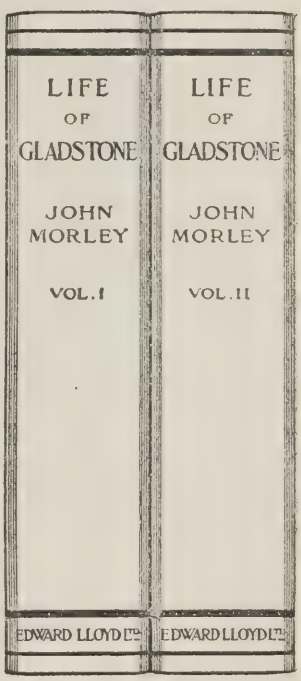

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Protection. In his opening chapters he examines the "medley of crude impulses" which have been resuscitated by our Tariff Reformers, the hatred of foreigners, the dread of imports, the sentiment of Imperial self-sufficiency, the notions of making work, and of forcing foreigners to pay our taxes, and so forth. All these passionate fallacies he shows operative in the fiscal history of other countries, in Germany, in France, in the United States, and always to the injury of trade. England and Holland managed to escape because they had the lesson of true self-interest driven home most forcibly by the necessities of their situation. The experience of Holland has been especially exposed to misrepresentation, and Mr. Robertson deals in a separate chapter with the curious ignorance displayed by Professor Ashley and Mr Balfour in their treatment of the experience of this and other countries.

He then proceeds in detail to examine the Protectionist claim that modern Protection promotes prosperity. Taking for his special field of inquiry Germany and the United States, the two countries upon which our Protectionists most rely, he shows that the typical evils of poverty, trade depressions and unemployment are more prevalent in Germany than here, and that, if the general condition of the people is better in America, a doubtful supposition, it is attributable to the operation of forces which, so far from being assisted, are antagonised by the protective tariff. He also points out the fatuity of dwelling upon the progress of Germany and America, while ignoring the larger body of experience furnished by France, Italy, Greece, Russia, Austria, Norway, Sweden Switzerland, Portugal, and Spain, "which have either not steadily increased their exports of manufactures at all, or have increased them much more slowly than Britain has done."

The last portion of his book is occupied with a most effective exposure of particular Protectionist arguments relating to the balance of trade, retaliation, dumping, unemployment, Imperial Preference, and the argument from revenue. The jumble of wild contradictions and illogic compressed in the reasoning of Messrs. Chamberlain, Balfour and Bonar Law in dealing with these issues is ruthlessly dissected. Taken as a whole, it is the most complete revelation of the base ethics, politics and economics of Tariff Reform that has appeared, and should be carefully studied by all who are actively engaged in the defence of our free import policy.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The series of papers that constitute the late Grant Allen's "Evolution in Italian Art" (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. net), originally appeared in two popular magazines. It was the author's intention to publish them in volume form, and he had revised and completed them with this end in view, when his death occurred. This is explained by a publisher's note in the volume before us, which also informs us that the chapters have been brought up to date by Mr. J. W. Cruikshank, the author of the introduction. The period treated by Mr. Grant Allen is that very active one between the end of the thirteenth and that of the sixteenth century—a period which embraced the beginning and the finish of the Renaissance, and remains unparalleled in regard to the rapid development of the art of painting. Mr. Allen makes his object quite clear at the start. He is an "evolutionist," not an art critic; and on the thesis that "phenomena well known in the organic world have their counterpart and parallel in the super-organic"—art belonging to the latter—he proceeds to discover and classify these phenomena. His method consists of taking a number of artistic themes common during the period, themes such as the "Marriage of the Virgin," the "Madonna and Child," the "Pietà," and so forth, and tracing their development in art, from the earliest manifestations to the latest, more or less in accordance with Darwin's principle of "Descent with modification." In only one case, that of the "Presentation," does he depart from this procedure, and then, in the manner of a biologist seeking an ancient form, he merely works backwards from maturity to origin. Certain reflections suggest themselves to the reviewer. To begin with, Mr. Grant Allen hypothecates that there are two distinct ways of regarding Nature and the works of man, including pictures; one man has an eye for the likeness between things, and another's is for the difference between them. Correctly enough, Mr. Allen observes that the former eye generally belongs to the scientist, and the latter to the artist or art critic; and it is clear that, for the purposes of this book at any rate, he places himself in the scientist category. But the book itself, with all its professions of scientific method and disclaimers of aesthetic judgment, leaves one very doubtful on this point. Mr. Grant Allen's literary activity was ubiquitous, and he assumed the rôle of the philosopher and the scientist, of the novelist and creator, and of the critic, with almost the same degree of success. What then was the proportion of his scientific perceptions to his aesthetic ones? We venture to think that they were more or less equally balanced. His nature was too sensuous to allow of his being wholly a scientist; and he had too much interest in scientific subjects to develop his artistic sympathies to their full extent. In this book with the "evolutionist" purpose a good deal of purely artistic sympathy displays itself against, as it were, the will and intention of the writer. Thus, though he is emphatic on the point that he is concerned "with paintings, not painters," "with subject, not treatment," with Byzantine, Giottesque, Venetian, and other "types" of painting, not with individual pictures, there are occasions when he is drawn into non-scientific eulogy of painters and treatment and pictures, when he gets far nearer to the artistic point of view than abstract scientific theories and cold-blooded deductions would appear to countenance. The book is none the worse for this; it is, on the contrary, better. For much of his advocacy of art study on "evolutionist" lines is calculated to inspire the student who follows Italian art along any other lines that commend themselves to his genius or temperament. Praise should be extended to the excellent illustrations in this volume.

* * *

No one who consults "Murray's Illustrated Bible Dictionary" (John Murray, 21s. net), will be likely to dispute the statement in the preface that the dictionary is frankly "conservative," though it can hardly be expected that all will agree that it is conservative "in the right sense of this much misunderstood term." Indeed, the most marked characteristic of the volume is a disposition to hold positions that have been abandoned even by those who are chary of accepting all the results of critical scholarship. Thus the article on "Jonah" tells us that, "His (Jonah's) experiences in the fish—the actuality of which, therefore, should not be denied—are intended to foreshadow symbolically the death and resurrection of Jesus." This is an extreme instance, but several other articles show a similar disposition to be satisfied with the traditional views. The important article "Jesus Christ" contains no discussion of the Virgin Birth beyond a meagre couple of sentences, and the reader who wishes to learn the views of modern scholars is referred only to Zöckler and Ramsay. This omission is the more serious as there is no article "Virgin" or "Virgin Birth." Again, the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles is accepted with the remark that "recent light on N. T. Greek from contemporary literature and archæology lessens materially the difficulty still felt by many under this head (that of language) as to authorship." Some illustrations might have been given instead of the inept quotation from Dr. Nägeli that follows. The Epistle to the Hebrews is dismissed in a page, and the writer adopts Origen's guarded view, "who the author is, God only knows!" The writer of the article, "Acts of the Apostles," describes Schmiedel's discussion of the question in "Encyclopædia Biblica," as "very fanciful," but he only glances at Blass's singularly interesting theory of the Western text of the Acts, and makes no effort to answer Schmiedel's criticisms. The way in which the evidence for the authorship of the Apocalypse is marshalled leans towards St. John. "The tone of the book is just what we should have expected from St. John as he is depicted in the Gospels, and the only serious difficulty in ascribing it to him is that of language." From all this it is evident that the editor of this dictionary had determined that the critical dogs should not have the best of it, and we cannot help feeling that a wider toleration, or even a fuller and more candid presentation of unorthodox theories and results, would have greatly improved the book.

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* * *

Mr. A. C. Benson's readers will find nothing to surprise them in his latest volume, "At Large" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net). The greater part of its contents appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," and the whole book is in the same vein of placid moralising upon trite themes to which Mr. Benson has accustomed us. Perhaps the present volume is a trifle more didactic, and also a trifle more wearisome, than its predecessors, and there are several pages which, if infused with more energy, would sound well if delivered from the pulpit. But a good sermon is very different from a good essay, and Mr. Benson's blend of essay and sermon seems to us to suffer from the disadvantages of both styles. Mr. Benson's many readers are, however, decidedly of the contrary opinion, and, as we said before, they will find in this volume that their author does not disappoint them.

* * *

A selection of ballads from Bishop Percy's "Reliques" has been published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus under the title "Legendary Ballads." Mr. Frank Sidgwick, who edits the volume, has a thorough knowledge of English ballad literature, and the specimens he gives are the best that could have been chosen. We regret, however, that Mr. Sidgwick's introduction is so short. It contains little beyond a few notes on some of the ballads and a sneer at Percy, who, despite his vandalism, deserves credit for publishing the "Reliques" in an age that despised such "Gothic" productions. The color illustrations by Mr. Byam Shaw are spirited and in keeping with the ballads.

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A new edition of the late R. A. M. Stevenson's monograph on Peter Paul Rubens in the Miniature Portfolio Series (Seeley & Co., 2s. net), recalls a more than usually accomplished critic as well as a great Flemish painter. "The Art of Velasquez," the principal work of this critic, proclaimed him as a writer of strong artistic convictions, with a bias towards the French impressionists and their forerunners, the Romantic painters, and a corresponding distrust of Raphael and many another æsthetic moralist of his time; and his judgment of Rubens is colored by the same sentiments. The introductory sentence, "Those persons who are disquieted about the bearing of art upon morals turn round Rubens like a sanitary inspector sniffing about the apertures of a suspicious system of drainage," prepares one for an essay, brightly written from the painter's standpoint, brimming over with ideas, and influenced only by sympathetic spirits such as Eugène Delacroix and Fromentin.

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Business on the Stock Exchange remains very restricted in volume, but the tone is fairly steady. The Near Eastern question now fails to rouse more than an occasional tremor, but it seems doubtful whether the Kaiser's latest performance will have a good effect. It has already revived controversies and recriminations that had better have been left to sleep. A feature of the week has been a fairly sharp fall in the prices of Argentine railways, owing to the unfavorable view taken of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific accounts. It is quite possible that a different complexion may be put upon them by the Chairman at the meeting, as he is almost certain to speak hopefully of the results likely to accrue from the recent huge expenditure of capital. The future of the line practically hangs upon those results. Money is a little more usable, but the discount rate for best three months' bills remains at 2 per cent.

Russian Finance.

The definitive Budget of the Russian Empire for 1908 as submitted to and accepted by the Third Duma is now to hand, while a telegraphic summary has also been received of the main proposals embodied in the Budget for 1909. A consideration of these two documents enables a judgment to be formed as to the present condition of Russian finance, and, to state the truth, the result is not reassuring. Russian Budgets, as is well known, are divided into two sections, one comprising Ordinary, and the other Extraordinary revenue and expenditure. The Ordinary Budget deals with all the customary items of income and expenditure, while the Extraordinary Budget is in the nature of a capital account dealing with railways, war, famine, and other expenditure outside ordinary requirements, and on the income side the items mainly consist of borrowed money.

For the year 1908, the Ordinary Budget shows an excess of income over expenditure of £7,469,441, while in the Extraordinary Budget the expenditure exceeds the revenue by £18,147,647, which it is proposed to provide by means of "loans to be contracted." "For this purpose," it is added, "by the Imperial Ukase of June 19th, 1908, a third 5 per cent. loan of 1908 has been issued, to the nominal amount of £20,000,000." This loan is, apparently, not in the hands of the public, but will form part of the £50,000,000 that is shortly to be raised in order to enable the Minister of Finance to maintain the funds in the Treasury for at any rate a part of 1909. The statement made in introducing the Budget for 1909 indicates a still further discrepancy between total expenditure and total revenue. The Ordinary expenditure is estimated at £16,000,000 more than that for 1908, while the increase in revenue is expected to be no more than £9,000,000, so that the surplus shown on that side of the Budget for 1908 is practically wiped out. The estimates, again, do not provide for all the requirements of the Duma, and new taxes are suggested in order to meet the new expenditure, but the Minister judiciously remarks that "the equilibrium thus obtained would be easily disturbed if the expected revenue failed to come in in full." As to the Extraordinary expenditure he does not even mention what it may amount to, but contents himself with the statement that recourse must be had to a loan in order to cover it. He deprecates the issue of a loan every year, but it seems extremely doubtful whether, even if Russia succeeds in raising the £40,000,000 or £50,000,000 at which the amount of the coming loan is alternatively put, she will succeed in getting along even for twelve months without further borrowing.

Portuguese Difficulties.

The financial difficulties of Portugal are apparently rapidly coming to a head, and drastic measures will have to be taken if a catastrophe is to be averted. The leading Lisbon financial journal states that foreign bills for £1,400,000, representing part of the floating debt, fall due early next month, and as the Government is at the end of its resources, it will be unable to meet them. Its credits in London, Paris, and Berlin are also said to be quite exhausted. The floating debt is of unmanageable proportions, and is constantly being added to, owing to the recurring deficits in the annual accounts. It looks as if yet another arrangement of the Portuguese debt were within measureable distance, and though the existing Three's are secured on the Customs receipts it is not surprising that they have dropped to 60 from 65½ at the beginning of the year.

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WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt

1650

To every particular Member of Parliament,

The humble Addreſs of the Sope-makers of London *that lately preſented their Petition to this Honourable Houſe,*

SHEWETH,

THe Complaint of the Sope-makers in briefis, That by reaſon of an Exciſe laid upon their Materials, and after they have made them into Sope, They are forced to pay 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel Exciſe; by meanes of which, thoſe that make it in holes and corners, ſteal the Exciſe of the ſaid 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel, and ſo are able to underſell them that pay it; by meanes whereof their Trade is loſt and deſtroyed. For remedy of which, they humbly deſire the Parliament will be pleaſed to lay 12*d. per l.* Exciſe upon all the imported Materials that Sope is made of, and totally take off the foreſaid 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel; which they humbly conceive will bring in annually, an equal revenue to what hath riſen of late years, both out of the Exciſe of Sope, and the 6*d.* in every 20*s.* that the Materials have paid, whereby all that make Sope ſhall equally bear the burthen of the Exciſe; and in caſe the Parliament ſhall Judge the ſaid 12*d. per pound* Exciſe upon the materials, not to be enough, they leave it to their Judgements and deſcretions to lay ſo much more above the ſaid 12*d.* in every 20*s.* upon the Materials onely, as they Judge annually will fully make up the ſame.

And they moſt humbly deſire that the Parliament would ſpeedily put this their Juſt Sute to an abſolute and final iſſue, and call upon Colonel *George Thompſon* to make his Report in the premiſes.

Roger Pears

John Hayes	*John Hardwick*
John Lilburne	*Lawrence Whitwel*
Tho. Howlet	*Symon Weedon*
Thomas Woodſtocke	*Robert Barfoote*
John Hutcheſt	*Caleb Phinnies*
Robert Drinkwater	*John Murdock*
Edm. Halley	*Rickard Cox*
William Rudd	*Edward Leader*
Edw. Whitwell	*Tho. Bromley*
Ja. Baker	*William Heſter*
John Wolcot	*Tho. Poultney*

1650.

Sorſon Dee

That Given in the Colliſeum days of Charles the Second Glare was Marvelo Soap

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The wretched Morocco squabble has produced another "crisis," arising from a trivial, foolish incident, not worth a day's anxiety, still less the nervous tremors as to war which have run through Europe. It will be remembered that the German Consular officials at Casablanca were assisting the escape of deserters, German and other, from the Foreign Legion, when French officers interfered, recovered the deserters, and assaulted the officials. On October 15, at Germany's suggestion, it was agreed to submit to the Hague Tribunal the complicated question of international law as to the rights set up by the French military occupation. On October 18, Prince Bülow proposed that this should be preceded by an exchange of expressions of regret—she to express regret for her Vice-consul assisting non-German subjects, France for the insult to Germany's Consular authorities. The French point of view is that the whole incident should be submitted to the Hague, and the French Press suggests that Prince Bülow is trying to get compensation at the expense of France for the "Daily Telegraph" episode. In Berlin it is pointed out that the German demand was put forward long before the interview appeared on October 28, and that it has not been added to since the storm arising from the Kaiser's communication and Prince Bülow's treatment of it. It would surely be open to the Germans to retort, with equal malice, and probably with as little truth, that M. Clemenceau was trying to maintain his tottering Ministry by an appeal to French Jingoism.

Clearly, therefore, before the suggestions of the French Press are accepted in this country, where, unhappily, everything that imputes Machiavellianism on Germany's part is greedily swallowed, we must determine whether the German statement is true or false. When that is done—and at present we see no answer to the *communiqué* in the "Cologne Gazette"—it is possible to judge the character of Germany's demand upon its merits. Germany's position is that two different questions are involved in the Casablanca incident—a question of international law relating to the extra-territorial rights of German Consuls over Germans serving in the French expeditionary force, and a question of national honor arising out of the violence done to German Consular officials. It is a pity that the whole dispute cannot be referred to the Hague Tribunal, which might properly decide whether the disputants should offer each other a mutual expression of regret.

* * *

However, Germany's position, whether right or wrong, seems regular enough. She is willing to submit the question of law to the Hague Tribunal, which is the authority to determine it, but she does not desire to submit the question of "national honor." From every arbitration treaty questions of national honor are excepted, and it is understood that they lie outside the sphere of arbitration. Germany wishes to settle *her* question of honor directly. She wants France to express her regret formally for the conduct of her officers, while she admits the error on the part of her own Vice-Consul in taking non-German deserters under his wing. The French Government will not apologise, but is willing to compromise by means of an exchange of regrets. Doubtless Germany will accept that, and an incident which, but for the excitement of the French Press, and the malicious gullibility of a portion of our newspapers, would never have looked serious, will be reduced to its proper infinitesimal proportions.

* * *

The Kaiser's approach to this country has been received with singular tactlessness, the Conservative Press generally hinting at a Machiavellian motive for an act which has involved the Emperor in serious difficulties with his own countrymen, while the "Standard" suggests, through a correspondent honored with the largest type, that the German General Staff supplied a plan of campaign to the Boers as a supplement to that which the Kaiser suggested for our own troops! This graceless comment is clearly rebutted by the anger of the Anglophobes in the German Press. That party joins with the Constitutionalists, who censure the Kaiser for acting on his own initiative in foreign policy. The joint attack has been so serious that Prince Bülow has been obliged to come to the Emperor's rescue, and declare that the communication, originally written by "a number of English gentlemen," was referred to the Foreign Office for criticism, and was sent out by them under the impression that publicity had already been authorised. This is not impossible, for the procedure of the German Foreign Office for some time has been notoriously lax. Prince Bülow also

offered to retire from the Chancellorship, but the Kaiser refuses to accept his resignation. Indeed, he cannot well be replaced, for his only possible rival, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, is not a Prussian, and is hardly eligible.

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. Taft was elected President of the United States by a plurality of more than a million popular votes. He probably carried every doubtful State except Nebraska, and will have something like 300 electoral votes, a number only slightly less than that which Mr. Roosevelt received in 1904. So decisive a victory came as a surprise even to the Republican managers, and still more to Mr. Bryan, whose campaign, for reasons not very apparent, went to pieces in the last fortnight. It is not quite clear how far the Socialist and Independence parties cut into the Democratic vote, but it is certain that Mr. Bryan did not get the Labor support he expected. In the State elections the Democrats did better than in the Presidential fight, though Mr. Hughes was elected in New York, and the conclusion is drawn that many Conservative Democrats voted against Mr. Bryan as too Radical. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Taft's administration will lay him open to a similar suspicion, or that the Roosevelt policies will mean more in his hands than in those of their inventor.

* * *

On Monday the King addressed a Message to the Princes and Peoples of India in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the direct government of India by the British Crown. Its terse and finished phrasing suggests the pen of Lord Morley. It will, we imagine, be followed by a series of resolutions, moved in both Houses of Parliament, embodying a series of reforms in Indian government. The Message takes credit for the "toil and courage" with which the tasks of half a century have been faced, and claims religious tolerance, respect for rights and usages, equality before the law, as the chief fruits of British rule—a rule that "concerns the destinies of countless multitudes of men now and for ages to come." It says that "guilty conspiracies that have no just cause and no serious aim" will be sternly suppressed, but promises (*a*) clemency for prisoners; (*b*) a "prudent" extension of representative institutions; (*c*) a larger share in government for "important classes," whose ideas have been "fostered and encouraged" by British example.

* * *

The salient features of the municipal elections have been the losses suffered by the Labor and Socialist parties, and the small success achieved by women candidates, only two of whom, out of twelve candidates, have been elected. In Birmingham the Socialists contested seven seats and lost all of them; in Bradford they lost the three seats they vacated; in Macclesfield they lost three seats; in Stockport two; and there were further losses in Manchester and Salford. Some of these seats were won by Liberals, more by Conservatives or Independents. The Liberals also suffered many defeats, the balance of gains going to the Conservatives. In many constituencies there were Liberal and Conservative combinations against Labor men.

* * *

The time of the House of Commons has been exclusively devoted during the past week to those clauses of the Licensing Bill which deal with miscellaneous amendments of the licensing law and with clubs. In these some important alterations have either been actually made, or have been promised on the Report Stage. The clause reducing the hours of opening on Sundays from six to three is to be made more elastic by enlarging the discretion of the justices in fixing the hours, and by allowing the consumption of liquor with meals during the additional hours of closing. In London the hours of opening on Sundays are to be four. Children under fourteen are to be excluded from the bars of public houses. The proposal to empower the licensing justices to restrict the employment of barmaids has been dropped. The closing of licensed premises on Parliamentary election days is to be made compulsory.

* * *

The duty of fixing the amount of monopoly value has been taken from the justices and given to the Inland Revenue Commissioners; and a definition of the words "monopoly value" has been introduced into the Bill which will allay the uncertainty felt by the Trade as to the extent of the burden to be imposed on it at the end of the time limit. We regret that the suggestion, repeatedly made in these columns, and spoken favorably of by the Prime Minister at an earlier period of the Session, that the monopoly value charges should go into the Exchequer instead of into county or county borough funds, has not yet been carried into effect. We have ground, however, for the belief that this matter may be dealt with in an early Budget. The club clauses have, on the whole, been strengthened, though not nearly to the extent we had hoped. The supply of liquor to members for consumption off the club premises is to be entirely prohibited. New clubs are not to be "tied."

* * *

The general attitude of Mr. Balfour to those parts of the Bill which have been under discussion during the week promises the drastic amendment rather than the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. He did not vote against the Sunday Closing Clause, and expressed himself as having an open mind upon it. He favored the compulsory closing of public houses on Parliamentary election days. The concessions made by the Government with regard to monopoly value were also favorably received by Mr. Younger, who speaks with some authority on behalf of the Trade. The abandonment of the Clause with regard to barmaids was resented by some Ministerialist and Labor members, and a substantial minority voted in favor of its retention. We think, however, that Ministers have acted wisely in lightening the Bill of a proposal which has excited much controversy, and for which public opinion is scarcely ripe. Moreover, the matter belongs more to the general question of female labor than to a Licensing Bill. On the club question the Government has shown itself timid, though not, we admit, more timid than the majority behind it. The Bill, even as amended, provides no effective checks on the undue multiplication of clubs.

* * *

Dr. Maclagan has resigned the Archbishopric of York, at the age of eighty-two. Not a great scholar or preacher, the Archbishop made an excellent administrator of the Northern Province, and his fine presense, good sense, charming manners, and natural openness and sweetness of disposition endeared him both to his own clergy and to men outside his Church. Probably no Archbishop of York lived in greater harmony with his people. The Archbishop was a Moderate in Church statesmanship, and he took practically no part in the opposition to the Education Bill of 1906.

* * *

The Newfoundland elections took place on Monday, and, although full returns are not yet to hand, it looks as though Sir Robert Bond's majority of thirty seats in a house of thirty-six had been transformed into a

minority. Sir Robert Bond has been in office as leader of the Liberals since 1900, and the Opposition, under the name of the People's Party, consists of the relic of the Conservatives and dissident Liberals, led by Sir Edward Morris, who was the Liberal Minister of Justice till last year. The chief issues in Newfoundland politics are fish and corruption. With fish are bound up the United States and Labrador disputes, and Sir Robert Bond has evidently gained nothing in popularity from his reckless defiance of the Imperial Government. The corruption question of to-day dates from the contract with Mr. Reid in 1897, which handed over most of the island's resources. Sir Robert Bond came into power by denouncing that arrangement, but his modified arrangement in 1901 and other agreements do not seem to have given much more satisfaction, and it is declared that all his enterprises for the development of the island have collapsed. The dissatisfaction with his rule, or the effect of the depression in fishing, must be strong if the old trick of denouncing the Opposition for desiring confederation with Canada has not preserved his overwhelming majority.

* * *

The King and Queen of Spain have been paying a visit to Catalonia as part of M. Maura's scheme for breaking down the separatist spirit of that province. The visit does not seem to have been much of a success. A bomb explosion took place at Barcelona, the royal launch was run into, and a salute fired from a warship wounded some people standing on the royal yacht close to the King. These "accidents" are much commented on, and still more other episodes. All the municipalities when presenting addresses demanded autonomous rights in a sharp tone, and insisted that the proceedings of these ceremonies should be conducted in the Catalonian dialect. The Liberal papers declare that instead of subduing separatism the monarchy has been Catalonised, and they are even more indignant with the King for having accepted a canonry of Barcelona Cathedral, and on that occasion taken an oath to defend the Church and obey the Pope, which they hold to be inconsistent with his duty as monarch. The Catalonian visit will be discussed in the Cortes. They will have another unsavoury bone to pick in the concession of the naval contracts, which has been accompanied by exceptional "irregularities."

* * *

China is finding it hard to exercise her control over Thibet. The Dalai Lama has been in Pekin some weeks and proved somewhat intractable. On Tuesday, on the occasion of the Dowager-Empress' birthday, he was granted a pension of £1,150 a year and a dignified title, and ordered to return to Thibet to carry out the will of his suzerain. Meanwhile, in Thibet itself there has been trouble. Some time ago the Chinese Amban complained to his Government that 11,000 idle lamas were an intolerable burden on the country. The idle lamas have retaliated by attacking the Amban, who is now appealing for further military support. The Dalai Lama on his return will have a difficult task to reconcile the claims of his suzerain with the independent spirit of his people. Some rather fierce anti-Japanese riots in Hong Kong, arising out of the Chinese boycott of Japanese wares, illustrate the tense relations between these two peoples, and the determination of Chinamen everywhere to defend the interests or the prestige of China.

The next issue of The Nation *will be a Special Literary Number.*

Politics and Affairs.

THE MEANING OF THE ROYAL MESSAGE.

We shall make but one criticism of the Royal Message to the Princes and Peoples of India, and that is that it just misses, by no fault of its authors, the touch of sympathy which amounted to genius in Queen Victoria, and which directly animated the famous document of 1858. The King and Lord Morley have been compelled, by the nature of the case, to use the language of pure statesmanship, and that is something at once more precise and less appealing to an Oriental people than, let us say, the language of Napoleon's proclamations to his soldiers, or of some of the late Queen's letters on State occasions, or to the victims of private calamity. The Proclamation of 1858 was, indeed, a singularly happy document. It was fortunate in its authors, and in the sentiments of courage and magnanimity, two of the rarest qualities employed in the government of mankind, that inspired it. It would have been so easy to be timid and grudging in phrase, to issue a harsh admonition to the peoples of the new dependency, after an episode so alarming and so deeply seamed with horrors as the Indian Mutiny. It does small credit to our historical imagination that our Press and public should have greeted the far milder discontents of 1907 and 1908 almost as fiercely as their predecessors regarded the rising of fifty years ago.

There is no reflection of this spirit in the present Message. It properly takes credit for the three achievements of British rule in India during the last half-century which represent the fulfilment of the pledges of 1858—the preservation of internal peace, the protection of all forms of religious faith, and equality and uprightness in the administration of the law. And we think, also, that it promises quite clearly and definitely to fill what native India believes to be the great gap in those promises, and commits us to an advance in self-government whereby, as Queen Victoria said, Indians, "of whatever race and creed," will "be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge." On this subject the proclamation makes two important announcements. It declares that in future the abolition of race distinctions as a test of fitness for public work is to be steadily extended, and it pledges the King to a grant of representative institutions to classes who represent ideas and faculties that have been ripened and encouraged under British rule. These words seem to us to contain a promise satisfactory to those who saw in the discarded Simla scheme merely a reinforcement of the landowning element in native India. Lord Morley's policy clearly goes far beyond that now obsolete phase of the movement towards Indian reform. The educated classes—*i.e.*, the men whom we have trained in our universities and colleges—are plainly bidden to look to new opportunities of serving their country under British rule, or, as the proclamation phrases it, to "a greater share in legislation and government." This is the right note. Indian discontent is, after all, our child, bone of our

bone, flesh of our flesh. Sooner or later we must acknowledge it, and provide for it.

We need not discuss at length the precise methods that the Government will take to embody the definite and wide offer of the Royal Message. There are many fresh avenues of high public employment in special departments in which the services of natives can freely be used. There are the Executive Councils of the Viceroy and of the provincial governors. There are the Legislative Councils, on which we hope that Lord Morley will boldly establish elected majorities, and give them power to raise administrative questions, and to criticise and assent to legislation before it is passed. The Governor's veto would, of course, be reserved, as we reserve it in self-governing colonies. But a power of surveying and shaping policy and governing finance would be given to the regular representatives of native opinion. If, in addition, the Indian Government will release the municipalities from official control, will at least divide them between the elected and the nominated elements, and will revive a measure of home rule for the villages, it will have supplied a new basis and a new justification for our general control of Indian destinies. For our part, we should like to see Lord Morley give full effect to the language of the Proclamation by making India, equally with England, a centre of examination and preparation for the Indian Civil Service. This change, we hope, will come in time. But we believe we read the Proclamation aright when we see in it a design to open up a new epoch in Indian history.

Lord Morley is clearly right in coming to this decision. It is obvious from the language even of the Conservative Press that home opinion on both sides is ready for such a development, and expects it at Lord Morley's hands. The only fear we have is that the magnitude and comprehensiveness of the new Indian departure will not strike home to the imaginations of the Indian people. We are not thinking so much of the extremists in Bengal, and of the still smaller section which contemplates the unthinkable policy of severance from British rule. They may remain irreconcileable. But there is a mass of attachable native opinion which is the great prize that a bold and magnanimous progressive policy may secure. We hope that this party will be won over by just such a display of candor and generosity as Canning and Lawrence applied to the settlement after the Mutiny. There are some conditions of success. We imagine that the promise of amnesty will be fully applied to the political prisoners. It is with them, rather than with the average offender against everyday law, that the quarrel was opened which the Royal Message is designed, as far as possible, to close. And if clemency is essential, time, we believe, is equally valuable. The best observers are convinced that the Proclamation has produced a great effect in India. But the hopes it has kindled may become dim if the scheme of reforms it adumbrates is unduly delayed. And, above all, there is need for some undoing of the great administrative error from which the tide of passion and violence in native India gathered nearly all its strength. The partition of Bengal is no past question. It is keenly alive still. It might jeopardise the success of Lord Morley's policy. It certainly assumes a new aspect now that the process of government by consent has been broadly opened up by the new proclamation. No Government resting in any degree on the will of the people would have consummated so unpopular an act as the partition. Every form of proper and constitutional protest—petitions, meetings, representation by all kinds of speech and writing open to the people—was adopted without avail. So long as we proposed to keep along the line of pure repression, this evidence could be resisted. But now that the turn has been taken, we are convinced that Lord Morley will find the practical undoing of the partition the key to the success of his historic departure.

HARD TIMES AND SOCIALISM.

THERE is little of interest, in municipal election results, in the variation of balance between so-called "Liberals" and "Conservatives." The national differences between the historic parties are with difficulty translated into municipal affairs. The electorate is small, influenced by the women's vote, and, far more than in Parliamentary contests, deflected by the personal capabilities and popularities of the individual candidates. On these accounts Liberal or Conservative successes offer but slight indication of the general drift of parties upon the larger arena. One class, however, stands apart; and its progress or decline in the civic struggle is probably a real indication of a progress or decline in general public approbation. This is the Socialist class, the men who deliberately declare war on all other parties, who design to find in municipal Socialism a very definite policy towards a transformed society, who work as a collective body inspired by a definite ideal. That class has this week sustained a series of smashing reverses. In a time of unusually bad trade, with unemployment widespread and severe, and after an unexampled fervour of Socialist propagandism, it has been swept out of the great cities. Bradford—the "Mecca of Socialism"—has rejected all the Socialists; the West Riding—Leeds, Sheffield, Halifax—has followed its example; Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, will have nothing to say to them. Those who expected that "bad times" would mean a conspicuous leap forward in the Socialist advance find their prophecies disproved.

There are many causes for this defeat. A growing, and ominous, tendency of the two political parties to combine against Labor or Socialist candidates is one of them. But perhaps the most operative is just that which gave the new gospellers their chief hope of victory. Paradoxical as it may appear, the assertion is probably true that "bad times"—especially in connection with unemployment—are enemies rather than friends of the Socialist advance. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Socialism gains its firmest grip first upon the poorest, that its chief allies are hunger and cold. With us the poorest are often impervious to a direct political or social appeal; they are sunk below the level of consciousness which can respond to any hope of change. The skilled artizans of Colne Valley and Jarrow vote Socialist

when trade is good and all the factories are working overtime. The slums of Southwark or Ancoats fail to respond to the vision of a new good time coming when all shall be free and equal and happy. What they are looking for is a relief of the immediate necessities of the moment, for food and drink for the day. Given these, they are content until the next scarcity arrives. More especially is this true of unemployment. When the artisan or laborer is in work, he will find leisure to interest himself in various social gospels, study the exhortation of the street corners, inquire the meaning of capital value and the exploitation of the working man. When he is out of work, he is naturally filled with but one impulse, which passes quickly from a terror into an obsession—an impulse to obtain work again. That impulse operates even amongst the men who remain in the factory. They see their companions turned away, tramping the streets in search of a job, undergoing all the privations which they themselves have experienced in similar vicissitudes in the past. They know that they have no security but one week's notice: that any Saturday the announcement will be made to them that their services will no longer be required. Under such circumstances the whole social problem narrows itself down to the one question of employment; or, rather, the question of employment enlarges itself to fill the whole horizon. Yesterday or to-morrow men may cherish the dream of a transformed society; to-day the quesion is merely the continuance of employment when others are falling around them. That is why Socialism has grown in times of prosperity and withered in times of decline. It is the Tariff Reformer, and not the Socialist, who stands to gain in days of trade depression. In those days "work for all" is a more persuasive appeal than "Justice to the worker" or "State ownership of all the means of production." Man, fallen to bedrock and fighting for his life, has little inclination to turn to visions of justice triumphant and comfort universal.

Socialism, indeed, at best—founded on Poverty and Social Discontent, and finding there its argument for change—does not flourish in the heart of that poverty and hungry wretchedness. The Socialist uses the sweated women and starving children as material to inflame us to pity and anger. But he rarely obtains adherents from the husbands of the women or the fathers of the children thus broken at the basis of society. The unemployed leaders are a different class and type from the unemployed whom they shepherd and control. The Socialist to-day, though he draws his recruits from the working man, is, in reality, rather remote from him. Mr. Crooks has been called the "superman" of East London—East London, that is to say, in the person of a member who is a representative as well as a delegate. But Mr. Grayson is far more typical of the actual Socialist "comrades": the men of the artisan and the lower middle classes who read the "Clarion" and wear red ties, and are filled with compassion concerning the poor, and cherish roseate visions of immediate social change. It is partly revolt against this type, as much as rejection of its policy, which is responsible for the Socialist municipal *débâcle*. No Socialist Councillor, declares an advanced newspaper proudly, has ever been convicted of municipal corruption. It is surprised that a party so pure should be rejected by the electorate. It has not yet learned that purity of purpose and incorruptibility of standard are not yet regarded by the average citizen as being the most essential qualifications for municipal honors. It is doubtful if, indeed, the average citizen, here and in America, is not prepared—except in sudden hurricanes of revolt against too flagrant corruption—to accept a not too ostentatious standard of civic purity, if the men who are running the machine are men of substance, energy, and position. Miss Addams, from Hull House, has described the failure of the reform party to carry an election even against the most offensive "boodlers." That party discovered that large numbers of decent and high-minded persons were convinced that not the reformers, but the solid, vigorous, wealthy Councillors, were the kind of persons who had built up the wealth and to whom should be entrusted the government of Chicago. The "comrades" propagate the cause with a splendid devotion, arguing at street corners, descending like locusts at by-elections, organising themselves cheerily as "Clarionettes" with particular buttons and badges and neckties. Men listen to their eloquence; but the citizen with a stake in the community shrinks from entrusting to them control of the ratepayers' money, and the rank and file of the working people turn away from a type so remote from their own boisterous, happy-go-lucky, acquiescent existence. An appeal for "Labor representation" can fill the working man with enthusiasm—the enthusiasm of Mr. Crooks's first sensational victory at Woolwich. An appeal for "Socialism" attracts him when his own position is secure: when that is precarious he is fearful, unless his trouble is prolonged until it threatens a revolution.

This bad trade is probably the first cause of the swing towards Protection, which has exercised its effect on the Liberal as well as the Socialist Party. Beyond these the revolt of the middle class against a Socialistic control of the rates, general indignation against the wilder utterances of Mr. Grayson and his comrades, combined with a certain fear of them, and the solid anti-Socialist vote of the women, have undoubtedly contributed. Another hostile factor is Mr. Blatchford's linking of an anti-religious crusade with an economic change. Popular Socialism received a great impetus from the editor of the "Clarion," but he also raised a barrier to its progress. Everywhere to-day, in statements which can never be overtaken and denied, the Socialist is represented as the enemy of religion and of the accepted moral standards. The considerable company of those who believe in religion, and the much more extensive company who pay respect to it, or who see no substitute for it, are thus converted into its implacable foes. But the danger to-day is not some wild advance into incalculable schemes of Socialism; certainly it is not the too rapid growth of idealism in politics—that, alas, is always slow; it is the far more cunning and skilful manipulation of the men who are engineering the campaign of Protection. "Work for

the unemployed" is the demand of the Socialist. But a solution of the problem of the unemployed would appear to be more especially vital to the future of Free Trade.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The greatest athletic contest in the annals of electioneering has resulted in the election of Mr. Taft to the Presidency. Mr. Bryan has not improved the position he attained in the presidential voting of 1896 and 1900, and Mr. Taft's "plurality" is almost as large as that of Mr. Roosevelt over Judge Parker in 1904. Though some of the middle Western States have perceptibly weakened their Republican attachment, as, for instance, Ohio and Indiana, which have elected Democratic State governors, the only gains which Mr. Bryan has been able to add to swell the allegiance of his "Solid South" are Nevada, Montana, Colorado, and his native State Nebraska. The keystone States, New York, Indiana, and Ohio, all of which it was virtually essential Mr. Bryan should win to secure a reasonable chance of his return, have gone for Mr. Taft, and the nation stands firm to the cause of the Republican Party.

This result, foretold with confidence by most watchful observers of the currents of public opinion in the United States, must serve to correct some of the impressions of the American situation and the American character prevalent among foreigners. Mr. Bryan appeared to possess many of the qualities of an acceptable candidate. Shallow and uncritical as he was, he had personal magnetism and the gift of emotional oratory, and his platform appearances in the stupendous campaign which has just ended were admittedly more successful than those of Mr. Taft. Again, it was anticipated that the calamitous condition of trade during the last twelve months, directly attributed and not without some reason to the turbulent activities of the Republican administration under the stimulus of Mr. Roosevelt, would have told heavily against the Government. The Republican machine, at any rate, it was confidently held, would be crippled for effective electioneering by the withdrawal of the heavy financial support of the rich corporations, which it had hitherto received. Finally, a great parade was made of the entrance of the Federation of Labor, with its two million members, into party politics upon the Democratic side.

It is now evident that all these considerations had very little weight with the body of the American electorate, East or West, or else that any influence they exercised was counteracted by other more potent and less evident forces. There can be no question but that widespread and violent discontent exists among large sections of the people, particularly among the lower grade wage-earners of the industrial centres, who, even before the pinch of poverty in this disastrous year, had felt the crushing force of the Tariff and the Trusts. But why should this discontent find vent in the election of Mr. Bryan and the substitution of the Democratic political machine for the Republican? The Democrats do not even pretend to be Free Traders, or to seek more than to abate the burden of the Tariff, and, though they breathe fury against the Trusts, they have tabled no practical proposals of grappling with them more plausible than those set in operation by Mr. Roosevelt and his law officers. The discontented and the revolutionary elements have come to recognise that neither of the two historic parties has the will or the power to rectify by the federal instrument the heavy inequalities and economic abuses from which they suffer. It looks as if the more detailed record of the voting would give solid testimony to this feeling, either in a large abstention or in a considerable accession of votes to the Socialist and independent candidates.

If due allowance is made for this factor, the preference of what is known in America as "the better element" and of the solid phalanx of political indifferents for Mr. Taft is intelligible. The sober business American, whose secret influence upon the lower grades of citizens is very great, has returned the strong, safe man. He has felt that what was needed most just now was a restoration of confidence, and that Mr. Taft was more likely to bring about the restoration than Mr. Bryan. It is true that Mr. Taft is committed to a continuance of the drastic cleaning process which Mr. Roosevelt has applied with so much vigor to the business institutions of his country. But Mr. Taft's record has been bright rather than meteoric, he is less impulsive and more taciturn (to put it mildly) than his godfather, and his policy is likely to be slower and more conciliatory. Now this is what the ordinary "good American," who is neither a friend of trusts nor a Radical reformer, wants. A gradual restoration of profitable business, no sudden violent laying of hands upon the levers of public or private finance, a firm and moderately active foreign policy, and more discreet relations with the Federal Legislature—these are the principal requirements of the American whose influence has elected Mr. Taft. It will be a presidency more likely to mark time than to make history. But it may be none the worse for that, for there has been discernible a certain breathlessness in the efforts even of the more energetic sections of the American people to keep pace with the rushes of their President.

There are two reflections which we would make upon the character and the result of this election. The first has reference to the extraordinary and, to our interpretation of American institutions, the gravely improper part played by Mr. Roosevelt in using the influence of the White House, first, to procure the nomination of the Republican candidate, and, secondly, to push his candidature by assuming the part of chief organiser of a party campaign. To our mind, this is nothing other than an abuse of a high position of trust which the American Constitution, as interpreted by the uniform conduct of previous occupants of the Presidential chair, designed to be removed from and above the schemes and struggles of party. We are well aware that party as a political instrument stands on a different footing in the United States from here, and at least one important officer whose impartiality might have been expected to remain intact—to wit, the Speaker in the

House of Representatives—has come to be little better than a party tool. If it were merely a question of personal dignity, we might agree with Mr. Roosevelt's friends that he has so much dignity he need not stand upon it to preserve it. But for a President, who had already stretched every precedent in encroachment upon those legislative functions which it was the most express design of "the founders" to remove from the executive officials, to end his term of office as a passionate partisan, might seem a licence likely to provoke resentment among constitutionalists in America.

Finally, some speculation upon the probable future of the Democratic Party is inevitable. It has long been recognised that the earlier lines of principles and policy which demarcated it from the Republican are almost obliterated. States rights no longer furnish a cleavage. No solution of the graver social problems of America is even conceivable upon State as distinguished from federal lines. There is no strong genuine difference between the attitude of the two parties on Protection, Imperialism, or Foreign Policy, the three largest issues clearly within the federal power. Upon control of transport and the curbing of industrial and financial illegalities the promises of the one party do not in principle transcend the performances of the other. The Republican Party upon the whole has displayed more consistency and more stability of purpose. The Democrats have now tried Mr. Bryan as financial revolutionist, Judge Parker as a Conservative, and Mr. Bryan again as a Liberal, and they have been thoroughly beaten upon each platform. It is difficult to believe that any party, in a live electorate like that of the United States, can survive so hopeless a record. Unless a thoroughly radical reconstruction can take place, it is hardly possible that the Democratic Party can avoid displacement before 1912 by some new, more virile, alignment of the reforming forces of the people.

IDEALISM AND LIFE.

The career of Dr. Edward Caird, whose death we regret to record this week, is one among a hundred illustrations of the influence of personality in guiding his movements of national thought. Dr. Caird was a considerable thinker, but he was first and foremost a great teacher. The best of him was not in his books, or rather it was difficult to appreciate his books, to get through the perfect phraseology to the real experience which it expressed and the human meaning which it was meant to convey, without some personal contact with the writer. This personal contact, however, was enjoyed for a long period of years by the alert and eager Scottish students at Glasgow, and among them by many who have risen to distinction, and even eminence, in the world of thought. Through his pupils Dr. Caird has exercised on the life and thought of our time an influence far more real and extensive than that of many a man who fills twenty times the space in the public mind.

This influence was, as we say, largely due to the personality of the man, the simple heart and the broad, deep mind. Most English philosophical movements are similarly traceable to groups gathering round an individual. Whether we think of the early Radicals grouped around the quaint, ungainly, narrow, but gloriously child-like and honest figure of Bentham, or the first pulse of German mysticism in this country beating high among those who gathered to hear Coleridge "discoursing through his nose of summ-ject and omm-ject," whether we think of the liberalised Benthamism of the younger Mill, or of Dr. Caird's own brother in arms, T. H. Green—in all cases and in both currents of thought we find a personality and a group of disciples at the centre of the movement. The master appeals to the wider public mainly through those in direct personal contact with him.

Philosophic idealism, in particular, owed most of its strength to the personal teaching of two men. Differing in numberless details, and in some fundamental points of method, Edward Caird and T. H. Green were at one in the belief that a solution for the ground problems of modern life, problems of religion, of conduct, and of government, was to be found by following up and developing the method of the German metaphysicians. It was the line to which Coleridge had pointed long before, the line followed, so far as stubborn native irrationalism allowed, by Carlyle. It was taken up anew with far more perfect equipment of scholarship, and the central influence was no longer Kant or Schelling, but Hegel. There is in the movements of thought a tide like that with which we are familiar in politics and practical affairs. There are moments when a particular current has run its course and done its work, when it slackens in its influence on active minds. This is the moment for a new tide of mental energy to bring old questions into a fresh setting, and give a new impulse to thought and action. In the 'seventies the Benthamite Radicalism, even in the newer and more human shape given it by Mill, had, as it were, exhausted its mandate. The conceptions of civil and religious liberty, of political democracy, of local and national autonomy, of legal and moral equality, had become, as ideas, thoroughly familiar. In practice something had been done towards realising them, and men saw, or thought that they saw, to the bottom of them. In particular, the negative conception of the State that was associated with them was going out of date. A quite new demand for collective action was arising, and had obtained practical expression in the Education Act of 1870. A closer and more organic relation between the individual and society was demanded, and men began to look for a theory of the State which should treat it as something more than a glorified policeman guaranteeing liberty merely by compelling its members to refrain from mutual aggression. Such a conception was found by Green and Caird, partly in the Hegelian doctrine of the State, partly in a modernised interpretation of Plato and Aristotle. The corporate life of the community was for them an expression of the personal life of its members. Public duties and private rights became different aspects of the same whole. Liberty became a man's right to make the best of himself, and to make the best of himself was to take a share as a responsible citizen in the life of the State to which he belonged. The idea of a social organism was worked out not on the biological

lines which the term suggests, but by tracing it to the ethical and metaphysical principles involved in the notion of personality on the one side and social obligation on the other. A new basis was found for a type of political idealism which avoided the Scylla of the old Manchester individualism without falling into the Charybdis of Marxian materialism.

People say that academic thought does not affect affairs. But here is a body of doctrine which, familiar perhaps only to a few as a system of coherent ideas, has sent waves of influence along a thousand lines and channels of force throughout the field of politics through the space of a generation. At its best, as seen in the work of Green and Caird themselves, idealism has served as a logical framework and setting for the whole progressive movement of our time, justifying and fostering the quickened sense of a common responsibility, not by lowering but rather by heightening the claims of personality, justifying industrial legislation, housing reform, municipal progress, the regulation of the drink traffic, popular education, and at the same time insisting always on the superiority of the progress that a people achieves for itself over the mechanical good government that may be imposed on it from above. Such was the work of idealism at its best. At the same time, it must be admitted that in the hands of men of lesser intellectual and moral stature the same intellectual weapons have been used with hardly less potency, but with much more mixed effects. We can, in fact, recognise in the same doctrine of the State when conceived in more one-sided fashion the basis of the creed which dominates the European reaction. It was William Clarke who first clearly brought out the close affinity between the Hegelian ideal and the Bismarckian practice, and showed how the metaphysician's conception of the State in the centre of practical life was followed in the State system of modern Germany. A similar ideal, not untinged by more materialistic influences, is to be reckoned with in our own Imperialism and the semi-Socialistic Protectionism into which it is now evolving. The old individualism had its weak side, but it lent itself readily, whether in the hands of Bentham or J. S. Mill, of Cobden or Bright, to a generous humanitarianism. The State ideal as readily lends itself to the idea of the self-contained nation, raising its own standard, or seeming to do so, by the perfection of drill and by excluding the competition of the rest of the world. Political parties are not neatly separated off by the distinction of their ideals, and the forces which go to swell the growing influences of Tariff Refform are many and diverse. But it is always well to understand the ideal as well as the practical politics of an opposed party, and to deal with it as it is at its best. He who would so understand the drift of modern Protectionist-Conservatism will do well to follow up the intellectual affiliation thus hinted at, and to realise that underneath the haze of unscientific economics, and behind the materialism of commercial and landed interests, there is also a social ideal, an imperfect ideal, as we think, but still an ideal, of the self-contained State, marshalling its own members in the way in which they should go, but drawing its skirts away from contact with the foreigner.

It is probable that, both on the political and on the distinctly philosophical side, Idealism has now done most of what there was in it to do. Indirectly, but very really, a blow was struck at its influence by the ablest of all the thinkers which it produced. The work of Mr. F. H. Bradley tended, one may say, in the author's own despite to throw doubt on the power of the idealistic method to satisfy the hopes which it had raised, and so paved the way for the rise of Pragmatism, which at present holds the field of interest with a much cheaper and easier method of obtaining intellectual satisfaction. Irrationalism in various shapes is for the moment the dominant note in every department of life, and it is at least as powerful in philosophy as in sociology and in literature. But in the house of thought irrationalism is only a tenant at will. It holds high festival and vastly entertains itself and all the lookers-on with the dexterities of the political sceptic or the platitude-paradoxes of the rollicking journalist. But as soon as men bethink themselves again that life is not a jest nor a dream, and that its problems are neither to be dismissed with an epigram nor judged by the canons of the fairy tale, it has to give place, and once again a philosophy enters into possession. It is well for the world when it is ushered in by men of the calibre of Caird or Green.

IN SIGHT OF A SETTLEMENT.

We hope we may say with some confidence that the Government, with the assent of leading members of Nonconformist bodies on the one hand, and the Church of England, represented by the Primate and the Bishops, on the other, are within sight of an agreement on the Education question. There are differences, but we hope that they will be, and we certainly think that they ought to be, accommodated. The Archbishop has made an offer, which we generally described last week as carrying with it the transfer to the public authority of the rural schools, from which the original grievance of the Nonconformists and the passionate resistance to Mr. Balfour's Act arose. In return, the Primate has asked for a general right of entry for the purposes of denominational teaching in all provided or public schools. In other words, he is willing to establish what we should describe as a Continent of State Schools, with one or two outlying islands in the shape of a few Anglican institutions, desiring to contract out of the general system, and, we suppose, the Catholic schools. The area being thus narrowed, contracting-out could probably be arranged on terms which both the High Anglicans and the Roman Catholics could accept. It is clear, however, that some questions of detail remain. On what terms is the right of entry to be conceded, and who is to give the religious instruction?

On these points it is not surprising to hear that differences have arisen, but we are glad to believe that they are not insuperable. Naturally, a Nonconformist would prefer to place the decision of the question whether any kind of denominational teaching is to be given in a public school in the hands of

the Local Authority. This course seems to be open to one grave, and indeed, fatal, objection—that it leaves the religious controversy unsettled, and, therefore, defeats the main purpose of a concordat. The great force behind the Government and the Churches is the national desire for religious peace in the schools, and this could not be assured under a system which would allow the Surrey County Council to go one way and the West Riding Council to go another. Moreover, it seems to us that the Church is entitled to some return for its surrender of the area of control where the battle has raged the fiercest. The Anglican Church is a great and a powerful institution, and by entering into negotiations with it the Government has acknowledged that it has a case, and that that case must be considered even by a Ministry basing itself largely on Nonconformist support. Moreover, by associating themselves with the Conferences the Nonconformist leaders have endorsed the Church's claim to consideration. If, therefore, the right of entry is to be admitted, it is clear, we think, that the national Government must take the responsibility of establishing it. The question remains, Who is to give the religious instruction? The Church naturally asks for the head teacher; Nonconformists might, we imagine, be induced to concede the right to volunteer to a second or assistant teacher. If the Church obtains the victory on the first of the subordinate issues we have described, she might, with the grace and wisdom which she has shown in the latter stages of this controversy, give way on the second. Her statesmen, we imagine, desire, for a variety of reasons—religious, educational, and national—to close the educational war. Now that she has gone so far, and that Nonconformists have advanced so frankly to meet her, the body of public sentiment in favor of peace will, we believe, become irresistible.

The same inducement may, we think, be held out with equal force to the great Nonconformist bodies. Does the settlement we have indicated annul any one principle of their educational policy? We think not. It disposes of tests for teachers. It establishes public control in exchange for public support. It does away with the fixing of purely denominational schools on the rates, and, therefore, with the *raison d'être* of passive resistance. Against these signal gains must be placed the concession of the right of entry, which, we suppose, will be qualified in some quarters as the admission of the priest into the nation's schools. But, after all, the priest or his representative will only go in to minister to those scholars whose parents desire the special kind of religious teaching for which he stands. Is that unfair? The Nonconformist, to his everlasting credit be it said, has stood in this controversy not for any advantage for his creed, or shade of creed, but for a national system of education. Under the scheme which the Primate and Mr. Runciman have been negotiating we arrive at that desired and desirable goal. Extremists on both sides will find fault with the way that the negotiators have chosen in order to reach it, but we believe that the mass of the British people will acclaim a settlement in the interests equally of religion and of education.

Life and Letters.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

Has there not been much needless heart-burning in the antagonism between science and religion, much futility of intellectual ingenuity in the efforts to achieve a reconciliation? There are many windows from which man can look out upon the Universe, and every outlook must be different. Science herself has gone far to cancel the old arrogant assumption that only one absolutely true conception of life and the Universe could exist, valid for all persons and all purposes. Everyone is now aware that out of the same objective phenomena each of us makes a different world for himself, to accord with his peculiar interests and needs, selecting and neglecting and imposing his patterns upon the floating mass of raw experience. Each deals with the same loose texture of things, but, taken up at a different point, the fabric falls in different folds and takes a different shape. Why should the religious man and the man of science be expected to see eye to eye? It was only when each of them claimed a supremacy, an objectivity, of vision that a quarrel seemed justifiable. It is time that we should clearly recognise that reconciliation between diverse outlooks has no real meaning. The naturalist and the sportsman in their attitude towards "country life" approach the same subject-matter, have not a little in common in their methods of approach, and yet their temper and purpose are at many points irreconcilable. To the eye of the artist and of the social reformer the disorder and decay of a huddle of medieval streets present scenes of utterly opposed significance. To say that one view is true, the other false, or that some compromise between the two is possible, is recognised at once as destitute of meaning.

It is perhaps natural, however, that science and religion, marching from such diverse poles of intellect and feeling, with historic claims of universal dominion over man, should have come into conflict, and that peace-makers on both side should arise to reconcile and show in true British fashion that both sides were right and that they really "meant the same." But many thoughtful persons are now coming to see that these ingenious reconcilements have not been intellectually convincing, and that a good deal of distortion of scientific law and theological dogmas has taken place in order to furnish buttresses for rhetorical or sentimental bridges of very dubious stability. What we mean is that the time has come when science and religion should submit rather to an abatement of claims than to a reconciliation. Is such abatement possible? Do not both parties assert their superior right to interpret life and the Universe? This is the premiss from which the most recent and the most energetic of the reconcilers from the scientific side, Sir Oliver Lodge, sets forth in his new exposition of his thesis. "Science and Faith." Methuen & Co.)

The controversy, as he represents it, still rests upon "two distinct conceptions of the Universe: the one, that of a self-contained and self-sufficient Universe, with no outlook into, or links with, anything beyond, uninfluenced by any life or mind except such as is connected with a visible and tangible material body; and the other conception, that of a Universe lying open to all manner of spiritual influences, permeated through and through with a Divine spirit, guided and watched by living minds, acting through the medium of law indeed, but with intelligence and love behind the law: a Universe by no means self-sufficient or self-contained, but with sensitive tendrils groping into another supersensuous order of existence, where reign laws hitherto unimagined by science, but laws as real and as mighty as those by which the material Universe is governed."

Now, our criticism is that the trouble has arisen from that intellectual and spiritual pride which has impelled science and religion to regard their functions as requiring them to form conceptions of the Universe, instead of attitudes towards the Universe. The attitudes are not merely consistent, but, in a sense, supple-

mentary; but the conceptions are not fully reconcileable. Science is bound to regard the Universe as self-contained and self-sufficient; her methods require that hypothesis, and even if Sir Oliver Lodge is right in thinking that the scientific view is too narrow, and requires enlargement by admitting free relations with another order of existence, science will and must continue to regard this larger Universe as self-contained and an area for the operation of "scientific law." On the other hand, attempts to force the spiritual emotions into a "distinct conception of the Universe," because their operation seems to imply certain ideas about the purposes of life, is surely an endeavour to make religion do the work which belongs not to her, nor, indeed, to science, but to philosophy. In other words, a distinct, complete, and consistent "system of thought," such as Sir Oliver imagines, cannot be obtained by expanding, piecing, and harmonising laws and doctrines of orthodox science and orthodox religion; for though each, in a sense, uses the whole of life, the use it makes is different in kind. Science uses "life," *i.e.*, experience, for discovering and formulating such regulations as serve for the practical conduct of human life, for though pretence is sometimes made of "disinterested science," it is, in fact, nothing else than a contradiction in terms, implying an unattainable sort of truth. Religion, on the other hand, uses life as food for emotional discipline and expression, for direct sympathy with the operations of a larger life, the pulsations of which it feels directly in contact with humanity, with Nature, and with all large elements of ordered life which suggest or represent a spiritual whole in its unity of working. Since no emotion is utterly divorced from the intellectual element, it would be wrong to say that the advance of science towards a formal interpretation of the Universe has no reaction upon the religious sentiment. But those most familiar with the literature of religion will be aware how little the growth of intellectual wealth has affected the more precious elements in the religious life, how entirely modern, for example, are such works as "The Confessions of St. Augustine" or Pascal's "Pensées." This should, at least, suggest to us that a greatly exaggerated importance has been given to endeavors to reconcile an intellectual interpretation for purposes of ordinary material life with an emotional intuition into spiritual life.

The correspondence of material and spiritual, attested by the close interaction between mind and matter, even the reduction of all matter to terms of something like consciousness, do not really meet the difficulty, which lies deeper than Sir Oliver Lodge seems to recognise in his effort "to evolve a system of thought." For his doctrine of Divine immanence, almost essential to a "scientific" conception of a spiritual system, seems impossible to reconcile with a view of Divine guidance such as will justify his conviction of the efficacy of prayer, a cardinal doctrine of his creed for which he labors much to find a scientific support. For any thorough-going correspondence of material and spiritual would seem to require so diffused a "guidance" that each ion or atom must be accorded its own angel, and though the more complex constitution of matter in cell, organ, organism, and super-organism, might lend itself to a hierarchy of spiritual units, it is difficult to regard this as other than a mechanical structure of the spiritual world, or as fraught with any real significance for the religious life. A not less serious difficulty is involved in the notion of a "limited" Deity, to which Sir Oliver is sometimes driven to commit himself. How is Divine immanence really consistent with a universe which "is struggling towards a perfection not yet attained," and which contains "defects for which he is in some sort responsible"? A power engaged in curing defects and struggling with refractory elements cannot be immanent in any proper sense. Nor can we believe that Sir Oliver has firmly grasped the logic of Evolution when he regards the Whole, the Universe itself, destitute as it is of all environment, as capable of Evolution.

To such quagmires are those brought who, following the specious application of natural laws in the spiritual world, seek to draw the two aspects of life into a common "system." The ultimate reason why no such reconcilement is possible lies in the fact that while Science approaches Man and the Universe by laws which in the last resort are quantitative measurements, Faith approaches them not as quantities but as values, by processes of direct experience. It is true that we may by convenient metaphor apply certain conceptions of science to the spiritual life, as, for instance, did Emerson in his laws of compensation and polarity; and other analogies of physical causation are applicable through psychology. But the science of psychology is not religion, and no extension of modes of measurement can really assist in shedding light upon the life of faith or in working it into an intellectual system.

THE SOUL OF CITIES.

A DEAL of building has been done on this island for which there is little now to show. Last week, for instance, if among the greys and browns of windy autumn, you had happened to be crossing a quiet hill in Berkshire, you would have seen a score of men digging long trenches, about four foot deep, at right angles up and down a large fallow: and here and there at the bottom of the trenches you would have found the bases of ancient walls, revealed to the light of day after fourteen centuries of dark forgetfulness. A little further on you would have come to a chaos of grassy heaps and mounds. One of the diggers might have told you, "The Duke of Wellington made them there things," and your thoughts would have gone back to Uncle Toby fortifying the bowling green in the similitude of all the Netherland towns in turn; for you would naturally have supposed that the Duke used these mounds to illustrate Peninsular victories and the lines of Torres Vedras, when distinguished visitors came to call at Stratfield Saye.

But you would have been wrong. These were no labored rampart-lines; they were but toys which the Duke forgot to put away. For, after the world's earthquake at Waterloo, the great World-victor's victor spent much of his time in making little chasms in that field to discover the remains of a vanished city. There is something pleasant and childlike in this occupation for such a man—something reminding one of Stevenson's hopes that when he had grown to man's estate he would tell the other girls and boys not to meddle with his toys—and one likes to think of the iron hero sitting among the ruins of the Roman Empire. For the hand of Rome had been laid upon that hill, and the score of men, who seemed to be running drain-pipes, were uncovering the traces of it. Nineteen summers they have sunk those trenches to the foundations of old walls. During all those years upon that Berkshire hill, without afforestation or the erosion of a sea coast, the problem of unemployment has been solved, and it is Rome that has done it.

There the city stood, humming with Welshmen, held and governed by foreigners bred on the Tiber, just as India is held by foreigners bred on the Thames, and of its long and busy life—as long as from Columbus down to ourselves—there is scarcely a recorded word. It was an old city when it went below ground, but we know more of Old Parr than of it. An ancient farmhouse now stands above its eastern gate, and as soon as the foundations of its walls are uncovered and mapped, they are covered up again, that crops may grow over them. Yet the foundations of great flints cemented together show a carefully planned municipality, with little square houses and courts and streets, and, one supposes, a market, a temple or two, and a church of later date. All round the hundred acres of the city ran a great wall, still visible in parts for five or six feet above the surface, and at one corner of the wall stood an amphitheatre, now a grassy bowl, where wild beasts, gladiators, and martyrs gave their entertainments.

A city carefully planned, as though its design sprang from a single brain: and it seems never to have

changed or spread beyond its walls throughout the living age of its oblivion. It is not so we build our cities now. Here and there, once in a century, someone, like Mrs. Barnett designing her Garden Suburb, may catch a shadow of Dido's joys in building Carthage. But such fortune is rare, and few among us get a chance of playing charming games with a box of bricks when we are grown up. For lack of this personal interest in design and construction, with what dreary monotony our modern cities grow! Stretching out over abandoned fields in long-drawn suburbs of ignoble decency, they add street to street, only to magnify their hideousness and their ground-rent. And beyond the iron railings of the suburbs we scatter at random over whole counties those well-to-do residences that flaunt a picturesqueness of crazy gables and hillsides of roof, fit habitations for angular and cranky souls. It is the same at the centre. If you asked a magician to set you down in modern Frankfort, or Vienna, or Lyons, or Marseilles, or Brussels, or Dresden, or Rome herself, it would not much matter where he translated you. Unless you inquired of the monotonous passers-by in electric trams, you would never guess through which city they were whirling. Nowhere would you find a trace of the distinct personality —the separation of character that should mark all cities as it should mark all men. Or, if there were a touch of individuality at all, it would be the smearing touch of the dead hand that Haussmann laid on Paris.

Berlin maintains a certain rigid and academic temperament, and under its lime trees, as at a meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, you may still feel that if you are good you will be happy. But what a dusty change from Constantinople, where every stone is alive with the generous and incalculable personality of the Arabian Nights! In that contrast is revealed the individual nature which every true city should possess. On entering a city you ought to know it by its very smell, and in the case of all noble cities there is a certain point at which you find, as it were, its name written on its heart. Where you touch that point you reach the character that great builders would unconsciously preserve throughout the city's growth, and, as a rule, the point is obvious enough, for history has naturally centred round it. So it may be some basking Square of the Sun, gay with beggars, or a hill of sparkling domes and sonorous bells, or a castle couchant on a rock high above the smoke, or a covered bridge, or the darkening ghosts of spires and palaces in the grey mists of a river. The moment those things are seen, there is no mistaking the city of which they are the heart. Its life is there summarised, its personality can be felt, and it speaks with its own voice as distinctly as one soul may speak to another, although in silence.

At such moments we may realise what it meant to the sailor when he rounded Sunium through the purple water and greeted the gleaming rock where Athene with her spear watched over the most beautiful work of man; or what it meant to pass daily in and out under the lions above the haunted gate of Mycenæ; or to be a citizen of that Median town which stood like a circular rainbow upon the plain, the battlements of its seven concentric walls each rising higher than the other, and showing each a more brilliant color than the last, whether of scarlet, blue, sardonyx, or gold. Certainly, the human soul lives isolated in its own citadel, separate and aloof; but we cannot suppose that the inhabitants of such cities remained uninfluenced in the temper of their own personality by the spirit of their home.

And now, while the famous cities of Europe and our own country are growing as indistinguishable as Kaffir kraals, we have Mr. John Burns meditating his Town Planning Bill, and here was Mr. Patrick Geddes the other day lecturing to the Sociological Society how the thing should be done. Being, we believe, Professor of Things in General at Dundee, which was once so emphatically called Bonnie, he has long devoted himself to showing the provosts, or baillies, or whatever they have in Dundee, how they may recover and preserve the special character of bonniness, which jute-sacking, or marmalade, or whatever they make in Dundee, appears to have lost them. And, having started Dundee upon the right way, he has come to our southern regions to bestow on us the same guidance, with a voice persuasive as Amphion's lyre that harmoniously built the walls of Thebes.

His object is what we have tried to explain—to preserve the character of every city and town as it grows; not to allow the lives of man's noblest and most distinctive creations to lie at the mercy of jerry-builders at so much a square foot, or of Borough Councillors with Haggerston's ideals, but to tend the unfolding of a city as carefully as a queen's. With charts and maps and those statistics of existence that can be made the romance of knowledge, he would have us become acquainted with all the ancient and present life of the town. So far, others have taught the same, and there are few documents of such pleasurable interest as the old maps of cities, with houses and churches as they stood, swans on the still lakes, and historic boats navigating the rivers. They rival the Hereford map of the world, with the Cross of Calvary at its centre, and the stream of Ocean rushing round its circumference full of monsters. But Professor Geddes takes us to maps of the future, and shows us with what careful foresight the municipalities must carry forward their city's life under the proposed new Act. Let us hear his purpose in his own words:—

> "For this new danger (crude plans of monotony or imitation) there is one remedy and only one—that of instituting the Civic Survey. For its immediate result is to bring out into clear and public view the individuality of its town—manifest from its position and from its past (and this in even so-called new cities), and still latent, however incrusted by neglect or overlaid by importation. That each townlet, still more each city, has its own personality, is no doubt too much forgotten, both there and at its dominant capital."

There stands the spirit of the perfect builder—the same spirit that designed the Roman city long hidden by the Berkshire ploughs. In this spirit the new Town Planning Bill may help the future Borough Councillor, like Blake and Professor Geddes, to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. Only it must, before all things, be an English Jerusalem! And then, as the lines of coming greatness are well and truly laid, the Borough Councillor who can utter his "Vixi," and, imitating the queen who killed herself for love, can exclaim, "I have established a noble city; I have seen my walls arise."

THE NAMING OF FLOWERS.

THERE can be no greater evidence of the mental vitality of our medieval forefathers, of their vivacious play of fancy, and their keen delight in natural things, than is to be found in the popular names given to common flowers in old England, and, indeed, in all European lands. A comparison of these old-world names with the names of new varieties in a seedsman's catalogue of the present day suggests that this imaginative delight in nature, this observant fancy and quick seizing of resemblances, this joy in lore and legend and sacred thoughts, has completely died out of the human mind. The old names, of course, were coined by the people, and came from a great traditional culture which they all shared in common. The new ones are the creations of individual gardeners and botanists, whose efforts at nomenclature may be described by a slight variation of a verse of the Psalms, "They called the flowers after their own names." Roughly speaking, all new flowers since the sixteenth century are the blossoming advertisements of Swedish botanists, German professors, American millionaires, and Scottish gardeners.

The old folk-names belong to a more blithe and cheery, a more simple and kindly, a more honest and modest world. Many of them come from the world of fairy tales, the world in which the village lad sets out in the March morning to find a treasure and win a princess, in which kings and cats and millers hold familiar intercourse. To take the first that comes to mind—the name "foxglove" has in it the very secret

of enchantment. It is hardly too much to say that when such a name was coined the whole people was composed of Rudyard Kiplings, who, without knowing it, were always making "Jungle-Books." "Foxglove" is a name that could not be coined at the present day. If the flower were discovered to-day in the Himalayas by a botanist named "Fox," or grown at great expense in the conservatories of a politician of the same name, it would, doubtless, be called "foxia." (This, by the way, was the case with the "fuchsia," so far back as 1542.) The French popular name for foxgloves is still more delightful. They are "les gants de Nôtre Dame," "les doigtiers de Nôtre Dame." "Snapdragon" is another example of the same quaint Gothic fancy. There is a dusky, velvety flower once frequently seen in cottage gardens, which, to the present day, the writer only knows by its old-fashioned cottage name of "blackamoor's beauty." In this name there is the soul of all the popular romance about the East, coming down from the time of the Crusades. This play of fancy is seen again in the name "southernwood." From the plant, with its delightful fragrance, home-keeping country folk must have caught a suggestion of all the aromatic woods of the South, of islands of sandal wood and clove trees.

In these old world names the flowers are all alive. They are often directly personified, as in "ragged Robin," or, again, in "ragged Jock." In Fernan Caballero's Spanish romances there is frequent mention of a flower named "Dom Pedro," which dictionaries give no help in identifying. It is an excellent name for a flower, and suggests something very pompous and sumptuous, all scarlet and yellow. The "sweet William" of English cottage gardens is a lover untimely slain, or, perhaps, the boy martyr, William of Norwich, one of the Christian children supposed to be slain by Jews, like "young Hugh of Lincoln," or Simon of Trent, who so moved the pity of our medieval forefathers. "Sweet Nancy" is a name sometimes given by old-fashioned country people to the Madonna lily. In Russia there is some sort of cornflower, mentioned by Tolstoy, called by the very sacred name of "Ivan-da-Marya," John and Mary, Mary and John.

Flowers were often humanised by being called after some article of daily use, as gloves or slippers, mirrors or girdles. Often, again, they were named from the human eyes or hair. To take some examples only of this last. "Maiden hair" is a delightful one. The Italian equivalent is "Capelvenere"—"Venus's hair." In Germany the wild briony is "Engelshaar," "angels' hair," and in France it is "cheveux de la Vierge." Among ourselves the same plant is "old man's beard," and in Flanders "barbe du bon Dieu," no doubt from the grey flowing beard in pictures of the Eternal Father.

The difference between the old and the modern names is that the old names all show love for the flower itself, and delight in it, the new ones witness to the desire to exploit it for the profit or glory of some individual. "Mignonette," for instance, is the "little darling." To-day, as likely as not, if it appeared for the first time, it would be called "Rockefellia." Time was when the people named the daisy, "the eye of day," the eye of the sun. The resemblance would not strike our own populace at the present time, either in town or country. It is questionable whether a sunflower would be named a sunflower in England in our own day. Far more probably it would be dubbed "Smithsonia," or "Simpsonia," or "Proudia," and would pass into France, Italy, and Spain under some such name of darkness instead of *tournesol*, *mirasol*, *girasol*. "Meadow-sweet," again, is a name full of delight in the flower itself, and even more charming is the French "reine des près." The same story is told by the "traveller's joy," but perhaps the best example of all is found in "speedwell." Our forefathers in Old England saw in the blue patch by the wayside not only a bit of delightful color, but a hint of Nature's kindness, Nature's greeting to the wayfarer, which one likes to think often really cheered and helped him on his way.

The belief in the sacredness of herbs and flowers is a world-old thing. The word "verbena," for instance, meant originally "a sacred bough." It is curious to find that the "vervain" was known in England as the "holy herb." There was a folk-charm or rhyme:—

> "Hail to thee, holy herb,
> Growing on the ground,
> On the Mount of Olives
> First wert thou found;
> Thou art good for many an ill,
> And healest many a wound,
> In the name of sweet Jesus,
> I lift thee from the ground."

To pious fancy, the Mount of Olives, trodden by the Blessed Feet, was carpeted with all fragrant and health-giving herbs. But they saw sacred meanings in all flowers. It is unnecessary to dwell on such well-known examples as "Star of Bethlehem" or "Marygold." But in the old name "archangel" for the yellow-flowering dead nettle is there not a suggestion of the lily held out by Gabriel to Mary, the stingless and thornless flower? A medieval writer says of Martha of Bethany that "she cured the sick with that same herb which the Scripture says she planted in the garden in order to recall to mind Blessed Jesus, when she could not see Him."

The flowers appear to suggest no sacred thoughts to anybody now. Our modern seedsman's catalogue is dreary reading, with its dahlias, zinnias, deutsias, freesias, galtonias, cattleyas, clematis jackmanni. The dahlia gets its ugly name from a Swede named Dahl. The name of this eminent Scandinavian botanist does not increase the joy of the world. Who or what the zinnia is named from Heaven knows! With its suggestion of tin it is, however, a quite good enough name for the metallic, scentless flower. "Cattleya," again, seems a suitable name for a flower so devoid of charm as the orchid is. Latin flower-names, indeed, at their best are hard and unsympathetic, while the Greek names possess an extraordinary beauty. They are beautiful in themselves, and have often most beautiful associations. Think, for instance, of such names as anemone, crocus, adonis, narcissus, hyacinth, daphne, iris, corydalis, amaryllis, asphodel! It is hard to tell how much of the charm of these flowers comes from their intrinsic beauty, and how much from the beauty of their names. There can be no greater fallacy than the statement that what we call a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. The cattleya and the clarksia can never form part of the poetry of the world, nor could they if they were fifty times as beautiful as they are. But the names that have come from the Greek mythology and the romantic popular names of Christendom do, indeed, paint the lily and add a perfume to the violet.

IN PRAISE OF CATS.

It is the final proof of the civilisation of the French that they have learned to understand the cat. In no country, since the dog-loving Greeks overthrew the maturer culture of Egypt, has she been a popular idol, or extorted the reverence of crowds. But in France, at least, there is literary testimony in her favor, and the French intellect has bestowed upon the task of comprehending her a talent and a devotion, which we have squandered on the horse and the dog. Balzac described the passion of one of Napoleon's veterans in Egypt for a leopardess, with a sureness of insight and a depth of feeling that proclaim him a devotee of the cat tribe. Gautier has been eloquent and fantastic about the cat. Loti has been tender and graceful, and his essay on the death of an aged cat has a sincerity and truth which are wanting in his sugared writing about Oriental women. A man must put self aside who loves a cat; there is in all the range of sentiment no emotion so entirely disinterested. We have before us a small volume of minor verse which carries this distinguished tradition yet a little further.* It is a eulogy, relieved by humor and marked by what is rarer still, a nice and accurate study of cats. M. Alfred Ruffin not only loves cats; he loves them for the true reasons. He loves them for their grace

* "Le Livre des Chats," Par Alfred Ruffin. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre.

and their elegance, reverences their self-sufficiency and their sublimity, accepts their egoism, and feels a becoming awe at the concentration of diabolic vigor which can reveal itself, under the stress of passion, in the limbs of a fireside Tom. He sings the mistress whom no praise can corrupt, the friend whose intimacy flatters no human vanity. He paints her amid rare vases and works of art, admiring herself more than any masterpiece. He delights to tell of her ravages among his precious china, and exclaims, as he contemplates the sublimity of her indifference, "One might as well accuse the pyramids." He tells of the mingled prudence and courage with which she meets the perils of a street, where every journey is an anabasis through barbarian lands. He dwells with a sane and restrained tenderness on the rare moments in her relations with her human servants, when her habitual tolerance warms into an almost maternal affection.

It is doubtless because we are an Imperial people that we have taken as our patron Saint George, who was in the flesh a not impeccable army contractor. For the same reason we maintain a patriotic cult of the dog. The dog is the tame native among beasts, the national scout in the politics of the animal world. He has been conquered, and he tells us for ever that he is glad to be conquered. He declares with every ripple of his tail that we are the superior race. He wears his collar like a uniform of khaki. He bands himself in traitorous packs to pursue his fellow animals for our service. He hunts his brother, the fox, as the "tame" Boers hunted De Wet. He has the air, when he begs on his haunches for a bone, of appealing to us to take up the white man's burden. All his service is a flattery, all his friendship a servility. He graduated for his post in society before ever man had tamed him. He tamed himself in the life of gregarious packs, in which the old bullied the young and the weak fawned on the strong. The cat, on the other hand, has emerged from no shameful gregarious past. He was ever an individual, and even civilisation cannot corrupt him. Even in his loves he is resolutely exogamous, and refuses to contract a permanent tie or bend himself to domesticity. Of one thing only is a fighting Tom afraid, and that is a newly-born kitten. Never, unless he is actually starving, will he stoop to feign gratitude or ape servility. It is a common superstition that the cat when he rubs upon a human leg is indulging in an act of flattery. He does indeed flatter, but he flatters only himself. The act, combined with that same arching of the back which makes him in combat terrible and great, is really a self-centred expression of satisfaction or pleasurable expectation. For once that he rubs himself upon a human leg at such times, he rubs twice upon a chair or a tree. He is not stroking the leg to flatter it: he is stroking himself by means of the leg. Equally ill-observed is the current notion that his chronic disobedience and his failure to come at call are due to some want of intelligence. It is his profound individualism, his triumphant self-sufficiency, which make him disdain to obey or to learn tricks like a dog.

To respect the cat is the beginning of the æsthetic sense. At a stage of culture when utility governs all its judgments, mankind prefers the dog. Let it advance to a level at which it can admire an object of beauty with a disinterested passion, and it will venerate this egoist among animals, who suffices for himself. Only in the mouth of the egoist is egoism in others a matter of reproach. To the cultivated mind the cat has the charm of completeness, the satisfaction which makes a sonnet more than an epic, a fugue more than a rhapsody. The ancients figured eternity as a snake biting its own tail. There will yet arise a philosopher who will conceive the Absolute as a gigantic and self-satisfied cat, purring as it clasps in a comfortable round its own perfections, and uttering as it purrs that line of Edmund Spenser's about the Cosmos—"It loved itself, because itself was fair."

There is, however, a deeper reason why the cat is, in the domestic hierarchy, a relatively unpopular animal. It is not content to stand aloof from all human activities; it views them with a disquieting disdain. It is the anchorite who makes our luxuries foolish, the anarchist who rebukes our organisations and our politics. The dog, within the limits of his understanding, must share in all we do, scratch when we dig and retrieve when we hunt. When his understanding fails him, he looks at us with a mute appeal for enlightenment, like some Galatea waiting for the breath of life. The cat in the same circumstances stares severely, winks one eye, and goes to sleep. More than the lilies of the field she rebukes us for our care for the morrow. The student Faust in the old engravings had always a human skull among the vain instruments and the barren alembics in his study. A cat blinking at midnight among your papers and your books declares with more eloquence than any skull the vanity of knowledge and uselessness of striving. Mahomet, nursing a cat one day, was minded to rise upon some great errand of revelation or conquest. But, man of action though he was, he was Oriental enough to value her passivity. He cut off the sleeve of his robe, and left her seated on it. There comes to those who love a cat a further questioning, which is the paralysis of all morality. Why, after all, should one rise at all, and what is worth the sacrifice of a sleeve? The cat enjoys the march of seasons, spins through space with the stars, and shares in her quietism the inevitable life of the universe. In all our hurrying, can we do more? She sits among creative work, the indolent spectator of our progress, blinking at our questions the malicious eyes of a sphinx. And the real secret of the Sphinx, one suspects, was that she alone knew that there was no riddle to answer.

THE DEAD MAN.

In the Spring of the year 1950, a lawyer and his friend were sitting over their wine and walnuts. The lawyer said: "In turning over my father's papers the other day, I came across this cutting from a journal. It is dated December, 1908. Rather a singular document. If you like I'll read it to you."

"Do," said the friend.

The lawyer began to read:—

'Some sensation was caused in a London Police Court yesterday by a poorly dressed, but respectable-looking man, who applied to the magistrate for advice. We give the conversation verbatim:—

"Your Worship, may I ask you a question?"

"If it is one that I can answer."

"It's just this: Am I alive?"

"Go away!"

"Your Worship, I am perfectly serious. It's a matter of vital importance to me to know; I am a chain-maker."

"Are you sane?"

"Your Worship, I am quite sane."

"Then what do you mean by coming here and asking me a question like that?"

"Your Worship, I am out of work."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Your Worship, it's like this. I've been out of work, through no fault of my own, for two months. Your Worship has heard, no doubt, that there are hundreds of thousands of us chaps."

"Well, go on!"

"Your Worship, I don't belong to a Union; as you know, there's no Union to my trade."

"Yes, yes."

"Your Worship, I came to the end of my resources three weeks ago. I've done my best to get work, but I've not been successful."

"Have you applied to the Distress Committee of your district?"

"I have, your Worship; but they are full-up."

"Have you been to the Parish Authorities?"

"Yes, your Worship; and to the parson."

"Haven't you any relations or friends to help you?"

"Half of them, your Worship, are in my condition, and I've exhausted the others."

"You've——?"

"Exhausted the others—had all they could spare."

"Have you a wife and children?"

"No, your Worship; that's against me, it makes me come in late everywhere."

"Yes, yes—well, you have the Poor Law; you have the right to——"

"Your Worship, I have been in two of those places—but last night dozens of us were turned away for want of accommodation. Your Worship, I am in need of food; have I the right to work?"

"Only under the Poor Law."

"I've told you, sir, I couldn't get in there last night. Can't I force anybody else to give me work?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Your Worship, I'm very badly in want of food; will you allow me to beg in the streets?"

"No, no; I can't. You know I can't."

"Well, your Worship, may I steal?"

"Now, now; you mustn't waste the time of the Court."

"But, your Worship, it's very serious to me; I'm literally starving, I am indeed! Will you allow me to sell my coat or trousers——" Unbuttoning his coat, the applicant revealed his bare chest. "I've nothing else to——"

"You mustn't go about in an indecent state; I can't allow you to go outside the law."

"Well, sir, will you give me permission, anyway, to sleep out at night, without being taken up for vagrancy?"

"Once for all, I have no power to allow you to do any of these things."

"What *am* I to do, sir, then? I'm telling you the truth. I want to keep within the law. Can you give me advice how to go on living without food?"

"I wish I could."

"Well, then, I ask you, sir: In the eyes of the law, am I alive at all?"

"That is a question, my man, which I cannot answer. On the face of it, you appear to be alive only if you break the law; but I trust you will not do that. I am very sorry for you; you can have a shilling from the box. Next case!"

. . . The lawyer stopped.

"Yes," said his friend, "that is very interesting; very singular indeed. Curious state of things!"

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Letters from Abroad.

THE NEW GERMAN TAXES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The utterance of the Kaiser as revealed by the "Daily Telegraph" has made a protest against the irresponsible direction of the diplomatic affairs of the Empire inevitable. In relation to the political parties at home William II. has fallen between two stools. Those who most heartily sympathise with his endeavors to improve the relations of Germany and Great Britain are the most decided opponents of personal government and the policy of unlimited armaments, and those who most frantically support the Kaiser's naval programme and boast of unswerving attachment to the Monarchy are disgusted with the civility, or, as they allege, the obsequiousness, of their lord and master towards haughty Britannia.

British readers are now informed as to the criticisms of the leading papers of the Empire on this topic. They are only a feeble echo of what is everywhere said in private about the Kaiser's latest indiscretion—a general feeling that the matter must be discussed at the earliest opportunity in the Parliament of the Empire. The Reichstag does not possess the institution of questions as it is in use in the British Parliament. But questions of importance can, by general agreement, be put as *Interpellationen* on the agenda of an early meeting, and the discussion of the Budget offers many other opportunities to broach matters of this kind. Thus we shall soon hear the controversy opened from the tribune of the Reichstag and the Ministerial Bench. But he would be a very sanguine person who would expect any change in the constitutional system of the Empire from these debates. "We have not yet arrived at this point," as Bismarck used to say.

For the moment the most urgent political question of the hour is that of Imperial Finance. Two years after the grant of 1906, which consisted of seven new taxes, to the amount of 160 millions of marks a year, the Exchequer requests an additional yearly increase of over 500 millions of marks in order to make both ends meet. The official Bill will be out in a few days, but from what has been communicated to the Press considerably less than the fifth part of that amount will be covered by direct or semi-direct taxation. An Imperial Estate Duty will bring in some 45 millions of marks—considering the remarkable increase of the wealth of the nation, a ridiculously paltry impost. And yet the agrarians have already raised their voice against it. It will, they say, "undermine family life" and damage agriculture by imposing unbearable fiscal burdens on agricultural holdings.

But this is mere bluff. Apart from the smallness of the tax, there is not the slightest doubt that the Ministerial Bill will protect agrarian interests wherever possible. The law of 1906 on succession duty has shown this favoritism to satiety. Not only do the prescriptions as to assessment favor land in every respect. Agricultural holdings, large as well as small, are assessed only according to the actual revenue they bring in, whilst all the property is assessed at its common or market value, and landholders are allowed exceptional facilities in regard to payment in instalments. Another consideration is that no duty has to be paid at all where agricultural property has changed hands by death within five years, and only half the duty is imposed where the previous change by death took place within ten years of the new decease. Similar provisions will assuredly be found in the present Bill or inserted by the Reichstag where the agrarian interest is all powerful. The outcry of the agrarians would be incomprehensible if it were not known how they detest the official inventory the estate duty would involve. It might reveal the fact that the pet children of the German legislation are, after all, not so badly off as they pretend to be.

How much the legislator protects them is also shown in the provisions of the Bill on the Imperial monopoly in the wholesale trade in spirits, which is to supplant the present spirit duties, and will yield the Exchequer yearly a hundred millions of marks more than spirits bring in to-day. In principle, this Bill is, next to the Bill on estate duties, the least objectionable of all the measures intended to constitute the great scheme of financial "reform." Even those who generally oppose monopolies cannot say much against it. For the proposed monopoly will only take the place of an existing one represented by the syndicate of the German distillers and their selling office, the Zentrale für Spiritus Verwertung (the Central Office for the sale of spirits).

This syndicate, the Spiritus-Ring, as it is called, controls 85 per cent. of the German spirit production, and owes its existence and great power to the protective character of the present spirit duties with their famous benevolences.

At present the Empire raises three duties on spirits. The one is the *Brennsteuer* (distilling duty), and is raised progressively, according to the quantity of spirit produced by the distiller. The second is the *Maischraumsteur* (duty on the mash-tun), and is raised according to the size of the distilling tun (or vat), wherein the mash ferments, at the rate for each new charge (filling) of 1 mark 31 pf. the hectolitre. The third is the *Verbrauchsabgabe* (consumption duty). This tax is raised from that portion of the spirit produced that leaves the factory in a state in which it can be manufactured into liquors to be consumed within the

Empire itself. The rate is 50 marks the hectolitre for a certain quantity ("contingency"), covering only about nine-tenths of this portion of the spirit, and of 70 marks the hectolitre for the rest of it—the "super-contingent." The amount of this "contingency" was revised from time to time, according to the fluctuations in the consumption, and the share of each distiller in it settled in conjunction with the authorities.

By this system, and a proportionately high import duty, the wholesale price of the spirit meant for consumption was always kept at 70 marks per hectolitre, above the actual producing costs, and the producers—*i.e.*, the distiller-agriculturists—could pocket the margin of 20 marks for the "contingent" taxed only 50 marks the hectolitre. As the "contingent" was always over two million hectolitres, this extra profit amounted in the whole to over 40 millions of marks a year!

This is the famous "benevolence" (*Liebesgabe* in German) to the distillers. The proposed Imperial monopoly would do away with it in its present form, but it would not do away with the principle of favoring the agrarian distillers. To win them over it is proposed in the Bill to pay them a compensation for the old disappearing "benevolences" of 200 millions of marks, payable in ten annual instalments. Secondly, the State —*i.e.*, the Empire—will in future buy from them the "contingent" of spirit at a price covering the producing costs, and leaving out of account the very valuable residue of the distilling process. The producing costs will be calculated on the basis of a well-conducted agricultural distillery having an output of 800 hectolitres, bigger distilleries getting less and smaller ones more per hectolitre of their output. What they produce above their share of the "contingency" will be paid less, and be used for exportation. Of the non-agricultural (refining) distilleries, some of the best ones will be bought by the State and be worked by it, whilst the rest will probably, until a later time, be allowed to continue in existence, and work for the State at conditions it may prescribe. The compensation given to the non-agricultural distilleries will not be proportioned to their profits made during a period of some years, but to the present conditions of the market, which are much less favorable than until the present year.

You see how differently the agriculturists and the mere industrial distillers are treated. There are some good reasons why the latter should not get more than is intended to give them; but that the agriculturists, already protected in so many ways, should be compensated for the loss of an absolutely unearned benefit is still less justifiable. It must not be forgotten that the agriculturists having distilleries are only a section of their class. It is not agriculture all round that is benefited by the described favors, but only certain classes of the agricultural population, and they will in the future be in the agreeable position of producers to whom the State guarantees a good profit, freeing them at the same time from any commercial risk.

Here you have some of the bad features of the proposed legislation on spirits. To the price paid to the distillers and the cost of refining, the State will add such an impost that the selling price to the dealers and the manufacturers of drinks will, on the whole, bring to the Empire a revenue of about 250 millions instead of 150 millions. It is estimated that it will have as a result a certain decrease in the consumption, and from the point of view of the fight against alcoholism, this would seem to be an advantage. But it is to be feared that the higher price will, with the mass of the poor, result only in the consumption of worse mixtures than those consumed now. Unless the price is raised to a prohibitive level which the agrarian interest will not allow, the mere increase is hardly the proper means to fight the drinking habits of the people. There is the smaller prospect of this result inasmuch as the comparatively less harmful competitors of spirits—to wit, beer and wine—will also be loaded with new taxes.

Wine will in future yield 30 millions, beer 100 millions more revenue. The tax on beer has, in the shape of an increased malt tax, already been increased in 1906, and the cost has risen also through the new duties on barley, maize, and other requirements for brewing. But thus far the retail price of beer has not visibly risen since the malt tax was graduated, and heavy competition, in consequence of a declining consumption, has compelled the brewers and the publicans to reduce other expenses in order to avoid an increase in their selling price. It is impossible to expect that the new tax will leave things in this respect as they are. In order to yield 100 millions of marks surplus it must be four times the increase of 1906, and this must, one way or the other, react on the price or the quality of the product, if not on both. Experience leads to the conclusion that the final result most probably will be heavier beer and the replacement of many of the present cheap restaurants by drinking bars. Cheap beer provided Germany with numbers of cheap and pleasant restaurants, where people could have good meals at astonishingly moderate prices, the profit on beer paying the working expenses. Our rulers will change all that. They insist that we shall become a dear country, and change our habits accordingly.

Consequently the cigar, too, must be made dearer. Having increased the tax on cigarettes and cut tobacco in 1906, the legislator is now going to tax cigars. A tax raised in the form of stamped packings and *banderols* shall yield 60 millions of marks. Counting the present taxes, tobacco will then on the whole pay about 140 to 150 millions of marks into the Imperial Exchequer. And, in order to leave no luxury untaxed, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has worked out the draft of a tax on lighting, gas, electric light, and electric power, which will make modern light and power dearer by over 5 per cent. A graduated tax on advertisements and placards, and a tax on people freed from military service in the shape of an additional duty on their estates, round off the bunch of new taxes which the Reichstag will have to vote or replace by others.

There is little need to criticise them here. They criticise themselves. If some of them leave the taxpayer less burdened than he is in Great Britain, it must not be forgotten that the German consumer pays some 300 millions of marks in taxes on the necessaries of life which are untaxed in Great Britain. True, he pays only part of this amount into the Imperial Exchequer. Four-fifths, if not five-sixths, of it go into the pocket of the landowners. We increase the cost of living all round.

There is much grumbling about it. Everyone is dissatisfied, and those interested in the articles threatened with new taxation raise their voice in more or less fiery protests. Great slackness of trade strengthens their objections, and it is not impossible that one or other of the proposed taxes may be rejected. But, on the whole, the Government will get what it demands. Protectionist, Militarism, and Marinism mean increasing Budgets, and as long as the majority of the nation indulges in these luxuries, it must foot the bill. No doubt many begin to reflect who until now were very loud in swelling the "hurrahs." But from this to a decided change of political color is still a long distance.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

The Drama.

MR. JONES PHILOSOPHISES.

IN the theatrical history of the year 1908, the great event, beyond a doubt, has been the Coming of Maugham. I say Maugham without pre-name or prefix, because it is not the individual man I have in mind (if, indeed, he exist, which seems doubtful), but rather a type and a tendency. "Somerset Maugham"—an improbable combination on the face of it—would seem to be the title of a syndicate. When three or four theatres

are occupied by works of the syndicate, and there is danger that the registered title may pall on the public, another pseudonym, such as "Roy Horniman" or "H. H. Davies," is adopted for additional productions. H. H. Davies was in bygone days the name of a playwright of some individuality; but the syndicate seems to have swallowed him up and assimilated him. The activity of Maugham Unlimited has indeed been prodigious. Barely a year has elapsed since it made its first venture with "Lady Frederick," and while that play was still running it produced six others: "Jack Straw," "Mrs. Dot," "The Explorer," "Idols," "Bellamy the Magnificent," and "Lady Epping's Lawsuit." Perhaps it may have captured other theatres under other pseudonyms—I have not of late been very assiduous in my playgoing, and may have missed one or two of the syndicate's productions. But all the plays I have mentioned show the Maugham trade-mark plainly stamped upon them. They are not all of the same merit—"Mrs. Dot" and "Idols" are distinctly below the level of the firm's general output—but they one and all bear the impress of the same factory.

And what is the trade-mark of the syndicate? It is cleverness; it is shallowness; it is perfunctoriness; it is a sort of insincere worldly wisdom, shading off into cynicism; it is the negation alike of ideas and ideals. The work turned out is far from despicable in point of ability. It is much cleverer than the average second-rate work of ten years ago—to say nothing of the 'seventies and 'eighties. It gives one no cause for despondency in regard to the actual amount of talent in the theatrical market. What is really disquieting is the thought of the conditions which compel, or at any rate tempt, such talent to produce such poor, thin, monotonously superficial plays. One of the chief characteristics they have in common is that they are all manifestly written for a star actor or actress—Sir Charles Wyndham or Mr. Hawtrey, Miss Marie Tempest or Miss Mary Moore. And it is evidently understood that the star actor or actress will shy at anything but what may be called an after-dinner play. The result is that the environment must be that of the idle rich; titles must abound (only one of the syndicate plays, if I remember rightly, fails to fulfil this condition); there must be an unlimited field for the display of frocks and frills; a little mild social satire is permissible, but morals and politics are emphatically barred; passion must be ignored, but hints at the hopeless corruption of English society are eminently in place; a cynical triviality, in short, must be the prevailing note, and all that is great, and subtle, and noble, and terrible—all the aspects of life that are in the least worth thinking or feeling about—must be resolutely dismissed from our ken. A more attenuated, anæmic form of art it would be hard to imagine.

But what has all this to do with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones? He, surely, is not a member of Maugham, Unlimited? No, he is not; but after seeing "Dolly Reforming Herself" one almost wishes that he were. For this comedy has all the characteristics of the syndicate style—with one difference. Ideas, as we have seen, have no place in the Maugham plays; but in Mr. Jones's piece there is quite distinctly an idea, a moral idea, nay, a philosophic idea. We came away from "Dolly Reforming Herself" the richer by a wide generalisation—the foredoomed futility, to wit, of all good resolutions. The idea is not precisely new. Other dramatic moralists have shown us that "Promises are like pie-crust," that "Hell is paved with good intentions," and so forth and so on. But it has been reserved for Mr. Jones to supply a philosophico-physiological basis for these shrewd maxims of disillusionment. He introduces us to a certain Professor Sturgess—one of those amazing men of science who wander through the British drama, correcting the proofs of their epoch-making works in other people's drawing-rooms—and out of the mouth of the Professor he proves that free will is a "purely subjective illusion." The Professor apparently devotes his life to this demonstration; yet, so far as we can see, he has only one point of attack on free will—he harps on the irresponsibility of sufferers from cerebral lesions. But to jump from the fact that madmen are mad to the theory that the "Dollies" of this world can by no possibility reform themselves, is to achieve a breakneck feat of logical inconsequence. The problem of free will and necessity has, in fact, nothing to do with the efficacy of good resolutions. It may be a mistake to suppose that I am free to resolve or not to resolve; but that does not prove my resolution useless. Even if it be only a link in the endless chain of causation, it is none the less efficient, and none the less psychologically valid, on that account. Some good resolutions, no doubt, are links in a chain that does not lead to amelioration; but it is nonsense to maintain that futility is the general characteristic of all resolve. This doctrine can only tend to a relaxation of moral fibre; and the play which preaches it may, in many cases, form a link in a chain leading to apathy and acquiescence in evil.

Of course I am taking Mr. Jones's humor far too seriously. His play is, in fact, as irresponsible as his heroine, and its philosophy is such manifest moonshine that it cannot possibly do a ha'porth of harm. But when an author lays stress on an idea, and it happens to be a false one, it is the business of criticism to say so. Mr. Jones's determinism certainly differentiates his play from the ordinary Maughamisms of commerce; but one could have wished for a different differentiation.

The title of the play ought by rights to have been "The Incurables"—but that, for obvious reasons, was out of the question. Had that title been possible, it would have done something to correct the moral balance of the piece. We should have thought of it as a study of particular instances, not as a would-be demonstration of a general law. There are plenty of moral incurables in the world—people who are incapable of effective resolve. That is the real trouble with Mr. Jones's characters—not that their good resolutions are powerless, but that they only pretend to form good resolutions. Their purpose of reformation is not in the least sincere; how, then, should it be efficient? Their characters are so shallow and arid that no resolution can take root in them. As a text for the vicar's next watch-night sermon I venture to recommend Mark iv., 5 and 6.

The merit of the play lies in that vivacity of scenic manipulation which is one of Mr. Jones's chief gifts. Even at its shallowest, it is light, bright, and entertaining. The dialogue, without being exactly witty, is thoroughly telling, and one of the characters—the wife of the predestinarian professor—is aptly observed, if not profoundly studied. That the play has either no plot or two plots, as you choose to look at it, is a technical defect which matters very little. More important, perhaps, is the fact that the nominal heroine has only one big scene, and is scarcely more than an onlooker during the greater part of the action. Such flaws trouble an audience but little so long as it is kept amused from moment to moment; and in that Mr. Jones succeeds. If it amuses you to see a set of idle people, living a luxurious and sensual life, without an idea, an aspiration, or an intelligent interest of any sort, you will probably enjoy "Dolly Reforming Herself." I am not myself such a puritan as to take no pleasure in it. That there is, in England, an immense amount of such high living and low thinking is only too true; and why should not the dramatist portray it? He has every right to do so, if he chooses; but he has also a right to show some consciousness of the dreary futility of the life he portrays; and this right Mr. Jones has apparently abjured. One gets a little tired of his shoulder-shrugging tolerance—the true philosophy of almost all his lighter work.

Miss Ethel Irving, after showing herself in "Lady Frederick" a mistress of finesse, proved herself, in the part of Dolly, no less a mistress of what may be called comic emotion. Her great scene was extremely able. Miss Margaret Halstan was an excellent selection for the part of Mrs. Sturgess—she played it to the life. Mr. C. M. Lowne, Mr. Robert Loraine, Mr. Charles Maude, and Mr. Lyall Swete were all as good as they had any occasion to be.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art.

THE AUTUMN SALON.

It is difficult to make any adequate summary of the pictures now on view in the Grand Palais, comprising works of such different elements as those of a comparatively little known pupil of Titian, retrospective collections of Monticelli and the engraver Bresdin, modern Finnish painters, besides the usual contributions of living French Artists, and a large and important exhibit of the applied arts.

This is an age of "discoveries," and there are many, while thanking the organisers who are responsible for bringing together the work of two such disparate temperaments as those of Theotocopuli and Monticelli, who may perhaps seek for some analogy in thus coupling their names. The ascetic Greco has no affinity with the sensuous Marseillais, unless it be that they were both little seen or understood thirty years ago. It would be idle to discern any such subtle reasoning, and it would be ungrateful not to enjoy, and foolish to quarrel with the directors of the Salon if the retrospective collection cannot pretend to throw down the glove of challenge, aiming as it does simply to make these works more widely known and appreciated. El Greco's battle has been fought and won now some years, and of late the auction rooms have shown Monticelli's brilliant coloring frequently. Most of El Greco's work in the present show belongs to his later manner; the form has become more attenuated, the tone richer, and the shadows blacker. A portrait of an ecclesiastic is especially fine in character, and the red dress remarkable in richness and depth of color.

Monticelli is eminently a painter who arrived in spite of a most unpromising *début*, and it would have been hard to foretell from his early work the great gift for color he developed later in life. His work is now so familiar that the collection of it here will not add materially to its value.

Though the work of the associates is of such a heterogeneous nature, there are several striking characteristics which pervade the rooms of this gallery. It is impossible not to note the almost entire absence of subject, nor to see the wilful avoidance of composition. The former *may* tend to a gain in artistic purpose —but it is by no means a corollary; the latter is a serious defect, and becomes most obvious when repeated in numerous canvases. Most noticeable, too, is the decorative aim of many modern artists. Now, in the hands of all but the ablest, this soon degenerates into the meaningless piling on of paint, and the inevitable loss of those finer qualities of painting which the Dutch appreciated so well. This note is so conspicuous in the work of a certain group that they have anticipated, it would seem, a near future when greatly altered social conditions might involve a complete revolution in the art of painting, entailing the death of the easel picture, and the birth of a new art designed for the decoration of public buildings, and conceived so as to tell from a distance. Whether this will take place or not cannot be discussed here, but this essentially decorative element is very much in evidence, and must not be overlooked.

Equally striking is the part chemistry plays in the work of yet another group of men. The researches of Chevreul and Rood have rendered incalculable service to modern art, and in no branch more than in that of landscape painting. Monet, Sisley, and others have shown how to put these scientific theories into practice. A later school has arisen, declaring the colorist to be made, not born, and that study alone is requisite to become a fine colorist. They insist on the more scientific aspects of their art, and not content with absorbing volumes on chromotography, must need at any cost show the public the ways by which they attain their ends. This is art behind the scenes, and chemistry plays a far larger part in their productions.

M. Maurice Denis contributes a series of decorative panels, illustrating the story of "Cupid and Psyche," in which his talent shows him to be maturing steadily. There is great beauty in some of the female figures, though the flesh tones are unpleasantly cold. Could M. Denis, like M. Piot, free his drawing from the archaistic, how his work would gain! Their imitators, having freed themselves from the bonds of former academic ideals, now find themselves only more fettered by the conventions of rock carving among savage peoples. In trying to be new, to break loose from dark brown shadows, they now see everything in acid blue and black, fondly believing themselves original, and above all "new." Still lower in the scale are the perpetrators of the strident dissonances, which raise a smile from the indulgent, and despair from the more thoughtful; these apparently naif artists are indeed omniscient, and exasperated at their own inability to be original, seek refuge in the clumsy and would-be archaic.

M. Piot is one of the few moderns who has attempted fresco, and his three compositions, "Requiescat—in pace—Miserere mihi," are full of a rich harmony and fine design. M. Valloton's "Rape of Europe" reveals a master of drawing, but is spoilt by his incorrigible inkiness of color.

The Finns display great fancy, allied to close observation, and the nude studies in sunlight are full of merit, those of MM. Thomé, Faven, and Enckell being very well conceived. They still have *naiveté*, which is so absent in the work of the less able exhibitors.

Portraiture is ill represented, but the lady in a variegated dress by M. Simon Bussy is by far the most remarkable, and is a more complete harmony than anything he has yet done. There are heads by Mr. Lavery and Kelly.

M. E. Saglio sends some charming studies of the seashore, in delicate tones of silver. It would be a pity to pass them by, as they are small but none the less personal, and among the most ably painted here. Mr. J. Morrice, too, sends some very harmonious color notes of the sea in his usual manner, and Mr. Horton's snow scenes show a truly exquisite sense of "values." M. Lempereur's views of the race course are breezy as they should be, and of the landscapes of M. Lebasque, a group of girls in the glade is the best, the chequered sunlight being especially well rendered. The work of MM. Dagnac Rivière, Truchet, and Jourdain should not be overlooked, nor the sunny panel of M. Laprade of "Florence on a May Morning." Pictures by MM. Olivier, Lambert, Milcendeau, and Bonnard will repay attention, also the water colors of Mme. P. Charpentier. This review cannot claim to do more than resume general aims, and mention of much meritorious work has been of necessity omitted. With the exception of a score of truculent canvases, there is still much of real interest and sincere endeavor and achievement in an exhibition which, for all its shortcomings, is never dull.

Letters to the Editor.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S PAPERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The announcement of the details of the will of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman intimates that all his letters and papers, private and political, have been entrusted to me. I shall be grateful if you will allow me to invite those who are able to do so to be so good as to give me the opportunity of perusing, and, if necessary, copying, any letters or other documents from the late Prime Minister which they may have in their possession. I will gladly make myself responsible for the custody of any such communications, which shall be safely returned to their owners. Any other information in the form of reminiscences which any of your readers may be able to give will also be welcome.—Yours, &c.,

John Sinclair.

2, Cambridge Square, London, W.
November 5th, 1908.

"THE RIGHT TO WORK."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with lively interest and much surprise your article in this week's issue on above subject, and, as an old subscriber trust you will give publicity to a few remarks from me on the same matter.

Where would your argument as to the "right to work" lead us?

Labor, like Capital, always finds its own level. When trade is brisk and prospects bright in our towns, when wages are good, and conditions of life favorable, labor flows in upon our manufacturing centres from all quarters. Our rural areas are depleted of population, and even young and ardent men from the Continent appear amongst us, as if by magic, to take advantage of the opportunity. Capital, too, during that time is well employed and handsomely remunerated.

Then, trade gradually becomes dull. The country laborer, having tasted what he considers to be the sweets of town life, refuses to go back, and becomes one of the unemployed, or displaces some one who is less fit, and who, in his place becomes the unemployed. The young foreigner proceeds to cut down wages to starvation rates by taking whatever wage he can get and whenever he can get it.

Now, your practical agreement with the "right to work" claim, means that the State, or municipality, would gradually require to find work for all these men to do, just as, and even as, they gradually become unemployed through dull trade, and we are to keep them in this relief employment until trade becomes better.

When this happy moment would arrive under the system I do not know, but we may, I think, fairly assume that it would be longer than if there had been no such system.

You may say that you did not mean to include the foreigner in your scheme, but it appeared to me that the processions of unemployed about three years ago consisted mostly of foreigners. If, therefore, you did not intend to include them, the unemployed class would still be with us, after your scheme was in operation, but if you intend to include every foreigner amongst us who finds himself unemployed, then, indeed, there is an unenviable and illimitable horizon opened to the British taxpayer.

Your article further conveys the idea that we could, by some unknown "inducement," arrange to "stimulate regularity" in employment and so prevent "exaggerated fluctuations."

Well, owing to free imports and exports, we have less violent fluctuations now in employment in this country than in any other manufacturing country in the world. Nothing, however, that you, or anyone else, can suggest will prevent fluctuation. The trade of the world fluctuates. The trade of the individual fluctuates. One employer may find from good management and business methods, or from good quality and quick delivery that his individual business is advancing by leaps and bounds. He enlarges his premises, increases his machinery and employs more men. He believes he is justified in doing this by his own prospects, and by the continual increase in the trade of the country for fifty years past. He knows, too, that if he does not enlarge and deliver his orders quickly some competitor will. Another employer in the same trade with less ambition, let us say, refuses, in a time of good trade and bright prospects to increase his staff, his premises, or machinery. He hopes to do a regular, steady trade without fluctuation. Like the rain from Heaven, depression in trade comes, and falls on both these employers impartially. The less ambitious man has, indeed, very often to dismiss a greater proportion of his employees than the other. Modern methods, and the bustle of competition, have left him far behind, and even his customers know it. As an old employer of labor then, I know of no "inducement" which will prevent fluctuations in employment, skilled or unskilled, and I do not believe there is any. Supply and demand have always ruled the labor market, as they have every other market, and I believe they always will.

It is quite true that you somewhat recover from all this frightful obsession, and conclude, by a natural process of evolution, that, for this work compulsorily provided under your scheme, payment in some cases "might be made by maintaining the worker and making payment to his family, in other cases by substituting payments in kind for cash."

This is, of course, somewhat better than Poor Law relief, but not much, and it will neither satisfy the "right to work" man, nor the extreme party in this House of Commons. A little further consideration, too, will convince you that this method would be unfair both to the man who is able and willing to give a good day's work for a good day's wage, and to the strong, unskilled laborer whose work you would thus be surely and gradually taking from him.

Let us come down from all these heights to ordinary common sense. Trade was even worse a few years ago than it is now. Government help and private help, given directly and indirectly, was at that time sufficient to stem the tide until trade improved. This help is being given even more liberally by the present Government in this crisis, and we undoubtedly will, with ordinary application, and with business already improving, get over the hardships of this coming winter.

Nothing, you will say in dismay, has been suggested but palliatives and expedients. Precisely. It is only possible to mitigate the evil. There is no cure for this disease yet invented.

If you were able by organisation to place 100,000 on afforestation, another 100,000 upon reclamation of waste land, and yet another 100,000 on any other relief work of supposed public utility, these men would, simply and inevitably, become a permanent portion of the vast body of workers of this country and would remain at the occupation to which they were set. There would be a few exceptions—some would get back to their original occupations—but these would only prove the rule.

The man who would be re-employed when trade improved is the man who was last dismissed, who has been waiting patiently for this improvement ever since he was dismissed, and who is in daily touch with his old employer, manager, or foreman, each and all of whom have been, for their own interests, daily trying to get him back to his work.

At the next period of trade stagnation which would arise, you would require by your "right to work" scheme to provide employment for a new batch of unemployed, and that, even when your first were still engaged at the afforestation, reclamation, &c., &c., to which you set them at the previous period.

No. There is no cure. There are only palliatives and expedients. The Prime Minister has told us of an important measure which he hopes to bring forward next year, and which he hoped would have a more permanent effect than his present suggestions, to help the working-man of this country to tide over a period of dull trade.

I sincerely hope that it will include some measure of compulsory insurance for all workers, under State control, against unemployment, invalidity, and infirmity.

Every man with £100 per annum or less should be compelled to insure against these. From £100 to £300 he should be allowed to join the scheme voluntarily and get its benefits.

Germany is ahead of us in this matter. The Chancellor of the Exchequer lately visited that country and has come back most favorably impressed with their workmen's insurance schemes. We may even get the benefit of their experience and improve upon their schemes.—Yours, &c.,

House of Commons, S.W., November 2nd, 1908. WALTER MENZIES.

MRS. FAWCETT'S LETTER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I correct a small mistake in Mrs. Fawcett's letter to you? I did not invite Mrs. Fawcett or her society or any representative of it, to sign the memorial initiated by the Women's Co-operative Guild, though I should have done so with great goodwill if it had been my place.

It was generous of the National Union to join with "democratic" suffragists, and though the suffrage societies have not abandoned their old demand, I do not see how anyone can doubt that when it came to the point they would put aside any class prepossession felt by a section of their membership, and welcome anything they could get, however big.—Yours, &c., ROSALIND NASH.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead, November 4th, 1908.

"THE SECRET OF WHISTLER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Sidney Low is wrong. It is not true that Whistler pursued Art for Art's sake. It is not true that "it is not the business of the artist, any more than it is the business of the engineer or the doctor, to teach morals directly." It is not true that "Cathedrals do not get themselves built by meditation on the glory of God, nor bridges by the love of humanity"; and, above all, it is not true that "the genius of the great craftsman, whether he works with metal or clay or words, is, like all genius, mostly unconscious."

Let us, first of all, be quite clear as to what we mean by an Art-for-Art's-saker. Such an one is a perfect gentleman who plays with paint pretty much in the same fashion in which he plays with love for the fun of the thing, for the mere sake of playing with it, unimpelled thereto by any moral passion.

Says Mr. Low, "To speak of Art for Art's sake is surely no more unreasonable than to speak of engineering for engineering's sake, or architecture for architecture's sake." But, sir, we do not speak of "engineering for engineering's sake." Is there an engineer on the face of the earth who would build an engine for the sake of building it, regardless of the need which called that engine into being? Thus the *man*—it will be observed that Mr. Low begs the whole question by writing *men* instead of *man*—who "drew the rampart athwart the Nile flood" did not do so because he thought it would improve the view, but because he thought it would improve the conditions of the life of the fellaheen. The fact that it does improve the view by regularising the flow of water is an incident very desirable in itself, but by no means fundamental in its effects. Mr. Low is on safe ground when he declares that he cannot imagine that the men who "threaded the arches of Waterloo Bridge" "paused in their work to think of its inner and ultimate significance"; but surely the *man* who conceived the idea of throwing giant stones across the breast of the Thames must have paused frequently in his work to ponder over its "inner and ultimate significance." To believe otherwise were to believe that an artist is an automaton. It is quite possible that the same men who "threaded the arches of Waterloo Bridge" also wrought on that iron atrocity which connects Charing Cross railway station with the Lambeth side of the river; but it does not require an abnormally brilliant person to discover that the two bridges did not come out of the same mind; the builder of Waterloo Bridge being an artist, and the builder of Hungerford Bridge an Art-forArt's-saker. Mr. Low will doubtless imagine that by my last remark I have given myself away. He will argue, no doubt, that the designer of Hungerford Bridge was animated by a single, undefiled moral passion to get a train track laid across the Thames as securely as possible. But that is not the sole purpose of a bridge. It is essential, above everything else, that a bridge shall not outrage the common sense of decency. Any fool can get you over a river, but only an artist can get you over without hurting your feelings. Now, the Art-for-Art's-saker does not care whether he hurts your feelings or not; he is, in point of fact, simply not interested in your feelings. The artist *expresses* your feelings; and this expression of humanity's feelings is done deliberately and consciously. Humanity itself may not be aware of the feeling, but the artist is; for it is the business of the artist to be ever in front of humanity, taking his place in the noble army of prophets who are scourged by this generation to the greater glory of the next. The genius of the great craftsman may, as Mr. Low says, be "an emanation from the immanent and universal mind which it is given to him to translate into articulate forms," but it certainly is not unconscious of the thing to be translated, nor does it select the means of translation at random. That is the difference between the artist and the Art-for-Art's-saker; the former is super-conscious—the latter is sub-conscious. If I, being oppressed by the evils of unemployment or indignant because of the iniquities of landlordism, were to sally forth to Piccadilly and thrust my umbrella through the window of the first big shop I met, that would be the act of an artist. It would be my means of drawing attention to some evil; and the greater the force with which I pushed my umbrella through the window, the greater would be the artistic effect. But if I merely made a hole in the window for the sake of making a hole, I should be an Art-for-Art's-saker. The hole might be a pretty one; but if it represented nothing but the impact of an umbrella against glass, it would be of no value either to me or to the person who owned it or to the persons whose attention was attracted by it, and I should thoroughly deserve the six months' hard labor I should undoubtedly get.

At the bottom of all this miserable squabble about the purpose of Art, there is the implication that beauty is beauty and utility is utility, and never the twain shall meet. This horrible superstition is a device of the Evil One; and its baneful effects are incalculable. It has produced mobs of decorative people who know nothing about Art; and large numbers of business men who know nothing about utility. It is the sort of thing which makes a Reynolds paint a number of silly little angel heads which serve no purpose beyond enabling the uncultured to assume an air of artistic knowledge by exclaiming, "Isn't it funny?—he did them all from one head!"; whilst, on the other hand, it provokes a tea merchant to disfigure the Thames with abominably colored lights announcing the fact that he sells very good tea at a moderate price. Thus we arrive at the thought that God made the Thames and the devil made the South Eastern and Chatham Railway and the noble tea merchant. Will Mr. Low contend that Whistler's idea of beauty and purpose was as purblind as the tea merchant's idea of utility? The "Carlyle" and "Portrait of my Mother" were as Mr. Low admits, consciously painted; but so was Whistler's other work. Can anyone who knows how Whistler battled against the appalling gang who constituted the body of British Artists in the Victorian era believe that he worked unconscious of the purpose he was serving? Go to, Mr. Low, go to. Whistler was as conscious as Velasquez, and Velasquez was as conscious as God Almighty.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

13, Champion Park, Denmark Hill, S.E.,
November 2nd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. St. John G. Ervine's letter, which you have been good enough to let me see, is too long and controversial for me to answer in detail. I do not think he has apprehended the full meaning of my argument, nor does he state my position in regard to Whistler and the alleged cult of "Art for Art's sake" quite correctly. I do not suggest that art must be divorced from morality; but I urge that the artist fulfils his moral purpose best by obtaining the technical knowledge and practical skill which enable him to produce a work of art. A perfectly drawn and justly coloured representation of, let us say, an omnibus, seems to me more likely to advance the ends of morality and produce an ethical effect upon the spectator than a picture of the Virgin Mother with all the lines distorted and all the colours crude. Mr. Ervine says that the man who built the Assouan dam did it "not because he thought it would improve the view," but because he thought it would improve the conditions of the life of fellaheen. I cannot imagine that he had any such ideas. He was not concerned either with improving the view or improving the fellaheen; but with building a dam in the best possible manner permitted by the conditions of the case. That was what he *did;* and I take it that in the main it was what he *thought*. Nor have I said that Whistler was "unconscious of the purpose he was serving." His purpose was to vindicate technical skill and scientific knowledge against ignorance and amateurish sentimentality; and of that aim he never lost sight. But whether, as Mr. Ervine suggests, "Whistler was as conscious as Velasquez and Velasquez was as conscious as God Almighty," is a question a little too extensive for me to discuss.—Yours, &c.,

SIDNEY LOW.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr Sidney Low, in his article on Whistler, raises the question, so often raised, whether a man who is not an artist is capable of judging a work of art. Whistler, of course, held that he is not, and Mr. Low gives Whistler's arguments, so far as I can see, very fairly. The parallel which he draws between painting and engineering is one that Whistler would have drawn himself—perhaps he has

drawn it—and Whistler did ask, what right had Ruskin to criticise the painting of a picture when he could not paint one himself. Now, if my cook asked me what right I had to criticise one of her puddings when I could not make a pudding myself, I should answer that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; and so, I think, it is with a picture. Pictures are painted by artists not for other artists, for in that case they would be no better off than the natives of the Scilly Isles, but for the public; and what is done for the public, the public has a right to judge. It is a fact that nowadays the public is apt to judge pictures upon wrong principles; but artists also are apt to paint pictures upon wrong principles, as Whistler himself often said. In an age when art is feeble, everyone is likely to be bewildered about the principles of art, just as in an age of bad morals everyone is likely to be bewildered about the principles of morals. Whistler was led to his contention that art happens and that there are no great ages of art directly by his contention that the public has no right to judge works of art. For since, according to him, the public judgment of works of art is always worthless, it follows that neither can that judgment affect good works of art nor can good works of art affect that judgment; and so the artist is always quite independent of his conditions. We can test the argument by the conclusion, which is contrary to all the facts.

Consider, now, the parallel between art and engineering. When an engineer makes a bridge, he has a certain practical problem to solve. And the people who use that bridge are the final judges whether or no he has solved it. It is perfectly true that they cannot understand the science by means of which he attempts to solve it, but they do know whether it is a convenient bridge, and if it breaks down or has to be soon repaired or reconstructed, they know that his design is faulty. If they were told that they had no right to criticise the bridge because they were not engineers, they would have little patience with the objection. In the same way every picture has its practical problem, and that problem concerns the public. Painting is an act of expression. The painter has certain emotions to express, and also to communicate, for the communication of these emotions is the final test whether he has expressed them; and this test is applied, slowly, no doubt, and uncertainly, not to artists, but to the public. Nobody supposes that poetry is written only for poets, or music only for musicians. The life of poetry and music depends upon whether they continue to communicate emotions to the mass of men, neither poets nor musicians, who care for poetry and music. These are the people who judge and whose judgment has practical results; and so it is with painting.

Mr. Low tells how Whistler, after listening silently to a religious dispute, was asked what religion he believed in, and how he answered, "I am an amateur." This was really an ingenious way of saying that he believed in no religion. Those who are amateurs in religion will not go to church. Mr. Low comments on this, "Whistler's religion was the zealous pursuit of his art. There he was a priest." But, according to his own contention, he was the priest of a religion that ought to have no worshippers, for all amateurs must be in error about it—and what is the use of a faith which must be wrong?

We often hear it said of someone that art was a religion to him. Art, since it is something quite different from religion, cannot be a religion to anyone: but the two have this in common—that both need a public. A priest without worshippers is not performing his function; nor is an artist without a public, either of his own time or of the future. The public may not know how an artist produces his effect, but sooner or later they, and they alone, decide whether he has produced it.—Yours, &c., A. Clutton Brock.

THE TAXATION OF LAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Montague Fordham does good work in calling attention once more to the fact that the Small Holdings Act is threatened with failure because of the hostility of landed proprietors and others. "Something," he says, "must be done, and that quickly. The men are being forced back and the hope which sprang up when this Act was passed is quickly dying down." But it is when he comes to deal with remedies for this state of matters that the poverty of the situation is shown up. All he has to counsel is combination to force the landlord's hand. Fancy! Combination among these poor landless men to force the hand of the all-powerful landed interest. It is hopeless.

So long as the present situation obtains—the landlords having the land and the would-be cultivators begging leave to use it on almost any terms the landlord may in his bounty see fit to grant—so long will the Act remain to all intents and purposes a dead letter and small holdings as rare as the Dodo.

The real remedy is to make it to the landlord's interest that his land should be thrown open to the small holder, and conversely to make him suffer so long as he withholds it.

This can be done with absolute effectiveness by taxing land values. Landlords would then be as anxious to receive the small holder as they now are to keep him at arm's length, and we can well conceive the position arising where landlords were begging for tenants instead of tenants for land.

If Mr. Fordham wants to do effective work, he may continue to urge combination if he likes, but let it be combination with a view to urge the Government to implement their repeated pledges and at once to introduce their Bill for the valuation of land and its taxation on the basis of that valuation.—Yours, &c., W. R. Lester.

Clifton Lodge, Clifton, Beds,
November 1st, 1908.

BAD HARVESTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In concluding my controversy with Mr. Laycock I wish to make two statements: First, I never denied, as he implies, that "a diminished yield will not afford as much employment from its handling and development as the more abundant harvest." On the contrary, in my opening letter, I expressly admitted this diminution of em ployment. Secondly, Mr. Laycock has from first to last produced no scrap of evidence in support of his contention that, if higher prices for a scarce harvest distributes the agricultural income in a different way, this difference of distribution will reduce the aggregate demand for other goods issuing from the agricultural class.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. Hobson.

[This controversy must now close.—Ed. Nation.]

Poetry.

VOX INFIRMITATIS.

Not for our soon-forgotten day,
Not that our looks are slow and blind,
That Thou hast set the mountain way
For lame and stumbling feet to find,
In hands too small hast lain the sword—
Not for our weakness spare us, Lord.

But for our single day of might,
When, long remote, the tempests blow,
The hidden altar flames to sight,
And high the immortal beacons show.
When these great hours shall lie forgot,
Have mercy, Lord, and spare us not.

Have mercy, when the glassy tide
Stirs not the stiller haven's sleep;
Our coward prayers be then denied,
The harbour with Thy surges sweep,
And hail into the clamorous seas
The ships that shelter there at ease.

Now in mine hour of strength I cry
The unfettered soul's discerning prayer;
Though pain and fear his company,
The living burden grant me bear.
When weakness shall the words unsay,
O Thou that hearest, turn away.

O Giver of the burning dream
To things of clay that fall in dust,
Since for no merit fell the gleam,
Neither for strength we hold the trust,
Not for unworthiness deny
The armour and the battle-cry.

Lucy Lyttelton.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE current number of "The Dublin Review" contains an interesting fragment on John Keble, written in 1875, by Cardinal Newman, and now published by permission of his literary executors. Newman explains his difficulty in writing an appreciation of Keble's literary work. "The volume that has made him so specially famous is of that rare kind which scarcely comes under the idea of literature; and such, too, is its sequel, the "Lyra Innocentium." His translation of the Psalms, highly valued as it is by Hebrew scholars, belongs to a department of literary labour too closely connected with grammatical science to be easily included under the term 'literature.' His greatest literary work, his 'Lectures on Poetry,' so full of acute remark and so beautiful in language, is in Latin. Then as to his occasional compositions in prose and verse, though they are both valuable as his and worthy of him, still they neither created his high reputation nor can be taken as the measure of it. Lastly, of his edition of Hooker I will say this—that the learning and research, the pains and achievements of an editor are emphatically underground and out of sight; and if ever there was a man who, from reverence towards his author, as well as from innate modesty and a habitual disregard of self, would put his author in front and would hide behind him, it was Mr. Keble."

* * *

AN experiment in the direction of shorter and cheaper novels has been made this week by the issue of the first four books in Mr. Murray's series of "Short Novels by Great Writers." They are slender volumes such as may be comfortably read at a single sitting and the price is half-a-crown each. Previous efforts to overthrow the tyranny of the six-shilling novel with its minimum length of about fifty thousand words have not been very successful. Yet it is obvious that many plots and motives suffer from being spun out to this length, though they may demand rather fuller treatment than the ordinary short story allows for. Mr. Murray is giving his experiment a fair trial, as his opening volumes are by Miss Violet Jacobs, Miss F. F. Montrésor, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Miss Mary Cholmondeley. None of the four, perhaps, is a "great writer," but all have produced work of some distinction. On the other hand we believe that Mr. de Morgan's coming novel is to be of even greater length than its predecessors and will appear in two volumes.

* * *

MR. MURRAY has in preparation a biography of Nelson's famous lieutenant, Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, and the book will be published early next year under the title "Nelson's Hardy: His Life, Letters, and Friends." The joint authors are Mr. A. M. Bradley and the Rev. R. G. Bartlot, and besides the details given in "The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar" there will be a fresh introduction and two new chapters dealing with matter that has only recently come to light. This includes several hitherto unknown letters of Hardy and the whole of the correspondence in which Midshipman R. F. Roberts gives his Dorset friends a minute account of the battle of Trafalgar and the events that followed it.

* * *

A FURIOUS controversy has been provoked in France by the latest book of the Abbé Houtin, "Un prêtre marié," although it is not yet published. The priest in question is the late Charles Perraud, who was himself a popular preacher of renown, and was the brother of Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun. Since the death of Charles Perraud in 1892, various edifying but mendacious accounts of his life have been published, and it is with the object of correcting these and telling the whole truth that M. Houtin is publishing his little book. The Abbé Hyacinthe Loyson, who was Charles Perraud's most intimate friend, has placed at M. Houtin's disposal the whole of his correspondence which clearly establishes that Charles Perraud, whose fine character and saintly life cannot be disputed and have been testified to by the most orthodox, was for many years secretly married. Cardinal Perraud was aware of the fact, and it was only for the sake of his brother and at his entreaties that Charles Perraud consented to keep his irregular marriage a secret. The publication of M. Houtin's book has been delayed by the action of the Bishop of Nevers, who, as literary executor of Cardinal Perraud, has begun legal proceedings to prohibit the sale of the book. M. Houtin now announces that the book may be obtained from his private address, 18, rue Cuvier, Paris.

* * *

NEXT week Mr. Lane will publish Mr. F. H. Cheetham's "Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire." The work is an account of Napoleon III.'s career and adventures up to the time of his election to the Presidency of the Republic in 1848. Mr. Cheetham takes the view that responsibility for the events that followed the *coup d'état* belongs quite as much to the French nation as to Louis Napoleon. It is right that every man should be, at least in some degree, a hero to his biographer, but we think that Mr. Cheetham will find considerable difficulty in maintaining his thesis.

* * *

A NOVEL called "The Family," to be published shortly by Messrs. Harpers, is the result of an eccentric experiment in fiction. The book originally appeared as a serial in "Harper's Bazaar," and each instalment was written by a different writer, whose identity was not divulged. There were altogether twelve authors who contributed to the novel, and as among them were Mr. Henry James, Mr. W. D. Howells, Miss Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mr. Henry Van Dyke, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the book should have plenty of variety. The plot hinges on the engagement of the daughter of the house to a fickle youth who is in love with her aunt, and the whole family manages to become entangled in the complication.

* * *

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON have in the press Dr. Hay Fleming's Princeton Lectures on "The Reformation in Scotland: Its Causes, Characteristics, and Consequences." Dr. Fleming traces the Scottish Reformation from its early beginnings down through the Lollards to the period of Patrick Hamilton. Among the secondary causes of the Reformation he gives special attention to the corruption of morals, the incompetence and ignorance prevalent among the clergy, and the ineffectual remedial legislation of the Provincial Councils. He also discusses the destruction of altars, images, and works of art by the Reformers, as well as the freeing of legitimate traders from clerical opposition, the removal of ecclesiastical bars to marriage, the revived interest taken in education, and the introduction of laymen into the government of the Church. Dr. Hay Fleming has already given proofs of his capacity as a historian of sixteenth century Scotland, and his coming work is sure to be of great interest and value.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Evolution of Modern Germany." By W. Harbutt Dawson. (Fisher Unwin, 21s. net.)

"Morals in Evolution: A Study in Comparative Ethics." By L. T. Hobhouse. Second Edition. Revised. (Chapman & Hall, 2 vols., 21s. net.)

"The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich." By Ferris Greenslet. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

"A History of the English Agricultural Labourer." By W. Hasbach. (P. S. King & Son, 7s. 6d. net.)

"New Light on Ancient Egypt." By G. Maspero. (Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)

"Memories of Half a Century." By R. C. Lehmann, M.P. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Some Eminent Victorians." By J. Comyns Carr. (Duckworth, 12s 6d. net.)

"The Eye-Witness." By H. Belloc. (Nash, 5s. net.)

"The Human Woman." By Lady Grove. (Smith, Elder, 5s. net).

"Cornish Characters and Strange Events." By S. Baring-Gould. (Lane, 21s.)

"Nadir Shah." By Sir Mortimer Durand. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Revolt of the 'Potemkin'." By Constantine Feldmann. (Heinemann, 6s. net.)

"An Immortal Soul." By W. H. Mallock. (Bell, 6s.)

"Le Cénacle de la Muse Française 1823-1827." Documents inédits. Par Léon Séché. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 7fr. 50.)

"Dogmengeschichte des Protestantismus," Von Otto Ritschl. (Leipzig: Hinrichs Bd. I, M.91. 50.)

Reviews.

THE STORY OF THE BRONTËS.*

Mr. Clement Shorter admits in his preface, with good taste and sound sense, that Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is a literary masterpiece which he cannot hope to supersede. His object has been to correct errors which were, perhaps, unavoidable at the time she wrote, and to bring together all the information about the Brontë family which his untiring industry has accumulated. If the result seems disproportionate it is impossible to complain of an author who frankly admits that he has sacrificed symmetry to completion. Concerning the Brontë family the literary world has always been inquisitive. Even if Anne be put aside, two such sisters as Emily and Charlotte upset all theories and confound all speculations. They had no advantages of any kind, and they wrote as if they had been born with pens in their hands. Shakespeare himself is not more unaccountable than these daughters of an Irish clergyman settled in Yorkshire, who wrote because they could not help it, and died mere girls. There are few more baffling riddles in the history of the human mind. It is, of course, no part of Mr. Shorter's task to explain this phenomenon. He is a collector rather than an analyst. Boswell himself was not more indefatigable in pursuing every track, and examining every corner. Charlotte Brontë's husband, Mr. Nicholls, who shunned publicity as much as Charlotte herself, yielded to Mr. Shorter's importunity, and told him everything he asked. The two big volumes which Mr. Shorter has produced defy anything like descriptive criticism. They are meant for people of all tastes to examine and choose for themselves. Mr. Shorter's faith in his heroine is justified. For every fresh scrap of knowledge must increase the admiration not only of her genius, but also of her splendid courage, unswerving rectitude, and heroic abnegation of self. The simple facts are more eloquent than anything Mrs. Gaskell said, and they may well be left to speak for themselves. The happiness of Charlotte's brief life with her husband, which would scarcely be inferred from Mrs. Gaskell's book, is here plainly shown.

Nothing has escaped Mr. Shorter's minute and patient scrutiny. Even the love-letters of Charlotte's mother are faithfully reproduced. Mrs. Gaskell contents herself with quoting Charlotte's account of the emotion with which she received them from her father, and yet its few touches are more affecting than the letters themselves. Here is the passage, which will bear quotation:—

> "A few days since a little incident happened which curiously touched me. Papa put into my hands a little packet of letters and papers, telling me that they were mama's and that I might read them. I did read them, in a frame of mind I cannot describe. The letters were yellow with time, all having been written before I was born. It was strange now to peruse, for the first time, the records of a mind whence my own sprang; and most strange, and at once sad and sweet, to find that mind of a truly fine, pure, and elevated order. They were written to papa before they were married. There is a rectitude, a refinement, a constancy, a modesty, a sense, a gentleness about them indescribable. I wish that she had lived, and that I had known her!"

On the other hand, there are episodes in Charlotte Brontë's life which are best treated by entire accuracy of detail. The readers of speculative biographies, for instance, have been led to suppose that Miss Brontë was willing to correspond with M. Héger of Brussels, the original of Paul Emmanuel in "Villette," without Madame Héger's knowledge. Mr. Shorter has proved that that is exactly what she refused to do. Her conduct throughout was perfectly dignified and refined. M. Héger's fascination for her was purely intellectual, and there can be little doubt that his powers were magnified in the glass of her own imagination. To keep people she knew out of her novels was impossible for her, and she had the art of combining an accuracy which would now be called photographic, with an imaginative vividness which made her simplest touches memorable for their literary art. Mr. Shorter enables everyone to judge how much her characters owe to their creator, and how much to themselves. As a general rule, it is very rash to assume that personages in fiction are other than fictitious. It is the peculiarity of Charlotte Brontë that her neighbours and acquaintances recognised themselves, or, at least, each other, where the general public saw only artistic types. Her love of truth was curiously interwoven with her instinct for literary fitness, just as her modesty never softened her judgment of what appeared to her wrong. If Mrs. Gaskell conveyed in any way an erroneous impression of her heroine, it was in suggesting, perhaps unconsciously, that Charlotte Brontë never enjoyed life. With all her sorrows and cares, she was capable of appreciating the opportunities she had, and of admiring excellence even in matters which were not within the ordinary range of her experience or interest. Mrs. Gaskell did not bring out the humorous side of Miss Brontë's mind, which may be seen in "Shirley," and without which it is impossible to understand her point of view. It was a grim humor that she put into the book, such as she had encountered in the Yorkshire dales. But it was genuine, and those who knew it best admired it most. Her own personality so completely animates her stories that Mr. Shorter contributes to the literary criticism of her works by the details and circumstances of her life which he has accumulated. If we are inclined to be impatient with the number of other people whose characters are analysed and portrayed in these volumes, we must remember that they are essential to the purpose of exhibiting Charlotte Brontë herself, and that any other method would merely have imitated Mrs. Gaskell in a line where she is truly inimitable.

A single example will illustrate the situation, and the difficulty of dealing with it. Ellen Nussey was to Charlotte Brontë what Horatio was to Hamlet. Miss Nussey's sound, strong, healthy, cheerful, practical nature had the same attraction for the sensitive, imaginative genius of Miss Brontë that the student of Wittenberg had for the Prince of Denmark. Miss Nussey's letters from Miss Brontë are not all very interesting in themselves. But they show, as nothing else could, the impression which the author of "Jane Eyre" made upon a good, sincere woman with a wholesome mind, and no genius at all. It is from Hamlet's language, not from Horatio's, that we understand the relations between them, and the character of Horatio is only valuable in the play for the light which it throws upon the character of Hamlet. Although she shrank in nervous terror from general society, Miss Brontë was almost effusive, and quite expansive, with her real friends. She did not idealise them, as was her way with Thackeray, and other celebrities of less note. She had, in truth, a great need of friendship, not because she was unable to rely upon herself, but because her sympathy with others craved for a return. If she had the irritability of genius, she blamed herself more than anyone else, and the smallest incidents in the lives of her friends were as full of concern for her as if they had been episodes in her own. Most of those with whom her lot was cast were too like herself in susceptibility to emotion. Miss Nussey represented the plain sense of ordinary existence, and Miss Brontë's correspondence with her was a useful corrective of the high tension at which her nerves were kept. The parallel of Hamlet still holds. Charlotte Brontë lived so much in the world of imagination and reverie that she needed the companionship of homely folk, who could admire her work without ceasing to regard her as a human being with the strongest possible claims upon the affection and support of strong minds and warm hearts. Even Mr. Nicholls was too nervous and excitable to be altogether good for her. She came to understand him, and he her. But it took time; whereas with Miss Nussey, the possession of the qualities she herself lacked made their friendship stable and useful from the first. Miss Brontë stood in no need of fellowship with kindred spirits. She was not likely to find anyone with more imagination than her own sister, Emily. She liked corresponding about books with Mr. Williams, reader to the firm of Messrs. Smith & Elder. But then, Mr. Williams was a man of business, perfectly straightforward, respectable, and commonplace. With George Henry Lewes, on the contrary, she soon quarrelled, and even so cordial an admirer as Thackeray could not help offending her. In the society of such a friend as Miss Nussey she found rest.

* "The Brontës' Life and Letters. Being an Attempt to Present a Full and Final Record of the Lives of the Three Sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë from the Biographies of Mrs. Gaskell and Others, and from Numerous Hitherto Unpublished Manuscripts and Letters." By Clement Shorter. Hodder & Stoughton 2 vols. 24s. net.

When she wrote to Mrs. Gaskell, she would grow eloquent and excited over such topics as Thackeray's misplaced lenity to Fielding. When she wrote to Miss Nussey, it was about the ordinary affairs of life, which, for her, were sad enough, requiring just the kind of personal, simple, and genuine sympathy and advice which her friend could give her. Of Charlotte Brontë as a novelist, enough, and more than enough, has been written and said. The student of character, of nature, and of life, will find in these volumes an almost inexhaustible store of materials for a romance stranger than any that Miss Brontë wrote herself.

It is far from Mr. Shorter's object to explain Miss Brontë away. If he is not content simply to let her speak for herself, his comments and explanations are really little more than notes required by difficulties in the text. Where they go beyond that modest function, they may be neglected without injury to the result. No one can accuse Mr. Shorter of forgetting, even for a moment, his main purpose and project. He may sometimes seem to be afraid that the reader will be unable to make the most obvious reflection for himself. But the space occupied by Mr. Shorter's own reflections is comparatively so small that it would be churlish to grudge him the opportunity of making them. The lesson of Charlotte Brontë's life is not merely an intellectual one. It is a story of triumph over obstacles which no mere genius could have surmounted. Miss Brontë's moral strength and courage are quite as wonderful as her eloquence, her fancy, or her constructive power.

JOSEPHINE.*

That the surroundings of early life leave a deeper imprint on a woman than on a man is an assertion that few would dispute; for details are more to her than to him, and her nature is generally more receptive. Perhaps the assertion, as stated above, is a trifle too sweeping. But would anyone be found to deny that a girl of an easy, pliable disposition is, to a large extent, moulded for life by the environment of, say, her first twenty years? Is she likely ever to lose the stamp of the ideas and customs of that impressionable age? Are not many cases known of women, far from strong mentally, quietly, but firmly, persisting in the path that has come to be second nature to them, and practically ignoring the behests even of able and autocratic husbands? Some of the most piquant problems of conjugal life centre in this power of quiet resistance of seemingly backboneless natures. The riddle is solved in part when we remember that heredity and early surroundings are influences against which the marital *fiat* may be wholly unavailing.

How else can we explain the failure of Napoleon to mould Josephine to his will? One of the supplest of natures withstood the passionate entreaties and ceaseless endeavours of a man of genius, who, at first, madly loved her, and always regarded her with affectionate interest. A conqueror in every other sphere, he never absorbed her. The graceful Creole who captivated him in 1795 remained, in all essentials, unchanged when she underwent the ordeal of the divorce fifteen years later. Josephine never became Napoleonic; she remained the easy, impressionable, vain, but lovable, creature who reigned supreme in the *salons* of Barras and Madame Tallien.

This survival of a somewhat shadowy individuality, even by the side of one of unique forcefulness, can be explained partly by their utter unlikeness. We can imagine a woman who longed for distinction in the political sphere—say, Mme. de Staël—immersing herself in the schemes of Napoleon until she became almost part of him. But that was not the ambition of Josephine. Her desires were never his desires. She rarely took an interest in his policy, except when her woman's wit detected a flaw in it, as in the case of the Duc d'Enghien and the Spanish enterprise of 1808. For the most part her interests began where his ended. For campaigns, military or diplomatic, she cared naught. And what to him were the little arts and graces by which she retained an undisputed sovereignty in the Court? For natures moving along in different planes there could be no union. They lived apart, even in the few happy months at Milan or Montebello, after he had won his first laurels and began to give laws to Italy and Europe. Her empire was the *salon*: his was the world.

In this sketch of the life of Josephine by Mr. Sergeant, we are reminded again of the incongruity of the two natures, alike in their bent and in their training. While that of Bonaparte was almost Spartan, that of Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie had been Sybaritic. The contrast between the stern, warlike life of Corsica and the languor of Martinique furnishes a clue to their characters. The Taschers were well connected, and had the usual number of servile attendants. Josephine (the name was Bonaparte's pet name for her) had a very scant education and large possibilities in other directions. Stories of her precocity in affairs of the heart should, of course, be received with the suspicion which Mr. Sergeant very properly shows. But it is significant, as revealing the state of morals on the island, that her engagement to Alexandre de Beauharnais was decided mainly by the mistress of the Marquis de Beauharnais, she having succeeded in ousting the *marquise* from the home of that nobleman. When we remember the laxity of morals under the ancient *régime*—especially in the tropical colonies of France—and the confusion in domestic circles brought about by the Revolution, we find some cause for condoning the frailties of Josephine. There is no doubt that she was more coerced than coaxed into matrimony with the eager young Corsican in 1796. Her first husband having been disposed of by the guillotine, she felt little inclination to wed a second time, especially with a suitor who had naught to offer her but vague and terrifying ambitions.

We find it difficult, however, to pardon her indifference to the passion of the young hero. While he poured out his soul in passionate love letters, she—showed them to friends, once remarking, on an outburst of jealousy, which included a reference to the dagger of Othello, "*Il est drôle, Bonaparte!*" Saint Amand's suggestion, that her indifference was assumed in order to keep alive her husband's devotion, is rather strained; for the time came when she saw that her indifference was resented; but it remained her usual mood. The difficulties with the Bonaparte family began at Montebello, near Milan, after the end of the campaign of 1797. While enjoying the almost regal splendour of her life, she saw difficulties ahead in the shape of envious sisters-in-law. Mr. Sergeant quotes from the Memoirs of Arnault some vivid touches describing the behaviour of the wayward and lovely Pauline.. Nothing less than Bonaparte's frown could restrain her from publicly making mouths at Josephine. There, too, at Montebello was an old flame, Hippolyte Charles, the stories about whom were already compromising enough to ensure his expulsion from the army by the jealous commander. As we know, Charles was the evil genius of Josephine during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt; and here the author might have cited the "Lettres de Mme. Reinhard" as strengthening the case against Josephine. His frequent quotations from Bourrienne and the Duchesse d'Abrantes are apt to awaken suspicion among those who know the untrustworthiness of those writers.

Mr Sergeant, in his laudable endeavour to be concise, sometimes omits details that are needful, as when he dismisses in six lines (Vol. II., page 399) the "religious" marriage with Josephine on December 1st, 1804. The details of that ceremony, especially the absence of the *curé* of the parish, show that Napoleon even then wished to leave open a loophole of escape. The politics of the years 1808-9 should also have been sketched, so as to show the import of the events which conduced to Josephine's downfall. Mr. Sergeant seldom opens up vistas into the subtle problems of character that are involved. His narrative contains no facts that are not to be found in M. Masson's full, though rather wearisome, volumes. But he writes easily and fairly, having none of the misogynist bias that so often appears in the Frenchman. The present volumes contain enough detail to outline clearly a life full of incident, and by no means wanting in pathos. Whether Napoleon continued really to love Josephine, as Mr. Sergeant thinks, is open to question; for, apart from the divorce, which was a political necessity, his conduct had often been such as implied growing indifference. Mr. Sergeant's closing remarks on Josephine are, surely, somewhat hard, in view of her

* "The Empress Josephine: Napoleon's Enchantress." By Philip W. Sergeant. 2 Vols. Hutchinson & Co. 24s. net.

languorous, semi-tropical nature, her miserable upbringing, the many provocations inflicted by the Bonapartes, and the not infrequent infidelities of the Emperor himself.

A MUSICAL GOSSIP.*

Mr. Joseph Bennett, for five and thirty years the chief musical critic of the "Daily Telegraph," and in his time representative of some half-dozen or more other journals, clearly learnt something himself while he was laying down the law for the benefit of other people. His book is to the reader of to-day as remarkable for the omissions from it as for its contents. There is a copious and presumably reliable index. Yet it has no reference to Debussy, the most discussed of modern French composers, who had made something of a reputation for himself even in this land long before 1905. Tschaikowsky, who was fêted in London in the year that preceded his untimely death, and was a "guest of the evening" at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of which Mr. Bennett, during long years, was the "official analyst" as it were, whose "Pathetic" symphony Mr. Bennett, if memory serves, was the first to dissect for an impatient public (as he has good cause to remember), whose music became a vogue unequalled by that of any other composer since that which Wagner created now upwards of a quarter of a century ago—this Tschaikowsky is not even referred to. Nor is Richard Strauss, nor is Hugo Wolf, nor is Johannes Brahms, if we except a brief but pointed reference in a letter to the author of the book from the famous pianist, Moritz Rosenthal, which reference, by the by, is incorrectly indexed.

Now, it is inconceivable that in the long space of time covered by Mr. Bennett's book, more than half of the average life of man, nothing can have occurred in connection with these great men of sufficient interest to be recorded here. Were Mr. Bennett still the *laudator temporis acti*, to the detriment of all musical things present and future that once he was assumed to be, the point would be clear enough. But he is not, or at least he does not wish himself to be so regarded. In speaking of the earliest production in London of Wagner's more advanced music dramas, he reprints, from his own contemporary writings, whole passages to show whom it may concern that even then, in the early 'eighties and before, he was not antagonistic to Wagner the composer. Wagner the man Mr. Bennett places in quite another category:—

> "I never exchanged a word with Wagner, either *viva voce* or in writing," he says. "Honestly, I never wished to do so, and therefore sought no opportunity; while it is more than likely that Wagner, on his part, would have sported his oak against me had I tried to break in upon the presence."

Mr. Bennett, too, recalls a conversation he held at Bayreuth (which he calls "the Franconian city"), with the late Edward Dannreuther, in which, to quote Mr. Bennett's own words:—

> "it came to pass that Dannreuther drew himself up stiffly and said, 'The master does not receive,' to which I made reply, 'And the outsider does not visit.'"

Mr. Bennett, who, we repeat, "never exchanged a word with Wagner," disliked Wagner "for his personal qualities. . . . To me he was impossible." What these personal qualities were the author states he would not "describe if it were needful to do so." As in this matter Mr. Bennett exhibited the reticence referred to, many will regret that he did not exercise it in speaking of S. S. Wesley, to whose many endearing qualities a number of living muscians can abundantly testify. From reminiscences from which so much has been omitted, at least one more omission would have been graceful. The book would have lost nothing in general interest if Wesley's letter beginning, "Let me ask what you would be pleased to accept for writing me a review," &c. (p. 127), had also not found a place in the volume.

Among the pages which treat of music in England, with which Mr. Bennett, of course, was chiefly concerned, his professional visits to the Continent having been singularly few, those which deal with the once famous Crystal Palace concerts are of peculiar interest, and the chapter on Eisteddfodau will appeal to the Welsh, while the critical fraternity will appreciate Mr. Bennett's opinion that criticism to-day is on a different (and clearly a better) footing than in his earliest days. His devotion to Davison, a brilliant yet jaundiced, critic, is touching; but though it may be doubted if the critics of to-day have not at least as keen a sense of wit and humor as their predecessors, it is tolerably certain that not one would endure the shafts of "wit" with which Davison was wont to prick those of his colleagues whom he held in contempt. If there is no Davison to-day, it is open to question if the musical world loses thereby, since, if it has lost his strength, it has gained not a little in what may be called "manners and deportment."

Mr. Bennett speaks well and cordially of Sir Michael Costa:—

> "His work was practically over when the modern conductor, charged with the duty of evolving new ideas from old texts, made his appearance. Costa had no such mission. He read the music, and, reading nothing into it, was therewith content."

Happy Costa! Happy Mr. Bennett! However, there is no need to describe these reminiscences much further. Arthur Sullivan, who at one period was on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Bennett until the latter saw the former "wasting time which was precious not only to himself, but to the nation," by "striving for such poor honors as the Turf can bestow," or "immersed in West End life which is never healthy for an artist," is treated at some length. But, really, is it Mr. Bennett's conviction "that gifts so exalted as his (Sullivan's) were not turned to best account in the writing of comic operas, however popular and charming?" We hold to the opinion that Sullivan was far greater and more lively in his low estate as the creator of the music of the Savoy operas than as the composer of the already dead "Martyr of Antioch," or the "Light of the World."

* "Forty Years of Music, 1865-1905." By Joseph Bennett. Methuen. 16s.

A NOVEL OF ANARCHY.*

The author of "Elder Conklin" and of the best analytical criticism of Shakespeare in modern English letters appears too seldom as a writer of fiction; he has style, feeling, ideas, and he has the gift of statement, so rare with us, so common with French men of letters. And in "The Bomb" he has chosen a very difficult, yet a very interesting, subject—the anarchist outrages in Chicago. The horror of those events and of the trial which succeeded them left a deep mark on American history, and Mr. Harris, who knows America and can write of it, and who has the faculty for narrative, has special qualifications for reviving the story and for making it tell. We imagine that he has followed its actual setting of fact with tolerable closeness. The chief actors in it—Parsons, Engel, Lingg—are here; and the nominal hero of Mr. Harris's novel, Rudolph Schnaubelt, is the supposed thrower of the bomb, who was never arrested, who escaped to Germany, and who was believed to have died in his bed in Bavaria. The book, in fact, is half fiction, half history, and on this form of novel one has always to suggest the criticism that its virtue must come from within, not from without—that is to say, that the author must combine his materials in a method entirely different from that which the historian adopts.

This, indeed, Mr. Harris has endeavored to do. He has written a love story which has nothing to do with the story of the bomb-throwing. He has clearly invented the character of Rudolph Schnaubelt, the bomb-thrower and teller of the tale of the conspiracy and of his own share in it. And he has raised a moral question, the ethics of bomb-throwing and the character of the anarchist who commits this crime, with his eyes open, with his moral sensibilities in full play, and with the belief that such action is essential to the kind of industrial society which Chicago represented at the time of the labor troubles. This problem Mr. Harris suggests chiefly through his sketch of the head-centre of the conspiracy, Lingg, who committed suicide in prison.

* "The Bomb." By Frank Harris. John Long. 6s.

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This man Mr. Harris represents as manufacturing the bomb, as deliberately inciting Schnaubelt to throw it by working on his sensuous, neurotic, excitable temperament, and as contriving his escape. At the same time Lingg is made to rank himself morally with the peaceful anarchist who thinks to dissolve society as it exists without conceiving or willing any physical ills to the people who now control it, who, in Lingg's words, "desires by sheer loving-kindness" to "turn the hangman's noose into a symbol of the eternal brotherhood of men."

This is Mr. Harris's theme, and we shall venture to say that, though it is worked out with much literary skill, and though it might apply to phases and temperaments incidental to the Russian Revolution, it does not apply to the Chicago bomb-throwing. That was surely an incident of a miniature war, with blows struck ruthlessly in a brief, horrible ebullition of human passion, provoked and sustained by the lawless strain in American life. Mr. Harris makes us realise the brutality of the Chicago police, and the fierce drive and cruel physical ills attending industrialism in an American city. But he does not give us enough of Lingg's case against society to let us conceive how he came to regard the work he did as "good work." If he was as intelligent as Mr. Harris suggests, he must have known that it was not good, that nothing was changed for the better by it. We can understand, as we have said, a miscalculation of this kind on the part of a Russian Nihilist, or his modern successor, shut out from all means of intellectual or moral expression of his case against the Government, a witness of the failure and despair of the flower of his countrymen. But we cannot disentangle this element of insight from the dreadful impatience of the Chicago anarchists. The best of them, by far, seem to us to have been men like Parsons, who were almost certainly guiltless of the outrages, and destitute of knowledge of or sympathy with them. Mr. Harris is, of course, not inventing his own sentiments; he is making one anarchist describe the motives of another. But he has not quite convinced us of the "verifiableness" of the type.

Mr. Harris has a born writer's eloquence, he has knowledge of his subject, and he often expresses himself with a distinction of phrasing and a precision of thought which give real value to his work. Here, for example, is an interesting indictment, which he puts into the mouth of Lingg, of the absence of opportunity which modern life presents to the more fastidious kind of talent:—

> "The worst fault in our civilisation here," said Lingg, "is that it is not complex enough. It holds up one prize before all of us—riches. But many of us do not want wealth; we want a small competency without care or fear. We ought to be able to get that as employees in some department of State. That would remove us from the competition, and tend to increase the wages of those who live in the whirl of competition. Some of us, too, are born students, want to give ourselves to the study of this, that, or the other science; there ought to be chemical laboratories in every street; physical laboratories in every town with posts attached at small pay for those who would give their lives to the advancement of knowledge; studios, too, for artists; State-aided theatres. Life must be made richer by making it more complex. By not reserving whole fields of industry to the State, by giving everything to the individual, we are driving all men into this mad race for riches; hence suffering, misery, discontent, the ill-health of the whole organism. The brain and heart have their own rights, and should not be forced to serve the belly."

There is the same distinction of style in this passage:—

> "There are three manifestations of the divine in man," he went on, as if speaking to himself; "beauty in girls and boys, the bodily beauty and grace of youth, which we hide and prostitute, and which we should exhibit and admire in dances and public games, for beauty in itself humanises and ennobles. Then there is genius in men and women, which is for the most part wasted and spent in a sordid conflict with mediocrity, and which should be sought out and put to use as the rarest and most valuable of gifts. And then come the millions of the toil-weary and dispossessed—each of them with a spark of the divine and a right in human pity to a humane life. Oh, there needs no saviour of men from among the gods," he cried; "but a saviour of God, of the Divine, among men . . ." and again he broke off suddenly, smiling with inscrutable eyes.

The actual story of the bomb-throwing, of Lingg's pressure on Schnaubelt, of the man's physical recoil and breakdown after the deed, is told with great power, the more so that the cheap kind of "descriptive" effect is not attempted.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Edinburgh Review" for October is a particularly strong number. Free Trade forms the subject of the opening and closing articles, the latter of which is a convincing reply to Lord Milner's criticisms upon the discussion of Canadian Preference in the last number of the "Review." The opening article, entitled "The Free Trade Congress, Political Reaction and the Hop Industry," contains an examination of the methods by which a policy of tariffs was engineered in other countries. The reviewer has little difficulty in showing that tariffs ostensibly imposed to nurse infant industries have been increased rather than diminished when these industries were established. He further shows that the Protectionist reaction has been everywhere brought about by combinations of special interests and he notices that our own "so-called Tariff Reformers" are adopting a similar policy. "There are the same appeals to the interests of particular industries, the same efforts to unite them in a combination against the general body of consumers, the same profuse expenditure of money by manufacturers aiming at monopoly—in short, the beginnings of the same system of corruption of the political institutions of the country, as yet confined to the constituencies." "The New Era in Turkey" summarises the recent history of the Ottoman Empire, and gives a clear and very well-informed and instructive account of the chief forces now at work. The writer concludes that the men who have wrought the Revolution "may be trusted to face its consequences with courage and prudence." Other articles deal with "The Industrial Position of Women," "The Survey of the British Empire," "Goethe's Novels," "New England Nature Studies"—a sympathetic interpretation of Thoreau, Burroughs, and Whitman—"The Paston Letters," "Early London," "Beauty and Expression," and the Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne and Baron de Frénilly.

* * *

In the "Quarterly Review," two articles, "Our Endangered Sea Supremacy" and "The German Peril: A Rejoinder to Prince Bülow," bring forward all the average alarmist arguments for spending more money upon the Navy. The writer of the former article, in answer to the German Chancellor's attack on his first statement, admits that "Germany has every reason to equip a larger fleet than she has hitherto possessed for the defence of her growing oversea commerce," and concedes that she "probably does not desire war with us, because it would be a gamble in which all her oversea commerce and her mercantile marine would be at stake." Nevertheless, he insists on the danger created by a fleet of the size and character outlined in the latest German Navy Act, and even declares that with this force an invasion of this country would be "a venture by no means hopeless." No one disputes that there were circumstances connected with the organisation of the new German Navy calculated to make British opinion uneasy, but the "Quarterly" reviewer italicises all the "i's" and crosses all the "t's" with over-emphasis. Major Darwin discusses "Municipal Trade" and reaches the conclusion that "a searching and impartial inquiry into municipal trade would materially strengthen the hands of those who in such cases advocate the less Socialistic methods of meeting the complaints made with regard to existing conditions." Mr. C. Grant Robertson writes on "The First Earl of Chatham"; Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman on "Medieval Sport"; Mr. C. E. Bedwell on "The Inns of Court"; Mr. John Cooke on "Vagrants, Beggars, and Tramps"; Professor S. J. McLean on "The Presidential Election in the United States"; and Professor Ridgeway on "The Origin of Tragedy." There is a good anonymous article on "John Delane and Modern Journalism." The reviewer is, on the whole, hopeful that journalism will regain its influence, but he thinks it has gone far as a provider to sensationalism and the interest in crime.

* * *

"The Contemporary Review" opens with two articles on the Near East, "The Near Eastern Crisis," by Dr. E. J. Dillon, and "'Constitution' in North Albania," by Miss M. Edith Durham. The chief interest of Dr. Dillon's article is his account of the Gueshoff incident and of Germany's

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part in it. "But when he afterwards, in conversation with Turkish dignitaries, on whom the decision depended, gave it as his opinion that having deliberately omitted Gueshoff's name (from the list of invitations to an official dinner), they ought not to insert it after his protest, he went beyond his legitimate sphere, and in lieu of a peacemaker he became a mischief-maker. To that extent, and only to that extent, is it true to speak of the Gueshoff incident as 'made in Germany.' As soon as the Young Turkish leaders, it is added, discerned the mistake, they undertook to make the fullest amends for the past and to accept Bulgaria's view of her representative's status in the future." We have reason to believe that this is an accurate account of the circumstances; we are afraid it does not acquit Germany of responsibility. Miss Durham, who has been travelling in North Albania since the Young Turkish movement succeeded, gives some amusing instances of the tribesmen's notions of what a "Constitution" means, and of the advantages they expect it will bring them. The Moslem population—or some of it—seems to have quaintly reversed its meaning. "When," asked one of them, "is this Constitution ready to begin? When are we to attack the Giaours?" Mr. Edwin Pears argues with much authority and knowledge for international control over the Bagdad Railway and for British co-operation, and thinks that Germans will now recognise that such co-operation is essential to the success of the scheme. Canon Barnett suggests several measures of Poor Law Reform based on the belief that while the form of relief offered must be less attractive than work, still relief must aim at developing self-respect. Mr. George Barlow writes pleasantly and warmly on "The Genius of Dickens"; Colonel F. N. Maude on "Air-Ships and their Value in War"; and Mr. S. Udny on "Dante's Intuition of the Infinite."

* * *

A Novel Reader's Guide.—"The Gentleman," by Alfred Ollivant. (Murray, 6s.). An exciting tale of war in Sussex in the Napoleonic period.—"Tormentilla, or the Road to Gretna Green," by Dorothea Deakin. (Smith, Elder, 6s.) A story of country life told with real humor.—"The Court of Conscience," by Ella MacMahon. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.). A novel of love, politics, and society, showing both power of character drawing and skill in the management of the plot.—"Edwin Trafford, Altruist," by W. K. Hill. (Nutt, 6s.). This book, described as an economic romance, is spun out to too great length, but shows promise. It deals with woman's suffrage and the relations between workers and their employers.—"The Red Stain," by Sir William Magnay. (Ward, Lock, 6s.). A detective story neither above nor below the average of this type of fiction.—"Irresolute Catherine," by Violet Jacobs. (Murray, 2s. 6d.). A clever piece of analysis describing the influence of those around her upon a simple Welsh girl.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks.

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The whole attention of the markets up to Thursday was centred on the American elections, but on that day there was a diversion of a disagreeable character, caused by a new cloud on the international horizon, owing to the acerbity of the diplomatic exchanges between Germany and France in reference to what is known as the Casa Blanca incident. The result of the elections in the United States has certainly been to lift the prices of American Rails to a very substantial extent, but reasons are given below for believing that the advance is not likely to be maintained for any length of time. The Franco-German incident gave rise to an attack of "nerves," which was, however, quite short-lived. The reports on Friday morning indicated that the matter was in course of settlement, and that no very great alarm is felt on the Bourses is proved by the steadiness of Consols and International securities. French Rentes are unchanged, and German Imperial Threes have dropped ½, which may be due as much to the taxation scheme as to the Casa Blanca affair. South African shares are rather lower on the week owing to the diversion of interest to other markets and to disappointment at the Consolidated Gold Fields' dividend, which was reported to be more than 20 per cent.

The American Election and Trade.

Perhaps the most eagerly awaited result of the Presidentian Election in the United States, next to that of who was to be the new President, was the stimulus expected to be administered to trade and finance by the success of Mr. Taft. For weeks past the market for copper has been held up almost entirely by speculation, on the chance of the popular candidate's election, and in a less degree, the other markets for metals and produce of all kinds have been in a similar condition. The stock markets have been anticipating a boom from the same cause, and the intense interest aroused in the result was proved by the formation of a kerbstone market in Throgmorton Street at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning. It seems very doubtful whether all these sanguine forecasts, arising from the incurable optimism of American traders, are going to be realised. It is affirmed, indeed, that some large railway and other contracts were held back until the election of Mr. Taft became a certainty; but they can hardly be of so much importance as to affect the general volume of trade to a great extent. It has often been proved that the possession of office by any particular party has no very profound influence on the course of trade and finance; and it seems too much to expect that the occupation of the White House by Mr. Taft instead of Mr. Bryan can immediately turn deep depression into abounding prosperity, increase the demand for commodities, and provide the railways with more traffic and larger revenues. There have been some encouraging signs of recovery in the United States recently, and the termination of the political turmoil will probably result in these becoming more pronounced. But the effects of the collapse last autumn are too deep-seated to be at once removed by the result of an election; and it is most likely that after the speculation aroused by the event has spent itself, there will be a fresh reaction of some duration. The recovery, when it comes, must almost of necessity be a gradual process.

The New German Taxation.

The German Finance Minister, Herr Sydow, has now produced his scheme for raising the additional revenue of £25,000.000 per annum, which he declared a few weeks ago to be essential for the purpose of meeting the Imperial expenditure. He hopes to get £5,000,000 by acquiring for the Government a partial monopoly of the manufacture and sale of spirits, from increased excise duty on beer £5,000,000, on tobacco £3,850,000, on still wine in bottles £1,000,000, tax on electricity and gas £2,500,000, a tax on newspaper advertisements £1,650,000, and from an increase of the death duties £4,600,000. The total of the new imposts is about £23,600,000, and the balance of the £25,000,000 is to be raised by an increase of the matricular contributions from the States from 40 pfennigs to 80 pfennigs per head. The scheme involves the arrangement of an immense amount of detail under each head; but generally, the contributions are levied for the most part in such a way as to fall on the shoulders best able to bear them. They are calculated also, with the exception of the tax on light, to increase the cost of production in manufacture only indirectly, and to a comparatively small extent. A sudden addition of £25,000,000 to the taxation of an already heavily burdened community in a time of profound peace is enormous, and should bring home very forcibly to the German people, the penalty of indulging in excessive expenditure on armaments. It remains to be seen whether the Government will be able to obtain all it wants. There is sure to be a long and bitter fight over each separate proposal, and not least over that for increasing the matricular contributions. Previous suggestions of the kind have been met with determined and successful resistance.

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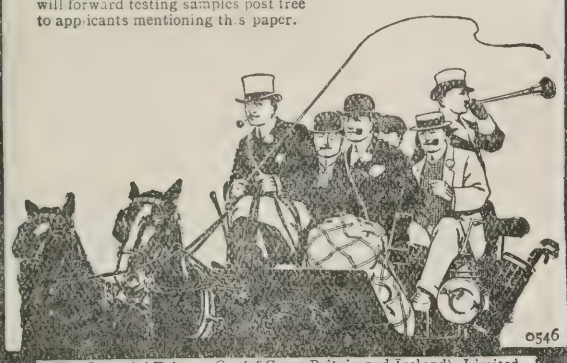

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APOLOGY.

THE WRECK OF THE "ARGONAUT."

SPRINGFIELD,
ENNIS,
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To the Co-operative Cruising Co., Ltd.

Sirs,

With reference to my letter which appeared in the "Times" newspaper of the 5th of October on the above subject in which letter I stated that "every boat was full," I now express to you my unqualified regret for having made this statement without having first of all taken any steps to ascertain the facts of the case.

I now know that, so far from my statement being correct, the facts are that the "Argonaut" had boating accommodation certified by the Board of Trade the day the vessel left London, a copy of which certificate was posted up on board the "Argonaut" and might have been seen by me, stating that there was boating accommodation for 378 souls, being 40 more than the "Argonaut" was licensed to carry and 148 more than were actually on board.

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A PAPER FOR
MR. REDMOND AND MR. McKINNON WOOD.

This conversation took place in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Oct. 28th:

MR. W. REDMOND: May I ask the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether the Foreign Office has any information as to the authenticity of the interview with the German Emperor appearing in the Press this morning?

MR. MCKINNON WOOD: I have not read the account of the interview—alleged interview—to which the hon. member refers, and I am consequently unable to express any opinion, or give any information about it.

MR. W. REDMOND: May I ask whether it will be possible for the hon. gentleman's department to make such arrangements that in future, when interviews of this character with important personages are given, they should be put in newspapers which we all read? (Laughter.)

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MR. REDMOND referred to the interview with the German Emperor in the *Daily Telegraph* and summarised in the last issue of PUBLIC OPINION.

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Diary of the Week.

The Prime Minister reviewed the difficult foreign situation at Guildhall, on Monday, in a speech of much force and precision of phrasing. He said that the country greeted the birth of Constitutionalism in Turkey with "special gratification," and added that any change in the Treaty of Berlin must receive the assent of all the parties to it, including Turkey. But any agreement which Turkey might freely conclude with Bulgaria or Austria would be acceptable to us also. He declared that Russia adhered to the British policy of non-intervention in Persia. Neither in the Near East nor elsewhere did Great Britain desire the formation of "separate groups" or "rival combinations," for all the Powers together were joint trustees for civilisation and peace. The country would not "falter or fall short" in respect of its "special engagements," but would take any hand, including Germany's, offered in goodwill and good faith. For its own defence, its main reliance was on the Navy, and the Government intended to maintain "unquestioned and unquestionable" command of the sea. A portion of the Press has underlined the passage in the speech which touches the French *entente*, and suggests, quite falsely, that it covers a direct alliance in arms.

* * *

The Kaiser's *communiqué* to the "Telegraph" has swollen to a constitutional crisis. The Reichstag, in almost all its sections, has fallen upon him with a fierceness that should act as a warning to foolish people in this country, who talk of the "King's policy," and invite the Monarch to step out of the healthy shadow of Ministerial responsibility. Praise of our constitutional system was the keynote of the debate, and Prince Bülow did not think well to challenge it. Its other satisfactory feature was the general repudiation of the Kaiser's judgment that a section of the German people were anti-English. The debates, therefore, make emphatically for peace, and discourage the new Navy scare now being manufactured in this country. The Chancellor spoke with much constraint, and his reception was chilling. His line was to shade off the specific declarations of the interview into rhetorical commonplaces. The supposed anti-Boer plan of campaign consisted of "a few purely academic opinions." The "Telegraph" had laid on the colors too thickly in the suggestion of anti-English feeling in Germany, of German intervention in South Africa and the Far East—a hint which the "Telegraph" repudiates. He hinted that his term of office might be short, and that, even so, it was conditional on the Kaiser's promise to maintain "reserve" in speech and writing.

* * *

This humiliating apology had little or no effect on the debate, which resolved itself into a demand for an end to Byzantinism. The Socialists asked directly for an amendment of the Constitution, and openly scoffed at the Kaiser's "fantastic imagination" of "a special personal relation to God," and of omniscience in secular things, from art to politics. The Conservatives declared that Germany accepted a secondary *rôle* to England in naval affairs, and the Radicals insisted that they never more sincerely envied her her political institutions. Even the National Liberals supported the general plea for Constitutional rule; but the debate, throughout vehement and unfettered in tone, ended without a resolution.

* * *

On Thursday the Prime Minister was asked by Mr. Arthur Lee, an anti-German of the extreme school of Mr. Maxse, and of no great personal weight, whether "the Government accepted the two-Power standard of naval strength as meaning a preponderance of 10 per cent. over the combined strengths, in capital ships, of the two next strongest Powers; and, if not, could he state the definition of the two-Power standard which was accepted by the Government." Mr. Asquith replied that the answer to the first part of the question was in the affirmative. The answer won great Conservative cheering, and is interpreted by the Conservative Press as implying an obligation to build six, or even seven, "Dreadnoughts," with the auxiliary types, a-year. It also applies to the two-Power standard the extreme mechanical test which the late Prime Minister refused to it. We deal with some of its implications elsewhere, and we gather from letters we have received this (Friday) morning that a considerable section of the Liberal Party in Parliament regards it with surprise and concern.

* * *

A grave administrative error in dealing with the unemployed question has been committed by the Local Government Board. In announcing the Government's policy the Prime Minister stated two relaxations of the

present tests. The first was that, in future, assistance was to be given "in proper cases" to persons who had received poor law relief within a twelvemonth; the second that it was to be given to persons who had been assisted under the Unemployed Act within the last two years. In a circular to the Distress Committees the Local Government Board took advantage of the words "in proper cases" to declare, in flat contradiction of Mr. Asquith's language, that neither disqualification was removed, but the Distress Committee might waive *one or the other* "in proper cases." Mr. Burns adopted their misinterpretation and defended it in Parliament, in pursuit, we are afraid we must say, of his and the "Spectator's" policy of forcing the unemployed into the workhouse, and of narrowing the entrance to the Unemployed Act. The Labor Party had no alternative but to move the adjournment of the House so that the Ministry's action could be squared with the Prime Minister's words. Mr. Asquith stated, with his accustomed frankness, that the Local Government Board's circular was at variance with his pledge, and that he meant the removal of the two tests to be general, though the Distress Committees would, of course, exercise discretion. He added that Mr. Burns assented to the issuing of a new circular. The Labor Party then withdrew their motion.

* * *

The Franco-German dispute has been settled very simply. Germany modified her demand for an expression of regret for the violence done to her Consular official, because a report on the Casablanca scuffle by the French police inspector at that port raised the question whether the French or German officials had been the first to use violence. This issue of fact, as well as the issue of law, is to be submitted to arbitration, and meanwhile both Governments express their regret that an incident accompanied by violence took place, and each pledges itself to a further expression of regret if the decision of the Court of Arbitration goes against it. M. Jaurès pointedly asks why the exchange of the all-important reports should have been delayed so long, and draws the conclusion that it is a sign of a grave lack of cordiality between the two Governments. But the worst feature of the episode is the way in which a portion of the English Press, with the "Times," of course, at the head, seized the occasion to confuse the issue, and make bad blood.

* * *

The Committee stage of the Licensing Bill was concluded on Monday evening. The time for the Report stage has been cleverly allocated, and the amendments to be proposed by the Government—over sixty in number—have been issued. Most of them are either mere drafting amendments or provisions in fulfilment of pledges given in Committee. The closing of public-houses on Parliamentary election days is merely to cover the hours of poll. The serving of liquor with meals on these days is provided for. The Licensing Justices are to have power to prohibit the sale of liquor in general, or any particular kind of liquor, on licensed premises before eight o'clock in the morning. On the question of off-licences, the Government have gone back on the amendment they inserted in Committee. Off-licences are not to be new licences after the end of the time limit, the only alteration made in their present position being that monopoly value payments are to be imposed on them after 1930. The opportunity for the Justices to review with a free hand the entire provision for the sale of liquor by retail at that time is, therefore, limited.

* * *

The provisions for local option at the end of the time limit do not, in our opinion, fulfil the Prime Minister's promise to Mr. J. A. Bright that the widest possible liberty of experiment should be provided for. Even reduction or limitation of licences to their existing number is not dealt with, the only option given or hinted at being that of prohibition by a two-thirds majority. The expectation of a further seven years' life at the end of the time limit is to be treated, in calculating the compensation to be paid to a licence extinguished before 1923, as being worth a certain run of three years. No doubt, if the Bill reaches the Committee stage in the Upper Chamber, this part of the Bill will be modified; but it is unfortunate that tactical considerations have put the Government into the position of having to receive lessons in logic and in justice from the House of Lords. The implacable enemies of the Bill—Lord Rothschild among them—are making unremitting efforts to prevent the Peers from giving it a second reading, and its prospects darken as the chances of a settlement on the Education question improve. If the time limit clauses pass the Lords, it will be because the Trade realises that the taxation of licences in next year's Budget may mean a greater annual financial burden than the creation of a sinking fund to replace licence values in twenty-one years—in other words, that Mr. Lloyd George's little finger may be thicker than Mr. Asquith's loins.

* * *

On Tuesday the Labor Party withdrew its support from Mr. Deakin's Government, which was defeated, and resigned. Mr. Fisher, the Labor leader, has been entrusted with the formation of a Labor Cabinet, the second in Commonwealth history. Mr. Deakin had, with Labor's help, half held office for three years, but of late the Labor Party in Australia, as in New Zealand—where the Seddon alliance has gone to pieces—had got impatient of playing second fiddle, more particularly as, since the last election, the Labor Party has been stronger than the Deakinites. The occasion for the breach was the constitutional amendment to render the New Protection legal. The Labor Party wished the whole control of social and industrial legislation to be transferred to the Commonwealth Parliament, which is manifestly the right authority, but Mr. Deakin was not prepared for so strong an attack on State jealousies. It is not known yet whether Mr. Fisher will dissolve Parliament. Probably he will maintain himself with the assistance of Radical-Protectionist Deakinites, who are not likely to co-operate with Mr. Reid's group of Free-Trade individualists and plutocrats. The first Labor Ministry lasted only a few months, but the second should have a better chance, for the spirit of the party is higher, and in Mr. Fisher it has an abler and more vigorous leader than Mr. Watson proved.

* * *

Between the Shah and the English and Russian Foreign Offices the situation in Persia is becoming more and more involved and perilous. On Sunday the Shah played the first act of a comedy for the overthrow of the Constitution by promising his best consideration to a "faked" petition against the Constitution extracted by military pressure. This was done at the very time that the British and Russian Ministers were urging him to re-establish a constitutional system. Russia repudiates a desire to intervene, but she is clearly anxious to occupy

Tabriz now that it is impossible for the Shah to recapture the town. The "Times" shamelessly puts the sacrifice of Persia to Russia forward as part of the price of a new Triple Alliance opposed to the old Triple Alliance. The one satisfactory item of news from Persia is the reported recall of M. Hartwig, the Russian Ambassador, but the egregious Liakhoff, who has just been exhorting his Cossacks to destroy the Constitution and win the loot of Tabriz, still remains, and has been joined by yet more Russian officers.

* * *

The list of Birthday Honors contains no peer, four new Privy Councillors, five new baronets, and the usual host of knights, more or less distinguished. We are glad to see that it is not quite partisan, for Sir Edward Clarke, a strong Tory and one of the most virile figures in our public life, becomes a Privy Councillor. The most honored name in the list is that of Alfred Russel Wallace, the veteran of modern English science, who joins the Order of Merit. Mr. Herbert Samuel's great Parliamentary skill is rewarded by a Privy Councillorship, and so is Mr. Pease's tact and energy as Chief Ministerial Whip. There is a new Nonconformist knight in Mr. James Duckworth, and Mr. Frampton, the first of our sculptors, becomes Sir George Frampton. Sir Charles MacLaren is properly added to the Privy Council, and the most familiar and popular figure among the baronets is that of Sir John Barker. Sir Courtenay Ilbert and Mr. Thring, two of the ablest of our public servants, are made K.C.B.'s. Mr. Hugh Graham, the proprietor of the "Montreal Star," the leading Canadian paper, has also been knighted.

* * *

The outrage-mongers among the Indian Nationalists have reappeared, apparently to nullify the coming reforms and to discredit the Moderates and the Constitutionalists. On Sunday, at Calcutta, a student of nineteen, named Chowdhury, made a clumsy attempt—the fourth—to shoot Sir Andrew Fraser, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He is said to have implicated other students. On Monday the native sub-inspector of police who traced the murderer of Mrs. and Miss Kennedy was shot dead in a Calcutta lane by three men, who riddled his body with bullets. A thousand students gathered, bare-footed, at the ghat where the body of the murderer of an informer was being burned. The Government seems ill served by its police—a bad and inefficient force. An informer appears to have trumped up the "conspiracy case" at Midnapur, in which a Rajah and leading men of the town were wantonly implicated.

* * *

A committee of eminent men and women, including Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Gladstone, Mrs. Fawcett, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, have issued an appeal for "personal service" among the London poor during this winter. They ask for the names of men and women who will visit regularly one or more families, and be ready for friendly help, based on direct experience. The Central Unemployed Body and Charity Organisation Society offer their advice and help in selecting cases and providing relief. The plan falls short of the Elberfeld system in power of effective organisation; but we wish this tentative effort very well. In the ideal State, where there will be neither rich nor poor, such personal service will, we imagine, be universal. In a State where both these extremes exist, it will at least help the two classes to understand each other.

* * *

The Liberal League, after a varied and interesting career, has come down to a chop-house in Queen Anne Street—a very charming and appropriate situation—which has been duly opened by Lord Rosebery. The members of the Liberal League are noted Amphitryons, and we have no doubt that the cooking will be good. We suppose that "Cotelettes à la petite Anglaise" will be a standing dish.

* * *

Mr. Henniker Heaton put before the Royal Colonial Institution on Tuesday a proposal for universal penny-a-word cables. His contention was that the cable companies keep down the traffic in cabling by exorbitant charges, and that a penny-a-word rate would ultimately pay by causing a great expansion in traffic and that the world in general and the British Empire in particular would be all the better in consequence. He was not very explicit as to how this revolution was to be reached, and obviously, for his finance relied rather on faith than calculation. Apparently Mr Henniker Heaton wants the British and Colonial Governments to buy out the cable companies, to come to an agreement with the Continental land lines, and to erect new land lines in the Colonies. The cable companies will have no objection to being bought at an indefinite number of millions, and as the Continental and Colonial Governments are in telegraphy for business, not for "their health," the prospect of a penny rate involving a magnificent deficit for no very convincing purpose seems excellent. As things stand there is some point in the retort of a cable expert that on the same lines Mr. Henniker Heaton might advocate a universal shilling fare.

* * *

To Victorien Sardou, whose long and active career closed last week, England owes at once a debt and a grudge. Undoubtedly he has given to the English public a great deal of entertainment. What playgoer of the older generation does not remember with pleasure Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Sir John Hare in "A Scrap of Paper" at the old Court Theatre, or the "cast of all the talents" which contributed to the triumph of "Diplomacy" at the old Prince of Wales's—Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Arthur Cecil, John Clayton, Forbes Robertson? In these plays, and a score of others, whether adapted into English, or presented by French actors in their original language, the public of the last three decades of last century took infinite delight. But that means, it must be remembered, that they took delight in an essentially inferior order of art, which flourished because of the weakness of our native drama, and helped, by its inordinate popularity, to depress and discourage the energies of our native playwrights. That the form of art was inferior, was proved by its very adaptability. A play which goes to the heart of life in any one country cannot possibly be transmogrified, as were "Peril," "Diplomacy," "Duty," and the rest, so as to bear any plausible resemblance to the life of another country. Sardou was, in brief, a great manufacturer of plot-mechanisms—of mechanical figures which could be dressed in the costumes of almost any country, and go through their motions with a certain semblance of life.

Politics and Affairs.

GOOD ALLIES AND BAD EUROPEANS.

Mr. Asquith's speech at Guildhall was a calm and reticent treatment of a European situation which seems, even to sober onlookers, one of the most angry and complicated which recent experience can recall. Public opinion is almost everywhere over-sensitive and suspicious. The dread of war incites to an apprehensive vigilance which scours the remotest frontiers in search of its occasions. Nor are those occasions difficult to discover. A street riot at Belgrade or Tangiers or Tabriz might set the legions marching, and the least consequence of their movements would be the extinction of one nominally independent nation. Nowhere, least of all in Berlin, do we discover, to explain these alarms, the reckless spirit of adventure which counts turmoils and alarms among the joys of life. It is everywhere a morbid fear which makes for the disturbance of the world's peace, a fear of seeming weak by being reasonable, and by seeming weak of inviting aggression. Even the luckless Servians, whose temper seems to a superficial ear so warlike, are influenced only by a despair which might conceivably drive them to a gamble with death. It is in fear that Governments contemplate the waste of fresh millions upon navies, in fear that they contract unnatural alliances, in fear that they load their subjects with mountainous debts and intolerable taxes. To this sombre situation has Europe been brought by its pursuit of Imperialism, its secretive and anti-democratic diplomacy, its refusal to seek peace by limiting its armaments.

Two crises have served in the past few weeks to focus these alarms. The miserable dispute about the Casablanca deserters, now happily settled in a manner equally honorable to both parties, raged for some days in full publicity. It is really superfluous to comment on the merits of a controversy so trivial. It was important only because it led newspapers, confessedly in touch with official sources of information, to talk as though it might have led to a European war. If there can be any right or wrong in a question affecting a handful of cosmopolitan tramps, who had deserted first their native land and then their adopted flag, we are inclined to think that the balance of reason was on the French side. No sane man cares two straws about the original dispute, but France at the outset deserved our sympathies by accepting arbitration without reserves. Germany's procedure has been stiff and slow; her desire to limit the scope of the arbitration was as difficult to defend, as her insistence on a too nicely worded expression of preliminary regrets was difficult to understand. But it is the French who have raised this obscure incident to the level of an international crisis. It is their semi-official Press which lent it a raucous publicity, and in the process, by the simple method of confusing essential dates, gave to what was on Germany's side nothing worse than bad manners and Prussian formalism the appearance of a wanton and maliciously-timed attack. Prince Bülow's stormy past made him perhaps a natural object of suspicion; the French were manifestly anxious to repair the diplomatic defeat of 1905, which forced them to dismiss M. Delcassé.

Much more serious is the other crisis, which has for the moment gone under ground and lost itself in blind alleys. More than a month has passed since Austria tore up the Treaty of Berlin, and for the moment the search for some new basis on which to rest the public law of Europe seems nearly hopeless. The effort to assemble a Conference of the Powers makes no apparent progress, and that for three reasons, any one of which would be fatal. Austria refuses to enter any Conference at which the annexation of Bosnia would be treated as a subject open to discussion. Turkey, on her side, sees no reason why she should gratuitously condone a wrong wrought at her expense, or cover the accomplished fact with her formal acceptance. In Russia, the artificial resurrection of a conservative and aristocratic party as the main factor in a packed Duma has brought with it the revival of Pan-Slavism. This party, its memory eagerly jogged by the Servians, recalls the pledge given by Alexander II., never under any circumstances to recognise an Austrian annexation of Bosnia. We are very properly bound by an undertaking to recognise no breach of the Treaty which Turkey as the wronged party is unwilling to condone. Germany must follow Austria, and France take her lead from Russia. Ingenuity has failed to invent any plan of compensation for Turkey and the Servian peoples to which Austria is likely to assent. While this deadlock continues, it is difficult to see how the situation can possibly be regularised either by a Conference or by direct negotiation. Yet the failure to regularise it means a tacit acceptance of the fact that a Concert of Europe no longer exists, and that public law no longer governs the complex relations of peoples and Powers in the Near East. The moral consequences of such a failure would be serious, the material consequences might be disastrous. For while this act of violence is neither purged nor undone, neither compensated nor accepted, there can be no end to the rivalry of armaments and the *perpetuum mobile* of Balkan intrigue. Russia, Turkey, and Servia, by refusing to accept the situation, may be presumed to reserve their right at the first opportune moment to disturb a position which has no legal sanctions. In such conditions the apt moment tends to hasten its arrival; and even if its coming is delayed, it forces those who await it to pledge the hope of progress for the hardware of Creuzot and Essen

The conception of a European Concert is assuredly no easy ideal to realise, nor has it ever existed in anything but a rudimentary form. It implies among all the Powers a certain mutual confidence, and at the same time a certain mutual independence. Only if each is free to judge of an emergency on its merits, can one hope for the prevalence of any impartial or disinterested body of opinion. But in the present state of things each Power is for its ally, and no one is for Europe. "My ally, right or wrong," becomes a principle destructive of European solidarity, from the moment when every Power is tied by understandings

or alliances. The general sense for the public law of Europe is extinct, precisely because the special sense of loyalty to faction is now so sharp. From this general reproach our own policy is by no means free. Mr. Asquith at Guildhall, aware as he doubtless is of the dangers into which this spirit of faction is leading us, declared that we have no intention of forming "groups" in Europe. Intentions count for little; it is results that matter. The plain fact is that our practical adoption of Lord Lansdowne's policy has had the effect of forming an Anglo-Franco-Russian group, which is, for most practical and sentimental purposes, as stable as a Triple Alliance. Our first concern in any crisis is now to rush forward to demonstrate our loyalty to France. In the Press there is hardly a daily newspaper, save the "Manchester Guardian," which now affects to scrutinise French policy in Morocco with a show of impartiality, and even for Russian proceedings in Persia it has become the fashion to make excuses. There can be no Europe while this close grouping continues; there can only be an inner and an outer ring of Powers. The two groups may bargain and transact, but they acknowledge no loyalty to anything outside their ranks. We all agree in denouncing the opportunist spirit of Bismarckian foreign policy, ready to befriend a Kruger to-day and a Chamberlain to-morrow, and laughing at political affinity or national sympathy as guides in the choice of partners. Yet no one doubts that in a few weeks the City will be launching a Russian loan, at a moment when 60,000 "politicals" are in exile, untried, for their opinions. Nothing has been finer in recent years than the unanimous sympathy of the nation for the Turkish reformers, to which Mr. Asquith gave expression in his Guildhall speech. Yet, under the stress of an expediency dictated by our need for Russian support, our rulers are ready to trust Russian policy in Persia, at a moment when Colonel Liakhoff, in a public order, incites his Cossacks to "destroy the Constitution," and to revel in the loot of Tabriz. We were recently an island. We are to-day a unit in a Continental group.

There is no short way out of this disastrous confrontation of groups. The only hope lies in the chance of an internal change within the Powers themselves. This opportunist policy is in no country a national or a popular instinct. Nations can be moved to generous sympathies, to adventurous aggressions, or to panics of self-defence. But the elaborate and calculating work of mining and counter-mining, of barter and compromise, amid which opportunism has its being, interests only the professional diplomatist and the "experts" who are his satellites. A democratic country can rarely pursue this course for many years together with the necessary coldness. It is work for an autocrat and his officials, and even they muddle their tasks by giving the rein to purely personal emotions. A diplomatist wrecks his work by allowing his *amour propre* to be engaged in it, a king becomes absorbed in some triviality of buttons or etiquette, a camarilla rises and falls at Court, or an ambitious soldier hurries on a war. The best symptom for the future is the dramatic revolt in which the German Reichstag has risen against the Kaiser's intervention in foreign affairs. The best security for European peace would lie in the success, even of the present Reichstag, Imperialistic though it is, and of the present Duma, unrepresentative though it is, in capturing the direction of foreign affairs. Both have begun to assert themselves; but, despite the outspokenness of the German protest, there is hard work to be done before the Court and its allied interests can be driven from the obscurer entrenchments in which its power is still unchallenged. But for us the movement is full of promise. The time is drawing nearer when in Germany, as in France, we shall have a nation to deal with. With the German people we have neither disputes nor misunderstandings, and the Kaiser made no greater mistake than in his announcement that the middle and "lower" classes are hostile to Great Britain. Of the working classes, at least, we know that three millions and a half are Socialist voters, resolutely opposed to every form of race hatred and "*Hurrah-Patriotismus.*"

It was inevitable that this anxious European situation should revive at home the cry for a stronger Navy. Exact thinking is never our foible in times of crisis. Yet the logic of this panic is more than usually hard to follow. The disturbing forces in the Near East possess no navies. The Kaiser's offence was that he had expressed a too impulsive friendship for ourselves, and incidentally declared that the adventure for which he is building is some remote disturbance in the Pacific. The wretched Casablanca squabble could have involved us only if we are in effect the ally of France. But in that event it is essential to remember that the French Navy, still the second of the Continent, would back our own. It is in this connection that we fail to understand the Prime Minister's acceptance of the formula tendered him by Mr. Arthur Lee, that we should maintain "a preponderance of ten per cent. over the combined strengths, in capital ships, of the two next strongest Powers." This appears a wide extension, in spirit and in letter, of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's reading of the two-Power standard. Is it conceivable that it bears its surface interpretation that we are to keep our eyes on any two Naval Powers and build against their combined force, irrespective of their relationship to each other and to ourselves? That is to say, that if America builds against Germany and Germany against America, the sum of the additions to the two fleets is to constitute the unit up to and beyond which we must build? Or if France and Japan—our ally and our friend—develop their naval powers so that, again, either they, or Germany and one of them, step into the place of the "two next strongest," are we to count the growth of the friendly force as a reason for adding to our own in mathematical proportions to its extension? This seems to us to reduce the naval problem at once to simplicity and to absurdity. And what of the cause of European peace? A great increase in our shipbuilding can only foster the belief that we are attempting to dominate Europe, and might tempt an overwhelming military Power to break once for all a friend whom we should be powerless to aid on land. The crisis has begun to cure itself by its own intensity. It lies with us to seize the psychological moment to win confidence by giving it.

SUFFRAGISTS AND SUFFRAGETTES.

We are glad to see that the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies have this week been encouraged to go forward with their accredited plan of campaign, and to set aside the tactics of the "suffragettes." The difference between the two political ideas is important, and needs to be clearly set forth. The Women's Social and Political Union, which is Mrs. Pankhurst's organisation, and its allies propose to attack every Liberal candidate, whatever his views and record on the suffrage may be; the older organisation desires to support or to oppose candidates with strict reference to their opinions on the question of votes for women. Here is a distinct line of divergence, and those who have any acquaintance with the course of political action can hardly doubt where the way of wisdom lies. The "suffragettes" have borrowed their tactics from the Nationalists, without correctly appreciating the Irish method. Even when the Nationalists opposed the Liberal Party, they made exceptions in favor of Liberal Home Rulers, and, *per contra*, they did not support the Conservatives, as in the Election of 1885, without receiving precise and important benefits from that party. The "suffragettes," on the other hand, are engaged in what we may fairly describe as a political gamble. They have not, we understand, received any pledges from the Conservative Party in favor of the enfranchisement of the limited class of woman whom their scheme will benefit. Nevertheless, they are bent on establishing a claim of gratitude on the Conservative Party for electoral services which two or three years hence Mr. Balfour may or may not be willing or able to acknowledge. And, on the other hand, they choose to ignore Liberal sympathies and to treat as hostile a Parliamentary party which on the day after the General Election contained a large majority favorable to women's suffrage, and whose leader, the Prime Minister, has at least half-opened the door to the passage of a measure of women's suffrage. If the "suffragettes" had ever wished for a Liberal Suffrage Bill, we cannot but think that they would have devoted their very considerable ability to the task of enlarging Mr. Asquith's concession. They have preferred to develop two grounds of Tory support. The first is their warfare on Liberalism, the second their advocacy of a propertied franchise. We suppose their expectation is that just as the Tories condoned Maamtrasna, Mr. Balfour, in view of the material reinforcement which the women bring to his cause, will wink at the campaign of violence and the attacks on the House of Commons. They may be right or they may be wrong. But the older suffragists may well pause before they decide to base their more considered movement on such methods and calculations.

They have, indeed, decided to modify their general attitude to the Women's Social and Political Union. Hitherto they have refrained from censure even of such a proceeding as the assembling and encouragement of a huge mob, with a very distinct criminal element, to "rush" the House of Commons. They considered, we imagine, that the signal success of the Union in stimulating women's interest in the suffrage excused their errors of tactics, whose fruits include, we regret to say, the growing alienation of the Liberal Party from their cause and the shutting out of women from the hearing of debates in the House of Commons. The older suffragists have now decided to condemn a policy of lawlessness, and to hold themselves apart from it. It would be still more interesting to learn whether they intend to intervene authoritatively with any counter-proposal on the suffrage, or whether they propose to accept a Property Bill, if they can get no other. If they make the latter choice, we cannot but think that the cause of the great mass of the married women and the working-women, *i.e.*, the great feminine interest, will be abandoned, or only feebly defended, and the effective guidance of the movement will be left, in spite of the protests of the constitutionalists, in Mrs. Pankhurst's hands. Should events work out on this plan, we shall have an entirely new principle introduced into movements for the extension of the suffrage—that is to say, the super-endowment of property. In such a cause it will be held lawful and right, if one or other of the parties obstruct the settlement, to violate not merely the amenities and orderly habits of public life, but to raid the legislature, and to trick and defy the law.

Now is this kind of game really worth the candle? We are afraid that many excellent women are disposed to exaggerate the practical uses of the vote. It will not do for poor women what it has failed to do for poor men. But at least a larger measure of sympathy and hope attaches to an agitation where the prize is the betterment of millions of humble lives than to a movement of well-to-do women, whose existence is largely free from the most depressing of material cares. And the action of the suffragists shows that they realise that a special error, from the women's point of view, resides in the promoting or the condoning of violence. Enthusiasm and violence in politics are two separate categories. They may mix, but we hold it to be a special interest of women to keep them apart. Violence is not only an evil in itself—an evil which grows with what it feeds on, and cannot be measured or restrained by those who enter on it with a limited belief in its efficacy. It is also peculiarly unsuited to the entrance of women into the political field. To employ it against man is almost as unfair as for a hostile army to advance under cover of the white flag. Its use, and the intemperate and not too candid or scrupulous acts that have characterised it, have immensely fortified the traditional objections to women's suffrage, which base themselves on the belief that women will always be too heady for other than the sensational side of politics, and that they will bring to our public life not a new moral element, but simply an atmosphere of flightiness and intrigue. We do not say, or think, that that is a just judgment. But the women are already feeling its effect, and they must expect to see its full force exerted before the controversy goes much farther. It is men, not women, who hold

the key to the Parliamentary suffrage. If moral weapons are thrown away in the struggle, physical force will not count for much, and in reliance on it, and on the scuffling, half-serious, warfare of the streets and the lobbies, women put themselves finally at the mercy of the anger, or even the easily aroused sex-hatred, of men.

All this is obvious enough. But we are equally clear that if this agitation goes astray, the "suffragettes" will not alone be to blame. It is evident that it is to the disadvantage of Liberalism to have another Tory settlement of the franchise. What Liberal wants to see the registers stuffed with faggot voters and Primrose Dames? But if this is not to be the end of the controversy, it is none too soon to warn the party against letting temper do duty for insight and policy. Already one signal mistake has been made. We may call the "suffragettes" what we please—unscrupulous, hysterical, ill-balanced. But they represent a political movement which has changed the current of life and thought for thousands of women, and incidentally has detached much feminine work and sympathy from the Liberal cause. Its conductors, in coming into contact with the law, as other agitators have come, have a clear right to plead their motives as a reason for escaping the special forms of personal degradation which attach to our prison system as applied to the average criminal. And that plea ought at once to have been acknowledged by the Home Secretary. The Home Office is not a mere department of Scotland Yard. It is a great political organism, which is especially charged, as the "Law Times" firmly reminds Mr. Gladstone, with the exercise of the Royal prerogative of pardon and clemency in the execution of justice. That function, says the chief legal journal, "is wholly unaffected by the operation of any recent legislation in respect of imprisonment or prison treatment"; and, therefore, Mr. Gladstone's reliance on the Act of 1898 to secure him against interfering on behalf of the suffragettes is unsound. And, if it does not hold, surely a man of Mr. Gladstone's name and temper is not keeping Mrs. Pankhurst in the second division of prisoners in order to pay her out for incommoding the Government. On the contrary, the case of the suffragettes supplies the opportunity of laying down once and for all the doctrine as to the special rights of political prisoners which he and his father enforced in the case of Mr. William O'Brien. It is not less urgent for the Liberal Party to affirm its special interest in the democratic view of women's suffrage. If the "suffragettes" are prepared to barter the cause of the working women for a property franchise, we at least ought to aim at averting that special temptation from the general body of the suffragists. We cannot refuse such aid to the women's cause because some women are violent, any more than the Whigs refused the Reform Bill of 1832 because some workmen burnt hay-ricks. The historic business of Liberalism has been to disentangle causes where elements of justice and right existed—as in Ireland always, as in India to-day—from factors of violence or unreason. There is nothing in the "suffragettes'" onslaught on law to qualify this duty of discrimination and of action.

THE FINANCE OF SOCIAL REFORM.

THERE can be no concealment of the fact that the financial situation is a subject not indeed of alarm but of grave consideration for the Government, and, we would add, for the nation. For, with the fullest approval of the people, the Government has committed itself to a constructive policy of social reforms, many of which must involve a heavy call upon the public purse. Old Age Pensions means the finding of five or six additional millions. The national subvention of any efficacious remedies for unemployment, and the other schemes for dealing with the poverty and inefficiency that fall at present under the administration of the Poor Law, which they will be called upon to undertake, must impose a considerable new burden upon the Exchequer. A large though gradual increase of expenditure upon education is a demand which no Liberal Government, having due regard not merely to the requirements of personal culture but to the furtherance of industrial efficiency, can hope or desire to resist. These burdens might in ordinary years be met out of the normal increase in the yield of existing sources of revenue, amounting in this country to some two millions per annum. But, as we know, trade is depressed, times are bad, and though the decline of national revenue for the portion of the year already run, amounting to five millions, may grow no larger, or may even be reduced by the increased yield of the remaining months, a deficit of considerable size can hardly be averted. Though, happily, some signs of recovery from the deep and general depression are exhibited both here and in foreign countries, the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot be expected to bank upon such speculative expectations in making financial provisions for the coming year. Such were the main considerations which occupied the speakers in the Conference held a few days since, under the Chairmanship of Lord Welby, at the New Reform Club, to discuss the question, "How Shall Social Reform be Financed?"; and it is a most urgent necessity that all thoughtful politicians should bend their minds to a close study of a question with the answer to which the fortunes of Liberalism are bound up.

It is admitted that a good many millions will be required to provide for the financing of these social reforms. It would, we think, not be rash to predict that to do this work effectively an addition of ten or twelve millions to present expenditure will be required. How is it to be found? The most rigorous advocates of economy cannot pretend that any considerable portion of such a sum will be obtained by cutting down the cost of the Services. The European situation does not promise a reduction of expenditure, at least upon the Navy. A suspension or reduction of the contribution to the sinking fund is possible; it may even be legitimate. Lord Welby, for example, holds that in a period of temporary embarrassment the national savings of the last generation may be drawn upon to meet emergencies. But no sound financier, having regard to recent disturbances of national credit and their damaging reactions upon trade, could contemplate the provision of any large proportion on these lines.

In a word, a large amount of new revenue must be

found by fresh taxation. And here we desire to emphasise the deeper implications of the policy of social reform to which Liberalism is committed, not for next year only, but for all the future years, unless it is to perish of inanition. What is needed and demanded is a thoroughly thought-out and—shall we say?—a scientific, reconstruction of finance which shall furnish a large increase of revenue, without imposing burdens which may depress industry, or impair the efficiency of our workpeople. If there are incomes or properties which either wholly or in large part come to their possession as "unearned" elements, taken because they can be got, but not necessary to induce their recipients to apply productively land, capital, or ability, they evidently form sound subjects of increased taxation. The imposition of a tax on them implies no real sacrifice upon their possessor, for they have not been "earned," and have a full ability to bear a tax.

Economists and statesmen have long agreed that rent of land, or land values as distinct from the value of improvements, fall within this category, and municipal reformers in particular have been urgent upon the taxation or rating of this revenue. But there are several difficulties to be overcome when the Imperial Exchequer turns its attention to land values as a source of new revenue. In the first place, we have no record or measurement of land values as distinct from their improvements. A sound policy of taxing them would involve an expensive and a lengthy process of separate assessment and registration. Even if this could be compassed without an Act of Parliament, it is not clear that it would yield any large sum to ease the present situation. Though public opinion is favorable to such a readjustment of rating as to throw the whole or most of the incidence of rates upon site values, it would hardly sanction the imposition of a separate new Imperial tax upon existing values. It might be thought unfair to choose for such taxation values which have always been regarded, for practical purposes, as one form of investment, the ownership of which is inextricably blended with the ownership of industrial capital. At any rate, any such attempt to recover for the public purse past accretions of land values would be difficult and slow. If any considerable share of existing land values is to be secured for the national revenue, it must be by means of a more general taxing policy directed at all forms of "unearned" income, not at rent alone. But this objection does not apply to a tax upon future increments of land values, and we hope the Government is closely considering ways and means of tapping this new source of revenue. For it cannot seriously be urged that such increments, not due to municipal activity alone, should be devoted exclusively to the municipal exchequer. City and suburban lands, mines, sporting values, and other luxury uses, present a thoroughly sound subject for taxation, and a considerable share of the rising income which they afford should be available for national revenue. But, as regards city sites, it will be necessary for the Government to grapple firmly with the legal difficulties presented by existing contracts so far as they interfere with the imposition of taxes on future increases of land value. Even then it must be remembered that this taxation, though desirable for the permanent finance of social reform, cannot supply any large immediate revenue. Even if the rejection by the Lords of the Licensing Bill enabled Mr. Lloyd George to fortify his finance by a new tax upon liquor licences, it would still be necessary to have recourse to another and a broader basis of Imperial revenue.

A further, a bolder, and a more scientifically ordered graduation of the income tax must be the chief instrument in the constructive Liberal finance of the future, and it will be advisable to take definite steps in this direction for the forthcoming Budget. For most forms of "unearned increment" or excessive income are not, like land values, susceptible of separate measurement. They are mixed up with various legitimate and necessary payments for the use of capital, of ability, enterprise, and skill in the processes of industry, commerce and the professions. That many such elements do come into the incomes of most or all rich men no one acquainted with the part played by economic force, favor, contrivance, and luck in the operations of industry, finance, and commerce, is likely to deny. The graduation which is already adopted in our income and inheritance taxes, as in those of other countries, rests upon an implicit acceptance of the principle that the larger the income or property, the larger the amount of "unearned increment" it may be presumed to contain. We are sometimes told that an extension of this system, for the purpose of securing to the revenue a considerably larger share of the unearned, or socially created, elements in the higher reaches of these incomes, would either be unfruitful or else a dangerous encroachment upon private property. We are not convinced of the validity of either plea, and we are certain that if some such experiments are not made, the most powerful defence of the fortress of Free Trade will be neglected. For whenever a Conservative party is once more placed in power, unless they find prepared for them such an instrument of revenue, their necessity as well as their express committals will drive them on to Protection.

THE CONTROL OF THE MOTOR CAR.

It was the fond belief of motorists—meaning by the term not those who drive motors, but those who do not mind how they are driven—that the agitation for the liberty of the road would die down with the close of the holiday season. It is, indeed, during the holidays that the grievance is most generally and most acutely felt. In the off season not only is there less motoring, but there are whole tracts which are comparatively immune from the trouble. The daily tale of accidents is reduced, and when two people are killed at Birmingham in one day, the incident stands out as something almost exceptional. Nevertheless, in every town, and, still more, in every suburb, along every main road, and in all ways leading from the great centres to places of beauty and repose, especially at the week-ends, when tired town folk are seeking rest in fresher air, the din and danger of the motor are in full evidence all the year round. The quiet of the country walk is spoilt, the suburban lane is rendered as dangerous for children or the aged

or infirm as a crowded London street. The nuisance continues, and people are alive to it.

The motorist is fond of telling us that the motor has come to stay. It is a formula which, with its appeal to all that is flabbiest in modern ways of looking at practical questions, is sure of some response. We may reply that the agitation for the control of the motor has also come to stay. The situation has radically changed since we first wrote on the subject. On all sides the question is mooted. The Road Union and the Highways' Protection League had their conference of representatives at the Mansion House, and formed a standing committee to consider and forward legislative regulations. A committee of Members of Parliament has been brought together for the same purpose, and, throughout the country, district and borough councils in London and the provinces begin, at length, to make their voices heard.

It is, therefore, high time to open up constructive work. The problem, as we have often insisted, is a complex one, for which, probably, no single remedy will avail. The speed limit will not settle everything, for behind it lies the still graver question how the limit itself is to be enforced. Noise and smell, the abuse of the horn, dust, and mud, are among the nuisances which are indirectly connected with speed. It might have been better if the Act of 1903 had contained no speed limit at all, but had merely enforced the duty of prosecuting for driving to the common danger, and in such manner as to cause a nuisance. But the mischief done by that Act can only be repaired, we think, by a reduction of the limit. The Act has been so worked as to create a general impression that twenty miles an hour, instead of being a maximum, is a kind of standard legitimate speed, and it is highly necessary that that standard should be reduced. We see that the conference of representatives of London borough councils, held at the close of last week, passed a resolution in favor of limiting the speed of motor 'buses to eight miles an hour within the radius and ten outside, while for other motor vehicles fifteen miles an hour was to be allowed. This latter figure is too high for urban traffic. It is too high, apart from other considerations, because it cannot be enforced without the machinery of stop-watches and traps. On the contrary, if ten miles be taken as the limit, it is possible for the ordinary man to tell with but little difficulty if this is materially exceeded. For the urban horse and cycle traffic moves at rates that run up to nearly ten miles. The hansom moves at seven, eight, or nine. The cyclist in an open street goes at anything from eight to twelve. He will average nearly ten, and if he much exceeds that rate is seen to be "scorching." Now, if a motor comes tearing past this body of traffic, it is easy to see that it is exceeding ten miles an hour, just as, by comparing the trotting horse with the pedestrian, it is easy to see that the horse is exceeding four miles an hour. But how great is the excess, whether he is going fifteen, or eighteen, or twenty, it is impossible to tell without a mechanism specially adapted for the purpose. We think, then, that the law should set the standard of ten miles an hour for all vehicles in towns, villages, and populous places generally. At the same time, local authorities should have full powers to impose further restrictions, especially with a view to safeguarding owners. Quite recently we saw a powerful car coming up a main road through the outskirts of a London suburb at a great pace, though the hill was against it. The road turns a right angle, which every local cyclist takes with caution. The car dashed round at full speed on the wrong side of the road, within a few feet of the pavement. Had any vehicle been descending the hill a disaster would have been inevitable, but, of course, we should have heard that the car was going at seven miles an hour. The hill would have been foraged in aid of more testimony. Probably the occupants would have expressed great compunction, have carried off the wounded to the hospital and the dead to their homes, and secured a tribute to their philanthropy from a sympathetic Press.

In any case the need for fresh legislation and fuller powers for local bodies is clearly established. The futile circular of the Local Government Board may simply be set aside. We see, in fact, that the Public Control Committee of the London County Council has very properly replied to it with the remark that the powers of the Council are limited, and that fresh legislation is needed. If it were not, we should not be witnessing the conflict between public rights and private licence which has scandalised even the "Times." Any traveller, indeed, can see for himself that we are far behind the rest of Europe in the regulation of the motor nuisance, and even as we write the German Government is introducing into the Reichstag a plan of control much severer than our Liberal Ministry has even hinted at. The movement is now ready to take political shape, and only needs organisation to make itself felt at by-elections. Legislation is only a question of time, and will be the more drastic if long delayed. We trust that Mr. Burns and the Government as a whole will find the necessary time for doing something to abate the evil before the next holiday season is upon us.

THE VACANT ARCHBISHOPRIC.

We very much hope that the Government will take the opportunity suggested by the resignation of the Archbishop of York to make an appointment that can be called Liberal in the large as opposed to the narrow partisan sense of that word. We have no doubt at all that the Prime Minister will be urged to take a different course. Reaction in the Church has some vigorous and highly presentable promoters on the Episcopal Bench. One or two such figures have a colorable suggestion of Liberalism, and yet stand in stiff opposition to progress in the Anglican Communion. The Prime Minister has hitherto shown a singularly clear sense of the kind of lead that the Church wants in high places, of the claims of scholarship, joined to large and sympathetic ideas of modern life and its problems. His breadth of view is now to be tested afresh. Belief in progress is not a very salient quality in the Anglican Church of to-day. It was not conspicuously fostered by either of the great Prime Ministers of later Victorian days who have had most to do with

the selection of her high ecclesiastics. And of her two great divisions the Northern Province especially calls for a head in sympathy with the freer and more robust movements of the national life. We thought that from this point of view the translation of the Bishop of Sodor and Man to Newcastle was a grave mistake, and experience has shown that we were right. There is all the more reason to avoid repeating it in the larger field which an Archbishop of York surveys.

Happily there is at least one Bishop of whom it can be said that he is a Liberal in more than the form and the name. The Bishop of Hereford would, we have reason to believe, be peculiarly acceptable to the people of the northern country from which he derives. He is a man of the people; he has the quality of courage, of simple outspokenness and directness of view, which all those who influence their fellows possess. His own Church knows him as an admirable administrator, an overseer of whom the Anglican Church, with its many traditions of good government, is proud. But Dr. Percival is something more than an efficient Bishop. In associating a man of his character with the headship of the Northern Province, the Prime Minister would do the Church the very special service of distinguishing a man awake to the signs of the times, a friend and helper of democracy, as well as a personality of transparent candor, of great moral strength, of singular weight in speech and counsel, and of no mean intellectual force. These are ample qualifications, but there is another reason for nominating to the Northern Archbishopric a Churchman of Dr. Percival's stamp, which, we think, outweighs all others. Dr. Percival is a Broad Churchman; that is to say, he accepts the theory of development in religious truth which is the most important and the most powerful idea, not only in modern Christianity, but all over the religious world. The Anglican Church has not yet set itself right with this tendency. It has not taken the turn forward which men like Stanley and Maurice wished to see it take; it has, on the whole, gone back with Pusey and his school. We do not know whether it realises how far it has retreated from the broad current of the religious life of its times, how far it has become imitative and retrospective, basing its hopes on some unimaginative and unimaginable revival of the past. It is to the advantage of a religious communion, beset with these hesitations, that it is not left to its own choice of governors. There is a party in the Church of England which would cut itself away, not merely from the State connections, but from the laity. In such a Church we agree that men of Dr. Percival's stamp would have little place. But a communion of this type could not hope to retain its special influence with the English people. It would merely be a bad copy of the Church of Rome, it would be grievously narrowed in its choice both of administrators and of spiritual guides, and it would sink into the profitless and endless quarrel with the modern State which devitalises the Roman Communion. The Founder of Christianity imagined no such society. He desired men to help each other as their respective needs developed. The Church of England, conservative as it is, has never quite lost sight of this ideal, and statesmen do her a real service when they find ministers able to realise it.

Life and Letters.

THE HARVEST OF AN IDEAL.

THERE is no phenomenon which at first sight seems less easy to explain than the great metamorphosis of national characteristics that marked the third portion of the nineteenth century in Europe and Asia. The sudden transformation of Japan from dense feudal medievalism to modern progressiveness in its most aggravated shape still continues to puzzle us. The awakening of Germany after the Franco-Prussian War is almost equally strange. The contrast between the Teutonic spirit as it manifested itself a hundred years ago and as it finds expression to-day, still fills observers with a kind of bewilderment and vague alarm. In Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson's new book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany" (T. Fisher Unwin), there is a suggestive, if too brief, chapter on this point. Mr. Dawson's whole volume is well worth close study. It is, by a long way, the most impartial and exhaustive analysis of the economic and political situation in Germany which has appeared in England for several years past. In this respect its only worthy rival is to be found in the chapters on Germany in Dr. Arthur Shadwell's well-known work, and it is altogether beyond comparison with those superficial polemical pamphlets, hastily thrown together in a temper of angry partisanship, which have attracted a quite undue amount of attention in England of late. Those who want to understand the real condition of modern Germany should ponder over Mr. Dawson's chapters, fortified as they are with statistics and judiciously selected citations of original authorities.

Like everybody else who has considered the subject seriously, Mr. Dawson finds himself impressed and a little perplexed by the contrast just noted. The antithesis between the Germany of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Fichte, and the Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II. and Herr Ballin is indeed sufficiently striking. Many contemporary German writers are themselves commenting on the change. Take these words, for instance, from Herr Fuchs, the author of "Der Kaiser und die Zukunft des deutschen Volkes":—

> "One is often pained and overcome with longing as one thinks of the German of a hundred years ago. He was poor, he was impotent, he was despised, ridiculed, and defrauded. He was the uncomplaining slave of others; his fields were their battleground, and the goods which he had inherited from his fathers were trodden under foot and dispersed. He shed his blood heroically without asking why. He never troubled when the riches of the outside world were divided without regard for him. He sat in his bare little room high under the roof, in simple coat and clumsy shoes; but his heart was full of sweet dreams, and uplifted by the chords of Beethoven to a rapture which threatened to rend his breast. He wept with Werther and Jean Paul in joyous pain, he smiled with the childish innocence of his naïve poets, the happiness of his longing consumed him, and as he listened to Schubert's song his soul became one with the soul of the universe."

Mr. Dawson says that the struggle to which Germany has, since 1860, devoted its undivided strength is not a struggle waged consciously in the name and for the sake of civilisation, it is not a struggle for intellectual or political ideals, or ideals of any kind, but a struggle for sheer mastery in the realm of matter and for political ascendency among the nations. And he enlarges on that worship of material force which does, indeed, spring to the eye on all sides in modern Germany. "Everywhere," he says, "even in the architecture of the rebuilt cities, one sees the worship of massivity, the striving after crude, imposing effects." It is a primitive art, wherein form is subordinated to size. These works impress, indeed, by their mass and dimensions, and by the suggestion of power which they convey, but they are without imagination—they are body without soul—and create in the beholder a sense of unrest and oppression. What the old Germany gave to the world we know, and for that gift the world will always be grateful. But:—

> "We do not know what modern Germany, the Germany of the overflowing barns and the full argosies, has to offer beyond its materialistic science and its merchandise, or whether

> the later gift will be of a kind to call for either thankfulness or admiration. . . . It is questionable whether unified Germany counts as much to-day as an intellectual and moral agent in the world as when it was little better than a geographical expression, and the reason is that for the present its strength is not the strength of a nation that lives by and for ideals."

There is much truth and force in this; but one may question whether the breach between the old and the new Germany is quite so complete as is here suggested. For, after all, this materialism, this eager striving for mastery, represents only one side of modern Germany. If we read Mr. Dawson's chapters—those especially on "Technical Education," "State Enterprise," and "Agriculture and Industry"—and his own previous volume on the German workman, we shall find that it is not this feature which is specially emphasised. What strikes us more particularly as the main factor in the industrial and mercantile advance of the country is the regard for method, for training, for systematic organisation, and for the practical effectiveness attributed to educated and wisely directed intelligence. Germany prevails not so much because it is a masterful nation as because it is a disciplined nation. Its successes are due much less than is commonly supposed to the Bismarckian ideas and much more to those which it inherited from the two generations that preceded the assertion of the Prussian hegemony. Indeed, one may even go further and suggest that the spirit of which Bismarck was the embodiment has obstructed rather than assisted the advance of Germany, since it has been the fruitful source of domestic troubles and international enmities. A great deal of the friction between classes and in the relations of capital and labor, which may yet shatter the whole fabric of German society by a volcanic explosion, is caused by the hard reliance on force that has obsessed the governing elements in politics and society. No one can deny that modern Germany has raised about herself a whole host of difficulties by her tendency to march rough-shod, with spurred heel and mailed fist, over all opposition.

All this kind of masterfulness, this cult of massivity and violence, has obstructed much more than facilitated the progress of the nation, even in the political sphere, and much more in the social and industrial. The real successes have been won by other methods, and in the main by that profound belief in the value of thoroughness and exact knowledge to which we are constantly brought back in any adequate survey of the condition of the country. Not long ago, the present writer found himself seated at a public dinner beside a member of the Prussian Ministry. The conversation turned upon the electoral system, and the Englishman expressed surprise at the existence, in the twentieth century, of a narrow oligarchical constitution whereby the great majority of the people are excluded from their fair share of political power. "Why," he asked, "should you oppose the extension of the franchise on genuinely democratic lines? You would then," it was suggested, "probably have a contented instead of a discontented people, and you would deprive the Socialists of their most formidable weapon. Why not allow the Legislature to be really elected by the majority of the population instead of by a comparatively small section of the propertied classes?" "But if we did so," replied the Minister, "we should allow the direction of affairs to fall in the hands of the ignorant (*Ungebildeten*), and no State can be properly governed under those conditions." This exactly expresses the attitude of most educated Germans towards practical matters; and even in politics it is acquiesced in by the masses with a tolerance that seems astonishing to outsiders. The reverence for the trained expert amounts to a passion; and it accounts in large part for that discipline which it seems easy to enforce in all departments of the national activity, not merely in the army, but in the family, the school, the city, the factory. The German everywhere has a rooted distrust of the amateur; he has been brought up in the belief that in any sphere of human endeavor there are fixed principles and scientific rules which can be discovered by methodical study. Hence his respect for the learned man, the *Gelehrter*, which, through all the materialism of the money-making era, prevails to an extent that is almost unintelligible to the Briton.

The power of knowledge, said Matthew Arnold, by no means implies a high and fine general culture. What it does imply is the necessity of knowing *scientifically* the things which have to be known to us; of knowing them systematically, by the regular and right process, and in the only thorough manner. And this sense, as Arnold tried to impress upon his countrymen, the Germans specially possessed. If they had it fifty years ago, they have not yet lost it; and by this, more than anything else, the successful new Germany of the workshop, the counting-house, and the big navy, has been created. Germany, as we see it in Mr. Dawson's pages and in those of other competent observers, is eminently an organised and trained nation. Its inspiring motive is that things are not to be left to chance or to the haphazard achievements of individual impulse, but to prevision, method, arrangement, the carefully thought-out adaptation of means to ends. That spirit is responsible for much that to us seems least admirable—for the imperfect understanding of political liberty, the administrative tyranny, the bureaucratic and police dragooning, the growth of the great capitalistic combinations, which are, perhaps, more powerful, if they are less rapacious, than in the United States. But it has, at any rate, fostered the impatience of disorder and confused thinking which is characteristic of the entire people and pervades their common life.

On this principle the children are taken in hand from the cradle and supervised by skilled and qualified guardians—doctors, schoolmasters, teachers in continuations, drill instructors—till they are grown men and women. On this principle the municipalities are controlled, not by public-spirited amateurs, but in large part by professional adepts whose business in life it is to manage urban affairs. And on this principle the manufacturer distrusts mere rule-of-thumb knowledge, and has an almost fanatical belief in technical scholarship, filling his works with highly educated assistants who have learnt all that is to be known about their particular craft in the laboratory and the study.

This science, this forethought, this calculation, and this marshalling of the intellectual resources are, no doubt, devoted for the most part to strictly material ends, to the acquisition of riches, and the pursuit of power. Yet they have their roots in the old German culture, and in the traditions and habits which grew up in the period when Germany was still disunited and politically weak. The victories of the industrialists, not less than those of the French battle-fields, were the harvest of the seed sown in the library, the lecture-theatre, and the schoolroom, as well as in the barrack and the bureau, during the previous hundred years. The reverence for culture which Goethe and Lessing had taught reacts upon the Teuton of to-day, albeit he may care more for dynamos and mineral dyes than for poetry and literary criticism; the philosophers are not much read, but their evangel of reason and abstract thought has not yet lost all its power. The practical, hustling twentieth-century German is unconsciously treading in the half-effaced footsteps of his grandfather, who dreamed in his garret over Kant and Hegel and wrestled with the Subject and Object. Germany's greatest danger lies in breaking away completely from the influence of the ancient ideals, and in imagining that she really owes her successes to blood and iron and mere "masterfulness," rather than to system and thoroughness and methodical thinking—in a word, to the efficiency born of mental discipline and organised knowledge.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE POOR.

Sixty years ago Disraeli described the rich and poor of England as two nations. To-day there are observers who find national distinctions less dividing than the fissure between the summit and the base of society. "Their civilisations," says Mr. Reynolds—of the middle classes and the poor—"are not two stages of the same civilisation, but two civilisations, two traditions, which

have grown up concurrently." A similar testimony is expressed by all who have intimate and first-hand knowledge of the life of the hand worker. "The more one sees of the poor in their own homes," is the verdict of Miss Loane, a witness of varied and peculiar experience, "the more one becomes convinced that their ethical views, taken as a whole, can be more justly described as different from those of the upper classes than as better or worse." Most present-day failures in legislation and social experiment are due to the neglect of this fact. It has been cheerfully assumed that the artisan is but a stunted or distorted specimen of the small tradesman; with the same ideals, the same aspirations, the same limitations: demanding the same moulding towards the fashioning of a completed product. We are gradually learning that "the people of England" are as different from, and as unknown to, the classes that investigate, observe, and record, as the people of China or Peru. Living amongst us and around us, never becoming articulate, finding even in their directly elected representatives types infinitely remote from their own, these people grow and flourish and die, with their own codes of honour, their special beliefs and moralities, their judgment and often their condemnation of the classes to whom has been given leisure and material advantage. The line is cut clean by both parties, neither desiring to occupy the territory of the other. "There is not one high wall, but two high walls, between the classes and the masses," declares Mr. Reynolds; "and that erected in self-defence by the exploited is the higher and more difficult to climb."

Only by laborious and sometimes painful enterprise can this barrier be surmounted and the entrance effected to the remarkable region beyond its borders. Those who have embarked upon such journeys and who bring back authentic news of the land thus partially explored deserve as high honour as any traveller through distant places or diver in deep seas. Miss Loane—especially amongst the London poor—was one of them. Mr. Bourne, in his "Memories of a Surrey Laborer," revealed, by patient observation, the strange, furtive, slow-moving mind of the peasant on the land. Mr. Reynolds, in a fascinating volume, combining observation and a high gift of writing with a wide human sympathy, has presented a striking picture of the Devon fisherman. In "A Poor Man's House" (John Lane) the huddled cottages of the fisher village of a South Coast watering-place are seen from inside; the observer penetrates behind the appearance—to the normal visitor—of a rather squalid fishing suburb, with swarms of untidy children, and the fishermen, deferential, seeking patronage of the brisk or bored holiday maker. The author has lived amongst them and loved them. He has convinced them that he has no desire to do them good. He comes to their life having "swallowed all the formulas" with a perhaps exaggerated contempt for the "intellectuals" and upholders of the middle-class moral code. He is enchanted by the life he finds there, despite all its discomforts. In the existence of the poor, in an experience fixed on the hard rind of life, testing to the full its salt and bitter flavors, he finds a sincerity and an adventure denied to the more secure classes above. Always faced by elemental facts, and demanding a continuous courage for the maintenance of an unending struggle, these men and women exhibit clean-cut, simple, elemental qualities which vindicate their existence before any absolute standard of values.

As may be supposed—it is a common experience in all similar exploration—the poor are inclined to suspect and dislike the classes just above them, the tradesmen. Nowhere is the moral standard more divergent than between the frugal, laborious, and rather timid assiduities of the lower middle class on the one hand, and on the other the reckless, generous, improvident life of the working peoples. To the "gentleman," the attitude of the sea folk is different. He is despised for his ignorance; he is sometimes regarded as fair game for deceit or extortion, outside the moral standard of the home community, just as the colored peoples are regarded as outside the recognised codes of civilisation to-day. Yet there is little envy of his riches and enjoyments, and even a certain admiration for him, so long as he conforms to certain accepted laws of kindliness. "'An 'orrible lie!' between two poor people is fair play from a poor man to a wealthier, just as, for instance, the wealthy man considers himself at liberty to make speeches full of hypocritical untruth when he is seeking the suffrage of the free and independent electors, or is trying to teach the poor man how to make himself more profitable to his employer." The "gentlemen" are permitted idleness, luxuriousness, and the freest self-indulgence without criticism; but anything from them in the nature of meanness is resented. Haggling, for example, over the hire of a boat, is an unpardonable offence. The fishermen, on their occasional holidays, spend their savings lavishly and without question; why should not the "gentlemen" do the same? "When Tony goes away himself, he pays what is asked; regrets it afterwards, if at all; and comes home when his money is done. 'If a gen'leman,' he says, 'can't afford to pay the rate, what du 'ee come on the beach to hire a boat for—an' try to beat a fellow down? I reckon 'tis only a *sort o' gen'leman* as does that!'"

And this, indeed, is only congruous with that changed estimate of moral values which prevails amongst the poor. Mr. Reynolds, amongst his Devon fishermen, finds the same general summing-up of moral guilt or excellence as Miss Loane has found in the mean streets of the great cities. "Generosity ranks far before justice, sympathy before truth, love before chastity, a pliant and obliging disposition before a rigidly honest one. In brief, the less admixture of intellect required for the practice of any virtue, the higher it stands in popular estimation." It is the emotional, indeed, against the intellectual: to one point of view, life in an incomplete condition of development; to another, life lived nearer to its central heart. Certainly, in the combination of Christian and ethical dicta which make up the popular moral code of modern civilisation, the standard of the poor is the Christian standard: one can see how much the New Testament assertions have been fashioned from the common democratic mind, as Socrates and Plato from the aristocratic. Yet religion—here, as in the record of the Surrey laborer—counts for little in the scheme of human affairs. There is, indeed, nothing of a definite denial; the fishing village would be scandalised by any eager disproof of Christianity. The children go regularly to Sunday School; their parents believe in God and in a better time coming. Yet the general spirit reveals that widespread and prevailing uncertainty, and conviction of uncertainty, which to-day is the most dominant attitude in face of ultimate problems. Tony the fisherman pronounces the same verdict as Bettesworth the old agricultural laborer. "Religion is the business of the clergy, who are paid for it, and of those who take it up as a hobby, including the impertinent persons who thrust hell-fire tracts upon the fisherfolk. 'Us can't 'spect to know nort about it,' says Tony. ''Tain't no business o' ours. May be as they says; may be not. It don't matter, that I sees. 'Twill be all the same in a hunderd years' time, when we're a-grinning up at the daisy-roots.'"

It was thought, says Mr. Charles Booth, of a certain experiment in East London, that as the poor were not going to Church, they would attend the Hall of Science. When the Hall of Science was opened, is was as deserted as the churches. The people wanted neither religion nor its antidote. All they wanted was to be left alone. All that the poor want, runs the popular Socialist declaration, is that the rich shall get off their backs. All that the poor want, would be a truer aphorism, is to be left alone. They don't want to be cleaned, enlightened, inspected, drained. They don't want regulations of the hours of their drinking. They assiduously avoid the hospitals and parish rooms. They don't want compulsory thrift, elevation to remote standards of virtue and comfort, irritation into intellectual or moral progress. All they want is to be left alone. In that diverting novel, the "Lord of Latimer Street," the peer who owns the neighborhood, disguised as a lodger in a block of scandalous

tenements in Bermondsey, announces that the philanthropic landlord is going to pull them down and convert the site into a recreation ground for the people. A universal fury is aroused. Why can't he leave them alone? They pay their rents without complaining. Why can't he go and spend the money at Monte Carlo or Newmarket "like the other lords do"? Mr. Reynolds is not only conscious that the poor want to be left alone: he is convinced that they ought to be left alone. He does not believe that interference—either collective or individual—can be of any practical service. The effect of our interference is similar to the effect of the preaching of Western morals in the East. The old faiths are destroyed. The new faiths are not assimilated. He is very doubtful concerning the boon of Elementary Education. He dislikes the preaching of thrift. Amongst the poor, "extreme thrift, like extreme cleanliness, has often a singularly dehumanising effect. It hardens the nature of its votaries, just as gaining what they have not earned most frequently makes men flabby. Thrift, as highly recommended, leads the poor man into the spiritual squalor of the lower middle class." Mr. Reynolds, indeed, is willing to make almost any sacrifice for his friends, if only they can retain their chief vindicating quality—that insouciance or contempt for life's ills and dangers which enables them ever to take the thunder and the sunshine with a frolic welcome. He finds this greatly characteristic of his fishermen: he probably would find less manifestation of it in the difficult darkness of the cities, where Fear, rather than Courage, is the driving force of common humanity. But, however much churches may talk about sin and virtue, "we know well in our hearts," says this observer, "that pluck and courage are the great twin virtues, and that cowardice is the fundamental sin." He finds amongst the poor not only the "will to live," but the "courage to live"; not only endurance of existence, but exultation in it. They are not afraid of life. They keep something of the adventure which takes all risks: the resolute action which cannot even see the risks it is taking. With Stevenson, he will have nothing to do with the negative virtues. With Renan, he believes that this daring and patience of the poor is the great reservoir by which the world will yet be saved.

"THE BACCHANALS."

It is the tragedy of the contest between two spirits—the spirits of moderation and excess, of good sense and enthusiasm, of established order and revolution. Many other mysterious spiritual laws and groping prophecies of things to come enter into the play—the symbolic significance of blood and wine, sacrifices of Divine life and re-birth, the incalculable strangeness of man's double personality revealed by ecstasy or the force of a higher will, and the possibility of a God Who is no thundering warrior, but a spirit of gentleness and almost womanly attributes. All these things are there, and we cannot in a page exhaust the meaning of one of the strangest and most subtle remains of Greek poetry. But as it was enacted at the Court Theatre last Tuesday, and next Tuesday is to be repeated, the drama is the tragedy of that recurrent human contest between established order and revolution. By his arrangement of the final scene Professor Gilbert Murray, the exquisite and daring translator, appears to insist on this. For amidst the woe of the mother's discovery that the lion's head she swings in triumph is her own son's, he boldly introduces the dancing Bacchanals still wild with inspiration; he shows us the mother, Agave, seized again by the ecstatic influence and joining in the holy dance.

An incalculable power has entered a city unawares. Upon the habits of law and order and routine it acts like a touch of leaven in a lump of dough. It reduplicates itself, it quickens, it stirs, it seethes, it permeates, it rouses, it defies all limits. Sober citizens, accustomed to established ideas that broaden slowly down, are aghast at the rapid transformation. They feel puzzled and very much annoyed. Everything was going so comfortably and straight before; the course of the city's progress was well marked out, and while she continued to prosper there was no reason why they should not eat, and sleep, and worship the gods as usual. Then came this blast of a new spirit, driving decent progress all athwart, upsetting the shipshape conveniences of life, and making everybody disagreeable. They try ridicule ("there is nothing so deadly as laughter") but the spirit only laughs back at them; they lose their tempers and try abuse, but the spirit remains calm; they talk of "stern measures," and "the iron hand"; but almost before they have turned the keys on the new spirit it is outside again. It is everywhere. Like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth. Stone walls do not its prison make. "Cannot God overleap a wall?" asks Dionysus of the steady-going tyrant, and the tyrant stood bewildered. For the first time he was confronted with the spirit of faith, a quite incalculable thing.

After all, Pentheus, the city's ruler, was but the average man of affairs, the ordinary governor or official, with a dislike of troublesome novelties. He reckons on the common motives of mankind for full explanation of this annoying movement. He attributes it to money and sensuality—the two motives to which all spiritual and revolutionary movements have from time immemorial been attributed, and always will be attributed by people blind to spiritual things. Pentheus is not blinder than other men; he is only just as blind. "Where is he? For mine eyes discern him not," he asks, staring into the very face of the god. He is so blind that when he cries, "This needs an iron hand," and swears he will bring the inspired women back to labour at his distaff, and strives to chain the god himself, he can but chain a bull in his place and goes hewing the empty air with his sword. At the end of the play Dionysus himself utters one little sigh of lament over the common blindness:—

> "Thus speaketh Dionysus, Son confessed
> Of no man but of Zeus!—Ah, had you seen
> Truth in the hour you would not, all had been
> Well with you, and the Child of God your friend!"

But from such natures spiritual vision is necessarily excluded. Professor Gilbert Murray has himself depicted their type:—

> "Those haggard, striving, suspicious men, full of ambition and the pride of intellect, almost destitute of emotion, unless political hatreds can be called emotion, were hurrying through Life in the presence of august things which they never recognised, of joy and beauty which they never dreamed of. Thus it is that 'the world's wise are not wise.'"

In and out among these common examples of all governing classes the new spirit began to move invisibly, and Dionysus came to Thebes. The son of lightning came to his birthplace, and his birthplace did not receive him. It saw no use in his courteous ways, his indeterminate powers, and his symbolic gift of the vine. Only an old man here and there perceived the hint of divinity in Semele's child:—

> "Who found the drink of the grape, and on mankind
> Conferred a gift that banishes all their pain
> When the wine-jar pours it out, and brings them sleep
> And sweet forgetfulness of daily plagues,
> Nor is there any other drug for care."

Of the wise and prudent only an old man or two discerned the newcomer's power. But to those who were not counted among the world's wise the new spirit was revealed. It swept into their souls like a flood of light. It brought with it that transfiguration of the squalid world, for which all men but worldlings long. At its coming, thoughts and lips were set free; the stiff chains of the world were loosened, rocks and trees joined in reeling dances, obstinate nature relaxed her laws, snakes licked their human friends, and she-wolves brought their cubs to be nourished by women kindred to themselves. To those who received the new spirit no harm could come; flames could not burn their hair, and before their faith mountains were removed and plates of bronze and iron were shattered. From the inmost dungeons of the oppressor they heard the voice of the spirit calling them, and they answered. Force had no power against them; the tyrant's own guards whispered that they were on their side, and only used violence under orders. For its worshippers the new spirit had filled up existence; it was impossible to imagine life deprived of it now. "Oh,

what was left if thou wert gone? What could I but despair?" cried their leader. Without the new spirit of freedom the world would be a blank—a foggy marsh from which they had emerged into the sun. "What else is wisdom?" they asked, in those central lines of the play:—

"What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?"

Then comes the tragedy of all revolutions—the severance of closest ties, the sword that the new spirit brings upon earth instead of peace. The blind oppressor is overwhelmed by his own folly; the lion walks into the net; we see the mother's hands reddened with a son's blood, and she comes rejoicing in the trophy of her hunting—"bearing in triumph her own broken heart." It is a savage thing. Even the inspired Chorus hesitates whether to rejoice or mourn. Old Cadmus, the mother's father, who had himself been touched by the new inspiration, breaks down under the human pity of the sight, and will never be moved by the spirit again. In Dionysus—perhaps in all these incalculable powers—there was always that double nature—that grim and terrible side. So sweet in manner, so like a gentle-hearted woman, yet he drove his worshippers to rend beautiful creatures in pieces, to devour living flesh, and brandish the bleeding limbs in the triumph of his revels. Heads borne on pikes, assassinations of governors when Bastilles crumble, September massacres—for such things there are tears, there is human pity. But the new spirit passes upon its way.

It is commonly thought that the play was a typically Greek protest against excess—another illustration of the "Nothing too much" inscribed on Apollo's Delphi. But it is impossible thus to limit its significance. As is well known, it was the last thing that Euripides wrote, and he wrote it in exile on the slopes of Olympus, looking over the bay to Salonica, where St. Paul was to come in about four hundred and fifty years. It was a time of deep depression and disappointment, when all the bright hopes of Greece after the Persian defeat and of Athens under Pericles had faded away in political factions and civil wars. He may have meant by his play that the one hope for mankind was a new afflatus, a devouring enthusiasm. Even Aristotle, whose search for "the Mean" is the text of our teachers, admits that all excellence is "in a sense extreme," and denounces those who warn us that, "being mortal, we must think only of mortal things." For what honor has the world ever given to a man who was merely "moderate" in love or in courage or in generosity or in anything else worth having or giving? When a Scotsman told the House that his nation was generous, but tempered generosity with prudence, even that cautious assembly smiled, knowing at heart that, in the words of another poet, "Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid, courted by Incapacity," and only by the road of ungrudging lavishness is life's greatness to be won.

THE ROBBERIES OF THE SEA.

A FURIOUS East wind drives along the coast, but under the lee of a sandstone cliff we are in a garden of bliss, the warm sun pouring on us from a sapphire sky, and scarcely a trace of the cold wind reaching us. Even the spring flowers are still blooming (or already blooming) in this notch, where the wind-shorn blackthorns make walls almost as impermeable as the red brick that surrounds a favored garden. We have just had sight of a primrose open in its rosette of leaves, and by its side the rolled bud of its successor, while in several corners of the thicket the full pink of the campion gladdens the eye and the heart. But here we sit facing the sea, its waters now piled at the high tide mark. They are the color of lead with the charge they have taken from the blue clay that prevails lower, and now the leaping, rolling, lapping, smashing, backwashing waves are attacking the grass banks and the tough roots with which the gorse attempts to keep them for the kingdom of air. A piece of the bank that has fallen into the closer grip of the waves weighs probably half a ton, and seems toughly woven into one by the roots. The first wave lifts it tantalisingly towards the shore, but drags it down again amid the rattling pebbles. Another falls headlong upon it, flattening its fibres, but extracting a perceptible amount of its solubles in the back-wash. Another grinds it into the shingle, another sprinkles it with little stones, then one, sweeping along the shore, takes it in flank and rushes it down into the trough, where the rest of its disintegration is invisibly undertaken.

A few yards beyond, the waves are washing off a deeper soil from a layer of pudding-stone richly dyed with iron, the peebles, loosely mortared as they are, resisting attrition considerably more than their covering. Next to this the little cliff rises sheer, or rather overhangs, where the sea pelts the rock with shingle, grinding it off according to the varying resistance of its strata, and driving a cave deep under its base, as though for an instrument on which to play a resounding tune. For centuries this bit of coast has been thus steadily ground down. Far out, at the low-tide mark and beyond it, the fossil forest testifies to the fact that once the annual commercial damage was still heavier than it is now. All along the cliffs behind us, cracks near the edge tell of further depredations almost infallibly marked out. The owner of a mile of this foreshore soon loses an acre to the sea, or to the more fortunate owner of some other ocean frontage. A few years ago, the sea was steadily gnawing into the railway track a little to the west of where we sit, and at high tide a big wave would sometimes hurl shingle on the passing trains. The company saw to the stopping of this advance. A groin or two judiciously placed turned erosion into accretion. The obliging sea, to which the necessary magic word had been spoken, now piles up tons of shingle almost at every tide. To-day, at any rate, we can see clearly where the freshly washed stones have been swept over the bank and laid on the dusty heap that seldom knows the washing of a tide. And a little to the east can be seen very plainly the place whence this daily present to the railway company comes.

It is possible that the inhabitants, except they be landowners, fail to follow the slow process by which the coast-line is daily changed. We remember very well what this place was like seven years ago. Then, three great banks of shingle sloped steeply down to the sea, the whole forming a mound apparently twenty feet high. Now, when the tide is out, a flat table of rock apparently slopes the other way, standing a foot or so out of the waves and coming down under the foot of the cliff, which to-day the tide gnaws at when it is up. It is difficult not to believe that the land here has sunk bodily, letting the waves fly at the throat of the cliffs instead of at their knees. Of course, it may have done so, though the removal of the shingle towards the west by a newly directed scour of the tides can be found a sufficient explanation. It must be related, however, that the father of the farmer who now has the crumbling cliffs used to graze his sheep on a substantial strip of grass beneath the cliffs—acres that are now far under the waves. The inference seems clear that just here England is taking one more of those slow dips in the sea of which in the ages she has taken so many.

When the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion issues its report we shall get something like a general view of the robberies and the gifts of the sea. Most of the stories told to the Commission are stories of robbery, and they come from nearly every coast. Lately we had news of a large fall of cliff at Cromer, a few years ago of one at St. Margaret's Bay, in Kent. The sea seems inclined to make two Isles of Wight of one by smashing in at Freshwater, where the broken military road, far out on the shore of the bay, shows how rapid the encroachment has been. Elsewhere, of course, notably at Hythe, the piling up of sand has made inland towns of what once were harbours, and the silt of large and muddy rivers has changed saltings into first-rate meadows. We know one landowner who, by merely sinking old barges full

of stones, has induced the river to pile round them acres of rich mud, on which bullocks now make heavy beef. His tale, we suppose, will not come before the Committee, though if in another of his estates Neptune should have robbed him, the nation will hear of it. It may be that by the silt he has taken someone else is the poorer. Here is the exact reversal of the usual land problem as indicated in the phrase "unearned increment." The industry of one man in setting up groins or retaining walls, not only leaves his neighbor's property unimproved, but often causes it to be worsened. The sea may next creep round the improver's land through the other's neglect and, taking it in flank, sweep it worse than if he had done nothing to protect it. Yet, on the whole it is true of maritime neighbors that when your land consumes mine is in danger.

From the ordered, mechanic action of the tides in a river we have evolved a simple enough code of rights and duties obtaining between neighbors. Each must keep his dam at the prescribed height, and keep it waterproof. The vagaries of ocean and their intensification under groining and other diversion of currents create many paradoxes besides that of the best neighbor being the worst. There is groining and counter-groining. The scour that has been handed on from A to B must be passed on again to C, or returned to A with interest. Then what of the hinterland proprietor who might expect to come into the firing line more quickly if those on the frontier were not so active? The man in the front calls upon him, with show of justice, for contribution to the expenses of their common cause. But is it common, when we remember that, if the hinterlander could come up to the sea with reasonable chance of staying there and not going down into the waves, his property would often be more valuable than it is now? At any rate it is an affair of interest to the nation at large, and it is upon the Exchequer that our sea-coast landlords call for a contribution to their expenses of maintenance. In this case, if in no other, the scheme must be just as national as the support. We cannot subsidise A and B to throw shingle at one another to no nationally useful end. Let the State protect its own coast line from the sea as from any other national foe, and even push the war into the enemy's country by reclaiming the Wash, planting the dunes, and finding work for its waste labor on its waste lands.

The Drama.

THE MAGNANIMOUS ENGINEER.

"The Builder of Bridges" is a piece which everyone who really likes the theatre will like; for it belongs to the very best sort of theatrical play. It is exceedingly interesting. It keeps one constantly agog to know what is going to happen next; and the thing which does happen is apt to be vastly effective, from the theatrical point of view. It is very well written, tersely, nervously, and (on the whole) naturally. It contains passages of real originality and thoughtfulness. It is put together with no small technical skill; and, to crown all, it is not quite unlike life. All this (or most of it) is implied when one calls it a theatrical play of the first order. But a play of character it is not; it is not a drama of ideas. Perhaps one cannot describe it better than by saying that it contains many strong situations, but no great scene.

And why are its merits theatrical, and no more? Because its hero is the consummate type of the ideal personage, while its heroine, though far enough (heaven knows!) from being an ideal personage, is never rendered wholly credible to us. I cannot quite make up my mind whether her initial action is in itself incredible, or whether Mr. Sutro has failed to go deep enough into her character to make us believe in it. I incline to the former opinion.

The case is as follows: Arnold Faringay, a clerk in the office of a large firm of engineers, has been tempted into bucket-shop gambling, and has stolen £3,000. The firm is building a great bridge in Egypt; the engineer on the spot wants £8,000; but Arnold contrives to put down his demand as £11,000—sends him £8,000, and pockets the difference. Of course, when the engineer returns and goes into the accounts, he will notice the discrepancy, and the game will be up. But Arnold has a sister, Dorothy, who is wildly devoted to her big brother. She is engaged to a young Civil servant, Walter Gresham, who has a little patrimony of £2,000. To him she goes, and, without telling him that her brother has actually stolen the money, begs him to give up the £2,000 and borrow £1,000 more, to save Arnold (as she represents) from bankruptcy. This Walter declines to do; he will not impoverish himself and Dorothy at the very outset of their married life. But there is still another expedient left. The engineer whose return will bring Arnold's crime to light is, as Dorothy learns, making a pause at St. Moritz on his way home. Edward Thursfield is his name. She does not know him, but Arnold does, and she has heard his character praised. She takes a great resolve. Without saying a word to either her brother or her betrothed, she sets off for St. Moritz. There she makes Thursfield's acquaintance, and he justifies her calculation by falling madly in love with her at first sight. In a fortnight she is engaged to him, and together they return to England. Her design is that, when Thursfield discovers Arnold's peculation, he shall conceal it from the firm, thus becoming an accomplice in the crime. Then, as soon as Arnold is safe, she will throw Thursfield over and marry Walter Gresham, who is meanwhile to remain in happy ignorance of all that is going on.

A pretty little scheme, is it not? Its reckless audacity is only equalled by its heartless baseness. It is not quite fair, perhaps, to ask how Dorothy could count so confidently on finding Thursfield, a bachelor of fifty, so instantly susceptible to her charms. Mr. Sutro may reply that she did not "count upon" it, but thought it worth trying as a last resource, and that it happened to come off. This is a specious plea, but does not remove the difficulty of understanding how so fantastic a scheme—one in which she had so little reason to hope for success—ever came into her head. Waiving this point, however, we are met by a more serious difficulty in her bland assumption that if Thursfield succumbs to her charms he will be ready, as a matter of course, to descend to her brother's level, and aid and abet him in robbing their employers. This amazing moral obtuseness is not only a mistake, but an easily corrigible one. Why should not Dorothy know or suppose Thursfield to be a fairly wealthy man, who could easily replace the stolen money? She tells us in so many words that this idea never entered her head—but why not? Why should it never occur to her that Thursfield might do what she had vainly besought Walter Gresham to do? As a matter of fact, it is what Thursfield actually does—out of his modest savings of £5,000, he makes good the defalcation. Mr. Sutro's motive for making him a comparatively poor man is evident enough—it enhances his heroism. But there is no reason why Dorothy should not imagine him richer than he is, and conceive that the £3,000 would be a mere trifle to him. Or does Mr. Sutro intend us to see in Dorothy a woman absolutely devoid of moral sense, who holds it easier for a man to participate in a felony than to devote £3,000 to the service of the woman he loves?

The starting-point of the action, then, puts a severe strain on our credulity; but here is once more illustrated that principle of the excellent Sarcey, that an audience will never cavil at what happens before the rise of the curtain, if only the scenes deduced from these postulates are logical and interesting. I will not take the edge off the reader's curiosity by following in detail the process of the action. Truth to tell, the main appeal of the play is to curiosity; and if that appeal be forestalled, there is not very much left. Suffice it to say, then, that Mr. Sutro works up his material with great ingenuity, and wrings from it (during the first three acts, at any rate) every ounce of possible effect. It is not long before we discover that Dorothy has come really to love her magnanimous engineer, and is heartily tired of poor, narrow-

minded, egoistic Walter Graham. Walter does not fail to give her a more or less adequate excuse for breaking off her engagement to him; and it seems as though her scheming were to be crowned with a most immoral success, when of a sudden, in an admirably-conceived situation of quite extraordinary poignancy, all her high-built happiness comes tumbling about her ears, and Thursfield sees how he has been duped, diddled, and befooled. Here, indeed, Mr. Sutro rehabilitates himself as a moralist, preaching, by implication, a sermon from the good old text:—

> "O what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practise to deceive."

Dorothy has involved herself and her brother in such a tangled web that their conduct seems a great deal viler than it really is; nor can they by any means unravel the tangle and make Thursfield realise the true limits of their culpability. This is particularly hard upon the brother. For Dorothy's conduct there is little enough to be said, beyond the fact that she now sincerely loves Thursfield; but Arnold had no complicity in Dorothy's doings at St. Moritz, and is, on the whole, by no means the unspeakable hound he appears in Thursfield's eyes. However, the case against both of them looks so extremely black that Thursfield's refusal to hear any explanation, though in fact a device for getting a fourth act out of the theme, seems almost natural and justified. As the audience thunders its appreciation of the really thrilling scene which brings the third act to a close, one says to oneself, "Yes, this is a very strong and striking bit of drama; but can the author get his heroine effectively out of her hobble?"

I think he might have done so; but I don't think he has. He has missed what might have been the most original scene in the play. What he does is very simple—he gives Dorothy an opportunity of pleading her cause with Thursfield, re-asseverating the sincerity of her love for him, and bringing forward in proof of it something she wrote while at St. Moritz, to the effect that if she should break her promise of marriage, it would only be because of the stern sense of honor bidding her to fulfil her prior engagement to another. For my part, I do not see that this proves anything. A woman capable of Dorothy's other peccadillos would be quite capable of making this declaration without meaning a word of it. Thursfield, however, is uncritical of evidence, and accepts the document as conclusive. "Je vois, je sais, je crois!" he cries, two minutes after he has been vowing that he cannot believe a word she says. Morally, psychologically, and even theatrically, the ending is a lame one. The tangled web is never definitely straightened out. To the very last Thursfield does not know exactly what happened, or what was the due apportionment of blame between Dorothy and Arnold. This fact, I think, might have put Mr. Sutro on the track of a better solution. The great scene of the last act might have been one in which Thursfield, recovered from the shock of the first revelation, thought calmly back over the circumstances, and disentangled for himself, by following this clue and that, the good and the evil in Dorothy's conduct. There was one point at least which ought to have shown him, on reflection, that the theory of a deliberate conspiracy between the brother and the sister did not quite meet the case. Had there been such a conspiracy, why should Arnold, just as it was on the verge of success, have confessed his crime to the manager of the firm he had robbed? This he had done; and the sense of justice inseparable from the character of the magnanimous engineer ought to have impelled Thursfield to ask himself, "Why?" Starting from this point he might have traced things backwards until he came to understand the true facts in their true sequence. He would then have found in Dorothy a woman sorely in need of moral guidance, but not irreparably base; and who could be better fitted to afford her moral guidance than a magnanimous engineer? This scene of the love-stricken hero piecing together the case for the defence of the woman he loves might have been (perhaps with some slight readjustment of the antecedent circumstances) at once ingenious, interesting, and true. It would also have given us that analytic judgment of Dorothy's action which our moral sense demands. But Mr. Sutro has chosen a different conclusion; and the result is that his last act, though not uninteresting, gains its interest from extrinsic matters, and not from the actual scene of reconciliation.

How strange is the absolute dominance of that stage convention which makes all engineers perfect paragons of manly virtue! Ibsen himself, in general no respecter of conventions, did homage to this one. Borgheim, in "Little Eyolf," was a road-maker, not a bridge-builder; but there is no essential difference. It is to be noted, however, that Borgheim is only a subsidiary character. Had he been compelled, like Edward Thursfield, to take the centre of the stage for a whole evening, I fancy we should have found some slight human weaknesses in him. Edward has not a single redeeming vice; and it says a great deal for Mr. George Alexander's skill and firmness of handling that his unflagging nobility did not become tedious or ridiculous. But Mr. Sutro will never do himself justice as an artist until he shakes off the fascination of the waxwork hero, the "perfect lover" and model of manhood. In one of the speeches of Thursfield's chief, old Sir Henry Killick (a capital character, capitally acted by Mr. William Farren), there is the germ of a fine play. Protesting against Thursfield's determination to marry, instead of setting forth afresh to conquer the wilderness, Sir Henry says, "We are the masters of Nature, we engineering chaps, and not her slaves, like the other people." Here is the hint for a truly dramatic conflict—why should not Mr. Sutro develop it, and take us a little deeper into the psychology of engineering?

Miss Irene Vanbrugh plays Dorothy with great and yet admirably restrained nervous energy. It is an extremely difficult character to handle, being, as I have hinted, a bundle of inconsistencies. Miss Vanbrugh succeeds, in a most reprehensible way, in doing odious things without forfeiting our sympathy. Perhaps the most interesting details of the play are the dilemmas of conduct which his sister's headstrong action forces upon Arnold Faringay. These are mere by-products of Mr. Sutro's scheme: Arnold's character is never allowed space to develop itself; but it contains several highly dramatic moments, which Mr. Dawson Milward handles in a quite masterly way. Miss Florence Haydon is delightful as ever in a delightful character, which ought, however, to be lightened of one or two cumbrous speeches; Mr. Harcourt Williams is good, though perhaps a little too boyish, as Walter Gresham; and Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds, as Thursfield's confidant, Peter Holland, contributes an excellent character-sketch.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

THE FALL OF BARON VON BECK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

VIENNA, November 8th, 1908.

SIR,—With the fall of Baron von Beck, the Premier of Austria, the country slips into the line of undisguised reaction. The Clerical Anti-Semitic Party have gained the upper hand, and their friend, Baron von Bienert, Minister of the Interior in the late Cabinet, has been entrusted with the formation of a new one. The turn came unexpectedly. Owing to the quarrels between the Germans and the Czechs, their representatives in the Cabinet resolved to resign. The differences were by no means so great as necessarily to cause a Ministerial crisis. But the Clerical Anti-Semitic members of the Cabinet availing themselves of the momentary difficulty, tendered their resignations, and the Ministry fell. Their action was emphatically supported by the Heir

Presumptive. Baron von Beck, the ablest Premier that Austria has ever had, fell a victim to the *lâches* of his own colleagues. He is, however, so remarkable a figure that he deserves an appreciation, for sooner or later he is sure to come to the front again.

Up to the present hour, Baron von Beck has been the great man of Austria. He was the engineer of universal franchise, of the treaty with Hungary, and of all the difficult transactions in which the four preceding Cabinets had failed. Everything he undertook succeeded; every important matter passed through his hands. He was the driving wheel of the State machinery, and nothing, however slight, was done without him.

Two and a-half years ago hardly anybody knew the name of von Beck. "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" were universal questions when he was appointed Premier. Well, he came from the bureaucracy, as most Austrian statesmen come. The old Parliament of privileged classes produced very few politicians of note. Baron von Beck worked at his desk in the Ministry of Agriculture, and rose from it to the rank of Under-Secretary of State. All that was known of him in this peaceful sphere was that he had instructed the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir presumptive, in public law.

In May, 1906, in Austria, politics had reached a thoroughly critical point. It was the eleventh hour of the renewal of the treaty with Hungary, concerning which negotiations had been carried on in vain for nearly ten years. The difficulties on both the Austrian and the Hungarian side seemed insurmountable. It looked as though Austria must go to pieces, and cease to be a Great Power. Moreover, the cry for universal suffrage had sprung up with irresistible force. These two questions had swallowed up the Cabinets of Herr von Koerber, Baron von Gautsch, and Prince Hohenlohe. The situation seemed desperate. No man appeared to make the great effort; all the leading statesmen had been used up.

A bright thought of Privy Councillor Dr. Sieghardt, the right hand of the preceding three Prime Ministers, saved the situation. This excellent judge of men was the first to recognise the qualities of the worker in the Ministry of Agriculture. At his suggestion the dark horse was taken to the starting post. Practically unknown, with no experience of active politics, Baron von Beck in forty-eight hours formed a Cabinet such as had never before existed in Austria, consisting of representatives of all the great national parties. As the saying goes here, he "Parliamentarised" the Ministry, which formerly consisted of civil servants, from the fact that there is no settled majority in the Austrian Parliament. In a short time he had a majority of three quarters of the two Houses. Yet his personal position was difficult. A Clerical and a Conservative, the measures he proposed were to a large extent Radical, and he had to gain and enjoy the confidence of all the parties, living, as they were, in a state of incessant feud. The Clericals and Anti-Semites considered him their man; the Liberals placed complete confidence in him since his act in including a Liberal Minister of Education in his Cabinet; the Progressives did not fear him. The Austrian Socialists (orthodox Marxists as they were) were his opponents outwardly; but in fact they rather supported him. Their leader, Dr. Adler, once described him as an "enlightened statesman." It needed, indeed, a remarkable union of strength and patience to break down the immense opposition to universal suffrage in both Houses, and to get the Bill passed, despite the opposition of the bourgeois classes, and the intrigues of the aristocracy.

In overcoming his difficulties the new Prime Minister had the great good fortune to have a powerful supporter in the old Emperor. Incarnation of Conservatism as he is, the Emperor became the most eager canvasser on behalf of that Radical measure. He used to say to all objectors: "It is a Staatsnothwendigkeit" ("a necessity of State"). But in the struggle for the treaty with Hungary, the Premier had to rely wholly on his own resources. In that matter the Emperor was forced to observe neutrality. The farther the negotiations concerning the Ausgleich with Hungary proceeded, the greater seemed to grow the obstacles in both halves of the Monarchy. The negotiations went on for more than a year. Ever so many times they seemed to have failed, and at the last moment a complete breach with Hungary was threatened. In both Parliaments obstruction stopped the way to the Ausgleich, but von Beck succeeded in getting it accepted. The greatest distinction that the Emperor has in his gift—the Order of St. Stephen—was his reward for the extraordinary skill with which his critical task had been performed.

It was soon crowned by a fresh triumph. Hardly had the stability of the Empire been assured, when he announced a far-reaching scheme of social legislation and reconciliation between the Austrian nationalities. This last has always been regarded as an insoluble problem. It is because of Austria's eight nationalities, peoples of different races and creeds, and of widely divergent culture, that she is more difficult to govern than any other country in Europe. Incessant quarrels rage between Czechs and Germans, Poles and Ruthenians, Italians and Slavs, as well as between them and the Government. Every quarrel increases the mutual bitterness, and as a rule both parties are in the wrong. Full liberty would doubtless be the best cement to hold together the disrupting nationalities, for it would imply also free national development. But the peoples of Austria have not yet reached that point; democratic ideas have not yet permeated the mass. The national idea is placed before everything else, and in most cases behind the flag of nationalism are hidden the Church and the interests of the privileged classes. Small as these nationalities are, the idol of nationalism displaces all other political sanctities, and each element struggles for the upper hand over the others. Any measure, for instance, proposed for the free development of the Czechs is considered hurtful to the Germans, and passionately opposed by them, and *vice versâ*. The consequence is that the uproarious and disgraceful scenes in the provincial diets and in Parliament are brought about now by the Ruthenians, now by the Poles, again by the Italians or the Germans. And the Government is the universal scapegoat. Whatever it does for the one nationality is denounced by the others as partisanship and oppression.

We have said that Baron von Beck was the first Austrian Premier to enjoy the confidence of all parties. As he said of himself, he was in turn the father confessor of all. He had already brought about a number of small national compromises in Bohemia and Moravia; and if there was anybody likely to succeed in the great legislative scheme it was he. But long, tedious work, involving intricate negotiations and bargainings, had to precede it. His fascination, his eloquence, his enormous powers of work, his fertile, suggestive mind, and his singular sweetness of character and address, were all brought to bear on his task. His mere exterior betrays a striking personality. Tall, slender, and quite grey, although only fifty-three, he maintains the impression of youth. In word and movement he is quick and lively; in tactics, dexterous yet straightforward. His own boast is only of his "energetic patience." "I have no nerves," he once said; "I sleep well, eat well, and am never angry. During the wildest uproar in the Chamber I am as calm as if taking a walk along Ring Strasse." Once he summed up the principles of government in Austria as follows: "The formula of government by a simple majority and party cannot be transferred to the anomalous Austrian State. In Austria not only parties, but also nationalities oppose each other. Therefore, every one-sided *régime* is only too readily felt to have the sting of nationalist oppression. The Government which is called upon to mediate between such mutually opposing parties and nationalities must be composed like a court of arbitration; it must not become the Government of one party; the Emperor's Government must be for all."

In the way of social legislation Baron von Beck's greatest achievement was the nationalisation of some 3,500 kilometres of railway lines. It was toilsome work, in which three of his predecessors had failed. For years they struggled with the recalcitrant companies. The late Prime Minister did the work in a few months. Now there are some 18,000 kilometres in the hands of the Government, which accordingly regulates the tariffs according to the public needs. Only the Southern Railway, and a few small lines in Bohemia, are still owned by private companies.

Less than a fortnight ago Baron von Beck laid before Parliament a scheme for the most difficult piece of social

legislation that he has attempted, a scheme of State insurance for old age and invalidity. The Bill he introduced is much wider and more radical than the English and German models, and is based on purely actuarial calculations. Not only industrial and agricultural laborers are to be insured against old age and invalidity, but also the small masters and petty landowning farmers. Proof of poverty or invalidity is not to be demanded, nor is there to be a "pension" from the State, but the insured are to have an absolute right to their insurance money, comparable to the claim on a private insurance society. Undoubtedly an immensely wide scheme. Austria seemed about to take the first step where no country had preceded her, where no experience existed to guide her. A leap in the dark! Baron von Beck had the courage to take it. Will Baron von Bienert, the Anti-Semitic Premier, try to carry his predecessor's Bill?—Yours, &c.,

A Viennese Resident.

Letters to the Editor.

A TALE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I was unemployed for the first time in my life, during the whole of the working part of which—twelve years—I had had but one employer, a medium-class house furnisher in Manchester. During the twelve years I had seen the gradual decline of the cabinet-maker's art. When I first knew the trade men took pride in their work, and beautifully finished pieces of furniture, of sound construction, went out daily from the workshop. But little by little the time allowed on each job was cut down, inferior wood was used, the varnish-brush began to take the place of the rubber in the finishing, and the quality of the work steadily deteriorated. Shops stocked with the products of the alien sweaters' dens sprang up in opposition. Prices went lower still, and with the prices, the quality.

The rise of the hire furnishing system dealt another heavy blow at the cabinet-makers' art, for it led to still more "scamped" work. When the orders were given out in the morning it was: "Get out one of those sideboards—pick the worst—that with a 'shake' in the top will do, *and rush it.* It's weekly payments." Rarely a day passed without an order of the kind. Six years after I entered the trade the amount of time allowed on a sideboard (to take one instance) had been cut down by more than one half, the result of the competition of the Jewish sweater, and, in a lesser degree, the hire system.

And so, in the show-rooms of furnishers catering for the working classes, you see—in the place of the soundly constructed furniture of twelve years ago—shoddy, though I admit it is often nicely designed shoddy. In my own case things went steadily worse, until, on the 25th of March the bailiffs were in, and I was out—of work.

I was not greatly concerned at first. I was young, strong, with excellent references. I was sure to get work soon; and so I regarded it as a new experience, an adventure. Daily I made excursions to neighboring towns: Oldham, Rochdale, Heywood, Bromley, along the Rossendale valley—but everywhere I was told, "The trade (so far as the making was concerned) had gone to the dogs." As a Stacksteads man put it: "Folks can beigh (buy) it chepper fra' t'Jews nor they con mek it; un if they durn't beigh it, other folk will, un where shud we be then?"

Then I went further afield. Day after day passed, through town after town I went, and still no sign of work. The month of May—my birthday—dawned, and found me on the way to Worcester, penniless, all my belongings gone, possessing nothing but the clothes in which I stood up; and fear began to grip me. For the first time I recognised the seriousness of my position. "What if I kept on and on, and still no work—what then? These men I have met—on the road—in the slums—broken men, broken bodily and mentally and morally—did *they* first start with eager, confident hope, as I? Had *they* something to give the world once? Is it *my* lot to be broken on the wheel as they—broken and flung on to the world's dust heap—useless?" The heart-sickening fear was almost too much.

I went round the shops in Worcester; no work, many a snub, not one kind word. Then I plodded on to Tewkesbury—still no work; but, passing out on my way to Gloucester, I saw the Abbey, and, acting upon an impulse, I went on. Save for myself, it was empty; but to me it seemed filled with a great quiet, and as I sat there, with evening stealing on, something of its peace seemed to take possession of me. I was lifted out of myself, and it seemed to me that unseen hands ministered to me. That night I got a little broken sleep on the grassy border of a country lane. The day had been warm, but the night was bitterly cold, and I spent the greater part of it staring up at the blackness of a sky without a single star.

I found a pond near by in the early morning, had a swim, then started off for Gloucester. It was Sunday; the shops were closed, and I had to face another day of hunger before I could ask for work. To pass away the time, I went into the park, and watched the promenaders. A man sat down alongside me, and after a time we talked (my clothes were still good, my collar fairly clean). I happened to mention something I had seen on my way from Tewkesbury. "I suppose you are on a walking tour?" he said, curiously. I did not answer. We discussed books and their writers, when suddenly, looking at his watch, he stood up. "I have thoroughly enjoyed our conversation," he said, "but I must go to tea. Would you care to come to tea with me, and we can continue it?" It was an opportune invitation; but I did not care to sail under false colors, and I told him that I was not, as he supposed, on a walking tour, but on tramp for work. In a moment his whole attitude stiffened. He said a few words of sympathy, shook hands, and left me.

I have noticed all along that people seemed to think that because I was an "out of work" I was necessarily a "wrong 'un," and where—when asking for work—they have not snubbed me, their attitude has been one of suspicion. And I have felt it bitterly—felt it more, I think, than any other thing I have had to endure. For, after all, sympathy is very cheap, and a little would have gone a long way in keeping up my courage.

Near Bristol I got my first job—two days' work—my first meal, and my first experience of a common lodging-house. I do not think I shall ever forget it.

The kitchen was a low dark room. It had once been whitewashed, but the walls were now frescoed with reddish patches of slain vermin. The smell was frightful. Under the light of the lamp the men seemed low, disreputable, their conversation vile. My bed was one of seven in a low, dirty room; the night a night of horror. Vermin fed on me. My neighbor imagined that blue devils were crawling over his bed. I went in a youth; I came out a man. That was but one of my nights, and many have since come and gone.

Some have been spent in common lodging-houses, some by the roadside, in fields—wherever I could crawl away from the view of the police. And at last I have reached London. London! What pictures of its glories hung in the chambers of my youthful fancy! How different the realisation! London to me means the Embankment and the companionship of its outcasts; it means long, friendless thoroughfares, through which, in the silence of the night, I have been hunger-driven; it means flaunting wealth, which usually mocks my misery. It means, to me, the heart-breaking search through endless streets for work. It means the chasing of luggage-piled cabs. It means the haunting of the railway stations, seeking to earn a copper: getting snubs, insults, curses.

Do you know what it means to be unemployed, as I?

It means a dulled brain and a weak, hunger-wracked body. It means a memory-haunted mind. It means nights which lag terribly as I long for the first streak of dawn. The homeless in London may not sleep by night.

It means sinking lower and lower, until I shall be utterly broken—mentally, morally, physically. And, after that, what?—Yours, &c.,

A Working Cabinet-Maker.

[We have reason to know that our correspondent's experience is that which he has written down.—Ed. Nation.]

"THE CONCILIATION OF THE IRRECONCILEABLES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have no doubt that in so delicate a matter as a Royal proclamation, editors find it difficult to maintain an even balance between their loyalty and their intellectual faculties, but I have no hesitation in saying that your leader of the 7th instant is far below the standard I have grown accustomed to expect from THE NATION. And if you will let me state my criticisms briefly, I shall feel greatly honored. I have read carefully through almost all the comments that have appeared in the British Press, and I have failed to find in a single one of them any attempt to appraise the promises of our "second charter" at their true value. How is this true value to be determined? Is it to be determined merely by complacent self-congratulation on the achievements of the past, or a rhetorical declaration of the intentions of the future. The Royal Message was, we presume, devised to meet what is considered a critical situation; and whenever such situations arise, it is the duty of statesmen to lay aside their preconceived notions, to disabuse their minds of the fatally foolish doctrine of "settled facts," and go fearlessly and unflinchingly to the very root. That is where the trouble lies; not even you, Sir, have gone to the root of the matter, and the consequence is that you have fallen into the same trap as our Tory enemies and our Liberal friends. You seem to imagine that, even though the unrest is bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, it can be allayed by the speedy and judicious and "magnanimous" granting of "reforms," by the admission of "natives" to the Imperial and Provincial Councils, by simultaneous examinations, by a larger share in the administration, and, in fine, by the adoption of the suggestions of the "Pax Britannica" school of Congressmen. You seem to think that the unrest is superficial, that it is confined to the ambitious classes, to the educated minority, &c., &c. And you believe that Lord Morley will soon "open up a new epoch in Indian history."

We have no doubt that the reforms will be comprehensive; but we have the gravest doubt whether the most comprehensive reforms will alter the situation. The reason is not far to seek. Ever since England undertook the management of the territories that became her Indian Empire, the theory has been that she has done it for India's good, and that there can be no possibility of her ever contemplating the independence of that part of her Empire. Now, Sir, this is a very comfortable theory so long as it meets with the approval of the majority of those whom it has been England's high privilege to rule for over a century. But in 1905 a movement began which questioned the need and truth and justice of the theory. It was then that many of us became conscious that England and India were standing at the parting of the ways. It has been the custom to make light of the Indian Nationalists, to consider them the dreamers of impossible dreams, nay, to look upon them as the enemies of peaceful progress. I state fearlessly that the true enemies of peaceful progress have been the bloodthirsty bureaucrats, who sanction the adoption of inhuman repressive measures and imagine they are rendering a service to the cause of humanity and civilisation by preserving the equilibrium known officially as "law and order"! But that equilibrium has become decidedly unstable now that the Nationalist Party grows visibly in strength and numbers. I have never been afraid or ashamed to preach the Nationalist gospel of absolute severance from British rule. You call that an "unthinkable policy," and in so doing you have missed the keynote of future Indian history. If the Proclamation had committed the British nation to a promise that the whole trend and endeavor of British policy would be towards the attainment of autonomy by India *some day*, even if that day were fifty or a hundred years hence, I have not the least hesitation in saying that the Nationalists would have worked peacefully and harmoniously *with* England towards that consummation devoutly to be wished. But not only has there been no recognition of the necessity and justice of the ideal of Svaraj, but the aspirations of the people have been openly denounced as conspiracies. It is clear, therefore, that England intends to hold India perpetually, even if it mean bloodshed; what alternative is there but that the Nationalists should intend that she shall not hold India perpetually, even if it mean bloodshed?

The conflict is not between England and India, but between Imperialism and Nationalism. If England has made up her mind that India shall continue to form part of her Empire, it is quite natural that she should be chary of giving the higher posts to the natives. It has been the opinion of every responsible Englishman that, to use the Duke of Wellington's words, "The higher posts must be closed against natives if our Empire in India is to be maintained." How, then, can you reconcile your undoubted desire to maintain that Empire, with the avowed desire to take steps "towards obliterating distinctions of race as the test for access to posts of public authority and power"? Either you do not realise that this promised obliteration of race distinctions means the extinction of your Indian Empire, or you must admit that the promise is not meant to be taken without a considerable number of mental reservations.

The truth is that the revolution has begun, and Britain attaches too much importance to "loyal" chiefs, too little importance to the Nationalists. There is *only one* course open to her. Nothing short of a frank and courageous admission of the Nationalist ideal into her policy will remove the discontent and break up the insidious alliance between the bomb and young India. Otherwise, I can see the sacred rivers of Hindustan needlessly reddened in the defence of the "Empire" on the one hand, and of the "Nation" on the other.—Yours, &c.,

VIRENDRANATH CHATTOPEDHYEYA.

78, Lancaster Road, W.,
November 10th, 1908.

"GRAMMATICALS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad that your grammarian and I have been able mutually to afford "simple fun" to each other. But I think he read my letter hastily. I justified nothing by the example of the Elizabethans—though Elizabethan English, the English of Shakespeare, Hooker, the Authorised Version, is not usually considered inferior to that of modern journalism. I merely pointed out that a particular construction was of respectable use and antiquity; saying at the same time that it had now become awkward. It was, of course, a Latinism; but in Latin you can inflect your participle so as to show whether it hangs on the subject or the object of the sentence. How, by the way, would your writer "analyse" "Having therefore boldness . . . let us draw near with a true heart," in Hebrews x.?

If I am wrong in saying "averse to," I am wrong in company with Addison, with Locke, with Jeremy Taylor, with Sir Thomas Browne, with J. R. Green (who says "averse from" and "aversion to"). That is good enough for me.

Your writer will excuse me for saying that, in my humble opinion, the "superior" person in these matters is not he who contents himself with following writers of English whom the world has agreed to recognise as its great writers, but he who, starting from *a priori* rules, often based upon a misunderstanding of the real principles of language, pronounces judgment on the language of his contemporaries, some of whom may perhaps hereafter take their place beside the great writers of the past.

Horace long ago told us that usage is the sole arbiter of forms of speech.—Yours, &c.,

"GRAMMATICULUS."

P.S.—It is often difficult for the most superior of us to act always on our principles. Has your grammarian ever heard of the school inspector who told the children that "A preposition is a wrong part of speech to end a sentence with"?

November 3rd, 1908.

MURRAY'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your notice of "Murray's Illustrated Bible Dictionary" in this week's issue you speak of the brief reference to the Virgin Birth in the article, "Jesus Christ," and

to the fact that there is not an article "Virgin." Had your reviewer known that the name of the Blessed Virgin was "Mary," he would have found the subject dealt with under that head (where it properly belongs) as fully as could reasonably be expected in a book of this size. As the remarks are, therefore, misleading, and also unfair to the writer of "Jesus Christ," who, of course, was informed that the Virgin Birth was being dealt with elsewhere, may I ask for the insertion of this explanation in your next issue?—Yours, &c.,

WM. C. PIERCY,
Editor of "Murray's Illustrated Dictionary."
30, Markham Square, S.W.,
November 2nd, 1908.

[The Reviewer assures Mr. Piercy that the name of the Blessed Virgin was not unknown to him. His point was that, except for the books he mentioned, no reference was made to modern critical literature on the subject of the Virgin Birth. Moreover, he still believes that, in accordance with the usual practice of Bible Dictionaries, the heading to which the subject "properly belongs" is "Virgin" or "Virgin Birth."]

ARBITRATION AND NATIONAL HONOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I remind you of the exceptions to the rule laid down in your "Diary of the Week" (November 7th), that "From every arbitration treaty questions of national honor are excepted, and it is understood that they lie outside the sphere of arbitration"? So absolute a statement has a tendency to stereotype a public opinion already too slow to alter; while the departures from custom have been already sufficiently important for quotation at the Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, London, 1906. In the "Report of the Commission on a Model Treaty of Arbitration," Freiherr von Pleuer cites the Danish-Dutch Treaty of February 12th, 1904, which allows all questions whatever to go to arbitration, and the Treaty concluded between Russia and Sweden and Norway—November 26th (December 9th), 1904—which excepts only differences relating to independence, vital interests, and the exercise of sovereignty, the usual stipulation about "national honor" being eliminated. M. de Krabbe, following, lays stress upon the case of Italy, as a greater State included among those that have entered into treaties of compulsory arbitration without reserve of subjects.

It is significant also that "national honor" is not mentioned in the Draft Treaty recommended by the Conference as one of those points which may be reserved.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. GREEN,
Assistant Secretary,
International Arbitration and Peace Association.
40 and 41, Outer Temple, W.C.,
November 12th, 1908.

PERSIAN LIBERALS AND GREAT BRITAIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

MONSIEUR,—Les Persans qui luttent pour la cause de la Constitution ne peuvent oublier que c'est en Angleterre qu'ils ont trouvé, dès le début, les plus sincères defenseurs; ils voudraient ne plus se souvenir de ce généreux appui, que tout viendrait le leur rappeler.

C'est donc un pressant devoir pour les patriotes de notre pays de remercier la Presse liberale de la Grande-Bretagne, qui soutient ces efforts avec autant de courage que d'éloquence.

La Colonie persane de France croirait manquer à sa tâche si elle ne venait pas vous exprimer toute sa gratitude. Au moment où tant de gens restent indifférents aux vicissitudes de notre patrie, rien n'est plus réconfortant que de sentir votre chaleureuse sympathie pour nos intérêts nationaux.

Déjà, autrefois quand la Perse cherchait sa route vers la Liberté, l'Angleterre a su lui montrer le chemin: un tel service ne peut sortir de la mémoire de tous les vrais patriotes.

Aujourd'hui l'honorable Taghi Zadih, le vrai représentant de la Perse libre, le champion de nos idées et de nos espérances, ainsi que les autres Députés de la Perse rencontrent auprès de vous le meilleur accueil; vous defendez avec un dévouement inlassable la cause qu'ils servent: C'est la nôtre!

Aussi, souhaitant que vos encouragements ne lui fassent jamais défaut, la Colonie Persane de France s'empresse-t-elle de vous témoigner ses remerciements les plus sincères et de vous assurer de sa profonde réconnaissance.

Croyez, Monsieur, á nos sentiments respectueux et dévoués,

DR. ISMAIL KHAN,
MIRZA AYA,
(Députe de Tabriz),
DR. ALI KHAN,
ABDEL-HOSSEIN KHAN,
MIRZA TAGHI YAHIA,
ASSADALLAH KHAN,
PRINCE SEYFODDINE BAHMAU,
ALY AKBAR KHAN DEKHOW,
FAZLALAH KHAN,
DJEVAD KHAN SYNEKI,
MOHAMED KHAN,
GASSERN KHAN,
DR. REZA KHAN,
SADELJH TABATABAY,
MOHAMED SADEG,
MIRZA MUHAMMAD,
DR. LETIF KHAN,
YAHIA KHAN,
DALUR,
ASSADOLLAH KHAN.

Paris, le 11 Novembre, 1908.

Poetry.

THE PLEASANT LIFE.

WHEN I came back to Nature's ways,
After a city's ill-spent days,
And saw in summer fields of gold,
That billowed in the wind, and rolled
Against green hedges, and the tree,
When all its leaves danced merrily;
And saw the simple cattle look
With eyes whose lashes hardly shook;
And clouds that changed Heaven's face, and could
Seem motionless, stare how I would;
And all the sweet, wild blossoms seen
In leafy woods and meadows green:
When I saw these sweet sights, and heard
The music made by Brook and Bird;
The Skylark's voice, that happy hour
He soared up through a sunny shower;
And woodland Brook, that raised his tones
Each time he came to rocks and stones—
When I saw these sweet sights, and heard
The music made by Brook and Bird,
"Nature," I said, "take thou my trust
Until this Earth reclaims its dust."

W. H. DAVIES.

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THURSDAY NIGHT.

IN spite of the large part which the novel has played in our literature during the last couple of hundred years, there have been very few attempts to deal at all adequately with the history of English prose fiction. One or two Americans have written upon the subject, but Professor Raleigh's book, "The English Novel," a little volume of less than three hundred pages, is the best that has yet appeared. We hear, however, that Professor Saintsbury has planned a big book upon English fiction to follow his "History of English Prosody," upon the third volume of which he is now engaged. Professor Saintsbury has some of the necessary qualities. Few men living have read so many books. He has a real love of literature, and the best of his life has been given up to its pursuit. On the other hand, he is the worst possible judge of an author with whom he is not in sympathy, his style is bad, and he makes inexcusable mistakes in matters of detail. To take only three writers of very different types, Oscar Wilde, the late Professor Churton Collins, and Mr. J. M. Robertson, have each drawn up and published lists of glaring mistakes made by the Professor.

* * *

THE biography of Sheridan, upon which Mr. Walter Sichel is at present working, will not be ready for some time, but we have reason to believe that it will contain a great deal of fresh and interesting matter. Mr. Sichel has unearthed a number of unpublished documents, including several new manuscript corrections of the plays, in Sheridan's handwriting, and a fragment of a diary by the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. We have already plenty of biographies of Sheridan, Moore's and Mr. Fraser Rae's being among the best, while Mrs. Oliphant's in the "English Men of Letters" series is perhaps the worst, but none of them do full justice to Sheridan's political career. One of the most gallant struggles against the united forces of public opinion, Court influence, and a hostile majority, ever seen in the House of Commons, was that carried on by him together with Fox and Erskine in the years following the French Revolution.

* * *

ANTHOLOGIES seem to be in great favor among the publishers just now, for during the past couple of months they have been appearing at the rate of rather more than three a week. When Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" won the hearts of all lovers of poetry in 1861, it was "incomparable" in the same sense as the English "Book of Common Prayer," for there were hardly any other anthologies with which to compare it. Since then they have come in abundance, though "The Golden Treasury" still holds pride of place, its only dangerous rival being Mr. Quiller Couch's "Oxford Book of English Verse." The latter volume contains 883 poems, as against 339 in the former, but the numerical advantage is balanced by the critical insight shown by Palgrave and Tennyson in choosing and grouping the lyrics in their collection.

* * *

IT goes without saying that the best anthology of the present season should be the work of Mr. E. V. Lucas. This has been the case the past three or four seasons, and there seems every likelihood that it will continue in the future. Mr. Lucas's versatility is amazing. He writes delightful stories for children; he is an engaging essayist; his novels, "Listener's Lure" in particular, have a pleasant flavor of primness, that reminds one a little of Jane Austen; he is, besides, an accomplished biographer, and he is one of our few humorists. Still, if we had to decide what Mr. Lucas's next book would be, we should plump for an anthology. Their very titles are alluring. What agreeable trains of thought are suggested by "The Open Road," "The Friendly Town," "The Gentlest Art," and "Her Infinite Variety"! Or what happier title could there be for a child's book than "Anne's Terrible Good-Nature"? "Her Infinite Variety: A Feminine Portrait Gallery" (Methuen) is as pleasant to dip into as any of its predecessors. To present portraits of women rather than poems addressed to women, is the guiding principle of the selection, and Mr. Lucas gives us many engaging miniatures, often culled from the most unexpected sources. Among prose writers, Carlyle, Emerson, Burke, Horace Walpole, and even Greville and Creevey are all drawn upon. We miss, however, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot, while a still graver fault on the part of Mr. Lucas is the complete exclusion of Dickens, and, except for one extract from Boswell, of Dr. Johnson.

* * *

MR. ALFRED NOYES, who is responsible for the issue of two other anthologies, is also happy in his title. He went for it to Keats, and "The Magic Casement" (Chapman & Hall) is a well-chosen series of poems upon fairies and fairy lore. Drayton is, of course, well represented, and so is George Darley, a poet now too much forgotten, though there were surely fairies about his cradle. We hardly think, though, that either Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Modern Elfland," or Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "The Elf-King's Victory" has the feeling of detachment from modern problems, or the gossamer lightness of touch that one expects in a collection of fairy poetry. Both are powerful poems, and Mr. Noyes defends their inclusion on the ground that the former is "something like a definite 'criticism of life,'" and the latter a "pungent but delightful satire upon such futilities as modern warfare." It seems to us that these are just the reasons why the two poems should not have found a place in the collection. On the other hand, Mr. Noyes was right in printing the four poems from his own pen that are included, as he is second only to Mr. W. B. Yeats among the modern poets of fairyland.

* * *

THE other book for which we have to thank Mr. Noyes is a new edition of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which is issued by Mr. Andrew Melrose, a fresh and promising addition to the number of London publishers. The aim of the edition is "to remove two serious obstacles which have hitherto interfered with the complete enjoyment of the book—first, the absurdly large mass of prefaces, appendices, 'advertisements,' footnotes, headnotes, and what-not, wherein Sir Walter Scott saw fit to bury the gems he had just discovered and collected. . . . The second obstacle to the complete efficiency of the book was the curious intermixture of a certain amount of thoroughly bad and paltry work, which blurred the effect of the great ballads and poems." Mr. Noyes passes judgment upon several of the masterpieces of the collection. He describes the opening of what Coleridge called "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" as "perhaps the simplest and grandest in all heroic poetry," adding that "the openings of at least two of the world's immortal epics are less majestic than the two first lines (*sic*) of that rude and simple ballad:—

'The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine.'"

Mr. Noyes also praises the "Twa Corbies" as "one of the grimmest lyrics in any language, and all the more powerful for its brevity." Now that interest is once again being turned to our old ballad poetry, this edition of a famous book is likely to find many readers.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Justice and Liberty." A Political Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

"First and Last Things." By H. G. Wells. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Romances of the French Revolution." By G. Lenôtre. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 20s. net.)

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Reviews.

LORD PANMURE'S PREDECESSOR.*

It is a curious coincidence, which can hardly have been designed, that the appearance of this book should immediately follow the publication of the "Panmure Papers." The first Duke of Newcastle was the famous boroughmonger and Parliamentary manager of the eighteenth century. Mr. Martineau merely mentions that he was "for several years Prime Minister," which is saying either too much or too little. His brother Henry was Prime Minister before him, and not merely an "influential member of the Cabinet," as Mr. Martineau seems to suppose. The subject of this Memoir, however, belonged to a different branch of the family, and was certainly a man of very different character. Although Mr. Martineau has been assisted in his task by numerous letters from the fifth Duke of Newcastle himself, and from Lord Raglan, he does not profess to write with the present Duke's authority or approval, and his estimate of Newcastle's career is conspicuously free from what Macaulay described as the *furor biographicus*, or *lues Boswelliana*. The book is almost as much a Life of Lord Raglan as of the Duke, and in the account of the Crimean campaign the views of Kinglake predominate.

If it had not been for the Russian War of 1854, the Duke of Newcastle would have passed through public life as an ordinary specimen of aristocratic officialdom, courteous, laborious, and patriotic, but by no means particularly able. When he was still Earl of Lincoln, he sat in the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel and became a Free Trader with his chief. Like Gladstone, and unlike Sir Robert, he was a decidedly High Churchman, notwithstanding which he obtained by Act of Parliament, then the only available method, a divorce from his wife. He did not, however, marry again, and his own personal character was absolutely irreproachable. A dignified sadness is the impression conveyed by his portrait, and seems to have marked him through life. He had one quality, the quality of fussiness, in common with the first Duke, and his correspondence with Lord Raglan shows that he could not allow the Commander of an expedition to settle details for himself. Lord Lincoln's devotion to Peel was perfect, and twice he saved his leader from a serious mistake. He not merely refused to be the bearer of a challenge from Peel to Lord George Bentinck in 1846, but even, so Mr. Martineau assures us, threatened to inform the police, and so stopped the possibility of a duel. "On another occasion," as Mr. Martineau vaguely says, it was Lord Lincoln who dissuaded Peel from reading in the House of Commons Disraeli's application for office. But Mr. Martineau is not always accurate about Sir Robert Peel. He says, for instance, that Peel "announced his intention never to take office again." If Mr. Martineau had consulted the authoritative "Peel Papers" he would have found that Peel told Cardwell he had never made such a statement. If the alternative had been a Protectionist Government, there can be little doubt that he would have accepted office. Mr. Martineau is almost triumphant over Lord Lincoln's loss of his seat for South Nottinghamshire in 1846, and suggests that he should have followed the example of Mr. Gladstone, who refused to contest Newark as Colonial Secretary against the Duke of Newcastle's wishes. Most people will probably think that a Cabinet Minister, to say nothing of a man, has a right to his own opinion, and that Mr. Gladstone showed an exaggerated deference to the old Duke, though the circumstances of the two constituencies were entirely dissimilar, Newark being to some extent a nomination borough. It is, however, a remarkable fact that the Duke of Newcastle only claimed one of the two seats, and a still stranger anomaly that, while Gladstone gave up one because he was a Free Trader, Lord John Manners surrendered the other because he was a Protectionist. Mr. Gladstone, as everyone knows, was returned for the University of Oxford at the General Election of 1847. Lord Lincoln did not remain so long out of Parliament, and speedily secured a seat for the Falkirk Burghs. There can be little doubt that every tenant of the Duke's who voted for Gladstone in 1845 would have been turned out of his house on the principle that his Grace, in his famous words, might "do what he liked with his own." It is surprising that Lord Lincoln, in Nottinghamshire, should have scored as many as a thousand votes.

Newcastle will, of course, always be remembered by his unfortunate connection with the Crimean War. For the policy which led to that conflict he had, indeed, no more responsibility than any other member of the Cabinet. But on the outbreak of hostilities his position changed. He had been appointed, in 1852, Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, a combination which had subsisted since the time of Pitt. In 1854 the offices were divided, and Newcastle became Secretary of State for War, though Sidney Herbert remained Secretary at War, with a seat in the Cabinet and control over military finance. Thus the Duke had entire responsibility, while the authority which he exercised was only partial. Mr. Martineau says that he "could overrule everybody and everything." But this is very loose. To begin with, and to say nothing about finance, the independent power of the Commander-in-Chief and the Horse Guards did not cease till 1870. If, as Mr. Martineau says, the Duke was responsible for the selection of Lord Lucan as a General of Division and of Lord Cardigan as his subordinate Brigadier, in spite of Lord Raglan's protest and warning, his perversity was grave indeed. But if, as he also asserts, Lord Hardinge insisted on the appointments, it may be doubted whether Newcastle could have prevented them without tendering his own resignation to the Queen.

Mr. Martineau never will admit that there can be another side to a question upon which he has made up his mind. There is, of course, a case for the Crimean war, and it has often been stated. But there is also a case against it, which cannot be refuted by sneers at the "peace-at-any-price clique." The contemporary opponents of the war, including Lord Grey, Charles Greville, and John Wilson Croker, besides Bright and Cobden, were not drawn from one set, class, or even party. The Emperor Nicholas was anxious to settle the Eastern question in alliance with England, and the late Lord Salisbury, looking back on the whole situation forty years afterwards, pronounced that "we put our money on the wrong horse." It is not a self-evident proposition that the claims of Russia to protect Christian subjects of Turkey were in the middle of the last century injurious to British interests, or fatal to the balance of power. Nor is it by any means certain that Russia would have been able to impose her own conditions upon Turkey, even if Turkey had not been assisted by England and France. These are matters of argument, not to be settled offhand by a few phrases, and in the biography of a statesman responsible for the declaration of 1854 they deserve the fullness of fair inquiry. What, for instance, would France, or, rather, what would Louis Napoleon, have done if the Government of this country had declined to meddle between the Sultan and the Czar? If he had sided with Turkey the result of the war would have been the same, and England would have been spared immense losses of money, together with thousands of lives more precious than gold. It is not difficult to plead that the liberties of Europe were enlarged by the defeat of Russia. But it is not possible to deny that those for whom Russia ostensibly fought were suffering worse oppression than any other people on the Continent. Lord Aberdeen saw one side of the question, Cavour saw the other. The Palmerstonian idea that Russia must be prevented from bullying Turkey ignored most of the material facts, especially the circumstance that the prime mover in 1853 was not Russia, nor Turkey, but France. To lose sight of that central truth is to misread history altogether. If the Protectorate of the Holy Places at Jerusalem had been left in Russian hands, Prince Menschikoff would not have been sent to Constantinople, and the Danubian Principalities would not have been invaded. Mr. Martineau's complacent theory that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues found, when they took office, that Russia was engaged in a course of aggression which England, either alone or in combination with other Powers, was called upon to check, is mere fancy. The centre of disturbance was neither Petersburg nor Constantinople, but Paris. An ultimatum to the French Emperor would have been quite as logical as a defiance to the Russian Czar. The Duke of Newcastle deserves no blame for not seeing further than his contemporaries. But Mr.

* "The Life of Henry Pelham, Fifth Duke of Newcastle." By John Martineau, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Author of the "Life of Sir Bartle Frere." Murray. 12s. net.

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The second of the sentences quoted is, in a measure, characteristic of the whole biography. Not in this way should the life of such a man as Henry Irving be written; the time has come when some at least of "these intimate details" should be shared with the Irvingites who remain. The Irving to whom Mr. Brereton introduces us is essentially the Irving already known to those English and American playgoers who paid over two millions to see him act. This Irving, the fashionable histrion of his day, rose from obscurity to splendour, focussed upon the theatre the gaze of hemispheres, had losses and bore them bravely, died at sixty-seven a strolling player, and was buried a monarch in Westminster Abbey. We could all have said that—and Mr. Brereton says little more. The Irving who was magnetic when the play had been played, who fascinated in the street the fascinated pittite of the night before, who at a king's garden party or a duke's costume ball or a laureate's funeral was the one conspicuous figure in the crowd, and whose personality was a puzzle to his friends—this unexplained Irving, is in these eight hundred fond, industrious pages, scarcely so much as seen!

We pass to the briefest note on his career, and observe at the outset that he is a model of sagacious and intense concentration on what seems to have been his sole object of ambition—success in the calling he had a passion for. "But in what way do you really amuse yourself?" an American reporter asked him. "I *act*," said Irving. Ten years he spent in the provinces, from 1856 to 1866. The principal things to recall of this period are that he played, as far as we can gather, more than five hundred parts (Garrick, from first to last, played but ninety-three), and was often hungry. "I wonder," he once said, surveying his limbs in his dressing-room at the Lyceum, "whether one ever quite gets over the effects of starvation?" He was at the top of his renown when he said this; and if, in saying it, he had thrown another glance of memory at some of the stage parts of his hunger days, he must have felt a second twinge. What a dreary, what a sorry list, what a light it throws on some later choices of his art! For a taste: Lord Welford in the "Artist's Wife"; Edmund Earlybird in the "Birthplace of Podgers;" Albert in the "Bottle Imp"; Mr. Henry Higgins in "Boots at the Swan"; Nat Nowlan in "Charming Polly"; Mr. Peregrine Pyefinch in "An Hour at Seville"; Adolphus Jobling in "Daddy Hardacre"; Flipper in "Number One Round the Corner"; an Ogre in "Puss in Boots": hundreds and hundreds of such parts; and they say that he was always perfect in them. We may even see him pirouetting in ballets, forcing a song in burlesque, and frizzling on a gridiron as the wicked fairy in pantomime. From this he passed, in the course of years, to receive princes and ambassadors at supper on his Lyceum stage. He had well won his release from purgatory; and it might have been said of him as it was of Garrick: "Damn him! he could act a gridiron."

For some years after he came (for the second time) to London, Irving was still battling for his hand. Now and again he was seen by a person of genius, who recognised in him the power to come. He had been praised by Dickens. George Eliot and Lewes witnessed his performance in "Hunted Down." "What do you think of him?" asked the lady. "In twenty years," replied Lewes, "he will be at the head of the English stage." "He is there, I think, already," said George Eliot.

On the occasion of his benefit at the Vaudeville, in 1871, Irving recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram." "Colonel" Bateman, of the Lyceum (this story we take from Mr. Fitzgerald), rushed from the theatre to his home, and exclaimed: "I have found the greatest actor of this century!" The "Cunnle" was quite right. On the night of the 21st of November of the same year Irving played Mathias in "The Bells" at the Lyceum, and from that hour the town was at his feet. Irving's Mathias, during the years of his prime, was the most astonishing *tour de force* ever beheld upon the stage.

But with triumph came not peace. No popular idol was ever more cruelly assailed, more keenly and at times more honestly criticised. No great actor has ever been everybody's actor. Let us be just, and remember that Irving's earlier style abounded in faults. He mouthed and ranted; he strutted and halted; he did queer things with his eyebrows; he lacked repose, spontaneity, large-

* "The Life of Henry Irving." By Austin Brereton. Longmans. Two Vols. 25s. net.

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ness of conception, ease and simplicity in execution. Always a nervous and very emotional player, he was long in bringing his forces under due control. Miss Terry, our readers may recollect, found him "stiff with self-consciousness." But, even in the old days, what qualities he had to set against his vices! Imagination was always there—imagination and sincerity. His power in the grotesque and the terrible can never have been surpassed. He had every kind of humor: the gay, the boisterous, the gentle, the sardonic. With years some of his faults fell from him. He moved more freely and easily, spoke finely, could stand motionless, and was consummate in gesture. The saint-like calm of his Becket (a part in which his elocution seemed flawless) was as exquisite as anything on the stage could be.

He was knighted. This distinction came in 1895, when Irving was fifty-seven. Mr. Brereton says of it:—

> "No other announcement in the list of Queen Victoria's birthday honours for that day appealed to the public so forcibly as this, and the manner in which the distinction was welcomed by the Press and all classes of people proved that Lord Rosebery had done one of the most popular and graceful acts of his administration. Mr. Gladstone spoke of the knighthood as 'a more than deserved honour,' and as having given him 'the liveliest satisfaction.'"

Buttermen are knighted, but the Universities do not open their doors to buttermen. In 1892 the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred upon Henry Irving at Trinity College, Dublin. Cambridge made him a Doctor of Letters in 1898, and on the day that he received the degree he delivered the Rede Lecture in the Senate House of the University. Ruskin, Huxley, Matthew Arnold, and Max Müller were among those who had preceded him. In the following year, 1899, the University of Glasgow honored him signally, unprecedentedly: Hamlet became a Doctor of Laws.

Irving's social triumphs are an old story. On the proposal of the King (then Prince of Wales) he was "selected" a member of the Marlborough Club. The committee of the Athenæum chose him in like manner. He was more than once, we fancy, a speaker at the Academy banquet, and during five-and-twenty years society never ceased to clamour for him. He carried all with grace and a dignity void of affectation. Irving had a manner which never failed him; and—so often has it been described—posterity will almost be able to realise the smile on his mobile lips.

He could draw to him, and hold in some strange bond of affection, anyone whose aid he needed. From the Lyceum days to the end he was always finely and most loyally helped; and while on this topic let us say that we are especially glad of the tribute which Mr. Brereton pays to the late Louis Frederick Austin. "L.F.A.," a versatile and very highly gifted journalist, with a delicately witty style, was for many years Irving's confidential secretary, almoner, and literary right hand. Himself a first-rate speaker, he it was—though Mr. Brereton does not tell us this—who taught Irving how a speech should be made. It is known what a delightful speaker Irving became; it is not known—or it is known to few—how many of his happiest efforts were directly inspired by Austin. Mr. Brereton says that Irving brought "L.F.A." to London. Is this exact? It was in Austin's company that the writer of these lines first met Irving, at the Grafton Street chambers, and his impression is that Austin and Irving were brought together by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The friendship between them—this alone is of importance—knew neither break nor shadow, and the shock of Austin's sudden death at Brighton hastened the almost identical death of Irving, a month later, at Bradford.

Irving died, weary and spirit-worn, but dauntless to the last, tramping the second-rate towns of the provinces. As an actor his career was never quite finished: too much was declined; and the vital needs of the modern English stage were hardly canvassed by this splendid egotist, with his too fascinating personality, his over-mannered art, which displayed rather than concealed itself, and was limited by his physical disadvantages, his inadequate sense of the best in stage literature, and of what was due to it. But it would be a hard judgment that set him down as other than a great man.

ENGRAVING AND ETCHING.*

A VAST literature, vaster even than that which has gathered round painting and sculpture, belongs to the engraver's art. Within the last few years especially, the number of volumes on one or another phase of the subject has shown an astonishing increase; so that one is driven to wonder whether the supply is justified by the demand. Yet, even if the latter is not the case, there exist many reasons why engraving and etching should attract the attention of authors. Apart from all technical questions, the story of the art teems with romance. Its origin contains those elements of mystery which the half-scientific, half-imaginative mind of the present day delights to probe. Its development is bound up with that of the nations who developed it, and that in a fashion to which the growth of painting can hardly offer a parallel; for it is of all arts the most democratic, the most intimately associated with social evolution, the most true in its record of the popular life of the past. One can scarcely, for instance, imagine the eighteenth century in England without its prints. On the technical side, the manifold processes provide an everlasting field for inquiry, and there is hardly a more fascinating study than to trace the growth of one process out of another, to compare the methods of the modern worker with those of Durer and Marcantonio, or to connect so recent a discovery as the three-color process with the troubled efforts in the same direction of seventeenth-century Christopher Le Blon. The subject, therefore, is almost illimitable in its intellectual opportunities; and there is yet another reason why it should appeal to us so strongly at the present time. The purely artistic side was, during the last century, and still is, very much alive, particularly in regard to etching. In this country the arts generally have long since been passing through a period of decay, but if there is one branch in which virility is displayed, and a resuscitation foreshadowed, more than in another, it is etching. The best of our best artists seem to find in this medium the opportunities for expression which the condition of the picture market, so far as it concerns modern work, has discouraged elsewhere.

We have before us two new books on engraving and etching, by Messrs. A. M. Hind and Stanley Austin respectively, and each of them contributes something to the thoughts if not to the facts embodied in the mass of previous literature. There is no need to compare the two; Mr. Austin's work is so much more modest than the other in its intention, and so different in its treatment, that any comparison would be futile. As the more important volume, Mr. Hind's "Short History of Engraving and Etching" may be briefly considered in regard to the features that justify its appearance. To begin with its scope, it is a history of engraving and etching throughout the various centuries and schools; secondly it deals only with engraving on metal, thus excluding wood engraving; and thirdly, it is confined to the species of engraving from which impressions are taken. The last point is important, in that it limits the period of the existence of metal engraving very considerably by placing its beginnings somewhere in the fifteenth century, paper not having been procurable in sufficient quantities much before 1400; whereas the art of engraving for ornamentation must have been known and practised at least two thousand years previously. Even so, it is difficult to decide what artist or nationality was responsible for the invention of prints. Vasari's story of Maso Finiguerra and an Italian origin having been discounted by evidence that gives equal, if not greater, antiquity to the art in Germany and the Netherlands. In England, of course, engraving was, like painting, late in arriving, and—also like painting—was at first carried on by foreigners. A principal feature of Mr. Hind's book is that as much care has been lavished on the appendices as on the text itself. The Classified List of Engravers is a specially excellent addition. Then the Index includes over 2,500 names, to each of which is appended, in abbreviated form, the date, the locality, and, where possible, the individual bibliography of the artist mentioned. There is,

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The French and Italian Rivieras are among the few European subjects that justify the issue of a travel book at this time of year. It is the season when those who dread the English winter, and enjoy the means for evading it, go south in search of purer air and longer sunshine. That the Riviera climate sometimes disappoints them is probably due, as Mr. Gordon Home suggests in "Along the Rivieras" (Dent, 7s. 6d. net), to the undoubted fact that they have not yet realised the choicest spots to visit—that they cling mostly to the well-known resorts in the French Riviera, and when they cross to the Italian side, rarely go further eastwards than San Remo. The object of this book is in great part to expound with pen and brush the fascination of the sea-board and its climate beyond as well as up to this point; the area included in its scope extending from Marseilles to Pisa. The French Riviera, with its terminus at Mentone, is taken first; and then two sections are devoted respectively to the Italian Rivieras di Ponente and di Levante. The latter include virtually all the places visited and described by such notable English travellers of the past as Lady Blessington and Tobias Smollett, to say nothing of later historians like Augustus Hare, or of the English poets who found inspiration in this region; it was at Porto Venere that Byron wrote "The Corsair." Shelley had a villa at Lerici, and met his death by drowning off Viareggio. Historically, the interest of the Rivieras dates back to the early Greek settlers, and a great part of this volume is devoted to tracing the vicissitudes of the peoples and their leaders, who fought for the mastery of the soil in Roman and medieval times, and during the Napoleonic period when the Riviera was one of the principal battle-grounds of Europe. There is, however, no dearth of first-hand description; Mr. Home writes most interestingly of Toulon, of the streets of Genoa, where "one's sensations are those of a mouse running between huge packing-cases," and of a thunderstorm at Portofino. His book is exhaustive in regard to the places dealt with, and the mass of information and reminiscences it contains is well set off by the author's own illustrations in color and line. The water-color drawings vary somewhat in quality, but many reveal a courage and beauty greatly beyond those of his previous volumes on localities nearer home.

* * *

Though we know that all good gardeners come from Scotland, Sir Henry Maxwell's book on "Scottish Gardens" (Arnold) is likely to surprise many readers. The collection of representative Scottish gardens here described by Sir Herbert Maxwell's pen, and illustrated by Miss Mary W. G. Wilson's charming water-colors, shows that at least the greater gardens north of the Tweed bear comparison with their English rivals. It would be hard to find anyone better entitled to write upon this subject than Sir Herbert Maxwell and his account of the climatic conditions of gardening in Scotland is full of interest and value. He easily shows that the climate of Scotland is not without its special advantages for the gardener, since a number of plants that would perish from cold in the English midlands can be grown with ease on the west coast of Scotland. The present volume necessarily deals with a small number of gardens, and of those chosen the pictures of the rhododendrons at The Hirsel in Berwickshire, of the roses at Kellie Castle, the rock-garden at Croom, and the mixed borders at Baberton and Fyvie, are the most striking, though, indeed, all of Miss Wilson's pictures are excellent. Sir Herbert Maxwell's descriptions of the gardens are pleasantly mingled with historical and legendary digressions.

* * *

It is high praise to give Mrs. MacDermot Crawford's book, "The Wife of Lafayette" (Nash, 15s. net), to say that it is adequate to its subject. Amid the deluge of biographies of the leading characters in the French Revolution it is pleasant to read of a woman who is remembered for solid worth rather than a capacity for intrigue. Although of noble birth and greatly influenced by her religious beliefs, Adrienne de Noailles never swerved in her devotion to the popular cause. Her husband owed an immense amount to her inspiration and support. At a time when, by pretending to divorce him, she might have preserved her own and her children's fortunes, she boldly refused, and every paper she

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Brightness and animation have ruled in most of the Stock Exchange markets during the week now closing. Prices, on the whole, are better—in many departments substantially so—but the growl of the Stock Exchange member is again heard, to the effect that "there is more tone than trade." A remarkable development in American Railroad and copper shares has lifted prices of those securities much above the levels of last week, and the immediate aftermath of the United States Presidential election has been a strenuous boomlet in New York, which London faithfully reflected. A rise in Home Railway stocks comforted the investor quite as much as a good improvement in South Africans rejoiced the bullish speculator, while the calmer atmosphere of the political outlook abroad is mainly responsible for a higher range of values amongst British gilt-edged securities and Foreign Government bonds.

Politics and Prices.

The closing of the Casablanca chapter, and the consequent subsidence of Continental excitement, are matters of considerable gratification to the City in general and the Stock Exchange in particular. That the "incident" would lead to anything of importance, everyone declared—after the agreement had been reached—an absolute impossibility. Nevertheless, prices were depressed, more perhaps by way of taking measures of precaution than in consequence of actual sales being made. Relieved from anxiety on this score, quotations sprang up again, fully recovering the losses which had taken place. Consols, however, did not retain a ¼ per cent. advance for long. Mr. Asquith's Guildhall banquet speech, frankly admired, approved, and endorsed even by so loyal a Unionist body as the Stock Exchange, was taken by certain shrewd financiers as affording a quiet hint that next year might see the launching of a Patriotic Navy Loan for the support of the blue-water policy which the Premier dwelt upon with such emphasis. And a Navy Loan of proportions which the market already foresees would mean yet another competitor with Consols. Wherefore the price of the Funds kept dull, and, although it freshened again in the middle of the week, a sagging tendency re-exhibited itself towards the close, with the result that on balance the quotation shows but a slight improvement. There is, moreover, a new issue of Irish Land stock, in one shape or another, looming largely ahead, and the statement on the subject, to be made in Parliament next Monday week, November 23rd, is awaited with uneasy interest.

Railways and Rises.

The scream of the American eagle, prophesying bumper trade, increased dividends, bounding prosperity as the results to be expected from Mr. Taft's election, has called prices ever higher and yet higher still. Manipulation is patently at work: its presence visible in the crop of rumors and reports which accompany the successive rises. The superstructure of the market now rests more upon prospects than performance, and while this is, of course, always a condition which prevails to some extent in the American market, merits are more obscured than usual, at the present time, and a wild gamble has taken the place of sober speculation. This, naturally, is by no means to say that the advance has come to an end. The giddy whirl may easily be kept going for some time to come, and would-be operators are torn between the conflicting facts that to be a bull is quite as dangerous as it is to be a bear. Therefore, it is not surprising that speculation has in some degree flowed into Home Railway stocks, where prices have risen appreciably under the kindly influence of a little buying. The dividend estimate days begin to approach this section, and, while hopes are very chastened as to the next batch of distributions upon British Railway Ordinary stocks, the low levels to which prices have fallen are considered to discount a good deal of pessimism. Moreover, there is the anticipation of better trade in store, the hope of more settled labor conditions now the cotton strike is over, the knowledge that working agreements between different companies must be making a sensible difference to expenditure. These are some of the factors which weigh with the buyers of Home Railway stocks, and their influence is effective enough to cause the complexion of the market to assume a brighter aspect than it has done for several months past. It must be pointed out, however, that the narrowness of the market, due to lack of practical public interest, causes swift fluctuations in prices, and it might readily be that suspension of the present breath of buying would again reduce this department to limpness and inertia.

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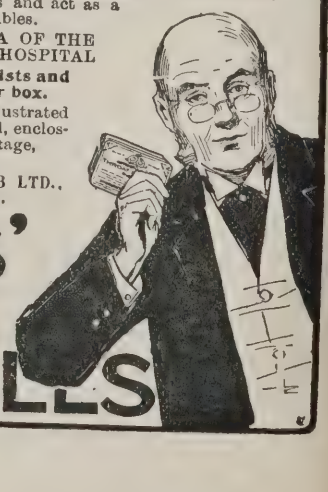

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The Nation

Reviews.

THE LATINS IN THE LEVANT.*

"The Latins in the Levant" is the history of Greece and the islands of the Aegean and Ionian seas during more than three centuries, from the break-up of the Eastern Empire by the Fourth Crusade (A.D. 1204) to the completion of the Turkish conquest. The Turkish conquest was legitimate, so far as any conquests can be called legitimate, but the Latin conquest which the Fourth Crusade achieved can, in its immediate aspect, hardly be described as anything but an act of colossal brigandage on the part of adventurers who had hypocritically taken the Crusading vow. From a wider point of view, however, it is well to recognise that the Latin capture of Constantinople, though accomplished in an unexpected and shameful way, was the realisation of an idea which had been in the minds of Western potentates long before. Throughout the twelfth century the Norman sovrans of Southern Italy had not only contemplated, but had more than once attempted to carry out, the project of seizing the Eastern Empire for themselves. The Popes, who feared nothing more gravely than any increase of the power and dominion of the Western Emperors, had a very real dread that Byzantium might become the prey of a Conrad or a Frederick Barbarossa. They were faced by a serious political problem arising out of the experiences and the results of the First Crusade, which had revealed as deep a hostility between Greek and Latin Christians as between Christians and unbelievers, and had exhibited the Greek Empire as an impediment to the expansive forces of the West which that Crusade had unbound. The Fourth Crusade solved the problem, and in a manner surpassingly welcome to the Pope, because it involved no political danger for the Roman See. Innocent III. wrote, soon after he had heard the news: "magnifica miracula; mirabile; pro tanti miraculi novitate!" These considerations are important for the sake of the principle of historical continuity; and the only criticism we have to make on Mr. Miller's book is that a few preliminary pages have not been devoted to placing the Latin conquest in its historical perspective.

Those who seek the picturesque in history will not find many more fascinating stories than that of the Latin States which were planted so abruptly on Greek soil. The complete story has never been accessible before in a readable form. Last year saw the appearance of Sir Rennell Rodd's admirable volumes on the Princes of Achaia, but though he allowed himself ample latitude for ranging into the histories of neighbouring States, he occupied only a portion of the ground which is covered in the present volume. Of course, the general outline will be found in Finlay's "History of Greece," but Finlay's narrative, besides failing to rise to the interest of the theme, is tedious on account of the repetitions due to his plan of treating each State separately. And he was only acquainted with a part of the available material. Hopf's immense "Geschichte Griechenlands" is the standard work, but it is hopelessly unreadable and labyrinthine; even to refer to it is a day's labor, as there is no Index. Perhaps only those who have had the perversity to toil through Hopf will fully appreciate the difficulties of Mr. Miller's task and the skill with which he has overcome them. His book, though he has not formally divided it, falls into three unequal sections. He first weaves together in one narrative the fortunes of Achaia, Athens, Negroponte, and the small States of Northern Greece. The second part is devoted to Corfu, and the third is the history of the Duchy of the Archipelago. Complete mastery of an exceptionally complicated network of events was demanded to compress such a full narrative into the compass of a single volume, which is not unwieldy or overcrowded and is readable from cover to cover. It would be hard to measure what the work has gained by the author's familiarity with Greece and its islands.

We could not expect him, within the limits which he has imposed on his space, to say much of architecture or of literature. He has found it possible to spare a few pages to the Greek philosopher of the Renaissance, Gemistos Plethon. His readers, we think, would have been grateful for some account of the "Chronicle of Morea," which he mentions so often but does not describe. Blended of history and legend, this verse-chronicle, though pedestrian ("jog-trot" in Mr. Miller's phrase), reflects better than any other document the spirit and flavor of the Achaia of the Villehardouins. It presents a concrete picture of the life of the Western knights on Hellenic soil, a picture that has nothing in common with the blend of classical and medieval civilisations which Goethe imagined in the second part of Faust. An interesting literary question was raised by the late Dr. John Schmitt who devoted his best years to the study of the Chronicle. Was it the Chronicle that suggested to Goethe the idea of placing the marriage of Faust and Helena near Sparta in a nameless castle which ought to be Mistra, the stronghold of the Villehardouins? It is certainly remarkable that the Chronicle was first published in 1825, and that in that very year the poet began to reshape his "Helena" (afterwards to be the Third Act of Part 2), which he had dropped for many years. In a prose sketch of 1816 he had destined for the home of Helena a castle on the Rhine. There seems to be no positive evidence that Goethe had seen the Chronicle, but much would be explained if he had.

William Villehardouin, like Faust, married a Greek princess, but he left no male heirs, and after his death the Latin power in Achaia began to decline. Female succession was one of the difficulties in the Latin States of Greece, just as it was a source of discord and weakness in the Crusading States of Syria. Women appear frequently in the story, playing, too often, tragic parts, like Marguerite the lady of Akova, or the princess Matilda of Hainault and Achaia. The women's Parliament of Nikli is an interesting illustration of their influence. In the battle of Pelagonia (A.D. 1259) William Villehardouin was taken prisoner and nearly all the barons of his principality were slain or captured. Three years later, the victor, who was the Emperor Michael Palaeologus, offered to release the captives if three of the most important castles in Achaia were handed over to him. The High Court of Achaia met to decide the question. The assembly—with the exception of the Duke of Athens who, as Bailie of Achaia, convened it, and two other men—consisted entirely of women, the wives and widows of the prisoners and the dead. The Bailie spoke strongly against agreement to such dangerous terms; the other men took his side; but the women were all in favor of yielding, and they carried the day. "It was only natural," Mr. Miller observes, "that with an assembly so constituted sentiment should have had more weight than reasons of State." But is "sentiment" quite a fair word to use?

The surrender of the fortresses, coming soon after the Greek recovery of Constantinople, marked the first degree in the descent of Frankish rule from its zenith. The Angevins of Naples then come on the scene. Charles of Anjou becomes first suzerain, then prince, of Achaia; but his political plans range far beyond the limits of the peninsula; he aims at the restoration of the Latin Empire. The plans and power of the Angevins were checked by the Sicilian Vespers, and not the least important consequence of that massacre was its effect on events in Greece. The peace of Caltabellotta ended the struggle of Spaniard and Angevin for Sicily (A.D. 1302), and then the band of Catalan mercenaries who were fighting for Aragon, finding their occupation gone, turned eastward in quest of fortune, and under the name of the Catalan Grand Company introduced a new and disturbing element into the politics of the Levant. "What the Fourth Crusade was to the thirteenth century," says Mr. Miller, "the Catalan expedition was to the fourteenth, only that the rough mercenaries from Barcelona

*"The Latins in the Levant: A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566)." By William Miller, M.A. John Murray. 21s. net.

showed less regard for the Greeks than the motley band of younger sons and noble adventurers and astute Venetians." And Ramon Muntaner did for the Catalans in his delightful history of their adventures what the Marshal Villehardouin had done for the Fourth Crusaders. The upshot of the expedition of these soldiers of fortune was the occupation of the Duchy of Athens, which they wrested from its Burgundian lords. They were excommunicated by Rome as "sons of perdition," but it was presently convenient for the policy of the Popes to receive them back into the fold. "Soon after they became respectable," as Mr. Miller observes, "they ceased to be formidable." Athens next passed into the hands of a Florentine man of business, Nerio Acciajuoli, and the fall of the Catalans was caused by the passion of a woman, one of the endless instances in which female succession was fatal to thrones. Another crowd of adventurers from Spain, the Navarrese Company, soon appear on the scene, and establish the Navarrese principality of Achaia.

Meanwhile the Ottomans had begun to ravage the coasts and islands, and the fifth Act, the Turkish conquest, is at hand. These rapid transformations, which we have illustrated from two of the Latin States, and the constant appearances of new actors on the scene are bewildering, but the reader has a sure and lucid guide in Mr. Miller. In our opinion, two of the most instructive lines to follow in this complicated period are the policy of Venice and the revival of the Byzantine power. From Epirus in the West, from Bithynia in the East, the Greeks steadily recovered the lands of which they had been robbed; and, but for the simultaneous rise of the Ottoman power in Asia Minor and the Servian Empire in the Balkan peninsula, in the fourteenth century, it is probable that they would ultimately have won back all or almost all that the Latins had taken from them. Their last and most deadly struggle would have been with Venice. The long-sighted, calculating policy and masterly diplomacy of the Venetian Republic in the lands of the Levant would be a fruitful subject for a special monograph. There can be no doubt that the original act of partition which distributed the Byzantine Empire among the allies who conquered it was framed by the Venetians. They had the geographical knowledge and knew how to use it in the interests of their city. She profited more than any other power by the transactions which are known as the Fourth Crusade.

J. B. Bury.

THE STORY OF THE SCAFFOLD.*

We were publicly hanging men and women during a period of nearly eight hundred years. The origin of Tyburn, Mr. Marks says, is certainly Norman; he assigns it to the reign of Henry I. Testimony to this is furnished by its early name, "The Elms"; for among the Normans the elm was the tree of justice. We are thus carried back to the beginning of the twelfth century, and from this date Tyburn gallows (the "Three-legged-Mare," the "Three-legged Stool," or "Deadly-Never-Green") is in full view until the shadows begin to lengthen on the eighteenth century. The last execution at Tyburn took place on November 7th, 1783. But the horrid revel of the public hanging continued in full blast long after this. Not until Queen Victoria had been thirty-one years upon the throne did the average British conscience decide that the saturnalia must cease. Mr. Marks, confining himself to Tyburn, makes no mention of this, but it was on May 26th, 1868, under the walls of Newgate, that a London mob enjoyed for the very last time the death wriggles of a wretch with his head in a noose. Government was then bidden to do its hangings out of sight.

For six or seven centuries Tyburn was our most distinguished field of blood. The crowd that fares thither is past numbering:—

> "It is for the most part a nameless, unrecorded crowd. For hundreds of years only a single figure emerges here and there from the throng. During a few decades only of the history of Tyburn do we see clearly and in detail the figures in these dismal processions. They go, in batches of ten, fifteen, twenty, laughing boys, women with children at the breast, highwaymen decked out in gay clothes for this last scene of glory; men and women drunk, cursing, praying. Some of the women are to be burnt alive; of the men, some are to be simply hanged; others, first half-hanged, are to have their bowels torn out and burnt before their eyes; some are to be swung aloft till famine cling them."

Of those who suffered at Tyburn, the English Aceldama, Mr. Marks thinks that a moderate computation might fix the number at fifty thousand; but who shall say? Histories of England are anything but garrulous on the subject. In the most recent one, the very interesting posthumous work of the late Dr. F. W. Maitland, we have not once found the name of Tyburn. For proper, accurate, unflinching treatment of a humiliating theme that ought not to be shirked, we must have recourse to such a monograph as the one before us.

In old Paris, it has been said, prisons were as thick as churches. In old England, it might almost be said, every gentleman had his gallows on his lawn. Among the franchises granted to monasteries we find one of "furca et fossa"—a gallows for men; and a pit, filled with water, for women. The provision might not have been wholly ungrateful to the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen, who was for greatly increasing the number of capital offences.

For whom were all these trees of death set up? Chiefly it would seem, for the robber and the thief:—

> "Theft," says Stephen, "seems to have been the crime of crimes. The laws are inexorable towards it. They assume everywhere that thieves are to be pursued, taken, and put to death then and there."

One or two facts must be put in plea for the society of those days; a densely wooded country gave shelter to troops of marauders, and there was no police. When the Hutesium, or Hue and Cry, was raised, every man who heard it must turn policeman for the nonce; and from boundary to boundary the hunt must be kept up until nightfall. Hue and Cry might, and often did, spread panic for miles, and the chances were sore against the thief. The abbot who, in his ecclesiastical capacity, was obliged to give him shelter for the night, might, in his seigneurial capacity, hang him the next morning. Sadly limited, too, was the thief's field of operations. He could carry off what was portable, and could clip the King's coin; scarcely anything else. We are safer who live in the age of company promoting!

Thus briefly as regards those who might be executed. As for the question, *How* to execute them? there were several answers to that. We know not who was the first English hangman, nor who first discovered that a cord adjusted to a man's neck is admirably held in position by the projecting mass of the head. It is, in the words of the greatest of French satirists, "the pantagruelion, manufactured and fashioned into an halter, and serving in the place and office of a cravat." But the halter, albeit the most frequent, was not the sole means of despatching those whose lives were forfeit. "All that exceeds a simple death," said Montaigne, "appears to me absolute cruelty"; but the West and South have often rivalled the East in the ingenuity of their torments, and we ourselves have displayed upon occasion a fine Oriental abandon. Richard Cœur de Lion had the murderer buried alive with the body of his victim. In London, at the beginning of the fourteenth century:—

> "a man, convicted of treason in the Court of the Mayor, was bound to a stake in the Thames during two flows and two ebbs of the tide."

In 1531 "one Richard Rose, a cooke," for an attempt to poison the Bishop of Rochester, and in 1542 Margaret Davy, a maid-servant, for poisoning three households, were boiled in Smithfield. There exists, says Mr. Marks, "singular and terrible indirect evidence" that William, the sacrist of Westminster, for plundering the King's treasury, was flayed alive. Portions of his skin are believed to illustrate a door in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Farther, it is written in the "Grey Friars' Chronicle" that:—

> "a man of Oxenford faynyed hym selfe Cryste, and was crucified at Addurbury."

These flights of experiment call for notice; they were not such farthing stuff in their kind. On the whole, however, we appear to have thought hanging good enough; and there is no doubt that the pantagruelion, with a few well-devised extras, may be made what Sir Thomas More satirically calls a "strayte and rygorous justice." Let us for a moment consider the extras.

They were ordinarily two: drawing and quartering; and

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* "Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals." By Alfred Marks. Brown, Langham, & Co. 15s. net.

Mr. Marks in discussing them corrects a mistake into which almost all historians, chroniclers, and novelists have fallen. They have almost all spoken of "hanging, drawing, and quartering"; but the true order of the punishments in cases of high treason was "drawing, hanging, and quartering." Mr. Marks says:—

> "Owing to this mistake it has not infrequently been assumed that drawing was a process following hanging, and consisted in drawing out the bowels of the victim. In fact, drawing meant drawing along the ground. There were three kinds of drawing. In the vast majority of cases drawing means dragging to the place of execution, where hanging, disembowelling, and quartering followed. But drawing sometimes means dragging till the sufferer died of the mere dragging. In some cases drawing means tugging by horses in opposite directions till the sufferer was torn to pieces."

In the earliest days of the scaffold's pride, the condemned, stripped to his shirt, was dragged on his back to the place of execution. This show was very well for spectators situated anywhere along the line of march, but those who had paid for the best places were disappointed, inasmuch as, when the culprit arrived at the scaffold, he was already three-parts dead. He must have been quite dead long before the hangman could have his chance of showing off in the disembowelling. Moreover, it was expected of the victim (nay, it was practically a part of the sentence) that he should sit up to watch the roasting of his intestines. Was it, then, as a provision of mercy, or as an intentional and artistic addition to his pains, that for the dragging on the back—three miles or more—was presently substituted the hurdle? The hurdle was succeeded by the cart; and from the cart, in the eighteenth century, we see Tyburn at its meridian sun. This was the Tyburn that Dr. Johnson would have preserved; and by his protest against the suppression of the public execution we may measure, in how small soever a degree, the expanding and liberalising of the public conscience in the years that separate us from him. For the thing that is historically conveyed to us under the name of Tyburn is itself already on the hurdle.

THE BEGINNING OF THE ROMAN FALL.*

Readers of Signor Ferrero's former volumes will give a hearty welcome to this fresh contribution to the knowledge of a puzzling and momentous period. They will find the same command of the materials, along with the same power of throwing a strong light on obscure classes, and on the social and financial consequences of a great political upheaval. Yet we cannot honestly say that this volume seems to us quite to maintain the high level of its predecessors. It covers a period of about six years, following the death of Julius, and it breaks off, with a certain abruptness, with the famous journey of Mæcenas to Brundisium. The volume is a short one, and it might easily have been made to close with some more important event. Moreover, the author's forte lies in the treatment of the social and economic aspects of a period, rather than in narrative or delineation of character. He is, as a rule, a very faithful, and almost too minute chronicler of passing events. But we cannot help feeling that, in the tangle of those years, we do not always see whither our guide is leading us. The confusion of parties and personal motives is almost too faithfully reproduced. We are sometimes as bewildered as their contemporaries were bewildered by the shifting tactics and intrigues of Antony and Octavian, and the varying moods of the Senate. Signor Ferrero rightly distrusts the so-called scientific treatment of history as an attempt to achieve what never has been, and never can be, done, that is, to narrate the story of the past with no intrusion of a subjective element. But we could have wished for a little more of the masterful manner of the great historians, from Thucydides down, in marshalling the materials so as to give the student some clue in the maze of crossing ambitions, disappointed hopes, impotent conclusion of great designs, tragic arrest of great movements, in which even genius often seems the mere sport of a cynical Fate. Moreover, the author hardly seems to us to be successful in giving us a clear conception of the leading characters of the time. Probably he meant us to gather that from his narrative, and to some extent he succeeds. But in his conception of Antony, Octavian, and Cicero, we miss the bold, strong lines of portraiture which make a character live in the imagination. Moreover, we venture to doubt whether his estimate of Octavian and Cicero does justice to men who have left so deep a mark on history. Octavian at nineteen, steering his way between the ambition of the brilliant lieutenant and pupil of Cæsar, and the wiles and blandishments of the republican party, surely merits a fuller recognition for his precocious prudence, his mingled daring and caution, his imperial outlook on the whole field of turbulence and social wreck. And although Cicero is here spared the ignominy with which German pedants have outraged an illustrious name, he surely deserves better than to be treated merely as the first of the men of letters who have plunged into politics. Cicero, in spite of many weaknesses, which he almost parades himself, was in many fine qualities of character a marvellous exception in an age torn with selfish ambition, enervated by vice, or cowed into selfish abandonment of all care for the commonwealth. In his intellectual range and versatility he has few peers in all the ages since his own. It is easy to sneer at his oratorical verbosity and want of originality as a thinker. But as a master of persuasion, the great judge has assigned him the highest place. He created a philosophic idiom for the West, and made the subtleties of Greek dialectic familiar to the Roman world. He created a style which in its wealth and harmony and clearness has fascinated all later ages, and will never cease to influence those who feel the power and music of artistic speech.

We have, with great respect, indicated where the author has fallen short of the ideal. But he has in this volume a most difficult subject, one to task the highest powers of the born historian. The murder of the Dictator was a great crime and a still greater blunder. It interrupted vast, beneficent plans of world-wide organisation. It left the Roman world without a government. It cost the new Empire half a generation of cruel civil war, financial chaos, corrupting intrigue, and social disorganisation. Signor Ferrero has followed through all its windings the tortuous policy of Antony in 44 B.C., partly dictated by fear, partly by ambition, partly also by the necessities of a great official position at the centre of a world. Slowly the position grew clearer amid the dust of party strife; the world could not be governed by the mob or the nobles of the Senate. Under the fierce dæmonic influence of Fulvia and his brother Lucius, he was driven to accept the traditions of Cæsarism, though he might abolish the dictatorship, and in order to control the Government, he must extort the command of the province which dominated Italy, along with the Macedonian legions. But his path was crossed by one who had the formal right to be regarded as the heir of Julius. Octavian, when he arrived from Apollonia, was treated with scant courtesy by Antony. But he soon developed into a dangerous rival. While Antony was in command of Cæsar's treasure and his more valuable papers, which could be manipulated or multiplied by artistic forgery, Octavian took upon himself the burden of the Dictator's lavish bequests. The subtle dexterity with which he obtained high command in the Republican army that defeated Antony at Modena, his appearance before Rome and daring seizure of the Consulship, his reconciliation with Antony, and the league of the Triumvirs, may all be studied with great profit in this book.

But far more interesting than these surprises of war or policy are the glimpses which the author gives us of the social life of the time. Rome, like the London of to-day, was a great centre of finance. The rumour of a fresh twist of policy in one of the great leaders spread panic in the markets and exchanges. Money was scarce in Italy, and even prosperous men like Cicero were hampered with debt. The demand of the veterans for settlement lay like a nightmare on rural Italy. It involved the assignment of more than 300,000 acres, with slaves and cattle, and the expropriation of owners, with a shadowy hope of indemnity. The ruined farmers flocked to the slums of Rome or infested the roads as brigands. In the confusion of civil war, the tribute of the eastern provinces, which were the gold mine of the West, no longer found its way regularly to the treasury. When the league of the Triumvirs was formed there were forty-three legions under arms, clamoring for

* "The Greatness and Decline of Rome." Vol. III. "The Fall of an Aristocracy." By Guglielmo Ferrero. Heinemann. 6s. net.

pay or rapine. To satisfy their demands, a sum of at least £8,000,000 was needed without delay. The proscription which poured out the blood and drained the fortunes of one hundred Senators and two thousand knights was not the mere reckless vengeance of political hatred. It was an immoral necessity. The ghastly tragedy was perhaps the not undeserved Nemesis for centuries of imperial oppression and grinding exaction. It brought an effeminate and nerveless order to the dust. It extinguished houses coeval with the Republic, and threw countless estates on the market, where competitors were few and fabulous fortunes were founded in an hour.

In this scene of stealthy intrigue or cruel vengeance women bore an important part. The Roman lady had claimed and won her emancipation generations before Juvenal penned his indictment of the viragoes and bluestockings of his day. Servilia, the mother of Brutus, the mistress of the Dictator, was long at the centre of political intrigue. Fulvia, the widow of the turbulent P. Clodius, and wife of Antony, a woman of pitiless force and ambition, who gloated over the bleeding head of Cicero, when it was brought in by Antony's cut-throats, controlled the Senate for a time, made and unmade great magistrates, and raised a civil war against Octavian which was only quelled in the siege of Perugia. Antony's choice of the eastern provinces, with a frontier drawn through Scodra, gave him the inexhaustible wealth of favored regions, and anticipated by more than three centuries the great schism of Empire under Diocletian. It also threw him into the arms of Cleopatra. The royal harlot sold her favors for a great prize. She wished to guard the autonomy of Egypt, and she probably inspired her lover with the dream of an Eastern monarchy such as floated before the half-lunatic brain of Nero.

In the very years of this social cataclysm many a quiet student, in Campanian villas or on sequestered farms in Cisalpine Gaul, was brooding over the problems of the philosophy of Greece, or trying to catch and transfer the subtle charm and music of her verse into the idiom of Rome. In the perilous year which saw the death of Cæsar, Cicero, by a miracle of calm industry, composed the "De Officiis," the "De Natura Deorum," the "Tusculans," and the lost treatises on Glory and Fate, and the exquisite essays on Friendship and Old Age. Cornelius Gallus wedded the Celtic vivacity to Greek technique in elegiac verse. Virgil, who had suffered from the confiscations, but had been rescued by powerful friends, was meditating the early Eclogues, in which the charm of the old farm on the Mincio breaks through the conventionality of Alexandrian tradition. Amid the turmoil of cruel strife and hungry ambition were heard the notes of a music strange to the ancient world.

A TRAVELLER FOR SCIENCE.*

Dr. Galton's unabated interest in the problem of heredity prepares his readers for copious details concerning his ancestry. "My surviving brother is ninety-three; my own age is now only eighty-six," wherein lies proof that his forbears passed-on a fairly clean bill of health. Quakers on the spear-side; Darwins on the spindle-side; he traces inheritance of asthmatic troubles to a great-grandfather; and, mentally, on the maternal side, a passion for statistics shared by "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts." Unharassed by "res angusta domi," he has been able through his long life to gratify every desire, never yielding to love of ease, but filling the days with willing service to his kind.

Schooldays over, he took up the profession of his famous grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, abandoning this when, at the age of twenty-two, ample means permitted him to gratify his love of travel and research. His medical curriculum was varied by a delightful tour abroad with William Bowman, the future eminent oculist, and, recalling experiences of pre-chloroform days, he tells us how alcohol proved a successful anæsthetic in the case of a dead-drunk drayman whose legs, crushed by a heavy waggon, were amputated without the patient missing them till he woke up sober next morning!

From his student days to old age, it was Dr. Galton's good fortune to come into more or less intimate relations with remarkable men: hence, no mean company defiles before us in these pages. His cousin, Charles Darwin, of course, an easy first; then Whewell, Huxley, Hallam, Tyndall, Alfred Russel (why will the printers persist in adding a second "1"?) Wallace, Mansfield Parkyns, of forgotten Abyssinian fame, Bates, and a host of others, to meet whom was "a liberal education." But the references are rarely illuminative. Too often we are tantalised by such remarks as when, for example, in speaking of a meeting with Huxley and fellow-savants, Dr. Galton says, "Never before have I had such refined and courteous conversational sword-play. I regret my inability to recall more than this general impression." Carlyle bored him; he hints truths about Stanley's fussy intrusion on Livingstone of which more is known than talked about; he gives an amusing reminiscence of taking Herbert Spencer to the Derby, where the philosopher likened "the disagreeable crowd to flies on a plate"; and when he talks of the buffoonery of the savants of the Red Lion Club, so called because, as "lions," they had met by chance during their prowl about the town where the British Association assembled, I wonder whether he was present on an occasion (Huxley told me the story) when Douglas Jerrold was a guest, and, invited to offer grace, shook his coat-tail and said, "Let us prey." The warm tribute—ever rendered by all who knew the man—which Dr. Galton pays to Bates reminds me how the latter laughingly described a visit to Dr. Galton, whom he found keenly interested in the invention of an improved toasting fork. For reference thereto among the many mechanical triumphs scheduled in the Appendix to this volume, the reader will search in vain.

More than sixty years ago, "saturated since the age of nine with Byron's poetry," Dr. Galton went to the near East. "Shepheard's Hotel then looked out upon rice-fields," and the journey to Suez was made in the overland waggons of Lieutenant Waghorn, the spirited, and now scarcely remembered, projector of steam communication between England and India. And nearly another sixty years passed before a second visit to Egypt offered the contrast of "bridge" and "afternoon tea" with the dread shadow of the Sphinx, at which, as Kinglake says, "you dare not laugh"; junketings unheeded by Dr. Galton as he sped to Abydos to revel in the sober sport of witnessing Professor Flinders Petrie's excavations. Between these periods Dr. Galton wrote the "Art of Travel," equipped for it by the exploration of Damaraland in 1850, carried out at his sole cost. His narrative of this, published in 1853, vividly records under what hardships travel was then prosecuted; hardships redeemed by whimsical incidents of the kind told in these "Memories." His bestowal of

> "a big theatrical crown, bought in Drury Lane, on the chief Nangoro had recognition in the arrival of a lady raddled with red ochre and butter, and as capable of leaving a mark on anything she touched as a well-inked printer's roller. As I was dressed in my one well-preserved suit of white linen, she was ejected with scant ceremony."

The prominence of Dr. Galton's labors in other fields has well-nigh eclipsed his work as an explorer, and his application of wide experience to the shamefully neglected cultivation of geography. But he will desire to be best remembered in his manifold activities for the physical and, therefore, psychical betterment of mankind. That he broke well-nigh virgin soil in this matter has evidence in his remark that he was accused of importing a fanciful and unusual meaning into the word "heredity," one cultured friend chaffing him for adopting it from the French! But he was satisfied as to "the inheritance of all the mental qualities into which he had inquired, and that heredity was a far more powerful agent in human development than nurture." Dr. Galton blended with this the supreme importance of exercise of restraint, as opposed to compulsion, for the common weal. He tells us that he takes Eugenics or Race Improvement "very seriously," and this inadequate tribute to his deeply interesting life-story may fitly end by quoting what he says on his pet theme in its closing sentences:—

> "Man is gifted with pity and other kindly feelings; he has also the power of preventing many kinds of suffering. I conceive it to fall well within his province to replace Natural Selection by other processes that are more merciful and not less effective. This is precisely the aim of Eugenics. Its first object

* "Memories of My Life." By Francis Galton, F.R.S., D.C.L. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

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is to check the birth-rate of the Unfit, instead of allowing them to come into being, though doomed in large numbers to perish prematurely. The second object is the improvement of the race by furthering the productivity of the Fit, by early marriages and healthful rearing of their children. Natural Selection rests upon excessive production and wholesale destruction; Eugenics on bringing no more individuals into the world than can properly be cared for, and those only of the best stock."

EDWARD CLODD.

EIGHT VOICES.*

THE opinion has many times been advanced, explicitly and implicitly, that poetry, being so indefinable a matter, cannot with certainty be perceived at first sight. Since all the schoolmen and critics in the world have failed hitherto to catch poetry in a definition, how can an honest man be so hardy as to say of a new book: This is, or is not, poetry? The argument will only seem plausible to such unfortunate minds as are completely dominated by reason. It is true that no one can say precisely what poetry is, but it is also true that definitions have no more to do with recognising poetry than they have with recognising colors. Either the thing is there, or it is not. Or, if that seem too uncompromising, we may liken poetry to the note of a cuckoo. Small boys have a knack of blowing through their clasped hands so as to make a sound very close to the bird's two-fold shout; and unwary ears have taken the simulated call for genuine. But let a real cuckoo once declare itself from the copse, and neither ingenuity nor imitativeness have any longer power to deceive. There is no mistaking the actual voice; and when it has been heard clearly, the small boys waste their breath, except in so far as they entertain themselves.

Here are eight voices. We will not say that our task is to decide which are cuckoos and which small boys; for to apply our simile thus narrowly were to be scarcely complimentary to either division. But it will be quite fair to divide them into those whose song proceeds immediately from a natural impulse and those who sing out of a desire—an unconscious desire, perhaps—to be ingenious and imitative. Fortunately, of these eight voices, no less than three have the unmistakable ring of genuineness; and that makes the other members of the choir easier to assess than they might have been, if they had been heard by themselves. Mr. Leopold H. Myers, for instance, in his dramatic poem "Arvat," imitates poetry very ingeniously and very well; almost he persuades us. But after we have passed unalarmed several places where we know we ought to have been profoundly moved, it becomes evident that he possesses a sound knowledge of how great poets use their words, but not the elemental impulse which forces them into so using words. The poem is planned ambitiously and largely, if rather formlessly; but its characters are jerky in their movements, the psychology not at all notable, and the passions nearly always miss fire. Exactly the same criticisms may be preferred against Mr. Arthur Dillon's "Tragedy of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," except that the imitation is more specific. There really is no necessity nowadays for the writer of tragedies to pretend to be an Elizabethan. Mr. Dillon seems far more anxious to prick in Elizabethan phrases and turns of speech than to make his characters passionate and alive. The third book on our list of eight is also in dramatic shape, "The Masque of the Grail," by Mr. Ernest Rhys. If Mr. Rhys had not added a note at the end of his poem in defence of its form, we might have allowed his title to pass without comment. Mr. Rhys is at liberty to use what form he likes, but we cannot see why he should have called it a masque. Dekker might just as well have so designated "Old Fortunatus"; but he did not, for he knew that there was no sense in calling a poem what it is not. The only reason why "Comus" seems so free in form is that the chief character of the ante-masque is carried on into the masque; the lineaments of the masque-form are perfectly apparent throughout. Mr. Rhys has written a spectacular, symbolic drama, containing personifications of death and tradition; but he has not written anything like a masque. As a spectacle, this new rendering of the Grail legend would undoubtedly be very pleasing and imposing, and its poetical weakness would not be too evident. It is written partly in prose and partly in metre, and it must be confessed that the departure from the typography of prose is hardly ever justified. However, the general structure of the play is certainly poetic.

Mr. Frank Hudson, who is, we are sure, himself a manly man, apparently considers that the manly man is under-estimated by the world at large. Accordingly, he has written "The Song of the Manly Men, and other Verses." But the manly man has not proved a very inspiring theme to Mr. Hudson; and, personally, we are inclined to be as suspicious of the man who talks of his manliness as of the woman who talks of her virtue. Perhaps it was not to be expected that a man, even a manly man, who could seriously entitle a poem "The Song of the Manly Men," would write anything but sorry verse. We advise Mr. Hudson to stick to his manliness, and avoid poetry.

We now come to a voice whose power to charm has been so long proved—a voice so pleasing and gracious, that it would be most unhandsome to deny it qualities beside ingenuity and imitativeness. The years have not changed Mr. Gosse's muse "to hoarse or mute"; "The Autumn Garden" contains as delightful verses as any that he has made hitherto. But Mr. Gosse is, as a poet, bi-formed. Without intending any disrespect, it may be said of him that he is often himself the cuckoo to expose himself acting the part of the ingenious small boy. While we are reading a poem with placid admiration for its cleverness, we are suddenly electrified by a stave of the authentic music, such as this, out of a poem called "Disillusion":—

> "Now that image quits the sky,
> Plunges like a falling star,
> Slips, out of the pride on high,
> Down, down, where the pities are."

This makes us less inclined to be patient with this sort of writing:—

> "The clouds are up, to sweep and tune
> That inharmonious harp, the moon;"

two lines which prelude, by the way, a very interesting piece of poetised atavism. But even when Mr. Gosse is writing cleverly, his cleverness is always thoughtful, suave, and charming, and so, eminently worth reading; and then there is always the chance that he will electrify us with something that is infinitely beyond cleverness.

Three books remain; and now we have got beyond questionable matters. We are now to deal with three poets who are continual partakers in the impulse out of which has come all that the world calls poetry. The two longest, and the two best, poems in Miss Jane Barlow's "The Mockers and other Verses," are tales written in an Irish dialect—which of the Irish dialects we do not know. We can only say that Miss Barlow uses it to make very beautiful and moving verse. The first of these, "The Mockers," is really a splendid tale; but they are both not only admirable as narratives, but also full of vigorous description and actual humanity. The lyrics which make up the rest of the volume are not quite so good; the sonnets, especially, are too charged with thought to be altogether pleasing. Miss Barlow is fond of using internal rhyme; her success in so doing makes us wish that this device were more often practised than it is. The two-fold beauty of art, the beauty in idea and the beauty in expression, is always to be found in Miss Barlow's poetry.

Everybody knows Mr. William Davies' history, and it is to be hoped that everyone also knows his poetry, for he sings an ecstasy that is indeed rare in these days. It would be hard to find in all our literature a more exquisite intimacy with the earth than that which he reveals in his latest book, "Nature Poems." He is, we are convinced, justified in his not inconsiderable boast, "Say what you

* "Arvat: A Dramatic Poem." By Leopold H. Myers. Arnold 4s. 6d. net.
"The Tragedy of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary." By Arthur Dillon. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.
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like, All things love me!" In a song called "The Boy" he seems to reveal the secret of his magic: —

"Time is to thee
Eternity,
As to a bird,
Or butterfly;
And in that faith
True joy doth lie."

Mr. Davies has discovered true joy; in the midst of time he is in eternity. When he watches a robin singing, "half-way up his legs in snow," or sees how

"A stoat-like wind, without a sound,
Doth creep and startle from the ground,"

then "gadding Time runs by" Mr. Davies. Of at least a dozen poems which we should like to quote for their sheer beauty, we will choose the following as being perhaps most typical:—

"I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight."

The delicious simplicity of the last couplet is a marvel. While we are reading, the most important things in the world for us are the rustle of rain and the glint of sunlit drops, so inerrably and delicately does Mr. Davies choose his words. He is one of the poets of whom Emerson says: "They are poets by the free course which they allow to the informing Soul, which through their eyes beholds again, and blesses the things which it hath made." And not only that; Mr. Davies makes us who read bless the things he sees.

It would be hard to find poetry more contrasting with Mr. Davies' "Nature Poems" than Mr. Lawrence Binyon's "London Visions." The contrast is not only between the calm, innocent affairs of the country and the feverous tumult of the town, but between methods. Mr. Davies' simple, unhesitating song gives place to a complex poetry which uses all the resources of its art; and it is only natural that a man, who can control those resources with such easy mastery as Mr. Binyon's, should explore depths and heights unhinted at in Mr. Davies' work. When we say that Mr. Binyon has turned London into poetry, we mean that he has perceived its multitudinous activities as symbols or gestures of the unaltering human soul. No one, for instance, could read those two fine poems, "The Builders" and "The Destroyer," without seeing in a town the visible manners of spirit or will; and this faculty of re-attaching appearance to ultimate things is apparent throughout "London Visions." There is a flavor of Whitman in some of the poems, in their substance as well as in their craft, although Mr. Binyon combines his words with a more intense devotion to beauty than Whitman ever did. The metre, however, occasionally reminds one of the strong American utterance, with its roughness and grotesqueness filed away; but more often the metrical effects are as original as they are successful. This portion of Mr. Binyon's art is perhaps the most welcome to any serious lover of poetry; for it shows that there are still novel and beautiful rhythms to be extracted out of the English tongue. Here is an instance:—

"Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately: face to face they gaze,
Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure."

We would call attention to the admirable stresses and inversions of the last two lines, so perfectly expressive of the sense. We ought to say, perhaps, that this volume of "London Visions" is a "collected and augmented" edition of two small books bearing the same title, which were published some years back. It was high time they were re-issued.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

In the strict sense of the words a Catholic Encyclopædia, like a Catholic University, is a contradiction in terms. There is no such thing as a Catholic Chemistry or a Protestant Physiology; knowledge is the same for us all. In each case, however, necessity outweighs theory. When a considerable section of the community refuses to avail itself of the educational facilities provided for and by the community at large, common sense suggests special treatment; it is better that these persons should receive a University education with a certain denominational color than that they should grow up without any University education at all. Equally, if they cannot be induced to make use of general works of reference, it is desirable that they should be supplied with others, less complete, perhaps, from our point of view, but more innocuous from theirs. This is a sufficient reason for the undertaking of which these handsome volumes are an instalment; and the prominence which they give to ecclesiastical questions, though these questions are, naturally, viewed from a sectional standpoint, may recommend them to a larger public than that to which they are specially addressed.

The majority of the writers are Americans, Dr. Driscoll, Professors Gigot, Hanna, and Oussani in particular contributing valuable matter; among European contributors may be noticed the late M. Brunetière, M. Georges Goyau, the well-known Bollandist P. de Smedt, Dr. Sauer, Mr. F. F. Urquhart of Balliol, Professor Buonaiuti, editor of the "Rivista Storico-critica," and Mgr. Benigni, a Roman prelate and journalist whose name has of late been much before the Vatican world. The workmanship, as is, perhaps, inevitable in a book on so large a scale, is unequal. Side by side with such genuinely learned and scholarly papers as those of Dr. Oussani on Assyria and Biblical Antiquities, Fr. Arendzen on Babylonia, or Drs. Dieterich and Gerland on Byzantine Literature and the Byzantine Empire, lie thin and controversial articles—*e.g.*, Anglican Orders, by Fr. Sidney Smith, S.J.; Anglicanism, by Mgr. Moyes; or Baptism, by Fr. Fanning—which, instead of setting the facts before the reader, seem designed to tell him what he ought to think on the subjects discussed. The maps and illustrations are often admirable; but we turn from a fine reproduction of Botticelli's Magnificat, or Fra Angelico's Annunciation, to photogravures of singularly inartistic buildings in Brooklyn or Buffalo; in a "Member of French Academy in Uniform" (Vol. I., 90), we recognise the familiar features of M. Edmond Rostand; while "Missionaries Crossing River," and the "Alexian Brother" (I., 77-307), recall the immortal illustrations of "Wisdom While You Wait." The theological climate of the work varies in different parts; if it is not that of Modernism, it is certainly not, in general, that of the Encyclical "Pascendi." An official letter from Cardinal Merry del Val conveys the Pope's blessing to editors and contributors; the Archbishop of New York gives his *Imprimatur;* and the preface tells us that "in constituting the editors the ecclesiastical censors he has given them a singular proof of his confidence." From the fact, however, that the last published volume bears the *Nihil Obstat* of a censor who is neither an editor nor even, so far, a contributor, it would seem that other influences have intervened, and that a certain uneasiness is felt, if not with regard to what has been said by the contributors, at least with regard to what it is feared they may say. From the standpoint of the theology now in fashion at Rome this uneasiness is justified. The article, *e.g.*, on Abraham, gives fairly enough the conclusions of such scholars as Gunkel and Driver, though the writer is careful to add that in stating he must not be understood to endorse them; in that on Balaam one paragraph embodies the conservative, another the critical view. Writing on Absolution, Dr. Hanna reminds us that "it is one thing to assert that the power of absolution was granted to the Church, and another to say that a full realisation of the grant was in the consciousness of the Church from the beginning." It is not easy to reconcile this teaching with that of the recent Syllabus. Nor is this a solitary

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example of a freer spirit than that which at present prevails in official circles. The Athanasian origin of the "Quicunque Vult" is abandoned; under the head Assumption we are told first that "the belief in the corporeal assumption of Mary is founded on the apocryphal treatise "De obitu S. Dominæ" bearing the name of St. John, which belongs, however, to the fourth or fifth century"; and a little further on that "to-day the belief in the corporeal assumption is universal," and that "according to Benedict XIV. it is a probable opinion which to deny were impious and blasphemous." At times a stronger note is sounded. The decisions of the Biblical Commission—which, it will be remembered, has pronounced in favor of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the traditional authorship and historical character of the Fourth Gospel, and against the composite structure of the prophecies of Isaiah—though "not infallible or unchangeable, must be received with obedience and interior assent"; the Bull "Apostolicæ Curæ," which denied the validity of Anglican Orders, "belongs to a class of *ex cathedrâ* utterances for which infallibility is claimed on the ground not, indeed, of the terms of the Vatican definition, but of the constant practice of the Holy See, the consentient teaching of theologians, as well as of the clearest deductions from the principles of faith."

It is not easy to see on what grounds such subjects as Bankruptcy, Artemus Ward, and the S. P. C. K. claim a specifically "Catholic" treatment. The same may be said of bull-fights; under which head we are informed that "moralists as a rule are of opinion that bull-fighting as practised in Spain is not forbidden by the natural law." In spite of these authorities, however, "the Church has often condemned bull-fighting," though "in Spain to-day these prohibitions are not in force." The historical information leaves something to be desired. The account, *e.g.*, of Mère Angélique is misleading and inaccurate; that of Cardinal Antonelli trivial. "In extenuation of the charge that his aim was to a great extent personal aggrandisement, it must be remembered that . . . . he was not a priest, although most assiduous in the discharge of his religious duties." We will not press the inference; but it would have been better to say either less or more. Not all the historical work, however, is of this quality. Dr. Wilhelm gives a sympathetic account of the Moravian Brethren, or Unitas Fratrum, whose claim to a valid episcopal succession came before the recent Pan-Anglican Conference; Mgr. de Waal writes with authority on the Catacombs; P. Besson, S.J., on the various collections of canons, of which (under Canon Law) a more detailed study is reserved for a future volume; the article on the Bollandists, by one of their number, gives facts with regard to that famous association of scholars not easily accessible elsewhere, while, under Bishop, Professor van Hove, of Louvain, contributes a scientific treatise on the origin and status of the episcopate in which prominence is given to Lightfoot's famous "Dissertation on the Christian Ministry," and to the original research of such scholars as Duchesne and Batiffol.

Much of the good work, and there is much good work, in the various papers requires a certain reading between the lines. The reason for this is obvious; the censorship is incompatible with intellectual sincerity. The Roman Church, called upon to choose between reformation—reformation, it may be admitted, of a radical sort—and war with science, chose the latter. The policy of the Inquisition and the Index has been from the first one of isolation; had it been successful, Catholicism, like China, would have been shut off from the outer world. Catholicism, however, is too large and too complex, too intimately bound up with the fortunes of mankind, for such tactics to be more than relatively effective. It was impossible to isolate half Europe; science is an atmosphere rather than a doctrine, and could not be kept out. Hence a compromise. It was understood on the one side that, under ordinary circumstances, a certain latitude must be allowed to scholars; and, on the other, that their criticism should be brought to bear on the outworks only—the citadel was to be immune. The distinction was abstract; the logic of thought inevitable; the concordat broken down. Of late years the tendency on the part of Rome has been to have done with understandings of this sort, and to make the state of siege absolute. This temper is not that of the Encyclopædia; how, or whether, the divergence will be overcome the future will show. The suspension of the (R.C.) "New York Review" and the disquieting rumors with regard to the judgment of the Papal theologians on the Encyclopædia are characterised by a leading American weekly ("The Independent") as "the most serious blow the Catholic Church in America has ever received from Rome."

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Liberal, sympathetic and humane, Alexander I. was a typical product of the romantic period. A German sentimentalist with a French education, his truly Russian instability of character made him a jumble of contending forces. His handsome face and engaging manners inspired the pens of feminine admirers; in his family he was always "the angel"—but to the more critical male mind he was something of a mystery, even a little of a mountebank. Napoleon baldly called him "skilful, false, and cunning," but Thiers shows more fineness of discernment when he says of Alexander, "There might be discerned in him traces of hereditary infirmity. His mind, lively, changeable, and susceptible, was continually impressed with the most contradictory ideas. But this remarkable Prince was not always led away by momentary impulses; he united with his extensive and versatile comprehension a profound secretiveness which baffled the closest observation. He was well-meaning and a dissembler at the same time." The Emperor, indeed, seems to have been possessed of one of those puzzling personalities which the American psychologists call "divided souls." Such temperaments are peculiarly liable to conversion, and Alexander, towards the end of his life, fell a complete captive to the influence exercised over him by Madame de Krudener—a fantastic figure who might have stepped out of one of Turgenieff's novels. When the Emperor met her she was over fifty years of age, pale, thin to emaciation, with little trace of that beauty which once had exercised a wide and singular spell. Like many another whose youth had been passed in vanity her old age was given to God; her ambition to break hearts was changed into that of saving souls. The interview with Alexander is described by M. Empaycaz:—

> "Mme. de Krudener, on hearing the approach of the Emperor, had left the village of Schluchtern with the express intention of intercepting him at Heilbronn. From the first moment of entering his presence she addressed her Sovereign in the same tone of fearless and outspoken reproof which she was accustomed to make use of towards all those who came to her for spiritual guidance. . . . The interview lasted far into the night. The Emperor was almost incapable of speech. Stirred to the very depth of his soul by the eloquent words of his visitor, he sat with his head resting on his hands shedding silent tears."

Whatever may have been her motive, the influence of Mme. de Krudener over the Emperor's private life was undoubtedly beneficial. He gave up frivolous and immoral pursuits and passed his evenings in prayer. Alexander married at an extremely early age, the Princess Louisa of Baden. A portrait of her by Monier shows us a gentle, delicate girl in a high-waisted Empire gown, and fair ringlets hanging down her cheeks. Her lips are close shut and sensitive, and her long melancholy eyelids droop as though already heavy with those tears which her ladies would so often surprise her secretly shedding over the portrait of "that Alexander who was so charming and so faithless." Married at fifteen, her husband only a year older, the childish couple loved each other, and seemed fitted for happiness. But a few months after their wedding, a serpent, in the shape of the old Empress Catherine, broke into their Eden and drove

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them out for ever. Whether actuated by mere love of grandmotherly interference or by some deeper and more baneful design is uncertain, but Catherine packed off the boy-husband to join his father in a military camp, and his bride was left to pine in solitude. Alexander sought consolation in other arms; his young wife could not forgive him and their married happiness was ruined. After the death of her two infant daughters the Empress wept away all traces of her beauty, became cold and timid, fell into the background and abandoned herself to grief. At the very end of her life something like a reconciliation took place between husband and wife, but their second honeymoon was cut short quickly and tragically by the death of the Empress. Alexander followed her soon after, at the age of forty-eight.

The Emperor Nicholas, brother and successor to Alexander I., was a man of wholly different stamp. An autocrat by temperament, his German and military upbringing fostered the narrow spirit of discipline and devotion to rule which made him a respectable character and a faulty governor. As a child, however, he united a violent and passionate temper to a nervous and somewhat cowardly disposition; his teachers considered him a boy of limited intelligence, and complained of his rude and imperious manners, his frivolity, his love of joking, and absence of all seriousness. So little, sometimes, the child is father to the man. He married Charlotte of Prussia, the beautiful and cultivated daughter of Queen Louisa, and, unlike his brother Alexander, was a most faithful and devoted husband. The marriage was happy, but in later years husband and wife drifted rather apart, for the Empress cherished liberal and romantic aspirations, whilst the Emperor became increasingly despotic, unimaginative and severe. Her influence over her husband waning, all the repressed sympathies of the Empress's nature were given to her eldest son. The future Alexander II. had himself suffered too much from despotism in the household not to sympathise with his country's struggles for freedom. After her death his mother's influence bore fruits; in 1861 occurred the memorable Emancipation of the Serfs. But the end of his life dwindled down to a painful record of temperamental infirmity; a weak man is never any stronger for being in a false position. The Panslavist Alexander III. was a simple and straightforward barbarian who hated conventions, seldom washed, beat his servants, and plunged Russia back into the Middle Ages. His watchwords were "No nonsense" and "Russia for the Russians," and as his character presented no problems to the intellect he was considerably respected by the peasantry.

Mr. Hodgetts gives us a chapter on the Nihilist movement and a slight sketch of the political situation. He inclines more to scandal than to horrors, apologises for all parties, is careful to spare our feelings, and leaves us with the general feeling that when the Tsar is on his throne all is very nearly, if not quite, right with the world.

NOVELS OF THE HOUR.

Mr. George A. Birmingham's "Spanish Gold" (Methuen, 6s.) is a thing of joy. It appeals not only to the treasure-hunting instinct, alive in all properly constituted human beings, but also to the rarer and more cultivated delight in displays of character. While the incidents nearly approach the border of farce, the solid characterisation stands well within the field of comedy. Meldon, the Irish curate, so brilliantly inventive both as a liar and as a treasure hunter, is a personage new to the English reader, and well worth knowing. In him, as in the story itself, the highly fanciful web of the treasure search has a background of solid knowledge and reality. Readers of "Spanish Gold" will probably suppose themselves to have been merely amused and interested. In reality they will also have been instructed; Mr. Birmingham will have shown them in miniature, and to an accompaniment of laughter, a peep of the real Ireland.

* * *

It is impossible not to respect the industry and the courage of Mr. Robert Herrick. His novel "Together" (Macmillan, 6s.), contains over 590 closely printed pages, and his subject is of the kind that appeals to Tolstoy and to Mr. William de Morgan. It introduces, that is to say, a very large number of persons, and examines in detail the relation to one another of most of them. The love affairs of at least six American couples are presented for our consideration. At no moment does the work cease to be careful, both in conception and in execution, and at no moment can we doubt the writer's effort to be sincere. Yet the book lacks vitality, and the author's earnestness results in passages of falsetto. It is safe to guess that the portions of his story dearest to him are those describing Dr. Renault's sanatorium, and the final renunciation of Margaret and Falkner—and these are precisely the portions farthest from the plane of real life. Perhaps the qualities of "Together" can best be indicated by saying that it is precisely the book to be valued as "deep" and "searching" by cultured ladies, who live secluded from the stream of the world, and that is precisely not the book that Mr. de Morgan would have produced if he had applied his robust Victorian diffuseness, his healthy frivolity, and his flavor of cheerful British Philistinism to the same theme.

* * *

Mr. W. J. Dawson is primarily not a novelist, but a preacher. "A Soldier of the Future" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) is the story of an American clergyman's dream, and is no more a novel, in the ordinary sense, than "The Pilgrim's Progress" is. As reading matter, however, it is interesting, and to persons who share the author's religious beliefs no doubt very impressive. But like most sermons, it will only touch the converted. To the rest it will seem no more than a clever exercise of the imagination. The working out of the central idea is logical and sincere, and the underlying moral earnestness is pleasant to feel. One or two scenes are striking enough to linger in the memory.

* * *

The author of "Saints in Society" has somewhat improved since she wrote that successful but singularly "cheap" novel. In "The Mayoress's Wooing" (Hutchinson, 6s.), we find no such excruciating lapses from good English, though Mrs. Baillie Saunders still permits herself to write "in comparison to"; "like many burly men, silk stockings . . . gave him a sudden advantage"; and to let "whom" serve as a nominative; is still innocent of any search for the really fitting word, and sets our teeth on edge in the way that a painter might who used aniline dyes to paint with. Moreover, she has one scene so strangely and guilelessly absurd as to arouse blank amazement. Does Mrs. Baillie Saunders really think that the Borough Councillors of Marylebone care twopence about the legitimate or illegitimate birth of their aldermen? Can she possibly suppose that any Mayor of that august borough would permit an alderman elect to be publicly questioned as to his parentage, or that a refusal to reply to irrelevant personalities would lose him an election? Still, "The Mayoress's Wooing" *is* better than "Saints in Society." The idea of a Lady Mayoress as central figure of a novel has its piquancy; and to choose a heroine who wears pince-nez, and has been christened Sarah—with an "h"—is creditable to the boldness of any novelist. We remark, however, that the young lady doffed her eyeglasses when she went to a ball—the very occasion, one would have thought, when a short-sighted person would have needed their assistance. We live in hope of meeting a heroine who shall wear actual spectacles, and yet manage to remain attractive.

* * *

"Patsy," by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) a thoroughly diverting, if not thoroughly credible narrative, breathes the hilarious atmosphere rendered familiar by "Reminiscences of an Irish R.M." Its hero is a small Irish boy who, being taken on as page in a well-to-do English family, at once proceeds privately to regulate the affairs of the household. He takes under his special protection a pair of young lovers, throws ingenious obstacles in the way of their various opponents, and finally arranges a successful elopement. Incidentally, the curious ethics of a small Irish community and the humors of certain pompous English people are amusingly displayed. Mr. Stacpoole's easy style, so apparently artless and really so careful, makes pleasant reading, and the rapid succession of events keeps the farce from ever flagging. "Patsy" should certainly appear on every library list during the Christmas holidays.

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Diary of the Week.

The Prime Minister announced on Thursday night that the Government were able, on the strength of the negotiations conducted, on the one hand, with a group of leading Nonconformists, and, on the other hand, with the Primate and some Bishops, to introduce a new Education Bill next week. As to the basis of this new departure, neither the Nonconformist Committee nor the Primate were able to bind their following. But they had given the Government an assurance that they would "*ex animo* acquiesce" in the new settlement subject to debate on some "not unimportant" points of detail.

* * *

The commanding features of the compromise have already been stated in The Nation. They include a general transference of all schools to the public authority, subject to a small area of contracting-out for Catholic and some High Church schools. These establishments would be deprived of rate aid, but would obtain terms better than the 47s. grant provided in the McKenna Bill. The standard of religious instruction is to be Cowper-Templeism, but a right of entry for denominational teaching given either (*a*) by a minister of religion, (*b*) by existing head teachers in voluntary schools, or (*c*) by a volunteer assistant teacher, and paid for by the denomination, is to be permitted during school hours on two mornings in the week. The right of entry will be statutory, and not subject to local option. All denominational managers will disappear, and the teachers will all be appointed by the local authority and be free from religious tests. We understand that the Nonconformist Committee, which includes Dr. Clifford, Mr. Scott Lidgett, Mr. Massie, and Sir George White, are prepared generally to support this settlement. Mr. Hirst Hollowell and the Primitive Methodist Connection are unfriendly. On the Church side the two Archbishops and, we believe, nearly all the Bishops, with the exception of Dr. Gore, are supporters, while Lord Hugh Cecil and High and Low Church extremists are irreconcileable, and are impudently canvassing vicars against the Primate. "The Guardian" supports the right of entry, but hints that it must carry the abolition of Cowper-Templeism. Mr. Balfour's attitude is indecisive, but probably he will not obstruct a settlement, especially if the Lords destroy the Licensing Bill.

* * *

The Committee of Liberal Members of Parliament who specially interest themselves in the reduction of armaments have sought an interview with the Prime Minister on the subject of his answer to Mr. Arthur Lee on the interpretation of the two-Power standard. The interview was first fixed for Thursday, and has now been postponed till Tuesday. There is reason to believe that the Government do not accept the view of a change or extension of the Prime Minister's declaration on March 2nd of this year, or of the late Prime Minister's statement in 1907. The point would seem to be whether America, which now comes within the category of the two next strongest Powers, is or is not to be counted in, and whether we are also to reckon together Powers which are actually in opposite groups or even alliances. The further question would seem to arise whether France is or is not in actual alliance with us. We are informed that the Government are disposed to give reassuring declarations to the party, and that the new statement will not affect the Naval Estimates for next year.

* * *

Mr. Balfour made a rollicking party speech at Cardiff on Thursday, in which, while claiming sympathy and kinship with the Government's foreign policy, and pinning down the Prime Minister to an acceptance of the Cawdor interpretation of the two-Power standard—"namely, an equality of strength with *any two other Powers*, with the necessary margin"—he called also for a large home army. On domestic affairs he let himself go. The Government had a Gargantuan appetite for legislation, though they were "rather coarse feeders." On education they had just introduced a new Bill—their fourth—which was in charge of their third Minister of Education. The Bill would have as respectful a consideration as it deserved. On the Licensing question, he boldly denied that the restriction of facilities for drinking produced any moral result. In any case, the plan of the Bill in cutting down public-houses and leaving club-drinking practically untouched was a piece of "immoral folly." He hinted that the Lords were perfectly safe from popular indignation whatever they did about licensing—as safe as the Irish cattle-drivers. On Protection he was still vague, but he admitted the Protectionist basis of "looking after the producer," and spoke of Tariff Reform as the dawn of the new era to which his party would give shape.

Sir Edward Grey spoke with sense and wisdom on foreign affairs at Scarborough on Thursday night. The only point on which Liberals will be inclined to criticise him is in the stress he lays on the value of continuity in foreign policy, based on understandings and alliances with Continental Powers. The old policy, says Sir Edward Grey, was called "isolation" at home, while foreign Powers called it "unreliability." But is the partial and necessary isolation of an island Power "unreliable"? On German relations he was moderate and reassuring. The constitutional debates in the Reichstag had not revealed one word of hostility to Great Britain from any German party. Such language should be reflected in our criticisms of German politics. Outsiders were over-prone to find subtle motives in diplomacy, the fact being that Foreign Offices were simpler than they looked, and often lived from hand to mouth. Our own naval power was purely defensive, and was based on the necessity of meeting "any probable combination which might be brought to bear upon us,"—a reversion, we are glad to see, to the more moderate and reasonable view of the two-Power standard. On the Near East, Sir Edward Grey emphasised his warm and very fruitful sympathy for the new Turkish movement. Our own old attitude to the Turkish Government was one of "despair," but now "every good force" in the country had sprung into activity. If the Conference was held, Turkey would now meet from Europe general "sympathy and fair play."

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A meeting of Conservative peers at Lansdowne House has been summoned for Tuesday to decide the fate of the Licensing Bill. The alternatives are rejection on second reading, and drastic amendment, including the elimination of the time-limit. The "Telegraph" thinks that the first course will be chosen. Lord Rothschild is said to have secured 169 signatures for his round robin in favor of rejection. Lord St. Aldwyn is reported to favor the milder course, but his counsels rarely carry the majority of the Peers, and it is thought that both Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour will accept, even if they do not urge, the destruction of the Bill. Its fate will be determined before that of the educational compromise is exactly known, but an educational success would spell certain failure for it.

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On Saturday the Chinese Emperor died, and on Sunday the Dowager Empress. The Emperor, Kwang Su, had been on the throne since 1875, but his only attempt at ruling, in 1898, when he poured out a torrent of ill-digested reforms, was very quickly put an end to by the Dowager Empress. The Dowager Empress, Tse-Hsi, one of the most remarkable women rulers in the history of the world, was born in 1834, and governed China from 1861, during a most troublous period. Though often credited with reactionary tendencies, she was rather notable for her keen perception of practical possibilities, and it is significant that she took up and shaped many of the reforms which Kwang Su proclaimed in their full crudity. A new Emperor, Pu-Yi, an infant, has been appointed, under the regency of his father, Prince Chun, who has had European experience. Complete order reigns in Pekin, and the fullest satisfaction is felt with the arrangements. Yuan-Shi-Kai is responsible for everything that has been done; he has ten thousand trained troops in Pekin, and is the real power behind the throne. The valedictory edicts of the late Emperor and Dowager Empress insist upon the continuance of preparations for constitutional government to be introduced as previously ordained within the next nine years, and with Yuan-Shi-Kai in control the progressive cause is in safe hands.

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On Tuesday Prince Bülow, fortified by the unanimous approval of the Prussian Ministry and the Federal Council, had audience of the Kaiser, as a result of which the Kaiser announced that "he realised that his highest Imperial duty was to maintain the stability of the policy of the Empire by observing the constitutional responsibilities and that, therefore, he approved the declarations of the Chancellor in the Reichstag." The Kaiser's statement manifestly means two things, that Prince Bülow is to remain in office, and that the Kaiser confesses error in the past and promises amendment in the future. How much more it means depends largely upon what the Kaiser understands by constitutional responsibilities. The judgment of the Press is divided. The Conservatives, of course, are thoroughly satisfied; the "Kölnische Zeitung," the national Liberal organ, finds the solution happy and adequate to the immediate occasion. The "Berliner Tageblatt" agrees with the "Vorwärts" in discovering that the Reichstag lies quite outside the solution, and that what has happened is an increase in the influence of the Chancellor, but no corresponding increase in the influence of the Reichstag. The phrase "constitutional responsibilities" in the Kaiser's mouth has no reference to responsibility to the elected representatives of the nation.

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The advanced Radicals want guarantees in the form of constitutional amendment which shall give the Reichstag a share in the choice and dismissal of the Chancellor, and the Socialists have already tabled proposals to that effect. There is not the slightest chance of these proposals coming to anything now, for when the "Kölnische Zeitung" says that "the great majority of the nation is strongly Monarchist, and would have liked nothing better than to follow confidently the Kaiser's lead," it is telling the literal truth. The German people are not prepared yet for Ministerial responsibility in our sense, but though the present crisis will pass away without formal changes in the Constitution, it would be a mistake to conclude that it will have left no mark. Both the Socialists and many Radicals miss the moral of our Constitution when they ignore the fact that with us Ministerial responsibility is an unwritten convention, based upon the sentiment of the English Parliament and the English nation. The "Frankfurter Zeitung," with its usual perspicacity, appreciates this, and says that what is most necessary is a psychological change in people and Reichstag, a sentiment of independence and a hatred of Byzantinism. The present crisis is notable as marking a stage in the development of this new psychology, and its educational value will persist and bear fruit, though no formal guarantees crystallise out of it.

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Dr. Lang, Bishop Suffragan of Stepney, has been appointed Archbishop of York in succession to Dr. Maclagan. Dr. Lang is forty-four years old. His chief parochial work has been done at Leeds and at Portsea, where his organisation was novel and brilliant, and his preaching at St. Paul's has been eloquent, though untouched by the distinction and feeling of Liddon. He is a High Churchman, was a strong Conservative at Oxford, and his success in working Mr. Balfour's Act in the in-

terests of the ex-voluntary schools gave him a great reputation among the Anglican stalwarts on Education. On the other hand, he has co-operated with Dr. Davidson in bringing about the compromise of the education quarrel. He has talent and energy, but his gifts of intellect do not compare with those of more than one Bishop on the Bench, and his appointment weakens, we fear, the strain of liberalism in Church government.

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The King and Queen of Sweden have returned King Edward's visit to Stockholm of last spring, and were received with great warmth by the King and the people of London. The cordiality of the reception will, we hope, do away with the earlier feeling in Sweden that we accepted too readily Norway's case for separation, and did too little justice to the remarkable unselfishness and restraint with which King Oscar and Sweden bore the loss of sovereignty. Both at Windsor and the Guildhall, King Gustavus spoke of the two countries' common enjoyment of liberal institutions and of their close friendship—a friendship now cemented by the guarantee of the North Sea agreement.

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The New Zealand elections have returned the Liberals to power for the seventh time in succession, though on this occasion with a diminished majority and with the defeat of one Minister. These elections were of interest for two reasons—for the first time the second ballot had come into operation, and for the first time the Liberal-Labor combination,which the late Mr. Seddon welded together, had openly begun to break up. Sir Joseph Ward is less Radical than his predecessor, and, on the other hand, the Labor men have become more insistent and restless. The Second Ballot Act was passed last Session to meet precisely this danger of the reactionary Opposition prospering from the divisions among the Progressive forces. The fact that twenty-one second ballots will have to be taken has justified this precaution. One notable result of the elections lying outside ordinary party politics is the growth of the temperance vote. Six more districts voted prohibition, and many others a reduction of licences, so that 148 public-houses will be closed. The prospect of prohibition ruling throughout New Zealand becomes quite considerable when it is defeated in cities like Auckland and Dunedin by narrow majorities. That the woman's vote is a considerable element in the progress of temperance is generally admitted.

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The Budget report on the French army points out that the annual military expenditure of the six Powers with the strongest armies amounts to over £200,000,000, and the total number of men they can put into the field to 31,700,000. These estimates are steadily rising, that of France, for instance, standing now at £29½ millions, and that of Germany at £42¾ millions. The German forces with the colors are 34,118 officers and 602,670 men, as against 27,310 French officers and 511,939 men. The French soldier, it will be seen, is cheaper per man than the German, but what concerns French military men most is the disparity in the size of the contingents, a disparity which, with the falling French birth-rate and the increasing German population, must grow. The reporter of the French Budget suggests as compensations the increasing of the volunteer permanent professional force and the recruiting of native soldiers. The first of these devices would be very expensive, and opinion is much exercised as to the wisdom of applying conscription to Algeria. The Arab tribesmen offer a large reservoir of soldiers, but they dislike conscription, and the peril of training them to arms—even when most of them are kept on service in France—is obvious.

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The scheme for the supply of electricity in bulk to London, known as the London and District Electricity Supply Bill, has been unanimously rejected by the Select Committee, which finds that the preamble was not proved. The financial backing of the scheme was always speculative, and presumably it is this weakness which has wrecked it in spite of its purchase clause. There is, unfortunately, no probability that the London County Council are either willing or able to organise a municipal supply. The Government will now have to seek the co-operation of a large number of authorities without which no scheme can go through.

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While public attention is concentrated on Parliament, the great engines of government, the permanent departments, work quietly on. It is only rarely that the average man gets a glimpse of the power they exercise independently of, and, at times, even in opposition to, the wishes of the people's representatives. An instance of the manner in which a reactionary department may increase the difficulties in the way of social reform is seen in a recent letter and Order which has been received by the Poplar Guardians from the Local Government Board. As though blind to the way in which the poverty for which all London should be responsible is concentrated in this poorest borough of the East End, the Board call attention to the large amount of Poor Law relief in Poplar, and animadvert on the scale of relief allowed to the wives of men who have been relieved under the "Modified Workhouse Test Order," by which, for some time, the Poor Law has been somewhat humanised, by permitting the husband alone to enter the workhouse, while his wife and family receive out-relief and keep together the home.

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The Local Government Board's new order now limits the duration of this test to eight weeks in each year, after which the whole family must come into the workhouse, or starve. The cruelty of the modification, which is thus made on the authority of the Department alone, might raise a protest from the Charity Organisation Society itself. Unless the Local Government Board modifies its position, a number of men already working under this test will be turned out before Christmas, and their homes broken up, although the Distress Committee cannot provide work for all the men on its lists who have been passed as suitable, and although the Borough Council has declared itself unable to afford the expense of any relief works. The scale of allowance to which the Board objects is: 10s. for the wife, 2s. for the first child, 1s. 6d. for the second, and 1s. each for every additional child. Out of this sum there is the rent to be paid, and in Poplar rents are high, so that it is difficult to see how the wife and children can find much margin to spend in riotous living. It is to be hoped that the attention of Parliament will be called to an interpretation of the Poor Law more in harmony with the ideas of the reformers of 1832 than the principles which must mark the new Poor Law of 1909.

Politics and Affairs.

A TEST CASE FOR THE LORDS.

Laid up, not in the heavens, but in the sublime minds of hereditary legislators, there exists an ideal of an Upper House, which plays a noble part in our turbulent democracy. Raised above the turmoil of the hustings, manned by those whose position places them above all sordid calculations of interest, trained by long tradition to regard all public issues with a single eye to the public interest, responsible not to the people, but to conscience, to high tradition, and to the ideal of a nobility, this Chamber exercises, with the impartiality and restraint of a court of justice, the ultimate arbitrament upon all legislative proposals. Its part is to resist the blind passions of the mob, to save the country from itself, to guard it from the consequences of an impulsive vote which places executive power for a term of years in the hands of a group of partisan leaders. It stands for the ideal against the material, for the permanent welfare of the nation against the lower interests and more ancient impulses that appeal to a mob, for the sense of duty in public life against the expediency of the Moment and the desires of the Mass.

For such an ideal no better test could be devised than the question of the liquor traffic. Here is an issue where all the impulses of the mob are on one side, and all the convictions of men who seriously regard the welfare of the people on the other, where all that is most elementary in human nature craves unrestricted liberty, and all that is best sees the need of discipline and control. Here, if anywhere, is an issue over which the most ardent believers in democracy might shake their heads. Here is a point at which, they must admit, the ideal of self-government is most sorely tried. It is possible, they might well say, to appeal intelligently to the self-interest of the masses, and in many matters to their sense of patriotism, of duty, and of humanity as well. But to ask them to control themselves at their weakest point, to accept close restrictions and restraint upon the luxury which habit has made their chief resource, is to ask no small matter. Here, if anywhere, they might doubt the efficacy of self-government, and might appeal to the "governing class" and the body which represents it to throw the whole weight of their influence on the side of reform. Yet, notwithstanding all difficulties, in the face of unexampled clamor, and fearlessly discounting the loss of bye-elections, a democratic Parliament has at length succeeded in bringing to completion a scheme for resuming the full public control of the liquor traffic. In carrying the Bill through the House of Commons concessions have been made. Something has been sacrificed to secure the passage of the measure as a whole. It might be thought that the Lords, acting in that spirit of trusteeship which we have endeavoured to describe, would remove these concessions, would seek to strengthen the original Bill, would, in a word, throw all their weight on the side of public order and national discipline. Such would be the natural inference from the account which defenders of the Peers give of them, an account which alone can justify their constitutional position.

Such is the expectation which an innocent visitor from another country might form. But what are the facts? The ultimate decision is not yet known. But we are told in the first place that a great financier has canvassed the peerage and formed a list of some 140 trustees of the public welfare who are prepared, not to amend or discuss the Bill in detail, but to reject it on a second reading. It is not even suggested that the movement proceeds in the first instance from the regular party leaders, who have at least had some experience in governing the country. Still less is it conceived in the interest of any alternative scheme of temperance reform. It is fathered by a financier and conceived in the interests of finance. It is simply a move, avowed and unashamed, in the great game of wealth against commonwealth. Dramatically in conflict as it is with every tradition which might be held to justify the position of the Upper House, it is being freely said that this movement will prevail with the Unionist leaders who guide the counsels of the Peers. It is thought that, in spite of all that Mr. Balfour himself has admitted in favor of details of regulation contained in the Bill, the Lords will contemptuously annul the main work of the Commons for a year. Yet, in associating themselves with the financiers, the Unionist leaders can no longer take the high moral line. The attempt to represent the Bill as a measure of confiscation, ridiculous from the first to anyone who knew his case, ridiculous in the eyes of all men since the Bill was supported by the Bishops, has been definitely broken down by Mr. Balfour's admission. Mr. Balfour himself denies that the licence is a freehold, and, meeting his dialectical match for once in Mr. Herbert Samuel, he was driven to the position that the only question of property involved in the time limit is a question of amount of compensation and length of time, a question not of principle but of degree. That the licence is a taxable source of wealth which the State can control will, in fact, be shown in the most palpable manner in the next Budget should the Lords decide to reject the Bill. The terms they are now offered are financially generous rather than just, and though if the Bill is lost the power of controlling the British traffic in the public interest goes with it, the power of taxation remains and will be exercised with no time limit and with a single eye to the public interest.

But for our part we do not yet despair of the intelligence of the Peers. There will be some strong pleaders for the Bill among them, and they have a strong case. It is true that by destroying the Bill the Lords may gain some temporary popularity with a certain class, and some immediate addition to their prestige. But a constitutional power that rests on the drink habit is insecurely founded. By acting for the brewer and the financier, the Lords will shake the confidence of a class of men far more necessary in the long run to their own security. They exist and retain their power partly because everyone agrees to the necessity of some method of securing revision, because they are in possession, and because the democratic parties have not agreed upon an alternative. But the condition of their existence is that they should not alienate the large number of serious, public-spirited men who, without

being either Liberals or Socialists, perhaps without being party politicians at all, want to see England sober, well ordered, and prosperous. Such men have often a distrust of democracy, and shrink from advanced ideas. They fear the "mob" and its ways. They are nervous about the stability of the social order, and often oppose Liberal Governments from dread of violent change. They are the moral support of the House of Lords, in which they think they see a guarantee against the rash experiments which they fear. These men up and down the country are supporting the Licensing Bill. They know it for a moderate measure. They admire the Government for its courage in introducing and standing by it. They have weighed the costs of drink and know the need of a remedy. Many of them, perhaps, believe that reform in this direction, a great moral reform, is the true alternative to Socialism. These are the men whom the Lords, if they throw out the Bill, will range on our side. These are the men to whom they will reveal the secret of their position, that it is wealth, and the power and the social callousness of wealth, that they represent. These are the men whom they will force to look elsewhere for whatever counterpoise to democracy they need, and whom they will convince that if England is to free herself from the incubus that retards her progress among the nations, she must first free herself from the Chamber in which are focussed all the powers of conscienceless wealth.

THE NEW DEFINITION OF NAVAL POWER.

The Prime Minister will not, we think, complain that a large body of Liberal members of Parliament should ask him to explain the reasons of the theory of naval strength to which he appears to have committed himself in his reply to Mr. Arthur Lee. Mr. Lee, it will be remembered, asked the Government whether it accepted the two-Power standard as meaning our preponderance in capital ships over the two next strongest naval Powers. Mr. Asquith replied in the affirmative. The meaning which Mr. Lee attached to his formula is not open to question. In the debate in March last on Mr. Murray Macdonald's motion, he insisted that our shipbuilding must have regard simply to the material strength of other Powers on the ground that "every Power, however friendly for the moment, must be reckoned as a potential enemy." Hitherto, however, it has not been the practice of Liberal Ministers to rely on purely arithmetical calculations of strength. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman refused to do so in 1907, when he declared that it would be absurd for us to build against strong naval Powers with which we were in alliance. Mr. Asquith took the same line when, in March of this year, he declared as Chancellor of the Exchequer that "the standard we have to maintain is one which would give us complete and absolute command of the sea against any reasonably possible combination of Powers." And, a few days later, Lord Tweedmouth, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was presented by Lord Cawdor with this same notion of building against the two strongest Powers, and rejected it. He preferred, he said, to base the two-Power standard on "any reasonable and probable combination." The same language, we observe, was used on Thursday night by Sir Edward Grey.

Here, therefore, would seem to be a real distinction of policy, based on a different interpretation of facts. For example, the old Bannerman-Asquith formula would certainly exclude a German-American combination. The Cawdor-Lee formula must as certainly include it. The earlier Liberal reading of the two-Power standard would not call upon us to build against Japan and France in combination, or Germany and France, or Japan and Germany, in union. In fact, and in view of the course of European politics as modified both by Liberal and Conservative statesmanship, it would merely bind us to keep well ahead of the German navy and of any inferior naval Power, such as Austria or Italy, which might be drawn by her into an anti-British alliance. Such a course was measurable, fairly definable, and consistent with some degree of success for the great Liberal aim of a common reduction of armaments. On the other hand, the Lee formula binds this country not merely to an absurd mental re-arrangement of the map of world-power, but to a boundless extravagance in armaments, in which we must always have an enormous lead, thus forcing the pace for ourselves and exposing every British tender of disarmament to an overwhelming retort, while we commit our people to a practical doubling of the sea-power of the richest and most formidable nation in the world, with a population twice as large as our own. In a word, this unhappy form of words, first framed to meet a not impossible, or even improbable, union of France and Russia, is now being used to pile burdens on our shoulders and those of our neighbors at a time when the disposition of those Powers towards us has completely altered, and when a new European situation, incomparably more favorable to ourselves, has arisen in its stead. It is even employed to drag us into competition with America, when the diplomacy of the two countries has completely altered the disposition of the British fleets, when we profess to have ruled America out of the possible range of war, and when, as we know, American shipbuilding, serious as it is, does not carry even a remote reference to ourselves.

It seems necessary, therefore, to ask for explanations, and we hope they will be forthcoming. We are not thinking alone of the shipbuilding programme for this and the coming year. That, indeed, must undergo extension if the hardening of the formula of the two-Power standard is more than a verbal slip. But the whole political position seems to us to have had a disquieting shift. The common calculation in the "Naval Annual" of anti-British strengths is precisely that combination of Germany and the United States to which the Prime Minister's adoption of the Lee formula, on the face of it, seems to apply. For this year America stepped into the position of second Naval Power, with Germany close behind, and likely to overtake her. Against the two fleets the authorities now assure us that we have a superiority of three "capital" or battle ships. But three years hence we shall be slightly behind these "two next strongest Powers." Are we, or are we not, to add these two Powers together,

one of which is probably building against the other? And supposing they construct seven "Dreadnoughts," and complements, are we, irrespective of the political aims of these Powers, and of their relations to us, to lay down eight or nine?

The Government which has to answer this not unimportant question may be a Conservative or a Liberal Administration. If it is Conservative, its answer is not doubtful; if it is Liberal, the pressure from naval and Conservative sources to fulfil the letter of Mr. Asquith's declaration will be tremendous. Under the earlier interpretation of the two-Power standard, we could always put something to the credit of diplomacy, and the moral force and the wisdom of our statesmanship could be relied on to have an immediate reaction on armaments, and therefore on taxation. But if only the arithmetical table avails, and the strength of British fleets depends on the doing of a sum in simple addition, diplomacy merely plays a set of meaningless games, while reality rests alone with the hammers of our shipwrights and the incessant call of our tax-gatherers. Even on this ground the calculation seems to us a thoughtless and shallow affair. What are "capital" ships? And how can these vessels, when they are duly tabulated, be pitted against each other in these rigid mathematical proportions? What "percentage" are we to set aside for character, discipline, seamanship, engineering, gunnery, the disposition, availability, and handling of ships, the skill of admirals and officers, the character of a conflict, the spirit in which one nation or another enters upon it, its material resources and financial reserves? The old formula, in its "rough and ready" shape, was a poor enough equivalent for the many moral or semi-moral calculations that enter into warfare. What does this new turn of words represent more than the exaggerated fears and the political ignorance and scepticism of our "experts"? Was it even presented to the Government with any sincerity of aim? We doubt it. Certainly its reaction on the political situation, the value to the Protectionist Party of having a Liberal formula as to the Navy which may be used to cover a recourse to duties on foreign goods, is clear enough. The "Daily Chronicle" talks lightly of a twenty millions deficit next year as a consequence of an addition of five or six millions to the naval budget. How is Mr. Lloyd George to find this sum in a single year? He may answer with justice that he will go to the classes who have demanded a larger Navy. A Protectionist Chancellor will have no such recourse; he will bind his burdens on the mass of the people, and we are afraid he will find his excuses in the formula to which apparent, but not, we hope, substantial assent was given on Thursday week.

THE SUCCESS OF HIGH LICENCES.

We hope that the Liberal Party, while neglecting no chance of seeing a reasonable Licensing Bill through both Houses of Parliament, will keep a steady eye on the powers of dealing with the licensing question which the defeat of the measure will leave it. If the Bill goes, the time limit goes, and the regulative methods, to which even Mr. Balfour has at times given tepid approval, go with it. The country will also lose the scheme for the immediate reduction of licences. But that is the part of the Bill whose disappearance we shall witness with the most composure. For there can be no question at all that the country possesses at call a far more sure, more scientific, more simple, and, we think, more equitable method of securing a large reduction in the number of licensed houses. For this purpose it is not necessary to set up any elaborate system of trade insurance. We are not called upon to wait. We are not required to deal harshly with "the trade." We have simply to put into operation the economic remedy—namely, to exact a fair price for the granting of a monopoly in the sale of liquor. In other words, we have to discover the true taxable capacity of the liquor trade.

Such a task is long overdue. To-day our licence duties remain on the scale which Mr. Gladstone introduced in 1880. We suppose that no one to-day would defend it. It is absurdly inadequate. It is full of anomalies. The cost of a seven-day public-house licence is less than ten per cent. of the ratable value of the premises in London, and more than forty per cent. in the rural districts. Under its capricious sway, licensed houses may pay anything from one to sixty per cent. of their ratable value, while vast palaces like the Savoy and the Piccadilly Hotels, where hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of liquor are sold every year, and whose existence Mr. Gladstone never dreamt of, share with the country inn the payment of £20 for a specially easy trade permit. There is, indeed, hardly a single feature of the 1880 plan of taxation which holds. The fixing of the limit of graduation at houses of the value of £700, stamps it with obsoleteness, and its taxation of restaurants, theatres, railway refreshment rooms, is equally indefensible. The basis of value which it assumes, namely, rental, is unfair to the public, and the extension of the tied-house system has made it doubly unreal. Its anomalies have been compendiously stated by Mr. J. E. Allen in the following comparison:—

100 houses rated at £16 pay £800.
10 houses rated at £160 pay £300.
1 house rated at £1,600 pays £60.

But the real objection to the present scale of licence duties lies in the fact that while the community, by its action in cutting down the number of licences, has greatly added to the value of the liquor monopoly, it has left the trade to reap practically the whole advantage. "Since 1880," say Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, in the new edition of their invaluable book, "The Taxation of the Liquor Trade," "chiefly as the result of public action, the number of public houses in the United Kingdom has declined by no fewer than 7,234, although the population has increased in the same period by nine millions, and the national expenditure upon alcohol by more than £21,000,000. Under these circumstances the possession of a licence is necessarily a much more lucrative privilege than it was a quarter of a century ago; yet not only has there been no increase in the scale of taxation, but the aggregate proceeds of the licence duties, though somewhat higher, owing to the enhancement of

values, than in 1881, are actually less in proportion to population than they were twenty-eight years ago."*

The consequences of this gift of the nation to the trade cannot, we think, any longer be ignored. The policy of high, or, as they should be called, just, licence duties has been tried all over the Anglo-Saxon world, and more especially in the United States, and everywhere with success. In the States it has, to some extent, superseded prohibition, and if Messrs. Rowntree's and Sherwell's exhaustive investigations have any truth, it has never failed either to secure a great reduction of licences or to add materially to the public revenues. In a word, the American people is to-day getting back a proportion of what it gives; while we, during the past generation or so, have been giving without getting. Take, for example, the operation of the Brooks and Raines laws in Philadelphia and New York. Both set up a system of high licences in vast urban areas comparable to the greatest of our own cities. In the case of Philadelphia, the effect of the Brooks law, which raised the licence duty from £15 a year to £105, in conjunction with regulative measures, was to reduce the number of licences from 5,773 to 1,746. The law first took effect in 1887; by 1902 the licences per 1,000 of the population had fallen from 5·85 to 1·29. Yet the revenues from licence duties had greatly increased. In 1887, before the tax was felt, they stood at £86,000. Next year, with 4,433 fewer saloons, they rose to £140,000. By 1902 they had reached £390,000. The same story applies to nearly all the great centres of American population. The effect of the Raines law in New York State, which raised the old licence taxes from 150 to 300 per cent., was to reduce the number of licences from eleven per cent. in New York to twenty-five in Albany, while the State Commissioner estimated that, in 1902, it had raised the liquor revenue by £1,856,910, or nearly 300 per cent. Clearly, therefore, the taxable capacity of the trade had not been exhausted even under a law which, at one stroke, raised the maximum licence tax imposed in New York City from £50 to £160.

Our own Chancellor of the Exchequer may well envy American administrators the establishment and growth of such a fund as this. To-day in New York, the publicans' licence duties alone bring in nearly two and a-quarter million sterling. In London, with a million more people, they realise a paltry £200,000. The comparison is not less effective on a wider range. The average rate of licence duty in the cities of the United States is more than five times such duty in the United Kingdom. The contrast in the gross returns is equally striking. The total proceeds of the publicans' licence duties in the 164 British towns which have a population of 30,000 people and upwards are a little over £800,000. There are only 122 such towns in the United States, and they contain over two million fewer people. Yet the yield of the publicans' licences in these American centres is about 7½ millions sterling. If in these centres we received, for every thousand of the population, the same share of monopoly value as American citizens retain, our licence revenue alone would be over seven and three-quarter millions. No doubt when we come to the question of the relative capacity of the American and the British liquor trade, we must take into consideration the rather higher level of wine, beer, and spirit duties in this country. But making full allowance for this excess, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell estimate that if our trade were taxed on the American scale, our revenues would realise an increase of at least seven and a-quarter millions. Their general conclusion, worked out with the utmost care and with great fairness, is that the liquor trade in the United Kingdom is under-taxed to the extent of seven to thirteen millions a year. These may seem large sums, but we have to keep continually in mind the fact, of which both the Bill of 1904 and that of 1908 is a monument, that the liquor trade is no ordinary business but a monopoly. Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell suggest that the State, which has created and even enhanced it, has very imperfectly appreciated its monetary value. The American statesman and reformer has firmly grasped this fact, and though the Licensing Bill may be shattered to pieces, we do well to remember that the State has another weapon at hand, whose power to do justice cannot be gainsaid.

* "The Taxation of the Liquor Trade." By Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell, M.P. Vol. I. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. This book is an armory of arguments in favor of the policy of high licences.

FIRST STEPS TO CONSTITUTIONALISM.

Dr. Johnson, returning from a dull and uncontentious interview with George the Third, defined the place of Kings in human affairs with a wise simplicity, "A man cannot well be in a passion with his sovereign." The conversation of kings should be sedative, their speeches anodyne. It is this commonplace of statecraft which the German people has been engaged during the past fortnight in impressing on the Kaiser. His conversation had the unlucky effect of throwing all Germany, and at times all Europe, into a passion. Henceforward the dulness which has become habitual to other Crowned Heads is imposed on the one personality which had survived the etiquette of Courts. So much has been lost or gained by the Kaiser crisis. After those two days during which the Reichstag directed the heavy artillery of its criticisms at its sovereign, there will be no more flamboyant speeches, no more rash telegrams, no further journalistic escapades, and the Kaiser, like all his less brilliant contemporaries, will observe a "due restraint" even in his private conversations. From the standpoint of the responsible conduct of affairs even this minimum means much. The prominence of William II. on the public stage, his picturesque and irrepressible personality, had undoubtedly done something to damage the prestige of German statecraft abroad. The world at large had almost come to believe in the maxim which the Kaiser himself inscribed in the Golden Book of Nuremberg, "Regis voluntas suprema lex." It saw behind every move in the Bismarckian game this very human figure, and it distrusted the stability of German policy because this figure was so evidently emotional and even mercurial. If for a few years the Kaiser is content to wear "Ministerial cloth-

ing" with a good grace, it is quite likely that this too eager scrutiny of the personal factor in German diplomacy may become less habitual than it is to-day. Its retirement into a semi-constitutional privacy will strengthen German diplomacy, make for continuity, and avert many a superfluous controversy.

Prince Bülow has managed the affair with all his usual cleverness. There was a relatively trivial issue at stake, and there was a fundamental issue. He has contrived, by adopting up to a certain point an apparently constitutional attitude, to concentrate the dispute on the minor controversy. German opinion was annoyed by the want of restraint in the Kaiser's utterances. Prince Bülow cautiously identified himself with these criticisms, admitted their substantial justice, and with a certain dramatic display, went to Potsdam to obtain an assurance for the future. In a guarded form the assurance was duly forthcoming. Prince Bülow kept his post, and the crisis is at an end. Yet it is hardly reading too much into the Reichstag speeches, to say that even the orators of the Imperialistic parties intended something more than this. They were protesting not so much against the Kaiser's habits of speech as against the whole system of personal government. The Centre and the Socialists, who have a majority in the country, though not in the House, even tabled some drastic amendments to the Constitution. That issue Prince Bülow has quietly ignored. It was raised a year ago, when the whole Reichstag protested against "personal rule." Prince Bülow then denied the possibility of real Parliamentary government in Germany. He is doubtless of the same opinion to-day. Nor could a man of his temperament and origin well adopt a different attitude. He is, like all his predecessors, save one, a diplomatist by training and career. His art is not so much to lead as to manage men. Identified with no party, pledged to no principles, apparently without any real interest in domestic affairs, he watches the play of groups in the Reichstag, as a diplomatist watches the shifting sympathies and antipathies of States and peoples. He remains outside the game, bargaining now with this group that has its queer half-comprehended principle, now with that party, which has its obvious price in the shape of an interest to foster or protect, but steadily pursuing through the maze of barter his single ideal of a great foreign and colonial policy. This art of bureaucratic management is not confined to the Reichstag. It thrives in every State of the Empire; it is cultivated even in the cities, where an official mayor presides over elected councillors. It is essentially the modern German system. It will not be modified by such a man as Prince Bülow, who carries detachment and artifice to an unprecedented extreme. The only Chancellor who could have changed it was Bismarck, for Bismarck, great as an official, had raised himself by his personal ascendency to the position of a popular leader, almost, indeed, to that of a party chief.

To strengthen the Chancellor's hands in restraining the vagaries of the Monarch is not, as yet, to advance the Constitutional position beyond a quite elementary stage. Against an overt and public indiscretion the Chancellor can now appeal to an alert and rather jealous Reichstag. But in the far more important task of grappling at close quarters and in private with the personal factor, the Chancellor is still comparatively powerless. All the busy world of intrigue which the Hohenlohe memoirs revealed to us, is left untouched by the crisis of this week. In his private intercourse with the Court and the Monarch, the Chancellor is still merely an official among officials, a courtier among courtiers. He has behind him no organised and permanent force of public opinion. He is not a party chief, and, above all, he is denied the weapon of opposition. If he is flouted and over-ridden, he cannot "go to the country," or thunder at his successor from the other side of the House. If he is dismissed, another will take his office, and he himself can look forward only to the academic revenge of launching from his retirement an occasional indiscretion.

Apart from the tradional discipline and docility of the German people, there are two main reasons why their evolution towards true Parliamentary government is likely to be exceedingly slow. The first of them is the fact that the main business of the Reichstag is to finance and manage external affairs—the colonies, the navy, the tariffs. The more fruitful business of social policy falls to the individual States. But external policy is, in all countries, the last department over which democracy acquires a real control. The second reason is, however, the decisive factor. The Imperial Chancellor is also *ex officio* the First Minister of Prussia. He incarnates the Prussian hegemony, and he necessarily represents the narrow spirit of Prussian class rule. Until the Prussian franchise is widened, there can never be a Liberal Ministry in Prussia, and it is Prussia which gives her ruler to Germany. It is not merely the Court and the Kaiser whose servant the Chancellor is. He is the official expression of the coalition of squires and manufacturers who govern Prussia by the three-class franchise. In no modern State is personal rule really possible. It seems possible only because it conserves in Prussia the economic interests of this dominant class. On the day when the Socialists win universal suffrage in Prussia, this elaborate system will fall. Prussia is the key to the citadel, and its capture depends much more upon the resentment of the working classes against their economic grievances, than upon the rather academic protests of the middle-class parties in the Reichstag against the Kaiser's indiscretions. The bureaucracy, if it is ever overthrown, will fall rather as the result of a general strike in Prussia, than in consequence of a debate on the floor of the Reichstag.

A DEFEAT FOR CHURCH LIBERALISM.

Not only party Liberals but men specially concerned with the character and future of the Anglican Church must feel serious disappointment at the nomination of Dr. Lang for the Archbishopric of York. The choice is clearly plausible. Dr. Lang is young, he is able, he belongs to the school of Church thought which, though it recedes in true power, retains its temporal influence, he has all the social activities which count for so much in modern Church life, he has made a certain mark

in Chuch diplomacy and organisation, he is a Tory, and his appointment cannot be called a party one. He is, indeed, said to have done the Government the notable service of joining the Archbishop of Canterbury in the auspicious attempt to establish terms of peace between Anglicanism and Nonconformity on the education question—a service all the more conspicuous as it contrasts rather sharply with Dr. Lang's early and very decisive intervention in the controversy over the London schools. Yet, for all these merits and distinctions, we confess the appointment leaves us cold. It adds another High Churchman to a Bench which is full of High Churchmen. It follows too much the essentially worldly view of Church policy which has turned the ecclesiastical Bench into a kind of managerial office for the Establishment, and which assumes that a Bishop must be, above all things, a good man of business. It is on this theory, we suppose, that a man of real force of mind and character, of independence of thought, and, above all, of unwonted courage and liberality in speech, is passed by in favor of a recurrence to the now prevailing type of Bishop, and that even men on the Bench who, like Dr. Percival, possess real moral and intellectual distinction, but belong to a less liberal school of thought, are also neglected. Does the Church really not want thinkers and scholars like the Bishop of Birmingham, or elevated personalities like the Bishop of Southwark, so much as governors of the mundane type of the new Archbishop of York?

We shall, we suppose, be answered in the first case that the passing over of Dr. Percival is adequately explained by his age. We cannot regard this as a very serious argument. Dr. Temple was offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury when he was seventy-five, a year older than Dr. Percival. Mr. Asquith has served under one Prime Minister who closely approached the age of the Bishop of Hereford, and under another who far exceeded it. For our part, we do not find the youth of the new Archbishop of York to be in itself a qualification. Is it advisable to give the control of one of the two ecclesiastical provinces to a man who, as nature goes, may count on thirty years' tenure of office? Dr. Lang does not belong to the more progressive type of Churchman. We should hardly reckon his attitude to modern Biblical scholarship to be as advanced, or, at all events, as well thought-out, as that of Dr. Gore. Certainly his views of Church policy must be held to bar any approach to union between the Anglican Church and Nonconformists. Yet we may fairly reckon that for more than a generation the Northern Province will know no other governor. Above all, we fear that the considered rejection of a man of so open a mind as Dr. Percival must act as a grave discouragement to the rising spirit of Liberalism in the Church of England. It would have been an act of statesmanship to place in high authority a Bishop to whom the younger clergy could have looked as a friend both of social movements and of the spirits of freedom and progress. With what reason can Liberal statesmen complain of the unbending conservatism of the Church when they give no room for the growth of fresher, more sympathetic, influences? These tendencies must, it is clear, go forward with little help or shelter in places of authority. For that reason they are likely to be all the more disruptive when they come into their kingdom.

Life and Letters.

PITT THE ELDER.

Mr. Frederic Harrison said justly on Monday in the interesting paper he read to the Historical Society that Chatham more than any other Englishman had stamped his ideas on the history of the world. Lord Rosebery once drew a picture of the British Empire as it might have been if the thirteen American colonies had never left it. It would take a greater effort of the imagination to draw a picture of an America not Anglo-Saxon at all, but French in its genius, its development, and its destinies. Yet, when Pitt became Prime Minister, the fate not only of America but of India trembled in the balance. When he retired from office it had been settled that England and not France was to give her ideas to the one and her decrees to the other. It was a momentous issue, and it was settled in five years. The man to whose prowess, resolution, and foresight the world owes that decision never governed his country again. He had won his supremacy from a position unprivileged or almost obscure, by methods that would have destroyed most men's careers. After becoming the first man in Europe he threw away his power by a series of mistakes that would have damaged the credit of a third-rate politician. The achievements of those five years, during which Fortune would not allow him a single failure, would have been dramatic enough if he had been born to power or if he had known how to keep the power he had acquired. As it is, the romance which envelops his memory is colored by those remarkable vicissitudes which seem to suggest that Fortune, repenting of the favors she had largessed with so spendthrift a hand, resolved to deny him for the rest of his life a single success.

The significant thing about the amazing inconsistencies and shifts, so ruthlessly caricatured by Smollett in "The History and Adventures of an Atom," through which Pitt picked and forced his way to the front is that the nation forgave them. It was a sure instinct that enabled his countrymen to see that if he was ambitious for power, it was from other motives than those which inspired the contests and stratagems of his contemporaries. He was possessed by the belief that he and he alone could extricate his country from the predicaments in which it had been involved by the masters of intrigue and failure who surrounded the Court. He fought directly for his own advancement, but only as a means to great public ends. In a world where private booty was the first prize in politics, his eager and savage pursuit of leadership stood out as a noble ambition, excusing the means it employed. His success was a public interest. Believing that he had been born to save England, he made England believe it too. When once the nation had put him at the head of affairs everybody else believed it, from the Courts of Versailles and Berlin to the obscurest soldier or sailor dying on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the heights of Abraham, for his sudden and daring plans. The nation itself did not grasp the revolution which he had made in foreign policy, or understand all that this intoxicating career of conquest meant. All that his countrymen knew, amid the triumphs that burst on their ears after many years of doubt and misgiving, was that the man they had trusted who had stormed the Court had now stormed the world.

Pitt was little more than fifty when his last triumph shook England. One half of his task was accomplished. His other task remained undone, and so it remained at his death seventeen years later. It is interesting to speculate on the difference it would have made in the history of the world if Pitt had failed in his foreign policy. It would be scarcely less interesting to speculate on the difference it would have made in the history of England if he had succeeded in his domestic policy. Godwin said of him that his first idea was to win an immortal glory by attacking corruption at home, and that he turned to foreign victories as a path that led to more certain and more immediate applause. But the two aims were not in-

consistent, and it is plain that Pitt meant to use the glory he had won in accomplishing the first aim for the prosecution of the second. Unhappily, his errors of judgment or his eccentricities of character betrayed his purposes, and if the abuses which he sought to destroy were more powerfully entrenched when he died than they were when he took office, the blame is largely his. He was infinitely the most powerful man in England in 1761; but it was the will of the new King, and not his will, that directed English politics for the last sixteen years of his life, with results disastrous not only to English liberty, but to the unity of that Empire which Pitt had made outwardly secure.

George III., who had come to the throne when Pitt's power was at its height, had resolved to break up the party connections which surrounded his Court and to carry out Bolingbroke's dream and play the patriot king. If he had been a man of consummate genius and of popular sympathies, his design would have been attractive, and his career, whether he failed or succeeded, interesting. Unfortunately, he was a man of mediocre ability and exclusive and anti-popular views. He represented the worst of the prejudices of the aristocracy on almost any question that presented itself to him. As Mr. Morley said of him in his first book on Burke, "there is nothing more fatal, either in private life or in the larger affairs of State, than for an incompetent man to grasp a principle of action that is too big for him. Such was the case of this wretched sovereign." Now, there was much in the King's programme that appealed to Pitt's imagination. He was sick of the old cabals and hated the government of the great Whig houses, with their traditions of plunder and selfishness. It is true his own policy aimed rather at creating an omnipotent Minister than an omnipotent king, and that, though he refused to accept the slighting Whig view of the King's position, he looked rather to public opinion than the Crown for the source of power. But his impatience of party attachments put him at the mercy of the King. For the dissolution of parties meant the disappearance of all organisation of public men for public ends outside the influence of the Crown and the unchecked power of the King's creatures and cabals. There was at the time a party in being in the Rockinghams which had been created by the genius of Burke, not to preserve a system of private interests, but to promote certain public ends. The success or failure of the King's system turned on the relations of Pitt with this party. Every other party was for sale. If Pitt had put himself at their head, as they wished, the King would have been no match for them. If he had supported them from outside the King could not have got rid of them in 1766. Unfortunately, he used his power to enable the King to dismiss the only set of men who shared his views on public questions, and the Government which he formed on their defeat did almost everything that he hated. The Rockinghams in their brief and precarious life repealed the Stamp Act; condemned general warrants, and restored the lords-lieutenant who had been dismissed for opposing the Peace of Paris. From the moment the Rockinghams went out of office, the policy of the country was conducted consistently on lines of which Pitt violently disapproved. The Government which he formed himself on their fall was not a year old before it taxed American imports, and within three years it pronounced the exclusion of Wilkes. Throughout its career it attacked Chatham's ideas as vigorously as the Rockinghams had attacked the King's prejudices. Chatham's madness was, of course, a stroke of luck for the King, but it was the mistakes which he made before that calamity happened that called this heterogeneous Government into existence. We may give the fullest weight to the case Lord Fitzmaurice has presented for Pitt's unfriendly isolation from the Rockinghams in 1765, but the course which left the Court and its policy of coercion abroad and at home securely established, is surely its own condemnation. Pitt himself almost confessed as much in 1770 when he announced the union between himself and the Rockinghams, which, if it had come five years earlier, would have changed the course of history.

But there were other obstacles to Pitt's success as a domestic statesman besides this capital misconception. His arrogance, as Mr. Harrison remarks, if it helped to make him invincible in war, helped to make him intolerable in council. "His language," said Conway, "is such as is not usually heard west of Constantinople." It was easier for a nation to admire his career from a distance, than for colleagues to enjoy working out its details with him at close quarters. He was unhappy in his friendships. Conway was less bitter about him than his own follower, Shelburne. Camden, his other intimate adherent, was strangely unmoved by his death. His artificial manners all but concealed his passionate sincerity. His nervous system, as Sir Andrew Clark once explained, was disordered by suppressed gout, which drove him at times into a mental depression equivalent to insanity. His incapacity for forming or leading a party was the more to be lamented, because, if only he had thrown in his lot with the Rockinghams, he would, besides destroying the King's power, have widened that party's outlook. He was much more of a democrat than the Rockinghams. Unlike Burke, he believed in Parliamentary Reform, and he became a convert to triennial Parliaments. He was free from the superstitions of the oligarchy, and his mad, noisy City friends, as Newcastle called them, reminded the Portlands and the Bedfords that government would not always be the subject of the bargains of the great houses. Had his power grown instead of declining, had he led the Rockinghams or inspired their policy, the invasions of the monopoly of the Revolution families would have come not from the Crown, but from the people, and the Reform which was achieved in 1832 might have been half a century earlier.

Pitt then did nothing to weaken, and a good deal involuntarily to fortify, the influence of the Crown, which became the curse of his times. But there were three great services that he did to English public life. He set a standard of personal integrity and delicacy in regard to money, which seemed quixotic in an age in which corruption was rife. He made public opinion a power, and it was recognised by the King, by Parliament, and by the nation, that he was the representative of the people, which had forced him on the Court and the aristocracy. But, perhaps, his greatest service is to be found in the supreme example of moral courage which he gave in rejoicing in the resistance of America, and in impeaching the use of savage allies. That virtue which he taught to his age never disappeared, even in the worst days of the reaction. Think of Fox leading out his handful of Liberals night after night against the Treason and Sedition Bills, of Fox's nephew pleading, almost alone, before an audience of Bishops, for the abolition of capital punishment for stealing, of Burke's elaborate rage playing round the dazzling renown of a Rodney, and of a man so little given to revolutionary sympathies as Fitzwilliam leaving his Lord Lieutenancy rather than condone the massacre of Peterloo. If moral courage is the power of combating and defying an enveloping atmosphere of prejudice and passion and panic, a generation which was poor in almost every other virtue was conspicuously rich in that one. And the statesmen who fought those forlorn battles for hopeless causes could always point to the greatest Englishman of his day, whose courage in facing and conquering his country's dangers was not greater than the courage with which he blamed her crimes.

THE CONFESSION OF MR. WELLS.

In a sense all true literature is a personal confession of faith. But the literary art has evolved, for purposes of pride or pleasure, so many devices of indirectness, reticence, and feigned objectivity, as greatly to impair its power. This has been in large part due to a certain artificiality of decorative culture, which is slow to disappear. The very name "culture" suggests a delicacy and a seclusion which restrict the services that literature can render to life. The revision of literary

aims and methods, which popular education and the new scientific interpretation of life require, is very difficult of achievement. The modern man and modern life, which Whitman, conscious of his "barbaric yaup," sought to sing, have as yet failed to find any adequate expression in our poetry.

The reason for this failure is plain enough. The young men and women of the new education, the product of the continuation school, the Polytechnic, South Kensington, University Extension, alert, town-bred, curious, distrustful of authoritative forms and phrases in an age of shifting creeds and policies, distracted by the disorderly procession of sensational and intellectual novelties, do not see life steadily enough for any literature more profound than Kipling to bite upon their intelligence and emotions. They have no philosophy, no religion, no art of individual or social conduct, and very little consciousness of the need of such things. The great standard sources of world-wisdom, the saints, prophets, poets, and philosophers, do not suffice. Between them and these restless souls there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf none the less real that it is the creation of a disbelief. The notion that Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth can do, or are doing, for this newly enlightened generation what is needed to bring them in a saner relation towards life and their fellows, is, we fear, chimerical. Men, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, children of the self-same spirit of this age of change and hurry and achievement, are wanted for this task of interpretation and reconcilement. A few men and women, with the will and the power to tell in plain words the naked truths of thought and feeling about themselves, their relations to their fellows and the world, to vivisect their souls for the benefit of others, can, we hold, perform the greatest practical service demanded of literature at this time.

The extraordinary difficulties of such a work we need not dwell upon. It wants, of course, wide interests, deep sympathy, and a genius of self-expression. Within a century there have been few such revelations in our literature, nearly all the more familiar and effective using a prose vehicle, De Quincey, Lamb, Hazlitt, among the earlier, Ruskin and Stevenson among the later. It is a hopeful sign of recent years that a more or less formal confession of faith is coming to be recognised as a duty which inspired Liberals owe this generation. In this spirit unceasingly write Mr. G. B. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton, to name two well-known instances. But though these writers have some important requisites of the confession—a firm conviction of their complete self-sufficiency, a disregard of all trespass-boards, and a tolerably perfect lack of reticence—we do not feel sure how far they are capable of telling the truth, so intricate is the distorting influence of combative humor.

Now, Mr. Wells impresses us differently. His upbringing, education, early experiences of life, have given a quite peculiar value to his gifts of insight and of literary expression. Even in those wilder romances where he shoots at long range with his fancy, sharp thrusts of insight into the solid business of actual life abound, while in such works as "Kipps" and its congeners we get unique disclosure of the social tragi-comedy. It seems as if Mr. Wells were always struggling to get at close quarters with general and particular truth, and that his different sorts of books stood for a set of different ranges. For his method is never really that of the philosophic or scientific system-monger, but always that of the sharpshooter. He has sometimes blown out a big bubble of imagination until it reached the dimensions of a world. But his critics have taken these improvised Utopias more seriously than their maker, who only made them to see how they looked, and to get some new perspective of realities as reflected from their shining surfaces. In his last "serious" book, "New Worlds for Old," though coming to close grips with the social problems of to-day, he still retains fragments of the older playful manner. But in this new small book, "First and Last Things" (Constable), he comes to life at closest range, with most compact and gravest utterance. We can already detect among reviewers the snappy tone of the academic person who sees this "unqualified" young sciolist hurriedly traversing the sacred groves of philosophy and the sciences, religion and politics, and executing short, sharp judgments on the most recondite and baffling issues. But this is no proper attitude to take towards such a book. If his metaphysics sometimes resemble the probing of the sharp child into parental theology, or the naive scepticism with which the taproom yokel pricks some pompous orthodoxy of the educated man, it is the better, not the worse, for that. For Mr. Wells is keen enough to realise and use the freshness of an intellect unspoiled by much wandering through barren wastes of loose speculative verbiage, and yet to grasp the modern setting and importance of the half-dozen questions which all this high-falutin' talk and print is fumbling after. The limits of our capacity of knowledge set by the nature of our intellectual tools, the adoption of beliefs because they "work" for us and satisfy our desire for harmony, the tracing of this formative and regulative thought to roots of human feeling, and the adoption of an "unfounded and arbitrary declaration of the ultimate rightness and significance of things"—boldly termed "the Act of Faith"—such doctrines bring Mr. Wells very near the school of Pragmatists. But from this sheer precipice of thought he plucks himself away, demanding a Universe apart from the mere mind of man, with a Scheme and a Purpose, which transcend our knowing, but which some compulsion of our nature makes us premise.

Armed with this apprehension of the limits of our logic and the Act of Faith, he proceeds to make a lightning sketch of "the whole duty of man" towards the Universe, himself, and his fellowmen. It is the swift, almost simultaneous, survey of the whole field of modern conduct, in the light of this passionate demand for the devotion of man towards this Purpose, which Mr. Wells almost consents to call divine, and of the more intense personal love, in which the separate individuality of man finds expression, the extensive and the intensive spirit of devotion, that give the unique quality to this book. It is a clear, strenuous, and even passionate, endeavor of a modern Freethinker to "give himself away," not primarily to serve a cause of science, as in one who should leave his brain for post mortem dissection to a medical school, but in order to stir in others that faith and devotion which he himself professes.

We cannot discuss the many debatable issues of public and private conduct upon which he pronounces in seeking the new moral order. Some of his frank, searching utterances on Christianity and, perhaps, on sex relations, will give offence to those who are not liberal enough to recognise that such earnest use of liberty of speech is infinitely more important than the rightness or wrongness of the opinions. For here, in an age where men are idly wandering round the *débris* of fallen faiths with listless eyes and hands in pockets, comes a man with brisk, interested face, full of eager, thoughtful plans of reconstruction, passionately anxious to set men once more at home in the new Universe which is opened up to us. His improvisation may be too rapid and, in parts, defective, a hit and miss philosophy of life. But it is full of thought and of goodwill, and of what we would even call a new-found soul. For the somewhat steely mechanism of Mr. Wells's earlier schemes of social reform has yielded to a far more human, and so more spiritual, conception of the Universe and society. So, too, most of the dogmatism has dropped away with the plain recognition that the foundations of his whole edifice are laid in personal needs. Sometimes the allowance demanded by this personal equation is considerable. The attitude of scorn towards popular notions of equality, as expressed in political democracy, is not consistent with his eloquent exposition of the creed of human solidarity. For if there is that subtle social spirit which denies the spiritual separateness and asserts the union of man with man, that spirit surely has a wisdom of its own, which gives true inspiration to the *vox populi*, even in Parliament and

ballot-box. The self-conscious superiority of the efficient person is almost as paralysing an influence in modern progress as was the selfish arrogance of the barbarian aristocrat in former days.

One other palpable clot seems to check the free flow of the new spirit in Mr. Wells. His attitude towards war expresses that curious phenomenon, the sentimental ferocity of gentle souls, which such writers as Ruskin and Henley have illustrated, and which the recent Boer War showed in so many cases of timid women and college bookworms. It is one thing to recognise that, in a crude state of international morality, armies and wars are necessary, and that their force may even open certain doors through which nobler influences may enter. It is quite another to express the conviction that, "on the whole, there is far more good than evil in the enormous military growths that have occurred in the last half-century." It is a strange myopia which prevents Mr. Wells from seeing the truth manifest to most of the cruder "Socialists," whose materialism and class-hatred he so severely condemns, that this atavistic faith in physical force is the deadliest enemy of the realisation of that nobler Purpose in State and Church by which the spirit of love works out human salvation. For Mr. Wells carries his belief in the solidarity of mankind so far as even to depreciate the importance of a personal survival in which nothing of real importance survives. "And what, after all" (he concludes) "is my distinctive something: a few capacities, a few incapacities, an uncertain memory, a hesitating presence? It matters, no doubt, in its place and time, as all things matter in their place and time, but where in it all is the eternally indispensable? The great things of my life, love, faith, the intimation of beauty, the things most savouring of humanity, are the things most general, the things most shared and least distinctively me."

THE GATES OF SENSE.

Tartars have no reputation for culture, and as a centre of sweetness and light Baku cannot hold a candle to Boston. The Tartar and Armenian workmen there slaughter each other for days together (the reciprocity being mainly on one side), and murder associations collect contributions, for which they deliver properly audited accounts when their purpose is accomplished. Yet there, beside the shores of the Caspian, a Tartar is now dwelling who has translated the opening of the third book of "Paradise Lost" into the Tartar language—a dialect of Turkish—and into Persian as well. Of English he knows nothing but what he has dug out of a Russian dictionary, and his voice, always incomprehensible to an English ear, dissolves with emotion into a mere chaos of sounds when he reaches the supreme lines:—

> "Thus with the year
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
> So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate."

In those lines there lives a charm that overcomes the savage breast of Mohammedan Tartars, not otherwise distinguished for sympathetic benignity.

It is the charm of an irreparable loss, fully realised in all its significance, but converted with steadfast courage into gain. There is a kindred charm about the writings of the lady who calls herself Miss Helen Keller. That may, for all we know, be her real name, but in the atmosphere of her books we enter upon a miraculous region, in which nothing feels quite certain. It was so in her "Story of My Life," and it is so again in her present book, "The World I Live In" (Hodder & Stoughton). In one of her admirably written essays she says, "Some brave doubters have gone so far as to deny my existence." We can assure her that no great courage is required for that. It is for believing in her existence that courage is required, and to accept that belief we have to be as brave as our ancestors when they were first informed that the earth spins round the sun, or that man is descended from jellyfish. That a human being who has never seen a vestige of light or heard a single sound should have risen to the state of mental power revealed in these essays is a thing that defies experience. It takes us, as we have said, into the region of miracles. If it were not true, it would be ludicrously false—an American "fake," and no more.

We speak of Miss Keller's mental power, and, indeed, it is evident that she has cultivated a singularly strong and persistent mind to a high degree of discernment and appreciation. Her knowledge of the best writers, the best poets, and even of the best musicians, alone would prove it. Her very language would prove it—so clear and simple, with just a gleam of irony shining across it; and perhaps it is not fantastic to say that, if it is sometimes a little "precious," it is a style that can be felt rather than heard, just as marbles and jewels can be felt. But it is not her knowledge or her style that are the real points of interest. As she characteristically complains, "Nobody cares what I think of the tariff, or the conservation of our national resources." The wonder is, not what she thinks, but that she should think at all. Hearing and sight have always been accounted the spiritual senses, the purest and most intimate gateways to the soul. To Miss Keller these gates have always been closed. In her case, wisdom has been shut out, not at one entrance when, like Milton, she had already reached middle age, but at the two main entrances, and from her birth. By courage and persistence she has none the less become possessed of wisdom, and it need not surprise her if the courage and persistence attract more attention than the wisdom itself. For here we have character raised to genius, and that is rare.

From birth she was thrown back on the three senses that are called the lower. Of the three, taste may almost be omitted in the acquirement of outside knowledge. By a queer metaphor, it is true, taste gives the standard of ordinary behaviour, and we must not attribute our use of "good taste," or "bad taste," to an Englishman's gluttonous or drunken propensities; for most modern languages use the same expression; as though you could test conduct by sucking it. But, after all, it is only in feeble and unimportant things that we speak of taste as the criterion—in neckties, social intercourse, and public speeches. We never use it of the great passions or actions of mankind. Not even an eighteenth-century critic ever said that Romeo and Juliet displayed good or indifferent taste in their affection, and the man on a steamer does not extol the Nelson taste, but the Nelson touch.

So that, for the higher knowledge, Miss Keller had only two of the senses left—touch and smell. Of these, smell is a dying sense. Among civilised tribes like ours it is dying of atrophy; so, indeed, is sight, but smell dies quicker. From thousands of common nostrils it has absolutely gone, and in our cities that is a happy release. There is very little from which smell can guard the civilised man, and it can bring little but disgust "where houses thick and sewers annoy the air." Yet Miss Keller rightly calls smell "the fallen angel." To herself it has been of high assistance, both for pleasure and also as a means of recognition and the judgment of character. We all know that smell is the chief agent of memory, and that a casual smell will unawares call up the entire picture and association of a scene or house or city, long laid up in the cerements of time. That is why rosemary, for its distinctive and stimulating smell, stands for remembrance. "A whiff of the universe," writes Miss Keller, "recalls in a flash entire epochs of our dearest experience." Dogs remember by the nose, and so should we if we did not let the faculty die:—

> "If many years should elapse," Miss Keller says, "before I saw an intimate friend again, I think I should recognise his

odour instantly in the heart of Africa, as promptly as would my brother that barks."

The present writer once tried an experiment with a bull-mastiff whom he had taken for long walks and generally befriended. After an absence of many months he put a suit of his own clothes on a stranger whom the dog had never seen before, and though the dog was violently hostile to strangers, he received the clothes with exuberant delight—much to the relief of the man who wore them.

But to Miss Keller, touch has been the chief revelation of the universe. It is by touch almost entirely that she has learnt language and literature and a kind of music and nature and the souls of men. She has used her hand as a feeler for life. She speaks of "the seeing hand." In her quiet way she remarks: "It is not for me to say whether we see better with the hand or the eye." In touch, she says, is all love and intelligence, and the authoress of the "South African Farm" had said the same. Before she came to the consciousness of an awakened soul, Miss Keller believes she thought and desired in her fingers. "If I had made a man," she writes, "I should certainly have put the brain and soul in his finger-tips." And for examples of her educated power of touch, take this passage:—

> "The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow-grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck, and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world."

In the same way, the touch of other people's hands is Miss Keller's surest guide to personality. "I have clasped the hands of some rich people," she says, "that spin not and toil not, and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!" We have all known those rich hands, and have wondered whether they are not more repulsive even than the hand that is now like a fish and now like a snake. But Miss Keller has this intuition of touch raised to a higher power. It is concentration that has raised it, just as the loss of a sense raised the powers of blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides, and probably of Beethoven himself. But at the back of sense or loss of sense there lurks the sensitive soul, without whose power sensations do not count. To quote Miss Keller again, "The keenness of our vision depends not on how much we can see, but on how much we can feel." And so there arises the further question: suppose Miss Keller deprived from birth of the two other senses of touch and smell; of what kind of thought would her sensitive spirit then have been capable? Would it have existed like a hermit-crab in a blocked-up shell? Granting that there is a personality, remote, distinct, and undiscovered—a soul, or "ego," or something, that sums up sensations, what would become of it if there were no sensations to sum up? We wonder whether it could be said to exist at all. But we wonder also whether we are not approaching the misty figure of a science that sits at the back of physics—"like black Care behind the horseman," Huxley used to say.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE FALL.

The fall has come upon our countryside with dramatic suddenness this year. It is true that, ever since the end of September, a million billion leaves have been fluttering down almost one by one till the trees bore less than a tenth of their summer foliage. But the remaining tenth continued to make a brave show, especially when the reds and yellows of autumn had come into them. After weeks of mainly fine weather, with nights little lower in temperature than the day, and with little wind to strip off the lightly hung leaves, came a night of keen frost. The films of moisture between the base of the leaves and the twigs expanded into ice, and when the thaw came in the morning, down came the golden shower.

Nearly every tree stands bright and clean, the rich stain on the grass beneath now appealing to the eye for the first time, because it is not outshone by an uplifted and better lighted glory. No wind has come yet to sweep the distinct hues of chestnut, beech, elm, and maple into one tangle of drift against the coppice bank. The oaks still cling to their old gold, seeming to rejoice in the removal of the more fiery beech leaves. The boughs loom through like black snakes twisted in the torment of fire, for the leaves that have not fallen are shrivelled to half their former expanse. The stain of fallen leaves is beneath the oaks, too, but it does not strike the eye as it does under the wholly denuded beeches and chestnuts. The high opposite bank of the river has caught what little wind-drift there has been, so that you can trace where the yellow water flows by the ochreous stain of the entrenchment.

Our lake is a shallow one, with what the angler calls gin-clear water. In winter we can see every fish in it, especially in those places where the bottom is of yellowish clay. But to-day the soft Canadian pond-weed still clothes the floor thickly enough for any fish that has a mind to hide himself. There lurk the pike, their convenient eyes cast upward, so that no gleam of passing roach can escape them. The roach also are out of sight and reasonably safe, but the irrepressible small perch cannot keep still, and it is at them that every now and then the pike dash, sending the lucky ones skipping out before their noses and ending the lives of others in a swirl that shows us the white throat of the pursuer as he turns and shoots back into the weeds.

There is an angler at work who cannot understand why his Thames dace swim with impunity over this pike-haunted forest, while the water boils everywhere with feeding fish. He will not believe that a prickly-finned perch would make a better lure than his fat and easy dace, but, having toiled long and caught nothing, is willing to give the unlikely thing a trial. The float has scarcely righted itself after the throw-in before it is snapped under, and then goes towing off in a long slant that makes the pike certain prey. So there are days when pike will not take even the rare treat of a dace, because they happen to be looking for some other food that is naturally on the move.

The beautiful day has brought abroad other Englishmen intent on killing something. In the coppice there is thrashing of boughs and the odd shouts and "prrts" with which the local beaters move pheasants. The poor things cannot understand it, though they have already been driven and shot at once or twice. Not till the white smocks are beginning to break through the threadbare wood do they go off in their straight, laborious line towards another thicket. Easy as the shot seems, one or two of the long-tailed, short-winged birds flutter through the hail and sail on stiff aeroplanes to their shelter. Another takes the line, and is well under weigh, when a grey puff from his feathers tells that the smoking charge has reached him. Down out of the blue he tumbles and almost reaches the ground before the report of the gun that killed him reaches our ears. Another flies on after two barrels have sounded, then apparently misses step, and, pitching aslant, tumbles over once and lies still. A gambolling spaniel fetches the ruin to the gunner.

It is the gun that peoples the air with many beautiful forms of life, just as the rod peoples the waters with rainbows, steel-heads and red-breasted charr. Heedless of the fusilade that is slaughtering the pheasants, a great number of semi-wild ducks make the park lively with their social and patriarchal ceremonies and adventures. There is a conclave on each side of the lake, and now and then a mallard comes flying from afar to drop spirally down towards the water, now steering above one group at a tangent, now wheeling on till another is beneath him, and, at last, alighting with a counter spiral on the water, where he strikes a long white line before he pulls himself up. A file comes from the brook to the lake, walking through the red beech leaves, a mallard leading, then duck and mallard alternating till a duck closes the line. There are few things in nature so masculine as a gorgeous autumn drake, nothing so feminine as his sober duck. She is so dowdy and matter-of-fact by contrast to her plump and self-satisfied

mate. The lines of her head and neck are eminently wifely, and she is so bored with the battles of the menfolk about goodness only knows what. Yet now and then a mood seizes her that is nothing else than a fit of giggles as she wriggles her head and lets fall a medley of tiny quacks, usually at a time when the men are talking politics and have forgotten the very existence of their wives. Yes, these semi-wild ducks of the park are very interesting, with their winged races, their strivings after polygamy, that always end in monogamy, their walking parties, and their naval manœuvres. But as something to be shot, they and the hen-bred pheasants are a miserable makeshift. The true autumn sport should be supplied to us from the teeming north, in skeins of geese and ducks that have never gabbled round the feet of a feeder, and have, at least, not that charge of ingratitude and treachery to urge mutely against the man who shoots them. The north is getting tired of pouring down these flying drifts of birds on our land. The gunner's welcome has been too warm, and the agriculturist has drained so many miles of once crowded mere. Norfolk and some other favored localities still attract their wild-fowl, but it is only one for every ten that used to come, and the rest of the country is seldom visited by great geese gone astray in the fog or welcome streams of adventurous duck.

The excitement with which the first woodcock is seen is a measure of the superiority of real game to the pampered pheasant. Luckily no one has yet found a way to rear snipe or woodcock artificially, a fact that makes them rare in a double sense, for the natural supply is apt to grow less and the survivors more and more able to take care of themselves. The harsh chuckle of a band of fieldfares streaming from one berried hawthorn hedge to another reminds us that there are other winter migrants that still come to us in swarms. They are, fortunately, as far beneath the sportsman's gun by convention as they usually are above it and beyond it in actual flight. They are welcome to the hospitality of our clement winter. Their keep costs little enough—a few worms and the wild fruit of the hedges, to which there are no other claimants than our complaining thrushes and blackbirds. All the same, they take no risks, and it is only from a considerable distance that we are allowed to witness their noisy scramble in the trees as they take their afternoon meal. As the sky begins to get rosy with one of the best sunsets of the year, the fieldfares make off in a long wavering, straggling cloud to their roosting-place on the downs. A pheasant in the covert crows his praise that an awful day has ended.

Letters from Abroad.

THE GERMANISATION OF THE BALKANS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SARAJEVO, BOSNIA, November 6th, 1908.

SIR,—We sat round a table in a Serb hotel in Sarajevo and talked of the German peril. There was a Dane who spoke of Slesvig, a Frenchman who spoke of Alsace-Lorraine, a German Pole whose land had been expropriated by the Germans, and Signor Chiesa, an Italian deputy belonging to the Republican Group, who had come to Bosnia in order to collect material for denouncing in the Italian Chamber Signor Tittoni and the alliance with Austria. The language in which he denounced Germany was—German, but occasionally the Dane talked to the Italian deputy in French, and I spoke to a Serb friend in Russian, which is very closely akin to Serb.

As these victims of the Germanic wave compared notes, I was surprised that I had not noticed the progress of the German wave before. Let me take the facts that concern Bosnia and the adjacent Slavonic districts. During the last twenty years 100,000 Germans have settled in Croatia, German villages are now to be found as far south as Salonica, and the emigration of the Slavs from Herzegovina is so great that the country will soon be empty, and therefore in a fit condition to be parcelled out among German settlers. Even on the extreme southern point of Bosnia, the signs of Germanisation are evident. On the brow of the great mountain which constitutes the frontier of Novi Bazar are three gigantic letters, the initials of the words "Francis Joseph, Imperator," and at the frontier turn of Ubatz all the signs and inscriptions on public buildings are in German.

Vienna does not confine herself, however, to tracing letters twenty feet long on the brow of a mountain. She has set herself with great skill and perseverance to crush the Serbs of Bosnia and to make that province German.

THE PRESS.

Consider, in the first place, how Austria is dealing with the Serb Press. The Press is one of the greatest obstacles to the Germanising of Bosnia, therefore it is being treated far worse than in any other country in the world, not excepting Russia. After the Young Turk movement succeeded in Constantinople, the editor of the "Serbsky Retch" of Sarajevo remarked that "Now Bosnia is the only country in Europe that has not got a constitution." For this offence the editor was kept in prison for four months without trial. There is no special Press law, any more than in Russia, but, as in Russia, the police are able to do what they like with the Press.

I visited a Serb newspaper office here the other day, and found that the only foreign papers in the office are the "Neue Freie Presse" of Vienna and the "Pesther Lloyd" of Buda-Pesth, both of them semi-official Austro-Hungarian papers. Every other foreign paper to which this Serb journal subscribes is seized in the post, and if the editors manage to get French or English papers surreptitiously and translate from them anything bearing on the Bosnian question, they are confiscated and fined. Not a single Serbian paper is allowed to enter the country, and the late Count Kallay even prohibited the importation and sale of his own fairly impartial book about Servia.

Nor is it always safe to translate articles even from the "Neue Freie Presse." Some months ago the "Serbsky Retch" translated from that paper an article in which the question of granting autonomy to Bosnia was academically discussed. For this offence the editor was sent to prison, and is in prison still. Journalists are quite unable to say what kind of article will entail confiscation, so that all the Serb papers have now been cut down to one small page daily, and appear with one side of that page entirely blank. The local police officials of each town exercise their own judgment in punishing the Press, and sometimes an article which passes the censor in Sarajevo entails confiscation in Mostar. A short time ago a Mostar paper was confiscated for republishing an article which had appeared in a Serb paper in Sarajevo without the Sarajevo authorities objecting to it.

When a paper is confiscated, it is not only the editor who is punished, but the publisher, printer, office-boys, newsboys, business-agent, and advertising manager. A short time ago a paper in Banaluki printed an article entitled "The Powder is Ready," saying that in case of an Austro-Servian war, the Bosnians would help the Servians. For this about a dozen different people were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from two years to nine years. The extent to which the Bosnian authorities go in their anxiety to exclude all literature which is politically undesirable is almost incredible. A few days ago, for instance, the "Neue Freie Presse" published a telegram from St. Petersburg to the effect that Mr. Iswolsky had declared to the chiefs of the various parties in the Duma that Russia would never recognise the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by Austria. Not a single number of the issue of the "Neue Freie Presse" that contained this telegram was allowed to enter Bosnia. Even the Officers' Club failed to get a copy.

Under such a Chinese-wall system, a *cabinet noir* in the post office is, of course, a necessity, and though I generally pay little attention to stories of its activities, I have had proof that it exists and is hard at work in Bosnia. Twice in four months, for instance, it made the mistake of putting letters it had opened into the wrong envelopes, so that on one occasion a local anti-Governmental Serb got a communication intended for a wine merchant, while the wine mer-

chant got the letter intended for the Serb. In the newspaper offices communications are sometimes received from the postmaster saying that a letter has arrived for the editor but that, as it is thought to contain illegal literature, the editor might kindly call for it at the police-office. Of course, the editor does *not* call.

In a Bosnian village a peasant who was found stealing wood was stripped naked by a gendarme, savagely beaten, and then made to walk round the village on his knees. For calling the attention of the Government to this matter, the "Serbsky Retch" was confiscated, though fifteen witnesses were ready to testify that the version of the affair which had appeared in that paper was correct.

The Forests.

Such is the treatment meted out to peasants who steal wood by a Government which has seized whole forests in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Some of these forests are public property, some of them belong to Mahomedan landowners; the Government has now got them all, and sold most of them to private companies, which are destroying them as rapidly as possible. One of the largest of these companies is Steinbeis & Co., a firm which has bought many square miles of forest at Novi Baneluki. This forest is worth several millions of kronen, but Steinbeis & Co. got it for a mere song, and they are now rapidly converting it into a desert. Needless to say, these German concessionaires do not come into the country to benefit the country, or the people, or the forests; they come to make money, and to make it as quickly as possible. And not only have such firms become very rich, but the Austrian officials stationed in their vicinity share their wealth.

The Schools.

What Austria has done for education in Bosnia-Herzegovina may be gathered from the fact that in every fifteen communes there is, on an average, only one school, while the Budget for the gendarmerie is larger than the Budget for education. The Budget appropriations for last year were as follows:—

Schools	675,790	kronen
Gendarmerie	753,189	,,
Army	7,830,000	,,
Bosnian Administration	5,139,300	,,

During thirty years Austria has opened only 362 schools in Bosnia, and of these 252 are in towns and frequented principally by the children of Austrians and of native Catholics. The remaining 110 are situated in the country and are considered sufficiently numerous for the children of the Orthodox Serbs, who, as is well known, constitute practically the entire population. Accordingly, the Orthodox Serbs have established 103 schools which they support out of their own pockets. As for the Higher Schools, there was one Serb Higher School in Sarajevo when the Austrians came, but they closed it. There are now eighty-seven gymnasiums, but all of them have been established in places where there are Austrian officials and they are frequented mostly by Austrians and native Catholic children.

The Officials.

Most of the officials are Austrians. A *Chef de departement* is nearly always an Austrian with no knowledge of the language, habits, or religion of the people he is appointed to rule, while, as in Slesvig, most of the other officials are stranded German officers and functionaries who have proved themselves to be worthless in their own country. No matter how much a young Serb distinguishes himself in school, he has no chance whatever of rising in the Government service unless he submits himself to the Power which rules Bosnia. Justice is still pure, but if Austria feels easy in her mind on the subject of European intervention, things will gradually become worse. The Serb language is still, for instance, used in the schools and the churches, but though no attempt has yet been made to replace it by German, there have been several endeavors to subject the educators and the pastors of the people to German influences. Some time ago a village pope, noticing that the children of his parishioners had no school to go to, offered to teach them himself, but the Government said, "No. We cannot permit that. You have not the qualifications of a teacher." Afterwards a young Serb doctor of philosophy, who had had a distinguished career in a German University, offered to teach the same children the alphabet, but was met by the same stereotyped refusal. "We cannot permit it. You have not the qualifications of a teacher."

Even the Government measures which look like genuine reforms are suspect. M. Burian, for instance, entered on his duties with loud protestations that he would give full freedom to the Bosnians and would redress all their grievances, and, as a matter of fact, he established a sort of communal assembly in various parts of the country. The complicated voting arrangements were so manipulated, however, that though the poll was everywhere very heavy, practically everybody voting who had a vote, the Roman Catholics —who are less than a third of the entire population— returned their candidates everywhere except at Mostar. They were very much assisted, of course, by the votes of swarms of German immigrants who had really no legal right to a vote at all.

The Church.

As to the Orthodox Church in Bosnia, it is entirely in the hands of the Austrians, the Metropolitan being an Austrian nominee, and the priests whom he appoints all of them pro-Austrians. The effect of this on people is extraordinary. Though very religious, like all the Slavs, they hate these pro-Austrian priests so much that for twenty years tens of thousands of them have never once entered a church. The children remain unbaptised and unconfirmed. Marriages are everywhere celebrated without the presence of the pope. Even to the national *Slava*, or feast of the patron-saint of the family, the pope is never invited, though by ancient custom his presence there is indispensable. Finally, the sick die and the dead are buried without any religious rites whatever. In the same way, the Moslim Serbs (who, like the Orthodox Serbs, number in Bosnia-Herzegovina over half-a-million, the Catholics numbering 334,142) are also at loggerheads with the Austrian nominees who act as their spiritual advisers.

In Bosnia there is a state of siege real but not formal; in Herzegovina the state of siege is both real and formal. Coming to Mostar last night, I was prohibited from entering the town until I had shown my passport, which was temporarily taken from me. In the town itself I saw more soldiers than inhabitants. Official proclamations posted up in the hotels call attention to the danger of taking photographs near fortified places. The railways all around are strongly guarded by troops, and in some villages near the Montenegrin frontier there are exactly as many soldiers as there are inhabitants. In Trebinya, for instance, there are 2,000 soldiers and 2,000 inhabitants. Many of the rebels of 1878 are still alive, but a gendarme has been quartered on each of them in order to prevent them heading another revolt. Under these circumstances, the declaration of the Austrian semi-official paper that the news of the annexation was received with rapture everywhere in Bosnia sounds a trifle ironical. As a Serb said to me the other day: "How could we express our feelings when the right of public meeting is withheld from us, when our newspapers appear, day after day, as a complete blank save for the advertisements"—[We have seen such papers, Ed., The Nation]— "when the only protest we have so far issued was drawn up by a number of representative Bosnians coming together surreptitiously in a railway carriage at Buda-Pesth? Let them take away their 75,000 soldiers, let them give us a chance of getting rifles in our hands, and they'll soon see what we think of the annexation."

If ever a country was held down by foreign bayonets against the will of 99 per cent. of the population, that country is Bosnia-Herzegovina. Even if Austria had benefited the people much more than she has done, there would be no excuse for her continued presence here. Servia's record, black as it is, is no good reason for refusing autonomy to the kindred people of Bosnia. But there is another argument which will go nearer home to Europe than this. Unless Austria leaves Bosnia, war will break out in the Balkans within six months, and there is no knowing how wide an area it may embrace.—Yours, &c.,

Your Correspondent in the Balkans.

Communications.

THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF THE LIBERAL CLERGY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The appointment to the Archbishopric of York is singularly lacking in freshness in its main feature, the kind of Churchman selected. It is precisely what we should have taken as natural from Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour. The selection for Newcastle was at least a change in that respect. But this appointment is still more depressing to Liberal Churchmen, because it was being hoped that the former miscarriage could not possibly be repeated after the clear expressions of dissatisfaction which it called forth. But now we have an Oxford Prime Minister, trained under Jowett, who has failed to see that the welfare of the Church is not bound up with what we may call the Keble College type of Churchmanship, and to take notice that in Oxford itself this group is declining rapidly in the face of the new forces and new ideas with which it fails to get on terms. Mr. Asquith has refrained from giving support to the genuinely Oxford tradition of Arnold and Stanley and Jowett, and has gone out of his way—for it could hardly have been expected of him—to bless the counter-tradition which, with all its attractiveness and nobility, has now spent its force in the Universities, and must sooner or later make way for wider views in the Church at large. A comparatively small point, but one which aggravates the disappointment is, that his recourse to this group has not been made in order to recognise the high qualifications for leadership in the Church of the foremost members of the school: there would have been some compensating alleviations had he done this in order to give wider opportunity for the force of character, the intellectual ability, and the wide social sympathies of the Bishops of Southwark or Birmingham; but he has chosen to pass over these in favor of a curate-Bishop without their record, and it looks as if the main reason for doing the unexpected was that very resort to the predominant ecclesiastical group which has caused our dismay.

The feature in the Prime Minister's action which looms most largely on reflecting minds is that he has missed seeing that what the Church needs now is to take a wider view of her commission in the nation, and a profounder view of the ideas by which Christian theology is being broadened and refreshed. Two years ago the guidance of the Church in the great city of Newcastle and its county was placed in the hands of a peculiarly unprogressive member of a group of Churchmen which is of unquestioned piety, but moves within ideas unfortunately limited to a narrow area of Christian thought. Now the guidance of the majority of Yorkshire Churchmen is entrusted to a member of a group with a much wider horizon indeed, yet with marked restrictions and limitations. It is therefore inferred by Churchmen that the Prime Minister, with all his opportunities and in spite of his own predilections, has not been able to discover any representatives of what is fairly well designated a Liberal habit and mode of thought as well within the Church as in matters outside its specific range. It is understood that by way of preserving decorousness a polite intimation was made to the Bishop of Hereford before wholly passing by Liberal Churchmen; but there is an air of Chinese formalism in this act of deference which makes it of small value, and there are at least three other Bishops any one of whom Liberals would have been glad to see really, not formally, transferred to the high duty of at once guiding Yorkshire Churchmen and standing as next in counsel with the Archbishop of Canterbury. But outside the Bench—and the promotion of a present member would have been the simplest procedure followed by the selection of a new man for the see to be vacated—we have data for regarding it as fairly certain that there are at least two thousand of the clergy whose sympathies and thoughts are Liberal. And it is also fairly certain that this group contains the great majority of the Church's leading scholars, and includes some of the most effective parish clergy.

This group, which we should not at all allow to be regarded as on the confines of the Church, but would rather claim to be its central line, has been persistently ignored during the long Premierships of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Balfour: and now it is ignored again. What wonder, therefore, if the ordinary Church layman has come to look upon the men whom it contains as unadapted for official positions: as irregulars or territorials, as it were, whom it is not wise to entrust with responsible commands? They see on the Bench of Bishops only three or four men of this type, and two of these appointed so long ago as to be now regarded as superannuated when a higher office falls vacant. And similarly in the various offices of the Church throughout. The consequence is most inimical to the progressive spirit: Liberal laymen have largely ceased to enter into active co-operation with Church work; they do not attend the congresses or the diocesan or ruri-decanal conferences; and even in the public worship of the Church their abstention is becoming more and more marked, to the universal regret. But some of us believe that this is temporary; only, we ask, when is the change to begin? We know that there is a very large number of religious Churchmen who would like to take a more active part in the beneficent work of the Church, according to their opportunities, and who are waiting, more or less consciously, but not very hopefully, for the time when that work will be animated by ideas more congenial and more in correspondence with the spirit of the times as they understand its tenor and temper.

The effect of the continued ignoring of the Liberal clergy by their being kept from positions of influence is seen in several ways. If we look at the Bench of Bishops we see what we may call the Cabinet of the Church—thirty-seven in number—mainly composed of Churchmen of a distinctively stationary type of mind. Under such a Cabinet the participation of the Church in the progress of the times is likely to be prevented—and facts are at hand to show that it has been prevented. The late Pan-Anglican Congress (of clergy and laity) was needed before the Lambeth Conference (of Bishops) could widen its view in certain very important directions—a widening in which the English Bishops should have been leaders, and not followers. Doubtless there is a common feeling that Bishops should not be in the vanguard; but at least they should not have to be drawn along ignominiously in the rear. But there is no valid reason why Bishops should not be in the van: the great names of Theodore and Anselm, and later of Tillotson and Westcott and Creighton, are not the names of rearguard men, and such leaders, in their several capacities, the Church might expect the majority of her Bishops to be. And we cannot have a Cabinet of leaders unless the members of it are in their personal convictions and habits of mind men who are really in front of the rank and file. It might have been hoped that the tenure of the selecting office by Liberal Prime Ministers would have been a time for securing this. What has taken place is, in detail, this: one Liberal clergyman has been placed on the Bench, but has been despatched for his episcopal work to a remote rural county (Cornwall); one, distinctly a rearguard man, has been sent to the progressive diocese of Newcastle; one of a more progressive mind has been remitted to a small island (Sodor and Man); and now a representative of the already predominant group, due to the Gladstone-Cecil *régimes*, is selected for Yorkshire and the Primacy of the North.

Then there is the effect on the great body of the clergy. We do not speak, of course, of those to whom promotion means satisfaction of personal aspirations after dignity, but of those to whom a large and important parish differs from a small one by reason of its scope for influence and work. The Bishops have the responsibility of selecting from the clergy those who are to occupy a very considerable proportion of the important parishes, and a still larger proportion of offices which in various ways influence the pastoral work of the Church. As men of conviction the Bishops cannot but appoint with greatest cordiality and finest exercise of judgment the men with whom they sympathise most. Exceptions they will make from time to time, but the general course of their selections cannot but be guided by their own affinities. Thus it is that the color of each Bishop is thrown effectively over the diocese placed under his direction. And so we find, as plain matter of fact, very few Liberal clergy in prominent positions; and as a

matter of opinion to which we challenge attention, the remission to obscurity of men of marked intellectual ability among their fellows, and of no less personal piety and general capacity for pastoral work.

And, lastly, there is the effect upon thoughtful young men. It is notorious that at the Universities it has become quite exceptional for the young men of highest attainment to take holy orders. It is slightly better now than it was twenty years ago, we are glad to think; but the refusal is very marked. The minute number of Fellows of the Colleges most distinguished for mental ability—say Balliol or New, at Oxford, Trinity or St. John's, at Cambridge—who have taken holy orders within the last thirty years is a depressing fact for Churchmen to take note of. What these young men feel is, first, that the theology of the Universities is barely in line with the theological ideas of the open world, especially when Germany and Scotland are taken into view; and, second, that between the theology of the Universities and that of the Bishops, Archdeacons, and Rural Deans of the Church there is a still wider gap. They go from college to their homes in their vacations, and find the parish clergy immersed in excellent activities, but remote from even the University stage of theological opinion, and so any rising thoughts of the possibility of making the Church's Ministry their field of activity die down. Canon Henson courageously drew attention to this in the University pulpit at Cambridge a few Sundays ago. No one who knows the Universities can question it. And if this is so in the older Universities, where tradition is strong and deep-reaching, where is the chance for the Church winning the young men in the new Universities, where the beginning has yet to be made? And of these new Universities no less than five lie in that very North of England which has been treated in the depressing manner we are now deploring.

No one questions the entirely sincere desire of our Prime Ministers to discharge their duty in this great function of their high office. They have sought advice, we cannot doubt. But what we should like better now would be that a man of Mr. Asquith's education and character should be bolder in forming a judgment for himself; that he should not be afraid to give a place to the Liberal theology and the Liberal Churchmanship which he knows is a part of the real tradition of religion of Oxford, as it is of Cambridge; and, deeper still, of the Church of England herself taken over the whole course of her history.—Yours, &c.,

MAIN LINE.

November 19th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

SUFFRAGISTS AND SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The admirable fairness, logic, and lucidity with which in your article "Suffragists and Suffragettes" you have described and supported the policy of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, emboldens me to address you on a point of great importance on which you seem to me to be under some misapprehension. The Bill which we hope to see carried through Parliament does not deal with the existing basis of the franchise either from a democratic or a Conservative standpoint; it leaves the way of future reform absolutely open to the future decision of the electorate; it simply removes the disability of sex, and qualifies women to vote under whatever scheme of qualification now enables, or shall in future enable, men to vote. It cannot therefore be properly described as a Property Bill unless it be admitted that the only existing qualification for men voters is a property one; in which case future reform, if desired, will apply to women as to men citizens. But the strongest reason against the application of such a term to the proposed Bill lies in the facts as to what would be the proportion of working women as compared with women of property and professional women whom it would enfranchise. Mr. Philip Snowden has stated that at the request of his colleagues of the Independent Labor Party he "supervised a census which was taken in something like fifty different parts of the country, representative of every class of the population, with the object of ascertaining what proportion of women enfranchised by such a measure as this would belong to the working classes." The definition of "women of the working class" adopted for this purpose was "those who worked for wages, those domestically employed, and those who were supported by wage-earning children. The municipal registers were examined, and it was found that in the fifty districts there was a total of 372,000 electors, while the total number of women voters was 59,000, of whom 49,000, or about 82·4 per cent., were working women." I think on this question the authority of Mr. Philip Snowden may be taken as conclusive.

With sincere gratitude for your able advocacy,—Yours, &c.,

J. M. STRACHEY.

November 14th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One can but wonder at THE NATION in its article on "Suffragists and Suffragettes," in the issue of November 14th, countenancing the assertion that, in demanding for women their admission to the franchise on the same terms as it is, or may be, granted to men, suffragists are asking for a Bill which will mainly affect "well-to-do women whose existence is largely free from the most depressing of material cares." The movement has been partially officered by such women, from obvious causes, but they and their class will not get a large proportion of the new votes.

Much confusion has arisen from the ambiguity in the popular mind of the term "propertied franchise." And the opposition to the "Limited Bill" on the part of working-men is mainly due to a misconception. A man starving with his family in a couple of rooms, just able to keep off the rates, votes in virtue of a "propertied franchise"—no other exists in England—but we do not usually look upon his vote as an example of the "super-endowment of property," to quote the words of the article.

Let us look at the facts.

Precise figures are not available, but certain approximate figures were accepted by both sides in the House of Commons debate on February 28th, and are likely to be fairly correct. It was there stated that the number of women to be enfranchised under Mr. Stanger's Bill would be about 2,000,000. Let us see how these would be distributed. First, as to the household franchise. An investigation carried out by the Independent Labor Party, in fifty districts chosen at random, brought out the fact that, if their results held good for the country taken as a whole, and there is no reason to suppose the contrary, Mr. Stanger's Bill would have given us 1,250,000 women voters, of whom 82·5 per cent. were working women. Another inquiry, conducted independently in districts of ten towns by the Lancashire and Cheshire Women's Textile Representation Committee, showed that out of a total of 4,752 women who had the municipal vote, all but 482 were dependent on their own earnings. These results will surprise no one conversant with Borough Council and Poor Elections. The women householders, averaging about one in six or seven, are the despair of the party agents, owing to the difficulty of capturing them in either of the party nets—and they are often the poorest of the poor.

Next comes the "service" franchise. Whatever the numerical value of this, it will be a working-class vote, and not a propertied one. Then comes the "lodger" qualification. It is an undoubted evil that, owing largely to the vagaries of the registration laws, many working-girls will still be deprived of their votes. Against this must be set the fact that the cotton workers of Lancashire gave Mr. Stanger's Bill enthusiastic support, knowing that it enfranchised a sufficiently large number of them, to make it worth their while. And what is true of the cotton workers must be true also of women in the woollen, tailoring, and pottery industries. Under the lodger vote, also, will come in that large class of women brain-workers who have sprung into existence during the last thirty years. It is impossible even to enumerate the categories under which they fall;

elementary and secondary teachers, teachers of singing, cookery, and calisthenics, women in the Post Office and other branches of the Civil Service, designers and artists, journalists and writers, secretaries and lady clerks, trained nurses, business women of all kinds and degrees. No toilers have a harder struggle for life than have many of these women, but most of them manage to secure the luxury of a room to themselves, and thus would be qualified voters under the Bill. These brain-workers alone must outnumber the propertied women, and though, as in the case of the hand-workers, many would be disqualified under the present registration laws, as soon as these laws are altered, as they must be, for men, women will reap the advantage just as much as men will.

It is, indeed, somewhat difficult to credit the opponents of the Limited Bill with either sense or honesty when one considers that the only alternative put forward is universal suffrage. Let anyone candidly consider the figures. Roughly speaking, there are at present 7,000,000 voters; 3.000,000 men and 11,000,000 women who are non-voters. Can anyone seriously suggest that a Bill should be sent up to the Lords, proposing at the next General Election to swamp the present electorate by an inrush of new voters, absolutely devoid of any political experience, who would outnumber it in the proportion of two to one? Would not a protest rise from every constituency in the country; and would not such a protest be justified? A man may want his dinner, and yet fairly object to being choked by being forced to swallow his beefsteak whole.—Yours, &c.,

ANNA MARTIN.

November 18th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are points in your leading article of last Saturday on which I should like to write briefly. When, for instance, you say that "many women are disposed to exaggerate the practical uses of the vote," I cannot be sure what exaggeration you refer to, but I would remind you that the very first law passed in Finland after women obtained the franchise equalised the wages of women and men, and, I believe, similar laws have been passed in all the Australian States since women voted. Men's wages have steadily risen since the Reform Act of 1884, while women's have declined. The Sweating Commission, which strongly urged legislation twenty years ago in the matter of women's work, has had no result, for the reason that women cannot demand legislation.

You are speaking of economic uses only, else I should include among "practical uses" alterations in the paternity and bastardy laws, and the law enacting that a woman has no property in her own children, unless they are illegitimate. There are many other cases. I can even imagine that, if women had the franchise, one of the Bishops last week might have plucked up courage to vote against the majority of the Lords when they retained the infamous death-sentence for cases of infanticide by deserted and distracted mothers.

I should also like to point out that when, speaking of the use of violence in politics, you say that before the Reform Bill of 1832, "some workmen burnt hayricks," you use hayricks in rather an extended sense, since they must include large parts of Bristol, Leeds, and Nottingham, custom-houses, toll-houses, prisons, bishops' palaces, and other public buildings. I need not remind you of the Hyde Park riots before the Reform Bill of 1867, or the Aston riots before the Bill of 1884, when Mr. Gladstone said that if no instructions had been issued to the people of this country in political crises save only to remember to hate violence and love order and exercise patience, the liberties of this country would never have been attained.

Again, there is your metaphor of the white flag. You compare the militant suffragists to a hostile army advancing under cover of the white flag. By the white flag I think you mean womanhood; and the comparison is apt, for when the suffragists advance under that flag they are immediately fired upon with the utmost cowardice. At their own meetings and demonstrations they are pelted with stones, filth, eggs, fruit, or anything that comes handy; at Liberal meetings they are dragged out, thrown down, beaten with sticks, kicked by stewards, or foully assaulted. One Cabinet Minister orders them to be "flung out ruthlessly," another Cabinet Minister cries, "Let the pot-boy follow the barmaid."

And for all the violence and insult with which their "white flag" has been received, not a single man has ever been given a day's punishment. A woman got two months' imprisonment for throwing a stone at a window; how many stones may a man throw at a woman for nothing? Women are shut up for months as common criminals for trying to take a petition to the House; how many free kicks may a Liberal steward give a woman for demanding the vote? The Home Office should answer these questions for the benefit of men in Accrington, Cardiff, Herne Bay, Maidstone, Mid Devon, Scarborough, Ealing, Paddington, and the City Temple, who like kicking women and throwing stones at them.

I am glad you speak of Mr. Asquith's statement of last May 20th in answer to the deputation of Liberal members as only "a half-opened door" to the suffrage. The statement was that the Government would not oppose an amendment to their possible Reform Bill, if the change were "on democratic lines," and "had behind it the support—the strong and undoubted support—of the women of the country, as well as of the present electorate." This is sometimes called a "pledge," but you are right in seeing that it is not a pledge on which any sane man or woman could advance sixpence. With those vague and impracticable conditions attached, it means little more than nothing. It is a half-opened door that could be slammed even by Mrs. Humphry Ward. And, indeed, Mr. Asquith himself slammed it only a week later when, in answer to Mr. Alfred Hutton, he called the Government's attitude "a contingent question with regard to a remote and speculative future."

As to "democratic lines," may I remind you that the demand to extend the franchise to women "on the same terms as men" is not specially Mrs. Pankhurst's proposal? It was the proposal of John Stuart Mill when he moved his amendment to the Reform Bill of 1867, and it is still the proposal of all the women's suffrage societies, I believe without exception. There are obvious objections to it, and it is adopted chiefly for its simplicity. But it is quite unfair to suggest that on this account "the 'suffragettes' are prepared to barter the cause of the working women for a property franchise." Everyone who knows the Women's Social and Political Union knows that nearly, if not quite, all its members come from the Liberal or Labor Parties; and anyone who has read Mrs. Pankhurst's speech from the dock in her recent trial knows that the Union's first object is to secure justice for working women. It is difficult to calculate exactly, but if the franchise were granted to women on the same terms as men, Mr. Keir Hardie's return gives 82·45 as the percentage of working women voters. Even if it were less, it would not necessarily be disastrous to democracy, or to the Liberal Party.

What will be disastrous to the Liberal Party is blindness to the present situation, and want of courage in meeting it; besides that want of temper which gives the action of the Home Office an appearance of vindictiveness. Such a prospect is very ominous to men like myself, who still regard a strong and popular Liberal Party as the best hope for the country; indeed, as the only immediate hope.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club,
November 18th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article in this week's NATION on "Suffragists and Suffragettes." I agree with so much of it that I am anxious to be allowed to correct one misapprehension under which your contributor seems to labor.

I am a constitutional suffragist and hold no brief for the Women's Social and Political Union, but it is due to them to say that their object—the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men—does *not* imply "the super-endowment of property."

On the contrary, a Bill framed on these lines (such as Mr. Stanger's last spring) would enfranchise about a million women; and careful calculations based on the state of the manufacturing population of the North show that of this

million *eighty-two per cent.* would be working women. I submit that a movement to enfranchise eight hundred and twenty thousand workers cannot be regarded simply as a movement in favor of well-to-do women.—Yours, &c.,

A. B. Wallis Chapman.

130, Inverness Terrace,
Bayswater, W.,
November 14th, 1908.

BARMAIDS AND THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I, though late, refer to your leader on the above subject? The decision of the House on the proposed legislation regarding barmaids was doubtless due to a misconception of what the effect of empowering the Justices to make conditions for barmaids' employment would be. It suited the Trade, and those working for it, to allege that wholesale dismissals would be the result. What will really happen when this legislation is carried (as it surely will be eventually) is that the Justices will be enabled to stand between the grasping employer and a peculiarly helpless class of women workers, and insist on decent hours and conditions for them. If the barmaids themselves could have spoken, they would have strongly advocated the legislation proposed. It was their misfortune that a body to which hardly any of them belong, and which was not working for their interests, could not be prevented from noisy interference.

It will be noticed that no representative body of any kind, and hardly any person of note, opposed the now defunct clause. There is little doubt that the country is ripe for such legislation; and it is even probable that the present House of Commons would have been so if time had been given members to realise the true bearings of the proposal.—Yours, &c.,

Lancastrian.

November 18th, 1908.

"PERSONAL SERVICE AMONG THE LONDON POOR."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—On reading the paragraph in your last issue on the new organisation for "personal service among the London poor," I rubbed my eyes, and turned to see if I had taken up "The Spectator" instead of The Nation. But to my surprise, I found it was your paper which expressed sympathy with a form of benevolence which, while veiled in quasi-democratic words, is really a revival of old-fashioned class methods.

Apart from the fact that poor districts are already often over-"visited" by religious and other organisations, doing their best to meet distress and create friendships, can anyone really believe that the way to establish "natural and human relations" is by organised visits of rich individuals to poor families? The unreasonableness of such an idea is at once seen when the complementary action (which could alone make a natural and human friendship) is suggested of an ill-clad, starving woman paying a call in a luxurious drawing-room, to sympathise with a rich woman in her sorrow on the death of her husband or child. The inaugurators of the scheme show, indeed, how unreal to them the words in their letter are, for they go on to speak of "cases" and "expert supervision," which are hardly the terms of brotherly love.

The proposed organisation reminds one in its character of those unwholesome societies for children, which prescribe an act of kindness a day, and arrange for a rich child to be a "sunbeam" in the life of a poor child.

The only way in which the more fortunate and better educated can put themselves on fairly satisfactory terms of helpful and "natural" friendship with the workers, and receive their real and full confidence, is by entering the ranks of their own movements, and working side by side with them. Anyone who has worked in the co-operative, trade union, or Socialist movements, receiving and giving the common hospitalities of life as a co-worker, knows how an entirely different relation is established from that arising out of an artificial system of visiting.

But even with the great bond of common work, education in some cases creates barriers, making free and equal intercourse difficult to many; and we have to await the good time when class distinctions are obliterated by universal education, and the "hateful words *rich* and *poor*," as William Morris called them, no longer exist in our vocabulary. The truly "natural and human relationship" is seen where the personal service is of a nobly self-sacrificing kind, unknown, unconscious of itself, such as is daily rendered by the poor to each other. The penalty of the rich is that they are outcasts, and are cut off from natural and human relationships with the great mass of mankind.

For those who belong to the "upper" classes, "personal service" entailing sacrifices of a different and more difficult kind seem to be demanded. This is well brought out by Mr. Wells in "New Worlds for Old," when he says to the rich: "All this space, all this splendor, has its traceable connection with the insufficiencies and miseries from which you are so remote . . . they are the reverse side of that splendid fabric and no separate thing, the rich, wide tapestry of your lives comes through on the other side, stitch for stitch, in stunted bodies, in children's deaths, in privation and anger."

It is by hard work in searching out *causes*, and in the fearless acceptance of results, that the best help can be given and personal sacrifice made. The foundations on which refinement and luxury are built must be ruthlessly exposed. To help the unemployed we must face the facts that the effects of dislocations of industry should not fall on the workers, that high wages are more important to the nation than high profits, that production is checked by land monopoly, and that taxation of the poor hinders consumption, and so lessens employment.

The more thoughtful and advanced amongst the working-class look upon the proposed scheme with grave suspicion, and are astonished at seeing Mr. Henderson's name in such company. I have received interesting criticisms from this point of view from three women—two of whom have worked in factories till recently at wages of 14s. and 18s. a week. One of them says: "Its success might be for the worse in the long run, as any such palliative would be snatched at by the Government as giving them another chance of shirking their responsibilities." Another says: "It is something to keep the people quiet"; while the third in saying she "fears the move suggested is one to undermine and destroy the possibility of Socialism gaining a stronger hold on the workers of the country," says also: "My idea of personal service, as from the wealthy to the poor, is to educate them to a sense of their responsibility as citizens, to acknowledge their right to work, see they are paid a living wage, and not the dispensation of charity."

Such a scheme as that proposed would have various harmful results. It would turn the desire to help from serious thought and action to illusory and sentimental palliatives. We usually find that the ordinary philanthropist is a firm opponent of far-reaching reforms. It would act as an anodyne to the individual and social conscience. Indiscriminate giving could not be avoided, for when anyone actually sees a lack of bread, words alone cannot be offered.

That the poor in their turn should come to rely on gifts of either money or work from rich individuals undermines their growing sense of solidarity, and responsibility to their fellow-workers. The charity of the rich inevitably leads to deception—a deception which is really the result of our unequal conditions of life, causing the poor, with no feeling of wrong-doing, to consider the rich "fair game." This attitude of the poor towards the rich is well explained in your sympathetic article last week called "The Thoughts of the Poor." On the other hand, suspicion is engendered in the visitor, and far from increasing "natural and human relationships," and understanding of the problem of the poor, the gulf between classes is widened.

Instead of inaugurating a system of amateur visiting of the East End by the West End, it would have been far more helpful to have had an organisation of the wealthy to press for the development of distress committees, so that the resources and methods of these committees might be more effective in relieving temporary distress, until the problem of unemployment is scientifically dealt with. Robust thought, a burning sense of the wrongs and injustices suffered, courageous action, regardless of class feeling, in work-

ing for reforms, are what is needed. Out of these will come, naturally, opportunities for personal deeds of kindness.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

Kirkby Lonsdale,
November 18th, 1908.

DISPUTED POINTS IN THE OLD AGE PENSIONS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Up and down the country two thousand Pension Sub-Committees are deciding the claims of applicants to Old Age Pensions. From information received from different parts of the country, it appears that very many points of difficulty have already arisen, and that these are being decided by Pension Sub-Committees and Committees in very diverse ways. The Pension Officers themselves, notwithstanding their elaborate book of instructions which the Government conceals from us, are deciding claims in quite opposite ways in different districts. It is, we fear, certain that no small amount of injustice and hardship will be done. For these poor old people often cannot wait for the leisurely procedure under which, it may be assumed, a few years' decisions of the three separate Local Government Boards will have produced a well-known and consistent code. What appears urgent, if many of the claimants are not to die before their cases are decided, is that every disputed point should be instantly raised by way of appeal. And we must not throw the onus of appeal on the poor old folk, who have not the means, the skill, or the knowledge for it. The Executive Committee of the Fabian Society therefore suggests, to the 18,000 members of the Pension Sub-Committees and Committees, that they ought to *decide against the Pension Officer* in every case in which there is a point which needs to be settled by appeal, in order that he may be able promptly to get an authoritative decision which will clear up the matter.

Among the points of dispute already reported to the Fabian Society—points decided against the applicant in many cases, though in other districts he has rightly been given the benefit of the doubt—are the following. Any case involving one of these points *should be decided against the Pension Officer*, in order to enable him to appeal.

I.—INCOME.

There is no authoritative definition yet of what may be included as income. If (as appears to be the better opinion) the definition of the Income-tax Acts should be followed, there ought not to be included as income:—

(*a*) Voluntary gifts or allowances of any kind. (Unless there is a legally binding engagement to give them, they are not income.)

(*b*) Board. Pension Officers are claiming to reckon this at the most varying figures. Under the Income-tax Acts it is not legally income at all.

(*c*) Lodging. This, too, is not income for purposes of the Income-tax Acts, unless there is a separate occupation of a distinctly assessed tenement.

(*d*) Temporary receipts. Only the amount actually received in the year may be reckoned (*e.g.*, £1 per week, for six months only, does not disqualify).

(*e*) Husband or wife's income. Here the better opinion seems to be that the joint income should be divided by two. Thus, if the husband has £40 a year and the wife nothing, both are probably entitled to pension.

(*f*) Furniture. A percentage (which ought not to be more than 4 per cent.) on the value in excess of £30 should alone be taken.

(*g*) Money in savings bank. It has been claimed that the applicant should be held to be bound to invest this more profitably than at 2½ per cent., or even that what he could get by sinking it in an annuity should be reckoned: there is no legal warrant for these suggestions. Only the interest actually earned may be taken.

(*h*) Allowances from friendly societies. Some Pension Officers are claiming to take these at their gross amount, and are not allowing (as they should do) the weekly contributions to be deducted.

II.—DISQUALIFICATION BY RECEIPT OF POOR RELIEF SINCE 1ST JANUARY, 1908.

On this merely temporary disqualification, which is only to last until 31st December, 1910, there are a whole crop of points in doubt, on which the Pension Officer should be enabled to appeal to the Local Government Board.

(*a*) Husband entitled to pension, but for the fact that his wife has had poor relief (doubtful).

(*b*) Wife entitled to pension, but for the fact that the husband has received poor relief. This case should be certainly given in favor of the applicant.

(*c*) Applicant has had poor relief, but has repaid it.

(*d*) Applicant held by Pension Officer to be disqualified merely because he has entered the workhouse. *This is not a valid ground for disqualification:* the poor relief must be stated not to be medical relief.

(*e*) Applicant entered the poor-law infirmary, or the workhouse, by order of the District Medical Officer, in order to be treated for some ailment; and left the institution as soon as cured. This is certainly medical relief only; and does not disqualify.

(*f*) Applicant carried into workhouse suffering from accident; and left as soon as cured. This is certainly medical relief, and does not disqualify.

(*g*) (In Scotland) applicant was admitted to the poorhouse on certificate by the Parish Doctor that he was suffering from a complaint. It is very doubtful whether, in Scotland, all such admissions are not legally included under medical relief.

(*h*) Applicant was sent by Board of Guardians to a voluntary hospital for treatment, and a payment made for him out of the poor rate. This is probably medical relief.

III.—DISQUALIFICATION BY MARRIAGE.

(*a*) Applicant, a woman English-born, has married an unnaturalised alien. Held to be disqualified; though in Australia her right to a pension under similar circumstances is allowed. The case should be raised on appeal.

(*b*) Englishwoman herself always resident in England; has married an Australian-born man, who came to England only ten years ago. She is qualified for a pension.

In all such cases *let the Pension Officer appeal!*—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD R. PEASE,
Secretary of the Fabian Society.

November 18th, 1908.

THE BISHOPS AND THE DEATH PENALTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With the past record of the Bishops' votes in mind, no great surprise will be felt that not a single Bishop came forward to support the proposal of the Lord Chancellor to give the judge in cases of infanticide power to pass a less sentence than death. Mr. Gladstone has recently stated that in all ordinary cases of this kind the practice of the Home Office is to reduce the penalty to a maximum of three years' imprisonment. It did not require very great courage on the Bishops' part, therefore, to vote for releasing from the penalty of death the unfortunate girl-mothers who, like the girl sentenced at the Central Criminal Court last week, commit this crime "in a state of frenzy." But the Bishops are great believers in hanging, it would seem. Ever since 1810, when *seven* Bishops voted against abolishing the death penalty for stealing to the value of five shillings, and *none* in favor, they have always opposed any reduction in the use of hanging.

Lord Russell, it appears from the Press, voted against Lord Loreburn because he objected to the fact that the amendment did not *abolish* the penalty, but only made it optional, at the discretion of the judge. Knowing that he would have had the support of every humane and reasonable person in the country, would it not have been more to the point to have moved an amendment in the sense he desired.

The best thing that can be done now is to press forward Mr. George Greenwood's Law of Murder Amendment Bill

which it is to be hoped the Government will take up.—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH, Hon. Sec.,
Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.
145, New Kent Road, S.E.,
November 14th, 1908.

"THE BACCHANALS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I correct a small point in your interesting article upon "The Bacchae"? Your contributor says, with reference to the performance at the Court Theatre: "By his arrangement of the final scene, Professor Gilbert Murray appears to insist upon" a certain interpretation. I should like to say that I have had nothing whatever to do with the production of "The Bacchae" at the Court Theatre. In all previous representations of my translations of Greek plays, I have regularly attended the rehearsals and taken joint responsibility with the producer, but in this case circumstances have prevented my doing so. I merely gave permission for two performances. The whole responsibility for the production and interpretation rests with Mr. William Poel.

There are also some verses quoted in the article in a manner which might imply that they are mine when they are not.

I am sorry to trouble your readers with a trifle; but it seems as if "The Bacchae" had an uncanny power of making people write letters to you in correction of one another.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

131, Banbury Road, Oxford,
November 14th, 1908.

NEW CROSBY HALL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The materials of Crosby Hall, stored, by the courtesy of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, for re-erection upon some appropriate site, have been accepted by the London County Council, in consequence of their approval of the project submitted by us for the renewal and utilisation of the fabric. This, when re-erected here upon the garden of the most illustrious of its former owners—Sir Thomas More—will be transferred by us, along with the site, in perpetuity to the London County Council, subject to a 500 years' lease to this first Collegiate Hall of Residence officially recognised by the University of London, access for the public being at the same time provided for.

This re-erection is not merely a matter of archæological piety, nor by any means of the dubious antique. It is the utilisation of a treasure otherwise lost, and a renascence of its beauty, in conditions historically appropriate, architecturally harmonious, and educationally useful. The scheme thus appeals not only to academic sympathies, but to civic and public interests. It must attract not only those who seek for the student in whom they are immediately interested the advantages of the great city whilst guarding against its dangers, but all who recognise that the metropolitan and imperial University, now in so many ways entering upon unprecedented developments, should not continue to lack that collegiate life which has been so valuable and characteristic an element of the older English Universities.

We appeal even to those interested in education on its simpler levels, since every improvement of University conditions speedily reacts upon all others, yet with special confidence to those for whom the progress of London and its constituent boroughs, or the strengthening of the ties of the Empire and of civilisation, are paramount.

London, with its almost unparalleled resources, offers peculiar facilities for the post-graduate student from all other Universities. The sixty teaching institutions now linked together by the teaching University of London are spread over so wide an area that not a few boroughs are becoming University towns, even on a scale not inferior to those of America and the Continent, though almost without recognising it. Among these Chelsea, from its situation and its associations, from More and Erasmus to Carlyle, is peculiarly suitable as the centre of a further development, that of a collegiate city.

Our site admits of the erection of a residential college to accommodate about 100 students and graduates; and its completion and equipment will involve a total outlay estimated at about £100,000. A sum of £5,000 has been received towards the re-erection of Crosby Hall, with a similar amount for general purposes; and smaller donations from £1,000 downwards have also been acknowledged. Thus a substantial nucleus of nearly £12,000 is already in hand. For the completion of Crosby Hall itself, with the adjacent library, &c., and for the first block of residential buildings, with their furnishing, equipment, &c., an additional sum of £30,000 is required, while the remainder will also be proceeded with as funds allow.

Donations may be forwarded to the Secretary (John Ross, C.A., 2, More's Garden, Cheyne Walk, S.W.); to the bankers (Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock & Co., 15, Lombard Street, E.C.); or to any of the undersigned. Full printed particulars will also be forwarded on application.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
(Signed) NOEL P. W. BRADY,
VICTOR V. BRANFORD,
PATRICK GEDDES,
T. W. HELLYER,
GEORGE MONTAGU,
J. MARTIN WHITE.

University Hall, Chelsea, S.W.,
November 19th, 1908.

WE have received several letters enclosing cheques on behalf of the writer who described his sufferings as an unemployed cabinet-maker in our last week's issue. We have communicated with him, and he informs us that he has now some work, and that he would not like to take the money as a gift. But as he has only the clothes in which he stands and no underclothing, he would like to borrow the money offered if our correspondents would lend it, as this would help him to get some clothes. He adds: "When I wrote the article I wrote it as an article, hoping to earn a little, not as an appeal for charity. I appreciate your kindness, and the kindness of your correspondents. I have not met with so much kindness in my life before." We shall assume, if our correspondents do not reply, that they are willing that the sums sent to us should be lent to our correspondent.

Poetry.

THE CHURCH.

HERE stand I
Buttressed over the sea!
Time and sky
Take no toll from me.

To me, grey,
Wind-grey, flung with foam,
Ye that stray
Wild-foot, come ye home!

Mother, I—
Mother I will be!
Ere ye die,
Hear! O sons at sea!

Shall I fall,
Leave my flock of graves?
Not for all
Your rebelling waves!

I stand fast—
Let the waters cry!
Here I last
To Eternity!

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE revised edition of Mr. Arthur Symons's book on "Plays, Acting, and Music," announced by Messrs. Constable, has been postponed, but we learn that Mr. Symons has finished a work upon the English romantic poets. This book, which some of those who have seen it in manuscript say is Mr. Symons's finest critical effort, attempts to pass definite judgment upon the chief romantic poets, as well as to estimate the place and influence of romanticism in English literature. Although Mr. Symons has won distinction as a poet, his best work, in our view, is his criticism. His impressionist method may often provoke dissent, but he always shows insight, and a true sense of style and feeling for beauty. It was by a volume of criticism, "An Introduction to the Study of Browning"—a work which won Pater's admiration—that Mr. Symons first entered the world of letters just twenty-two years ago.

* * *

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are about to issue an edition, with illustrations, to be called "The Penshurst Edition," of Professor Arber's "An English Garner." The collection was first made, during the thirteen years from 1877 to 1890, out of the rare materials in Professor Arber's private collection, supplemented by reprints of virtually unique books in ancient libraries. Its object was, in Professor Arber's words, "to gather, for the gratification of these and future ages, a vast amount of incomparable poesy and most stirring prose, which hardly anyone would imagine to be in existence at all." In a later issue all the material was rearranged and classified, while introductions by scholars of eminence in each department were prefixed to the volumes. "The Penshurst Edition" will contain many illustrations and facsimiles, and promises to be in every way an adequate presentation of this fascinating collection.

* * *

THE translation of Erckmann-Chatrian's principal novels, which Mr. Dent is to include in his "Everyman's Library," will introduce to English readers of the present generation a number of tales that once had a great vogue, but have now almost passed out of notice. Both Erckmann and Chatrian were Lorrainers, and the scenes of most of their stories are laid in Alsace and Lorraine. Their descriptions of provincial life are excellent, and it would be hard to find more graphic pictures of the rank and file of Napoleon's armies than are to be found in such books as "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813" and "Waterloo." Their best work, "Les Deux Frères," only wants style to make it a great novel. Edmond About described their method of collaboration by saying that "the two friends see each other at rare intervals, and meet only to elaborate the scheme of a story. Erckmann then writes it, and Chatrian either corrects it or puts it in the fire."

* * *

A VOLUME containing some interesting reminiscences of Napoleon will be published next week in Paris. This is the "Journal" of Count Rœderer, a Minister and member of the Council of State before the fall of the Empire. It has been edited by M. Maurice Vitrac, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and contains a selection from Napoleon's *obiter dicta*, which Count Rœderer noted in his diary. One of the most characteristic is the following: "I love power, but I love it as an artist. I love it in the same way as a musician loves his violin. I love it because I enjoy drawing sounds, chords, and harmonies from it. I love it as an artist."

* * *

THOSE who desire a guide at once trustworthy and entertaining through a fascinating bye-path of literary history cannot do better than obtain "The Secrets of our National Literature," by Mr. W. P. Courtney, which Messrs. Constable have just issued. "The pleasure," as Mr. Courtney observes, "of finding out the secrets of our neighbors appeals to most minds"; and this pleasure is undoubtedly heightened for the book-lover when it is the case of an author who either withholds his name or disguises it under a pseudonym. Some of the reasons put forward for taking pseudonyms are not without interest. Thus Mary Ann Evans called herself "George Eliot" because the first word was her husband's Christian name, and "Eliot" was a "fine, short, full-sounding name that matched her style and story." The three Brontë sisters called their small volume "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell" because they felt "a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because, without at the time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called feminine, we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice." How sound this instinct was may be judged from the fact that when "Jane Eyre" appeared, Lockhart wrote that "it must be, if not by a man, by a very coarse woman." Even Kingsley, while describing the book as "worth fifty Trollopes and Martineaus rolled into one counterpane with fifty Dickenses and Bulwers to keep them company," thought the author to be "rather a brazen miss." Charles Merivale's letter to his sister proving that the author was a woman has the following shrewd sentence: "It is by a woman, because the men's faces are described so intensely—by a young woman, and not a very refined one, from a certain want of acquired delicacy—by a governess, for the governess scenes are the most naturally and easily written—by an acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray's."

* * *

HANNAH MORE'S first work, "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society," appeared anonymously because she "hoped it might be attributed to a better person." One wonders whether she was satisfied or disappointed when public opinion hesitated between Bishop Porteus, Hayley, and William Wilberforce. Cowper inclined for Wilberforce, but was quite sure the book was by "some man intimately acquainted with the subject, a gentleman, and a man of letters." Hannah More, however, soon became too great a personage to be bettered by any bishop, and we may suppose that the copy of her "Sacred Dramas" which she presented to Mr. Gladstone in 1815, had her name upon its title page. Her collected works run to nineteen volumes, and Mr. Birrell tells us that he bought them all "neatly bound and lettered on the back" for eight shillings and sixpence. The nineteen volumes were destined to pass out of circulation, for wanting room in his library and despairing of any other means of ridding himself of them, Mr. Birrell buried them in his garden.

* * *

MME. VINCENS, who died in Paris on Saturday last, was better known by her pseudonym, Arvède Barine, under which name she published lives of Alfred de Musset, Bernardin de St. Pierre, La Grande Mademoiselle, and several volumes of essays. She was a regular contributor to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Journal des Débats," where she did much to keep French readers acquainted with the tendency of English and German literature. Her book "Névroses" is an excellent study of the morbid in literature.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. (Constable, 6s.)

"Modernism." The Jowett Lectures for 1908. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by C. A. Miles. (Unwin, 5s. net.)

"The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." By E. Westermarck, Ph.D. Vol. II. (Macmillan, 14s. net.)

"The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

"Prophets, Priests, and Kings." By A. G. Gardiner. (Rivers, 7s. 6d. net.)

"A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the 'Gazette.'" By J. B. Williams. (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Man of the Mask: A Study in the By-Ways of History." By the Very Rev. A. S. Barnes. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Book of Witches." By Oliver Madox Hueffer. (Nash, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Assisi of St. Francis." By Mrs. Robert Goff. Illustrated by Colonel R. Goff. (Chatto & Windus, 20s. net.)

"The Private Palaces of London, Past and Present." By E. Beresford Chancellor. (Kegan Paul, 21s. net.)

"The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah." By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D. (Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

"Histoire de la France Contemporaine." Par Gabriel Hanotaux. Tome IV. La Republique Parlementaire. (Paris: Boivin, 7fr. 50.)

"Schiller sein Leben und seine Werke." Von Karl Berger. (München: Beck. M. 12.)

Reviews.

AN ATLANTIC EDITOR.*

Thomas Bailey Aldrich—one seems to remember the name! And here he is, a capital likeness, a country gentleman and a major of Volunteers, for sure. But no, for here on the title is an elaborate Ionic fortress—no, temple, a kind of Athenæum. The entablature bears the name of the illustrious Aldrich. In the doorway leading in to the penetralia, suspended hover the talismanic words, "Ferris Greenslet." And a suave yet stentorian, but, above all, compelling, voice utters the mystic formula, "Come in." "He was a lover of life," urges Mr. Greenslet. No doubt! but why so much mystery about a minor American poet who came, we are assured, of good Colonial stock? He was born at Portsmouth in 1836, and his birthplace is now the Aldrich Memorial Museum. In other respects, "Tom Bailey" was not exactly a record-breaker, but he was a Bohemian poet in New York in the 'fifties when they wrote like this:—

"Fannie wears an open dress,
Ah! the charming chemisette!
Half concealing, half revealing,
Something far more charming yet."

And William, or rather, Thomas, Bailey dressed the part like a Russian novelist. Nathaniel P. Willis, Stoddard, Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Curtis, Halleck, George P. Morris, Henry Clapp, jun., F. S. Cozzens, and other genial journalists of yester-year whose fun the author summarises succinctly as "capital," twirled and spun gaily in this literary Bohemia, none more prismatically than Tom Bailey Aldrich, and none poeticised more freely than he, all unconscious of his doom in later years to play the Herod to his own early offspring. In these surroundings, punctuated by an occasional sonnet from Bayard Taylor, Aldrich's "Annus Mirabilis" drew on apace. It was in 1865 that he was invited to edit "Every Saturday," married, and moved from New York to be "Boston-plated." He had now "kicked up all the dust" he intended to, and had come to Boston to stay. The story henceforth is on familiar lines, as familiar, that is to say, as the career of an American can be to a stay-at-home Englander—so near and yet so far! We are among the "old familiar faces" (see the list of illustrations). In the very next room to our hero in Park Street sate that white American, W. D. Howells, learning to edit the "Atlantic" from James T. Fields, as Fields had learned from Lowell, and Lowell (some say) from Underwood. And that an editor's chair in Boston was and is a good thing for a man to sit in is the burden of this book—a sentiment in which we heartily concur; and well, indeed, has Mr. Greenslet proved his case. Living in a coy little house (too soon to be exchanged for a very superior mansion), which might have been imported from Chelsea and known as "Mrs. Aldrich's Workbox," there lived in the late 'sixties a happy poet, father of twins, historian of "A Bad Boy" and of "Marjorie Daw." In 1874, after a two years' sojourn in the poet-haunted halls of the Prince of Elmwood, Aldrich (off-saddled as editor for the time being) took a Sabine Farm at Ponkapog and to reading as a diversion from editing. At intervals he wrote delightful letters to his friends, full of quips and kindly feeling. "If you live to be two hundred years old," he begins one to Stedman—"and I should like to catch you at it!——" But, there, the letters are full of the prettiest dimples. It was obvious from the first to Mr. Houghton, and to the reader, that Aldrich was starred to edit "The Atlantic," and so, sure enough, it befell in 1881. How well he edited it may be gathered from this obiter dictum in a letter to Stedman: "The verse that pleases merely a set doesn't last like the verse that impresses a solitary reader here and there"; or from this extract from the communication of a correspondent: "The truth was, and is, that you did not read it nor even open the package. Therefore you could not judge its merits nor say, with truth, that you 'regretted to decline it.' You decline to apologise. My robust nature abhors your disgusting duplicity. You are a vulgar, unblushing Rascal, and an impudent, audacious liar. Which I am prepared to maintain anywhere, any time. You ought to be publicly horsewhipped. Nothing would gratify me more than to give you a sounder thrashing than any you have yet received. Moreover, I am determined that the Literary Public shall know what a putrid *scoundrel* and *Liar* you *are*." The robust nature was invited to but shirked the encounter that here seems so closely imminent.

Aldrich's interest was first and always Literature, and perhaps no editor of the "Atlantic" has printed more of it. During his tenure of office the afterglow of the great day of New England literature was fading, but fading slowly. "He could count on occasional poems from Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell, to say nothing of the younger group headed by Sill. He had Parkman and Fiske for historical papers, James, Helen Hunt Jackson, Miss Murfree, Mrs. Oliphant, Marion Crawford, Miss Jewett, and the two Hardys, American and English, for fiction. He developed the critical department of the magazine to a high degree of competence by marshalling what has seldom been seen in this country, a thoroughly compact and capable coterie of critical reviewers. This group, which was composed of Richard Grant White, G. E. Woodberry, George Parsons Lathrop, Horace Scudder, and Miss Harriet Waters Preston, contributed a surprisingly large proportion of the material that is embodied in the score of volumes of his editing. Read to-day, after the lapse of twenty years, it is still remarkable for penetration of insight and felicity of expression. It was under Aldrich, too, that the 'Atlantic' won its international reputation as being, in the phrase of an English review,* 'the best edited magazine in the English language.'" The work is such as might be described as pleasantly stimulating to the intelligence, and yet (such is the "side" of these editors), in 1895, we find him complaining to Woodberry, "I am naturally intellectual, but editorial work and accidental reading of dialect poems and stories have come near to extinguishing the white light of reason." To such good purpose did he edit that he was twice enabled to put a girdle round the earth and to invoke Browning (who talked "not so well as Lowell") and Rudyard Kipling, into whose language he meditated turning "The Eve of St. Agnes" thus:—

"St. Hagnes Heve! 'ow bloomin' chill it was!
The Howl, for all his hulster, was a-cold,
The 'are limped tremblin' thro' the blarsted grass. . . ."

"Apropos of Browning," he said, "I've been reading his letters to 'Ba' and 'Ba's' letters to him, and think it a shameful thing that they should be printed. All that ponderous love-making—a queer mixture of Greek roots and middle-age stickiness ('Ba' was forty years old)—is very tedious. Here and there is a fine passage, and one is amused by the way the lovers patronise everybody they don't despise. But as a whole the book takes away from Browning's dignity. A man—even the greatest—cannot stand being photographed in his pajahmas."

The lines of these literary Bostonians are invariably cast in the most enviable places. Sabbatical years abroad and such well set up country houses at home! They were lapped in humor, too, with Twain, Stockton, Aldrich, and the Little Doctor, not to speak of Lowell; and Aldrich gave jokes every bit as good as he took. When Holmes was capping answers and put the question to Aldrich, "What would you do if one day on Mount Vernon Street you were to meet a cannibal?" it was Aldrich who overcame him by replying, "Why, I should stop and pick an acquaintance." Asked once by a Boston revising magistrate his name and occupation, and, further, if he could read, he was given the Declaration of Independence and told to "Read thot." "Begorra," said Aldrich, "I will. 'Whin in the coorse of human ivints—'" He was incontinently allowed to register. A successful plea for benefit of Irishry! And here is good critical insight in one who could never speak calmly about Whitman: "Emerson and Whittier are about the only men in that famous [New England] group who were not thinking about themselves the whole while. They were too simple to pose or to be *intentionally* brilliant. Emerson shed his silver, like the moon, without knowing it." A great merit in the life of these people, we think, is the fact that they kept a warm place in their hearts for minor poets. The Americans deserved their great race because they made much of their

* "The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich." By Ferris Greenslet. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

* See The Nation, December 14th, 1907.

second-rate poetry, realising that the twilight of poetry may often be far better for the run of men than the most dazzling prose. In such a world, down to the beginning of last year, Aldrich lived a happy life, clouded towards the close by such natural sorrows as serve, perhaps, to make the dark passage easier. He is shown to so much advantage in Mr. Greenslet's book that, however reluctant to make his acquaintance at the beginning, one is decidedly loth to part with him at the close.

TWO MINOR BOURBON MARTYRS.*

If one may judge by the number of books published during the last year or so, the two subjects that are now of most interest for the British public, apart from fiction, are the rival Bourbon and Napoleonic dynasties. There has never been a year within living memory when the outpouring of Napoleonic literature has not been considerable, but books on the Bourbon family and on the great ladies of their Court have been equally in evidence of late. We recently devoted much space to a review of Miss Catherine Welch's "Little Dauphin." The same subject is treated at even greater length in the book before us, "The King Who Never Reigned." There have been many "kings who never reigned"—our Edward V., for example. A hundred and seventy pages of the volume are devoted to a reprint of an old memoir of little Louis XVII. by Eckard, another eighty pages are given over to the memoir of Naundorff, one of the many sham Louis the Seventeenths. He first published his own story in 1836. The last hundred pages are the essential feature of the book, this is to say, that here we have Joseph Turquan's "New Light Upon the Fate of Louis XVII." We should have been disposed to give a greater welcome to this pamphlet had it appeared by itself. Apart from Turquan's narrative, one may concede that there is some good work by the editors, Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin, who have since edited with considerable skill de Fayet's "Duc d'Enghien." Turquan's "New Light" is well known to French readers. It is an able summary of an interesting case. Eckard's "Memoir" of the young prince is merely an old-fashioned and conventional narrative written from an ultra-royalist standpoint. Naundorff's "Memoir" is a piece of cheap impudence, which, as the editors of this volume wisely inform us, bears upon the face of it the stamp of imposture. M. Turquan is interesting because he has a point of view which he elaborates with considerable skill, though not, we think, with conviction. The question at issue, as we have recently stated, is the fate of the young Prince. Did he die in the Temple, aged ten, a natural death on June 12th, 1795, physically wrecked, it may be, by the brutality and cruelty of his jailors? Did he escape to become one of the numerous claimants who startled Europe during the following thirty years, variously estimated by different historians as twenty-five, forty, and even two hundred in number—claimants of whom Eleazer Williams, who is ignored by our editors, was by far the most famous in America, and Naundorff, Méves, and Richemont, the most famous in Europe. M. Turquan accepts neither of these hypotheses, and the second is utterly untenable; but with great ability he works out the theory that the young Dauphin was strangled in the Temple on January 19th, 1794, about a year after his father was guillotined, and that his bones were there observed seven years later by the Marquis D'Andigné, a French general imprisoned in the Temple in the time of the Consulate. For the young Dauphin a dumb and sickly child was substituted, and it was that child who died in the Temple in June, 1795, his sister, Madame Royale, as revealed in her "Memoirs," believing, as did all who were not in the secret, that this was the actual Prince. Our space does not allow us to produce the chain of argument that Turquan brings in support of his theory, nor the many objections to its plausibility. In any case, Turquan's narrative makes interesting reading.

We tread much the same ground in Mrs. Maxwell Scott's "Madame Elizabeth de France." The author is of interest to us in that the blood of the great Sir Walter flows in her veins. She is doubtless attached to her heroine in that she recognises in Madame Elizabeth a co-religionist, who appears as the purest, serenest example of piety in that troublous time. The sister of Louis XVI. refused marriage that she might remain a daughter of France. She might more than once have fled across the frontier, as did her brothers Monsieur and d'Artois. Tied by sisterly devotion to the kindly, muddle-headed Louis, for her also were reserved the catastrophe of Varennes, the cruelties of the Temple, and death on the scaffold. Mrs. Maxwell Scott pretends to no original research. She quotes some ten authorities in her opening pages, and certain of these, as, for example, the books of M. Lenotre, are familiar to most of us. Her essential authors, however, are de Beauchesne's "Vie de Madame Elizabeth" and Feuillet de Conches' "Correspondence de Madame Elizabeth." The result is a well-told narrative, simple and sincere, if a little too full of the pietist predisposition which counts Mary Queen of Scots a saint and martyr. The author truly sees but one side of the shield. Many authoritative books would have given her the other. That it was the best of all possible worlds into which the Princess Elizabeth was born is no more tenable than the idea that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette suffered only for the sins of the previous monarchs of France. No epigram has been more often quoted than that of Talleyrand concerning life before the Revolution, "Celui qui n'a pas vécu alors, n'a pas connu le plaisir de vivre," and not one is more deadly in its untruth. But Madame Elizabeth remains, notwithstanding her biographer's credulity as to certain episodes in her career, a veritable saint and martyr of the French Revolutionary epoch.

AN EAST AFRICAN RECORD.*

Bishop Tucker expressly warns us that these two large volumes are not a history of Uganda, but only a record of Episcopal missionary life. Certainly they are such a record, and to people whose special interest is in missions that will be an attraction. But to the ordinary layman, who admires the courage and devotion of the missionaries in Central Africa without any direct knowledge of their methods, the mission part of the book may be the least interesting. For the record of journeys to and fro, of ordinations, confirmations, and conversions becomes a little tedious when a good deal of it might have been concerned with the English Midlands. For ourselves we would give much of the diaries and all the very numerous quotations from hymns and poems to hear something more definite about the people themselves, and their manner of life and thought. There is a great amount of trivial detail that might also have been left out, and the work would have been twice as valuable at half the length. If, for instance, Bishop Tucker and all African travellers omitted to mention the fevers and other bodily discomforts they have suffered, what a quantity of printing would be saved! Might it not be taken for granted in future that everyone who travels in Central Africa will have fever, and will very likely die of that or something else? There is no need to say more. Anyone who loves Africa knows that fever, danger, and death are only a fair price for the joys of her wilderness.

But from Uganda the joys of the wilderness are fast disappearing, and the price to be paid grows less. The Bishop's book, besides being a mission record, contains the history of this remarkable change. When Dr. Tucker was consecrated to the charge in 1890, it was only five years since Hannington, the first bishop, had been executed by King Mwanga. His successor died early, and the interior was little known except to a few men like Robert Walker, Ashe, Mackay, and Pilkington, whose names have become familiar to students of African history. On his way to the Uganda capital, the new bishop found Emin Pasha still beside the great lake, unwilling to leave it, though his "rescue" by

* "The King who Never Reigned: Being Memoirs upon Louis XVII. by Eckard and Naundorff, with a preface by Jules Lemaitre, of the Academie Française, together with introduction and notes by Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin, to which is added Joseph Turquan's 'New Light upon the Fate of Louis XVII.'" Nash. 15s. net.
"Madame Elizabeth De France: 1764-1794." By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford. Edward Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

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Stanley had been accomplished. Lugard and Sir Gerald Portal were in the country. Mwanga was absolute king, and three years were to pass before the Union Jack was hauled up in the presence of Portal, "Franky" Rhodes, "Roddy" Owen, and others who have left their mark upon the continent and now are gone. It then took six months for the vast caravan of carriers to reach the lake from the coast. Now it takes six days in a good train, with restaurant cars and everything found; not to speak of the steamer waiting to carry you over the lake to the capital. The converts then numbered a hundred or two. Now they are estimated at nearly 70,000, and the churches at over a thousand.

Much has been lost in the change, and many of the curses of civilisation have crept in. Dr. Tucker especially notices the increasing numbers of useless or scoundrelly whites, who find their way into the interior, and bring ruin to the natives or become a burden on the settlers. It is the same class that has done so much harm to South Africa, and, indeed, it is from South Africa they chiefly come. But when the worst has been said against the evils that the white man has brought with him, we must remember that only the year before the Bishop's arrival in Uganda a most savage and desolating slave trade had with difficulty been suppressed, and that even when conversions grew numerous, religion took the form of a bloodthirsty feud between the Protestant and Roman Catholic natives—English and French as they called themselves—far surpassing the old religious factions of Ulster in violence and slaughter. In describing this unhappy war of religions, the Bishop shows himself quite frankly a partisan, and attributes to the French Catholics sinister political aims; to which, probably, they would retort that the Protestant missionaries also had political aims that might have been called sinister had they not been successful.

We cannot here trace the history of those eighteen years of the Bishop's ministry from his first meeting with the savage Mwanga to his last journey, only a week or two ago, by train back to his flourishing diocese. If peace and commercial development are the chief objects of civilisation, the story of Uganda tells of unusual success. Even the railway, which surpassed all estimates by its cost of £5,500,000, seems likely to pay a fine dividend in time. At the present moment sleeping-sickness is the country's chief danger, as it is the danger of all Central Africa. In passing we may notice that Dr. Tucker attributes the name of this fatal disease to "the final stage of great drowsiness." But we gather he has not personally observed the patients. The final stage is not so much "great drowsiness" as about a fortnight of complete coma before death. The present writer, who has seen the disease in almost every stage, would attribute the name to its earliest symptom, which is really great drowsiness. This is followed by a gradual loss of control over the emotions and most of the spontaneous actions of the body, so that the patient laughs and cries without cause, and this stage continues for a long time till violent convulsions and twitching of the limbs supervene. But it appears unlikely that natives should have named the disease from its final stage (which as a rule is not reached for nine months) when an invincible desire to sleep is the invariable symptom of the first few weeks.

But whether the Bishop is right or wrong upon this medical point, no traveller in Africa will dispute the justice of the following piece of mental observation:—

> "One of the greatest trials which a missionary is called upon to endure as he fulfils his vocation, is the silent and subtle influence which contact with heathenism has upon his spiritual life. The danger of declension is a very real one. Unless he be continually upon his guard, the probability is that his spiritual sensibilities will become blunted."

That danger is not merely a question of heathenism and spiritual life. It threatens a man's whole moral and intellectual nature. It arises from an isolated existence among people of a widely different and perhaps lower stage of development. There is no need to recall the tragedy of the camp which Stanley left as his base, or even to remember Mr. Conrad's terrible story of the Heart of Darkness on the Congo. Everyone who has lived alone among African natives for some months at a time knows how rapid is the disintegration of all his standards of behaviour, of manners, and of intellect. Within a few weeks the change begins with a kind of moral drowsiness. A period of convulsive rage and uncontrolled passion or irritability usually supervenes, and it is a strong nature that resists the encroachment of the disease for nine months. In the end the higher side of personality is likely to pass into a condition of profound coma, and so the sleeping sickness of the soul has fulfilled its course.

A PROVINCIAL NOVEL.*

In reviewing Mr. Bennett's short stories more than a year ago, The Nation advised him to return to the matter and method of his "Anna of the Five Towns," which as a description of old-fashioned provincial life in the Potteries is a piece of work Balzacian in its human interest. We pointed out that when the provincial loses touch with his local types and local atmosphere and migrates to London, his artistic talent is usually frittered away in pleasing the fourth-rate tastes of Philistia. Mr. Bennett now responds with "The Old Wives' Tale," a novel of 578 pages, which traces the fortunes of the Baines, a Pottery tradesman's family, from the sixties to the present day. Both as a human document and a novel the book would have delighted the great French naturalists. Most novelists are rarely quite at one with their subject; a little above or below it, they enrich, romanticise, or impoverish it. But Mr. Bennett really is his subject, the breath of it, intellectually, in a remarkable way. By the miracle that befalls now and then when the spirit of an environment attains artistically a re-birth, and rises clamant in the spirit of a writer, the tone of our author's judgments, standards, and tastes seems to be the spiritual legacy of generations of level-headed, commercial Midlanders, a race obstinate and staunch of backbone, utilitarian in outlook, yet not without imagination and romance streaking its hard vulgarity. That this old chapel-going, money-worshipping race should, amid the mud and soot and steam and flame of the Potteries, bring itself up to date with big villas and costly motor-cars and Continental travel, is typical of modern manufacturing England, but that it should grow critical of itself and produce Mr. Bennett, who in "The Old Wives' Tale" unrolls before us in epic breadth the changing fortunes of the Bursley shopkeepers, is really a rare stroke of fortune. The novel will repay the attention of the social historian; in it lives again not merely a generation of tradesfolk that is now dead or done for, but the undying soul of provincialism.

The opening, as the closing, scene of the epic is laid in St. Luke's Square, round which the shopkeeping aristocracy of Bursley in the sixties is ranged. Mr. Baines' draper's shop is the business establishment most respected by the burgesses of Bursley, and Mr. Baines, a bedridden paralytic for twelve years, is still "our honored fellow-townsman" in his neighbors' phrase, and in Mr. Critchlow's, his old crony, the chemist. Mr. Critchlow, a tall, thin figure, of rasping common sense and pharmaceutical dignity, is admirably indicated; so is Mr. Povey, the inconspicuous, ambitious, efficient shop assistant, Mrs. Baines' right-hand; and so is Mrs. Baines herself, the comely, stout, and commanding matron, who watches her customers, her servants, and her daughters, Constance and Sophia, with calm brows and all-seeing eyes. Where Mr. Bennett shows himself the artistic master of his burgesses' atmosphere, which he must surely have absorbed in early youth, even as Dickens before him, is in the relation which he draws of the family life upstairs to the shop life below and the town life outside. The old-fashioned shopkeeper was a substantial person, narrow in outlook, but an inheritor of honorable traditions, and in his way a pillar of the State no less than his near relative, the yeoman farmer. Mrs. Baines, née Syme, from the moorland parish of Axe, and her majestic and awe-inspiring sister, Aunt Harriet, are persons typical of the wholesome history of generations of farming housewives.

The formidable wordly shrewdness, innate Philistinism, and commercial aptitude of the British middle-class is built on such social foundations as the Baines, the Symes, the Maddocks, the Bolderos, the Birkenshaws, and the Scales (all families in the drama) embody, and could

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we trace back their social origins we should recognise that a larger national drama lies behind, in the transformation of the yeoman and small farmer into the tradesman and the modern commercial Briton. Here is the significance of this social epic: none of the characters, in mental refinement or manners, show any inheritance of gentle breeding. It is a stratum of Midland trading progress and prosperity, the inner humanity of these Pottery folk, homely and harsh as their own Staffordshire clay, that confines the author's horizon. The two heroines, Sophia and Constance Baines, whose life stories our author traces from their impulsive girlhood till their death as elderly women finally laid on the shelf, are presented with the good-humored familiarity of their nurse who sees through them, or of an aunt who will "stand no nonsense." We assist at the notable death-bed scene of the paralytic Mr. Baines, when the beautiful Miss Sophia, who should be watching in the sick-room, is flirting with the gallant young Mr. Scales, the commercial traveller of the great Birkenshaws, and horribly well done is this death-bed in its actuality and hard vulgarity. Vulgarity—we use the word advisedly, for even the masterly scenes are painted with a harsh complacency of tone, and a brutal stress laid on obstrusive material facts that are both a criticism and a reflection of the shopkeeping soul. The courtship of Sophia by the commercial Don Juan, Mr. Scales, his plotted seduction of her in a London hotel, the shrewdness of her resistance, his sulky acquiescence in their marriage and their honeymoon in Paris, all this is photographic in its detail, and, no doubt, fairly true to the manners of Bursley.

Similarly we do not criticise, but follow with the tribute of our absorption the narrative of how the placid Constance is wooed and won by the mild but energetic assistant, Mr. Povey, of how Mrs. Baines, in defeat, fades off the drapery horizon, of how Cyril, the son and heir, is born, of his unpleasantly spoiled youth, and the paternal struggles to instil into him decency. Let us confide to the author that his epic here grows tedious, as elsewhere where we suspect him of obvious reminiscences. But the whole narrative holds us; it is life, life petty, commonplace, mysterious, beneath its daily mediocrity and apparent inconsequence, and we are suddenly arrested by the cynical and shattering domestic tragedy of a Bursley burgess, our highly-esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Daniel Povey. Mrs. Daniel Povey is an irreclaimable drunkard, and in a fit of ungovernable rage her respectable husband, the confectioner, murders her. His arrest, trial, execution, and the fruitless petition and public protest of the Bursley townsmen, all this is recorded and analysed with a force and sincerity that command our applause. Mr. Bennett shows that he has studied in a good school, and the best French realists would shake him by the hand. Mr. Povey, the draper, who has thrown himself body and soul into the defence of his cousin, the confectioner, catches pneumonia, dies of his exertions, and with Constance a widow, we turn to follow, again at epic length, the fortunes of her sister, the indomitable Sophia.

In Book III. our author sketches with undeniable cleverness Sophia's life in Paris with her wastrel of a husband, and the rapid decline of the couple's fortunes. Effective though the picture is, we perceive that the vulgarity of the mental atmosphere is not that of the late sixties, but of forty years later. It is the Paris of yesterday seen through the uncompromising stare of a modern Bursleyite that is presented to us, though we are frankly entertained by the account of the siege, of Sophia's relations with the aged *cocotte*, Madame Foucault, and of the rise and glory of the Pension Frensham in the Rue Lord Byron. Mr. Bennett always interests us by his keen absorption in the hard vulgarities of the commercial atmosphere, English or French, but he is not quite himself till he brings Sophia, now a woman of sixty, back to Bursley with a fortune of many thousand pounds. From this point the narrative is masterly. The description of the aged Constance's obsession by the cares of her incubus of a house in St. Luke's Square, of her useless worries, of her sciatica, of her devotion to her hard and ungrateful son Cyril, of the two old ladies' sojourn in the Rutland Hotel, Buxton, and of Sophia's defeat, and their return to the grimy embraces of their birthplace—all this is handled with the skill of an old Dutch master. Then the wretched Gerald Scales reappears suddenly out of the void which has hidden him for thirty-six years, and dies at Mr. Boldero's, the Manchester jeweler. The death-bed scene, Sophia's dulled reflections on the waste of her life, her return to Bursley, and her own sudden death by a stroke, all this again is seen and shown us with a horrible prosaic remorselessness that could not be bettered. The closing chapter, entitled "The End of Constance," the irrevocable end of all these human plans and projects, these matings and meetings, these journeyings, these ambitions, and this petty wearing away of youth, health, and strength till our dim eyes glaze and fix in the fading light, these chapters bring to a close what is, in its scheme and performance, a really remarkable work. We cannot but congratulate Mr. Bennett on his return to the field of provincial life that is by rights his own. He knows the provincials through and through.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Most Londoners know Kew Gardens as a pleasure resort, and are aware of the existence within its gates of a large horticultural and botanical institution, and of an observatory where watches are sent to be tested as to their time-keeping properties. They know it also as a place where one may walk at will across acres of grassy turf, undeterred by the warning notice-board; and this is no slight privilege for a pavement-ridden populace. But how few have studied its history, or understand its significance as the nursery garden of the British Empire, if not of the world! That the array of elaborate houses, the trees, flowers, lakes, and so forth, must be controlled by a carefully organised staff of workmen is, of course, obvious; but how carefully organised those workmen are, and how far their work extends beyond the making of the Gardens attractive, has only been dimly suspected hitherto. Kew, indeed, has not guarded its secrets with any jealousy; the reason for the general ignorance of its inner meaning is, in the main, the general familiarity with its outward features As an institution it has been long enough in existence to be taken for granted, and in these days being taken for granted comes perilously near being neglected. Now the story of "The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew" (Cassell & Co., 20s. net), as told by Mr. W. J. Bean and illustrated by the color drawings of Mr. H. A. Olivier and the photographs of Mr. E. J. Wallis, is one of world-wide interest and imperial importance. This fine volume is divided into five parts, and every part is worth study both for itself and in its relation to the whole. The origin and development of the Botanic Gardens would alone have made a substantial volume; but here we have many other topics treated, including the work that the institution has done, and is doing, and the present collection of specimens within the grounds. In regard to the latter, Mr. Bean is assistant-Curator, and no one is more familiar than he with the details of his charge; a more authoritative description of the plants could not have been written. Historically, the importance of Kew looms large on account of its connection with the Royal Family during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Queen Caroline devoted a great part of her life and means to what she considered the beautification of the grounds by the erection of pseudo-classic buildings, most of which have disappeared. In those days, Richmond Lodge, demolished in 1772, and Kew House, which survived another thirty years, divided the honors as Royal residences; the two demesnes represented by these were not then amalgamated. The beginnings of Kew as an institution of botanical science are difficult to date. The middle of the eighteenth century, however, was the first period of great botanical activity—a period when the Princess Dowager of Wales gave her patronage to the efforts of Lord Bute, Aiton, Sir William Chambers—one is reminded that the architect of Somerset House was responsible for the Pagoda—and others. Bute, by the way, appears to have been better as a botanist than as a statesman. Between 1818 and 1841 Kew suffered a spell of decadence, from which it was aroused by the "Lindley Report" of the latter year, and by its transference to the control of the Woods and Forests Department. Sir William Hooker became its director, and from that time onwards its progress has never faltered. To-day the total area of the grounds is 250 acres instead of the original 15. The Herbarium building contains 2,000,000 specimens, and the Library 23,000 volumes. It is engaged on a Botanical Survey of the British Empire, which has already reached nearly forty volumes. There is

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* * *

We are glad to see that Professor L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution: A Study in Comparative Ethics" (Chapman & Hall, 2 vols., 21s. net) has reached a second edition. The author tells us that "apart from emendations on a few points of detail" the book is substantially unaltered. It is, perhaps, the most authoritative contribution to comparative ethics in English, and, while indispensable to students, it contains a great deal likely to interest the general reader as well. Professor Hobhouse's chapters on "Marriage and the Position of Women" and "Women in the Civilised World" deal with a problem now very much discussed, and give in brief compass the materials which are necessary to an understanding of the real basis of feminism. But the whole book is suggestive. It would be hard to find a treatise of the sort which is at once so thoroughly popular in the best sense of the term, and, at the same time, so trustworthy.

* * *

Mr. Reginald Rankin, who acted as war correspondent for the "Times" in Morocco has published an account of the campaign in a volume called "In Morocco with General D'Amade" (Longmans, 9s. net). We fear that the average reader's interest in Morocco has been swallowed up by the far more stirring events now happening in the Near East. But those who want a clear account of the Moroccan campaign and of the events that led up to it cannot do better than consult Mr. Rankin's pages. For the military student the book is of great value. Mr. Rankin was in General D'Amade's confidence throughout the campaign in Chaóuiya, he has an expert knowledge of tactics, and the fighting and manœuvres are described in full detail. In a concluding chapter on "The Future of Morocco," Mr. Rankin looks to France to settle the country and avert European complications. The withdrawal of France would, he thinks, so far from promoting peace, rather tend the other way. At any moment a massacre of Europeans might take place, and Germany would hardly fail to make political capital out of any such event. On the other hand, if France consents to grant an open door to European trade in Morocco, Mr. Rankin is convinced that she can occupy the country with the cordial assent of every Power except Germany. The discussion of the question is full of interest, and as it may become acute at any time, Mr. Rankin is to be congratulated on this authoritative account of Morocco and Moroccan problems.

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"The Justice of the Mexican War" (Putnam, 5s. net) —of 1846—is a patriotic attempt on the part of its author, Mr. Charles H. Owen, to whitewash the American Government in respect of an act of aggression condemned by many historians since that time. The subject may not be of immediate importance and interest to the average British reader, but the book becomes quite readable after one has waded through the introductory chapters. These consist of a rather pompous discussion of the ethics of history-writing and an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Owen's own career, and might well have been curtailed. His arguments are not entirely convincing. It seems, for instance, a little specious to infer that, because there was plainly more justification for the Mexican affair than for the recent quarrel with Spain over Cuba and certain other American imbroglios, the first-named was, therefore, justifiable. Neither does his belief that the annexation of Texas and the resulting war were in enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine help his case very much. He produces some evidence to show that Great Britain and other European Powers were casting longing eyes on California at that time; but such evidence, even granting its reliability, is far less justification for the appropriation of Texas than was the obvious failure of the Mexican Government to control that portion of its territory. It is clear, however, that the States showed exemplary patience in dealing with their weaker neighbour, and—with a late "justifiable war" of our own still fresh in the memory—it is hardly for the Britisher to cast stones; even though it was a pro-slavery party that dominated American policy, and that policy was far from justified by its results.

* * *

In the opening chapter of "Two Dianas in Alaska," by Agnes Herbert and a Shikári (Lane, 12s. 6d. net), Miss Herbert tells us that a lady to whom she gave a copy of her last book returned it with the remark that she "didn't like so much killing." Miss Herbert retorts by saying, "Are we not all killing creatures every day?" and apparently believes that if we are unable to deny the charge we have no right to blame her for shooting scores of caribou, bears, walrus, moose, wolves, foxes, and other animals who chanced to come within range of her rifle. The problem is not quite so simple as this, and we sympathise with Miss Herbert's friend, though at the same time we must admit that this record of the experiences of the two Dianas is such good reading that we are almost moved to condone the slaughter. From the moment of their arrival on Kodiak Island, the two ladies seem to have enjoyed themselves with zest, despite the many inconveniences of their trip. They both possess the sportsman's qualities as well as his defects, and their descriptions of the wild animals they killed or failed to kill are clever to brilliancy. The marriage of one of the party and the hint that that of the other will not be long delayed bring the volume to a fitting conclusion. The photographs are excellent.

* * *

Lady Priestley's "The Story of a Lifetime" (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d. net) was first written and issued for private circulation five years ago, at the request of the author's children. It is now published in the ordinary way in answer to numerous requests. Lady Priestley is the daughter of Dr. Robert Chambers, the famous Edinburgh publisher, and author of "Vestiges of Creation," a book that made a great stir in its day. His daughter tells us that Dr. Chambers never owned to any of his family that he wrote the book, which appeared anonymously in 1844. William Howitt had, however, seen a copy of the work in Dr. Chambers's house, marked with numerous corrections in his handwriting, and the matter was put beyond doubt by the late Mr. Alexander Ireland, who, in 1883, admitted that he was the one man to whom Chambers had confided the secret of the authorship. Chambers was acquainted with a crowd of interesting people, including De Quincey, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Wilkie Collins, George Henry Lewes, and Sir Noel Paton, and we get some interesting glimpses of all these in Lady Priestley's pages. When, in 1856, the author married Dr. Overend Priestley, who was subsequently knighted for his services to surgery, and who represented the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's in Parliament, she came into contact with a more scientific set. She has anecdotes of Pasteur, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Lister, Paget, and others famous in the scientific world of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The book cannot be said to contain anything of first-rate importance, but, as a collection of entertaining and vivacious gossip, it may be heartily recommended.

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THE feature of this week in the City has been the cordial welcome extended to several new issues. Natal offered half a million pounds 3½ per cent. Consolidated stock at 95½. The Industrial Bank of Japan made an issue of two million pounds 5 per cent. Sterling bonds, half of it in London and the other moiety in Paris, at 97, both principal and interest being unconditionally guaranteed by the Imperial Japanese Government. Natal and Japan scored instant successes, the subscription lists being closed considerably before the advertised time. The inference that there is still plenty of money available for investment is difficult to resist, yet high-class securities are not, on the whole, in favor, and the Funds show a slight decline on the week. The Home Railway market tends to slip back into sluggishness, the public declining to buy. Foreign Government bonds retain a moderate show of firmness, the strength of Russians and the weakness of Peruvian Corporation issues being two distinctive marks. American Railroad shares rushed headlong up, only to receive a check on Thursday. Mining markets have been occupied but poorly during the week. Rio Tinto shares provided the only really notable excitement.

CONSOLS' COMPETITORS.

Once within the last few days did Consols revive, and that was when the German Emperor made his already historic announcement. The Stock Exchange declared colloquially that the Kaiser had "caved in," whereupon up went prices all round, because once more the political tension was relieved. A rise reared upon so sentimental a foundation cannot be expected to last, unless generous public buying comes to aid the market in upholding values. Such did not appear, so the price of Consols dropped quietly to the lower level, which it had taken up in consequence of rumors that a large new Indian Government Loan would shortly be out. Last week it was the prospect of a Navy Loan which frightened the market; this week it is an India issue, while on Monday next, November 23, comes the Government statement respecting the Irish Land arrangements, which the Stock Exchange expects will involve an early appeal for further funds from the public. Whether or not the India Council will make another issue before long, the rumor adds one more to the clouds which overhang Consols. All these gilt-edged stocks come into direct competition with the Funds. Each, to win success, must be offered at a price that will compare not only favorably, but attractively, with the quotation for Consols. Present proprietors of the stock are continually having spread before them some new temptation to exchange their old lamps for new. Meanwhile, the investor who might put money into the Funds has a field of choice open to him in which every security offers a more remunerative yield at a risk but slightly greater than that attaching even to the premier security itself. Dealers in the market say that the steady stream of buying orders for Consols grows less every year, instead of broadening out, as it might have been expected to do with the gradual accumulation of savings. Consols are suffering from competition just as keenly as any industry in the country, and the cry gathers in volume which deprecates, now, the reduction of the interest from the "sweet simplicity of the Three per cents" to the more modest 2½ per cent. which obtains at the present day.

GOLD MINING IN THE TRANSVAAL.

That the supporters of Chinese labor in the mines of the Rand should be slow to admit the growing prosperity of the industry under present conditions is natural enough. There are, of course, Chinese coolies still left in South Africa, whose replacement by native labor is merely a matter of time. The interesting point is that gold mining on the Rand is at the present time more successful than it has ever been in its comparatively brief history. Prophets who poured their vials of woe, lamentation, and despair upon the idea of the gold mines being worked on a commercial basis without the aid of the beloved vagabond coolie from China, are hiding their diminished heads, as nearly every monthly return, both as regards output of gold and the number of workers, tells of steady increase. The people most ultimately connected with the industry, recognising that there really was no hope of retaining the Oriental, have most sensibly bent their energies to the prosecution of scientific mining with a success which fairly deserves to be called remarkable. Improved methods of working have resulted in a reduction of costs in a manner which would have been scouted as absurd not many years ago. Lord Harris, at the meeting of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, held the other day, permitted himself to speak in a vein of optimism which was all the more valuable in that it came from one who of recent years has declined to color the outlook in the Transvaal with a cheerful brush. Chairmen of public companies, and especially of concerns engaged in mining, not often err on the side of caution in their utterances; but Lord Harris has refused to run when he did not see clearly how to walk, and, therefore, his evidence of a widening prosperity for South Africa, including Rhodesia, is all the more weighty now. For gambling purposes, these scientific mining methods are worse than useless. They ruthlessly narrow that bright horizon of unknown possibilities which allure the speculator, whose experience of mirage following mirage never seems to dim his eager ardor for fresh excursions into the land where performance too rarely proves the handmaid of promise. But the speculative investor, willing to take certain measures of risk for the sake of getting 10 per cent. upon his money, is being gradually reattracted to South African dividend-paying mining shares. It is a speculation—all mining has that flavor, and no sane person expects to get 10 per cent. without it—but with the strides being made in mining science, and with the knowledge that properties can be valued to some extent upon an intrinsic standard, he is prepared to look with a kindlier eye than heretofore upon the shares. This kind of demand is, again, of small use to a market pining for "revival"—swift rises in quotations, unexpected discoveries, and so on, which produce a fever to buy, not a comparatively few shares to pay for, but substantial lots as a simple gamble. Nevertheless, the true interest of every department in the Stock Exchange is to get the suffrage of the actual payer for shares, and such support is being accorded with increasing steadiness to the good speculative investments of the South African market.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

On Tuesday, the House of Lords, meeting, not indeed, in their Chamber, but in "a famous house in a famous square," carried, by an overwhelming majority, an amendment to the second reading of the Licensing Bill, imperiously impressed upon them by Lord Lansdowne, pledging the House to reject the measure as causing "grave inconvenience," and violating equity in its dealing with the classes it affects. On the following day the Peers adjourned from Lord Lansdowne's house to their more usual meeting place, and the same resolution was proposed, in a rather shame-faced and feebly-argued speech, by the gentleman who had already secured its adoption. At the Lansdowne House meeting the Opposition peers were not, however, quite unanimous. Lord Lytton, whom we hope one day to see in a Liberal Cabinet, was strongly favorable, and Lord St. Aldwyn made his usual balanced speech in the same direction. Lord Milner thought the Bill capable of improvement. On the floor of the House, the Bishop of London insisted that the decision to reject the principle of the Bill practically meant the creation of a freehold in licences, and a trade impregnable to assault for years. Lord Lansdowne hinted that his motive for taking this course was the fear that the Government would treat the Lords' amendments as they have treated important amendments to the Pensions Bill. Lord St. Aldwyn declared, with some warmth for so cold a politician, for the whole machinery of the Bill, criticising only the scale of compensation, the length of the time limit, and the introduction of local option. On all these points, of course, a compromise might have been arrived at. He also suggested that the Lords might yet pass the second reading if the Government would assure them that the repressive parts of the Bill were open to amendment.

* * *

The second day's debate on the Licensing Bill brought into line two powerful forces of protest against the scandalous compact of the aristocracy and the brewing trade. The first was represented by the Primate, who took a higher line of moral rebuke than he has ever yet adopted—a line such as the Episcopal Bench has not, we think, taken before in its history. His point was to contrast the force and significance of the supporters of the Bill—excluding the temperance societies, but including practically all the religious, reforming, ethical, and ameliorative agencies in the kingdom—and the materialist and exclusive character of the opposition. The speech has made the "Times," hitherto a fanatical opponent, hint at compromise, and it will be interesting to see whether the Primate contemplates further action with a view to separating the Church on this issue from the false step taken by the aristocracy. Lord Rosebery powerfully supported the Archbishop. He, like others, thought some of the financial provisions oppressive, but he strongly defended the central principle of the measure, the recovery of State control of licences. He insisted that, as a matter of national shame and compunction, the historic parties must come to an agreement, so that, to parody Archbishop Magee's epigram, England may not only be free but sober. It seems to us that the Government is now helpless; but why should not the Primate and Lord Rosebery act?

* * *

The friends and enemies of the Educational compromise are being rapidly regimented. On the face of it, the opposition seems formidable. The Dean of Canterbury, nicely poised between Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord Halifax, has obtained 114,000 signatures, including those of over 2,000 vicars, for the movement of revolt against the Primate. Both the National Society and the National Union of Teachers are hostile, and there is a special centre of resistance in Lancashire organised by the Bishop of Manchester. Furthermore, the Roman Catholics have not accepted the very handsome scale of grants, with permission to pool their amounts, which Mr. Runciman has offered them. Nonconformist opposition appears to centre largely in the West Riding, but not to be unanimous there. On the other hand, the Settlement Committee, whose appeal we print elsewhere, includes five Bishops, six Deans, the masters of many University Colleges and Public Schools, and a body of opinion conspicuous for its intellectual weight and eminence in the worlds of religion, science, education, letters, and affairs. The main difficulties would seem to be the irreconcilable character of the English Catholics, who will not follow the usually moderate lead of Archbishop Bourne, the wrecking tactics of the

extreme High Churchmen who, like Lord Hugh Cecil, treat Cowper-Templeism as "poison," and the danger of the Bishop of London alienating the Nonconformists by excessive demands.

* * *

In an excellent opening speech on the second reading of the new Bill, Mr. Runciman represented himself partly as an arbitrator, partly as an "honest broker" dealing with three parties, the Anglican Church, the Catholics, and the Nonconformists, and bent on securing what he happily called "soopleness i' things immaterial." He claimed that the three material pledges of the Liberal Party, public control for rate-aided schools, no rate payment for denominational teaching, and no tests for teachers were fulfilled, and the national system, with, he hoped, small exceptions, was also secure. Mr. Runciman might have added that he had also obtained the practical establishment of Cowper-Templeism as the "norm" of religious teaching. On the other hand, the Church had made substantial gains in securing the right of entry. The settlement was an agreement, not a victory for any party, a balanced settlement, made necessary by the fact that half the time of the best officials in his department was given up to the religious controversy.

* * *

Mr. Hutton, for the Left Wing Nonconformists, made a brilliant speech, declaring that the leaning to peace meant "weakness of flesh" rather than a "sudden access of Christian charity." For the first time, a Liberal Government had established denominationalism, and the Church had made a great gain by letting the State take over 450,000 children in her own schools, while obtaining a right of entry over the three million children in the public schools. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, speaking for the Catholics, treated the Bill as a retrogression from the Act of 1902, and as involving a loss to Catholic schools of £130,000 a year. The Tory opposition was divided. Sir William Anson spoke not unfavorably, but Mr. Joynson Hicks, as the voice of the Bishop of Manchester, was unfriendly. The friendship of Sir George White, Mr. Massie, and Mr. Helm, was distinctly expressed, but Lord Edmund Talbot repudiated the Bill for the English Catholics, Mr. Yoxall for the teachers, Lord Robert Cecil for the High Churchmen, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald for a section of the Labor Party.

* * *

The second day's debate was heavily scored with an ominous speech from Mr. Balfour, who was not consulted on the negotiations, an omission for which he apparently means to make the Government pay dear. Mr. Balfour's line was to express an abstract desire for a settlement, but to declare that the Bill was merely a compromise which (*a*) satisfied no party with keen views—neither the Church party, nor the Nonconformists, nor the Irish and English Catholics, nor the Labor Party; and (*b*) did not bind the Bishops, who were nominally contracting parties, not to accept better terms later on. He thought the transfer of the Anglican schools, for which a million was subscribed, would cause "intense bitterness," which, added to the general atmosphere of coldness and suspicion, implied that the way of peace had not been found. As we suspected he would, Mr. Balfour is playing the part of champion of the National Society and the less liberal-minded of the clergy.

Mr. Asquith, challenged on the point of what was the precise bargain which lay behind the Bill, answered that the parties had got so near together that the Government had taken the responsibility of framing the eventual lines of agreement. He properly repudiated the exacting language of some of the Catholics, who were not satisfied with an addition of about 10s. a child to the grant with which they are content in Scotland. Mr. Lough, the ex-Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, was very critical, but the balance of the debate inclined strongly to the Government. The division, however, was rather disappointing, 157 Radicals, High Church Tories, Labor men, and Irish and English Catholics, voting against the second reading. The majority was substantial—323. But it is clear that the Bill will not stand amendment, for which we see that the Bishop of London is already pressing.

* * *

Lord Roberts, whose military reputation is not broad enough to cover his complete want of political knowledge and responsibility, made a mischievous advance in the House of Lords on Monday, on his policy of conscription, with a special application to Germany. His action took the form of a resolution calling on the Government to provide, in addition to a great Navy, an Army strong enough to stop the most formidable invading Power, and also asking for a Ministerial statement on defence, in view of the new Anglo-German situation. Lord Lansdowne induced Lord Roberts to withdraw the last part of his resolution, and supported the first, which was carried against Lord Crewe's protest. Lord Roberts's speech took the monstrous form of working out in detail a scheme of invasion by a force of 150,000 German soldiers, as to which he assumed that they could be carried by 200,000 tons of shipping, and could easily be accumulated and concentrated without attracting our notice, and suddenly flung on these shores. Lord Roberts suggested that this force would be helped by the 80,000 German waiters, porters, and barbers now in this country. Having assumed his proposition, Lord Roberts demanded a force of a million British conscripts to deal with it. The German Conservative Press is naturally indignant, and assumes that Lord Roberts's speech really covers a British policy for the military invasion of Germany.

* * *

The Turkish elections have gone so far that it is possible already to take stock of some of the results. The Committee of Union and Progress has swept European Turkey where it is dominant, and elected many of its nominees in Asiatic Turkey where its organisation is feeble. The Committee has been prudent enough to put up not only Moslems, and among the members already elected are some Armenians who were prominent revolutionaries, one or two Jews, a few Serbs, and a Roumanian, as well as Greeks and Bulgars. The Bulgars have done badly, one of the consequences of the declaration of independence. The Greeks have been far more successful, because they are more numerous, and better organised, but they have repeatedly quarrelled with the Committee, which they charge with illegality in the conduct of the elections. In Constantinople they refused for a time to vote, with the result that the Armenians and Jews are voting solidly with the Moslems against them. It is hoped to convene the Parliament by about the 10th of next month, and no doubt the Parliament will deal with knotty questions of electoral irregularities which have arisen owing to the inexperience of the people.

The Bill establishing perpetual imprisonment for offences already punished by the law, and depriving certain classes of its protection, was brought up for report on Tuesday night, and we rejoice to know that the Government dared not risk a division on it. Every speech in the debate, save that of Mr. Gladstone himself, was hostile to this proposal, the three Liberals who joined in it being in strong opposition, and Sir William Collins delivering a weighty argument against it. A fourth, Mr. Dillon, who was a member of the Gladstone Committee on the prison system, rightly described the idea as "retrograde, cruel, and scandalous." Argument and appeals to remove a bad blot on a good Bill have alike been lost on the Home Secretary, and it only remains for the House to save him and the Government from an error of great magnitude, and to reject this part of the Prevention of Crime Bill. We hope that Liberal, Labor, and Nationalist members will vote against it, and we know that more than one Conservative lawyer will support them. We believe the feeling in the country on the subject is thoroughly hostile, and is much more keenly aroused than Mr. Gladstone imagines.

* * *

On Friday of last week the New York "American" published what purported to be the substance of the suppressed interview with the Kaiser by Dr. Hale, and the next day the "World" gave a version not materially different. In both accounts the Kaiser was credited with having laid stress upon the Yellow Peril, and denounced England's alliance with Japan as a betrayal of the white man's cause deeply resented in the Colonies. Dr. Hale and the German Government have repudiated both versions as baseless fiction, although, curiously enough, the "World" has printed in its own defence a proof-sheet of the interview annotated by Dr. Hale. There appear to have been two versions of the interview —one written for the New York "Times," which has never been published though advance proofs of it were pretty widely circulated, and a second rigidly censored by the German Embassy and intended for the "Century" magazine, but withdrawn after the "Telegraph" interview. It is probable that the "Times" version reflected more or less accurately the unrestrained vigorous and wholly unofficial expression of a vehement temperament, and was never intended for other than a private ear; and it is possible that the "World" and "American" accounts have been drawn from this version, with the i's dotted and the t's crossed. That would perhaps explain their emphatic repudiation, while leaving the American papers guilty rather of an offence akin to publishing private letters than of actual fabrication.

* * *

On Monday Mr. Birrell introduced his Irish Land Bill for amending the Purchase Act of 1903. Mr. Birrell made a serious correction in Mr. Wyndham's estimate of the cost of buying out the landlords. Instead of 100 millions, the price would be nearer 180 millions. Thirty millions had been allotted, and there were pending agreements amounting to 52 millions, so that about 100 millions more would be required. On this the net annual loss must at present prices be over £600,000 a year. Irish rates could not fairly bear this burden, so the English Exchequer would come to the rescue, and would cover a deficiency of £20,000 a year on an annual issue of five millions. The landlord's bonuses were to be cut down and graduated in proportion to the number of years' purchase of estates. The second part of the Bill involves a great attempt to relieve the congestion in the West by substituting culture for cattle grazing. The Congested Districts Board is to have more power and a quarter of a million of income, and a larger area to work on. They must decide between the cattle and the people. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon were very favorable, and Mr. William O'Brien more balanced. But the note of Tory opposition was somewhat pronounced, even Mr. Wyndham joining in it, and Mr. Long denounced the linking of land purchase with a drastic measure of land migration.

* * *

The Reichstag is in the midst of a first reading of the new financial proposal which will last ten days. Prince Bülow opened the debate and explained how the building of the fleet in a hurry led to indifference to sound finance. He contended that, while Germany's credit made such a bad show compared with that of England or France, the Empire, with a fortune accumulating at the rate of £200,000,000 a year, and with a low tax system, was well able to bear additional burdens. There does not, however, seem much likelihood of Herr Sydow's ambition to relinquish loans, equate receipts and expenditure, and put the finance on a permanently secure basis being realised. Several groups of the Reichstag think the demand for £25,000,000 a year altogether excessive, but these same groups do not press for economy and a reduction in the expenditure on armaments, though this year the Navy estimates are up several millions. But the individual taxes have met with the severest criticism. Most of the groups think the new death duties a mistake, the spirit monopoly awakes the indignation of the Agrarians, the Radicals and Liberals find the taxes generally constructed with a view to the yield and not their equity, and the duty on electricity and gas finds hardly a friend. There can be no doubt that the Government's proposals will be very severely handled in Committee.

* * *

Even the Republicans during the Presidential election had to promise tariff reform, and a committee of the House is now sitting on the tariff. A good deal of very familiar evidence is being accumulated to show that the tariff is an excellent device for plundering the mass of the nation for the benefit of a few, but the most sensational contribution to the inquiry has been made by Mr. Carnegie, in an article in the "Century Magazine." Mr. Carnegie says that steel no longer needs protection. So far from its being an infant industry in the United States, America has now a steel output of 23,000,000 tons, or more than that of Germany, Britain, France and Belgium combined, and produced at a lower price than in any other country. American industry generally, he thinks, no longer needs protection, and the true policy is a tariff for revenue. Mr. Carnegie's views do not seem to have found much sympathy among the steel magnates, and the "stand-patters" are rather aghast at these wounds from a friend's hands, though the Democrats think extracts from the article would make a nice campaign document. Some observers profess to expect a genuine tariff revision on this occasion, because it is obviously wise, and Mr. Taft would like it. But such optimism is misplaced. The Republican party is the handmaid of the Trusts and the protected interests, and it has neither the power nor the will to rebel against them.

The next issue of The Nation *will have a special literary supplement dealing with Christmas books.*

Politics and Affairs.

FIGHT OR ABDICATE!

The cause of temperance pleased the people, but the cause of the brewer pleased the Lords. Such is the sum and substance of the history of the Licensing Bill, and of the best part of a year's Parliamentary work. The fate of the Bill is not even left to the House of Lords. It is settled at Lansdowne House. True, there are items of interest, one might say of influence, among the Peers that might be supposed to weigh in favor of a great social reform. There is the Archbishop of Canterbury. There is the almost unanimous voice of the Bench of Bishops. There are lay Conservative peers of weight, standing, and ability. There is Lord St. Aldwyn, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom one would not suspect of rash and revolutionary views on the taxation of vested interests. There is Lord Milner, who is not precisely a Radical. There is Lord Balfour of Burleigh, whom one does not deem a Socialist. But with the Peers these are unconsidered trifles. Their voices will be heard. The courtesies of debate will be afforded them. But *res judicata est.* The case is decided before the debate. Sentence first, trial afterwards, is the method of Lansdowne House. The Conservative peers have been pleased to stand for what they consider property, that is to say, for the inviolability of a vested interest in the degradation of the masses and the impoverishment of the nation. Eyes have they, but they will not see the ruin of the million. Ears have they, but they will not hear the arguments of the Commons. Nor will they listen to the counsel of Bishop, of Nonconformist leader, of high ex-officials of their own party, of moderate men throughout the country concerned for no party advantage, but for the common good. Their appeal is to no element of moral or religious force in our society. They stand for the naked interests of finance as rooted in that habit which, above all others, retards the healthy development of their country, and handicaps it in the struggle of nations. Should proposals be made for the benefit of the needy, for the relief of the unemployed, or the support of the aged, they have much to say of the improvidence of the working class and the amount that they spend in drink. But when the working classes, speaking through their representatives, urge that this temptation be abated, and that the law of the land be at least on the side of sobriety, they fling back the request in their faces.

In cutting themselves off from the moral support of society, the Lords have written their own doom. It may be long deferred, for reform moves slowly and is crossed by frequent intervals of reaction. But the gage is now fairly flung down, and the Liberal Party must either take it up or abdicate. That the contest should have been deliberately entered on two years ago is a view advocated consistently from the earliest issues of The Nation, and but too sadly justified by the present result. The former defiances of the Lords were met with strong language—and inaction. Whenever the Lords destroyed something, the Government went on to something else. The result is what all could foresee. The Lords have gone on from strength to strength till they have established themselves not by law, but by practice, and by the tacit admission, couched in actions that speak more clearly than words, of those responsible for Liberal policy. If we warn the Lords that they have made the question of their power a life or death issue for democracy, we would also warn Liberal Ministers and Liberal members that what the country will now expect of them is not speech but action. Futile anger is the most contemptible of human emotions, and the objurgations of Liberal members who would not risk the sacrifice of place, Liberal members who would not risk the loss of seats in an encounter which has been challenged for two years, merely move the laughter and contempt of the electorate. The best thing the parliamentary party can do is to recognise in silence that by repeatedly turning the other cheek to the smiter it has brought this insult on itself, and, recognising this, to lay its plans without delay for vindicating its own position as champion of the principle of self-government. It must first recognise that it is no longer possible for the present Parliament to run its full course. It must admit that in a democracy nothing fails like failure, and that the cup which it fills by continuing to pass abortive Bills will be not the cup of wrath against the Lords, but the cup of ridicule for its own impotence. It is, in short, impossible that the present situation can continue, and from this moment onwards preparations must be made for the appeal to the people. The next Budget must, of course, be put through. It is indeed the first step in the campaign, for it will contain the first reply of the Commons on the Licensing Question. The task of dealing with the monopoly value was worth postponing for fourteen years as a means of regaining complete public control of the liquor traffic. But as that avenue of reform is barred, there is no reason why the equitable adjustment of taxation should be delayed beyond the spring of next year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will find himself by grace of the peers in the enjoyment of a new and rich source of revenue, and the immediate problem of financing social reform will be sensibly lightened. Incidentally, there is little doubt that the adequate taxation of monopoly values will have an indirect effect in reducing the number of public houses, and facilitating the working of the existing provisions for compensation. It will be something done for temperance reform, and a great stroke for financial justice. The problem of the full resumption of popular control must await the decision of the constitutional issue.

The preparation of the Budget is, therefore, the first act in the campaign. Simultaneously it will be possible to develop the social programme of the Government, who should have the report of the Poor Law Commission in their hands in ample time for the legislative work of next session. They will also be able to

lay before the country their scheme for the revision of local rating in a Valuation Bill, and with this record of work done they will go to the electors on the supreme issue of the constitution. We assume that their proposals for the adjustment of the relation of the Houses will be embodied in a Bill, and that if returned to power they will not continue in office without a specific pledge from the King of support in carrying such a Bill into law. Indeed, whatever the event, we cannot imagine Liberal Ministers again assuming office without such a pledge. On the showing of the past three years the Lords have become the arbiters of legislation, and the centre of gravity in the constitution has shifted from the Commons to Lansdowne House. Liberal Ministers responsible for the government of the country are set to administer laws which they deem unjust, and which they are pledged to repeal, but which by the action of an irresponsible body they are powerless to alter. This is to undertake responsibilities without the power to discharge them, and that is a position in which no one should place himself or be placed. The old understandings which made it possible have crumbled away. The Lords have defined the issue. It will take more than one General Election to decide it. While the cause of democracy and responsible government is advancing through the world, the Mother of Parliaments finds herself entangled in the web spun by long-past history. She will win free, though not, it may be, without many a struggle and many a sacrifice. But one thing is certain, that the position is one in which it is only the party which will sacrifice much, only the leaders who will risk all, that can count on the sustained loyalty and devotion of the people to whom they owe their strength.

SHALL WE BUILD AGAINST AMERICA?

It can no longer be doubted that a serious internal difficulty has been added to the fight which the Government maintains against the forces of Reaction and Protection. If we recur to it, it is because we fear that the Ministry may have placed a weapon of power in its enemies' hands. Let us state the situation with regard to the Navy as it existed before the Prime Minister's replies to Mr. Lee on the reading of the two-Power standard, and as it exists to-day. With slight variations of phrase, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's reading of the standard had been echoed by his lieutenants—by Mr. Asquith, by Lord Tweedmouth, and not least conspicuously, by Sir Edward Grey. All these statesmen had agreed that a two-Power standard should be maintained; but all were content that we should think rationally of the situation abroad, and protect ourselves only against dangers which seemed likely and proper objects of care. We were to build against "reasonable" and "probable" combinations of Powers. The great advantage had thus been secured that the Navy had ceased to be a subject of acute controversy. The Tories knew that its actual constitution approached nearer to a three-Power than a two-Power standard. Strong Navy men like Lord Brassey and Mr. T. A. Brassey even complained that there was an excess both in *matériel* and in *personnel*. Sir William White and other experts expressed general satisfaction as to strength, though not as to the use of that strength. Liberals and friends of peace and economy hoped much from the growth of the ideas of arbitration and disarmament, from the prospect of securing immunity for private property at sea—the main cause, in Lord Lochee's view, of the existence of large navies—from the grouping of Powers in combinations based on the preservation of peace. It was recognised that the enlarged German programme created one direct and grave difficulty. But it was not disputed that British superiority to the German Navy, at all points of that programme, must be secured, and it was clear that our resources enabled us easily to attain that end.

This was the situation. What *is* the situation? It is one of grave perplexity. The Opposition, moved, we are convinced, by party more than by national ends, began to re-agitate the question of the Navy. As a result, the Prime Minister has now twice in the House of Commons declared, in answer to a pronounced Tory politician, that the standard of strength which he accepted was that of the combined strengths in capital ships of the two next strongest Powers, with ten per cent. over, and that, to quote the phrase which Mr. Asquith adopted on Monday from Mr. Lee's lips, the two Powers meant those that happened to be strongest, "whichever they may be and wherever situated." He said, indeed, that he regarded the statement as identical with his earlier declaration that we must hold the sea against a "reasonably possible combination." But we have to point out that, so far from being identical, these two formulæ, on the face of it, are contradictory. The United States and Germany are the next two strongest Powers. Are they a "reasonably possible" combination? If Mr. Asquith answers "No," and if his and his predecessor's first definition holds, he must nullify his second formula, or he throws over his first formula in favor of his second. If he answers "Yes," his first and second formulæ do indeed agree, but we are formally invited, contrary to Sir Edward Grey's dictum of 1903 and to every previous Liberal declaration, to build against the States as well as against Germany; that is to say, a people of forty odd millions is called upon to provide a force superior to that levied by 140 millions. On that proposition we have two remarks to make. The first is that the people of Great Britain cannot do it. The second is that the Liberal Party will not try to do it. They will never consent to build against America.

It may be said that these are the academics of the subject, that the formula, "two next strongest," is meaningless; that America is not included, or only included on a mysteriously diminished scale; and that in effect the contemplated naval programmes of 1909 and 1910 will not be enlarged as a consequence of Mr. Asquith's re-reading of a not too precise expression of naval policy. We devoutly hope that this may be the case, and that we are not tied to a full numerical superiority to the combined German and American fleets. Unfortunately, the question has already passed into the

region of practice. The Conservative Party, assuming that they have obtained the mastery of naval policy, have at once put the new formula into figures, and called upon the Government to make them good. On Tuesday Lord Cawdor, the last Conservative head of the Admiralty, accepted Mr. Asquith's definition, and demanded its immediate application. So far from declaring the two phrases to be identical, he insisted that they were "alternative." Quoting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's statement in 1906, in which he stated that the likelihood of Powers being allied or opposed to us and to each other was essential to the calculation, Lord Cawdor added that now we "had done with qualifications such as that," and that the Prime Minister had adopted the "general" and the "only safe" basis of naval strength. The standard accepted, the next business was to apply it with all possible speed. The Government must build "six or seven first-class ships," *i.e.*, Dreadnoughts, for completion in 1911, and the same number for 1912. As Dreadnoughts are not available for all kinds of waters, a large complement of auxiliary vessels would, of course, be needed. The meaning of this is obvious. The Government's normal term of office comes to an end in 1910. Within that period Mr. Lloyd George is required to find the money for building twelve or fourteen Dreadnoughts in the Budgets of next year and the year after. The cost will be from twenty-four to twenty-eight millions. The incidental increase in the Naval Estimates must approach five millions for each year. Lord Cawdor's estimate is indeed much too moderate to meet the demands of his own policy. The combined naval budgets of America and Germany are about forty millions; in that case we must face an annual increase of over eight millions in our own Naval Estimates. It is a fact of no small omen that the population of the Powers against whom this irrational formula of the "two next strongest" binds us to build, increases more quickly than our own. And, if we examine the American case alone, we have to admit two factors of the utmost seriousness. The States have just transferred the centre of their naval power from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As a consequence, they have now to construct a second Atlantic fleet, an enterprise to which Mr. Taft, we imagine, is as much committed as Mr. Roosevelt, and for which the high Protectionist system, under the special circumstances of American industry, provides the necessary funds.

And what is our case? The Government have not begun to finance Old Age Pensions. They budgetted for six millions. It is clear that they will have to account for eight. And they have committed themselves to a large extension of the system. They contemplate a system of working-class insurance. They are negotiating a costly deal in education with the Church and the English Catholics. The needs of the Civil Service, the expense of administration on a reforming basis, go up by leaps and bounds. The looked-for economies on the Army are swallowed up in the cost of the Territorial force—Retrenchment is dead in the third year of the Government's term of power. If the end was inevitable, it was never the purpose of the Liberal Party that economy should be killed by the demands of the war services, and a Radical Chancellor lie crushed under the shields of the Admirals and the Generals. What seems to us more unfortunate even than the directly material consequences of the adoption of the Cawdor formula of Naval Power is that the policy and the ideas which it involves are such as the Conservative Party naturally supports and the Liberal Party naturally opposes. A party, no more than an individual, can thrive on food which is repugnant to it. It is hateful for Liberals even to think of building against the United States; it is hateful for them to think of material force as governing the world without modification by moral and political influences; it is hateful to see the control of Liberal policy, on a subject which touches closely the almost passionate cult of arbitration, slipping into Tory hands; it would be unendurable for them to reflect that a Liberal Government, by the double act of refusing to abandon capture at sea and of fixing our armaments at a point which the pride of two of the most ambitious nations in the world will never allow us to occupy in peace, had stereotyped naval armaments and built up new walls of estrangement between the State systems of the world, and with our own kin across the Atlantic. The majority of 1906 subsists, standing on the double ground of Free Trade and Social Reform. And if a large section of that majority, fully devoted to the general purposes of the Administration, and conscious of no breach of loyalty to it, are gravely perturbed, it is because they feel that the new reading of the two-Power standard raises a competitor before which the claims of the people must sink and fall; and that only a Government bold enough to tax their food, and to take very heavy toll of their labor, can possibly maintain it.

YOUNG TURKEY AND YOUNG PERSIA.

At the luncheon recently given by the Balkan Committee to Ahmed Riza Bey and Dr. Nazim, nothing was more significant than the marked and repeated expressions of sympathy and solidarity which both these leaders of Young Turkey publicly bestowed on a Persian exile who happened to be present. It was a brave and chivalrous action. Themselves in need of aid and in quest of sympathy, they went out of their way to link their cause with that of a defeated and friendless people. In the midst of delicate negotiations with one of the two Powers which hold the fate of Persia in their hands, they burdened their requests for Turkey with a plea for a neighbor in distress. In the face of a public opinion which is rarely kindly to failure, they interrupted their own triumph to give their hand to a fugitive and a suppliant. Nor were they slow to repeat to diplomatists what they had said to their unofficial hosts, and their acts have given meaning to their words. For as Ahmed Riza Bey told the Balkan Committee, one of the first cares of the Young Turks after their success was to send representatives into Persia to assure its struggling Parliamentary party of their support. This factor in the uncertain Persian situation is among the most important with which English diplomacy has to reckon.

It has now embarked, as Sir Edward Grey once more repeated in his speech at Scarborough, on a new course in its dealings with Turkey. It claims to be, and most sincerely is, the disinterested friend of the new movement, and it has inaugurated a relationship which ought not to end with the present crisis, and may prove to be the decisive condition in the making of a new East.

Public opinion in the Balkans has cultivated during the past generation an habitual and documented cynicism. Its natural tendency would be to assume that this English friendship is in its own way as opportunist and as interested as was that of Germany for the old régime. It can easily discover cogent and probable reasons why British Imperialists should lend a selfish and therefore conditional support to Young Turkey. She may become a barrier against the extension of Pan-Teutonic ambitions eastwards ; she would have it in her power, if crossed, to make herself highly objectionable in Egypt, and, lastly, she influences the loyalty of the Mohammedans on whom the Indian bureaucracy tends to lean as a make-weight to the radical Hindoos. So easy is it to interpret our new enthusiasm for the Turkish reformers as a desire to conclude a mere marriage of convenience. Happily, the Young Turkish leaders are not cynics ; they are, on the contrary, idealists of a slightly doctrinaire type. In judging us they will apply a just and simple test of consistency. If they see that we support a Liberal Persia in adversity, as we have supported a Liberal Turkey in triumph, they will conclude that we are not mere fair-weather friends, and that our motive is that of good citizens of the world who desire to see a free East and a reformed Islam. If, on the contrary, they see us abandon a struggling sister people in the interests of our diplomatic dealings with autocratic Russia, they will conclude, not unjustly, that even when we happen to befriend them, we are merely playing some Bismarckian game to load the scales of the balance of power. Such a conviction saps confidence, begets an answering cynicism, and chills the natural impulse of gratitude.

For the moment we believe that the danger of a Russian occupation of Northern Persia has ceased to be acute. Russia has realised that such a step would be disliked in England and resented in Turkey, and she needs the goodwill of both if she is to pursue, with any chance of success, the *rôle* which she has once more resumed as the champion of the Balkan Slavs. But in this kind of gambling Russia is in the position of the bank, which stands in the end to gain by almost every combination of chances. Her agents help the Shah to destroy Parliament; she rules with him as her tool. Officially she advocates a Constitution, and her advice is rejected; she wins the right to enforce it. The rebels succeed in dominating a stretch of territory; it is red ruin and revolution, and she must intervene to restore order. The rebels fail, and the Shah's bandit horsemen plunder friend and foe alike, Persian and Russian; again it is anarchy and a pretext for intervention. Nothing, in short, save a success for one side, so rapid and complete as to bring no incidental disorder with it, would quite remove the risk of intervention. But everything tends to show that the struggle will be long and difficult. The Parliament has on its side intelligence, character, and numbers. The Shah has his foreign advisers, his Russian officers, the Russian Bank, and the disciplined Russo-Persian Cossack brigade. To the incidents of the past week it is difficult to attach any serious meaning. Some luckless Persian notables were driven "between files of executioners" to the royal presence, and there informed that since a Constitution is against the Koran, it will "on no pretext" be revived. It was the same Shah who, five times in succession, swore on the Koran to observe the Constitution. Only two weeks before he had promised to summon the Parliament again. A day later, a further change occurred, and at the moment of writing the Parliament has once more been promised. It is not difficult to guess what had happened in the interval. At the time of the Reval visit the Russian Minister appears to have given the Shah to understand, probably without warrant, that Russia and England had guaranteed his personal position. That is why he dared his *coup d'état*, and that also is why the Parliament, fearing foreign intervention, refrained then from resisting him by force. We should judge from Sir Edward Grey's answer in the House on Tuesday, in which he threw upon the Shah the full "responsibility" for his own acts, that this guarantee has now been withdrawn, if it was ever given. But on the Shah's latest promise neither we nor the Persians can place the smallest reliance. Even if the Mejliss were to be summoned, it could not under present conditions be fairly elected, nor, if it met, could it deliberate freely while Colonel Liakhoff commands the guns which destroyed its predecessor. The only hope for Persia is that the very orderly and capable little Parliamentary army, which now holds Tabriz and the North, may be allowed gradually to extend its authority over the rest of Persia. That, however, can hardly occur, unless the Russian Liberals succeed in their well-meant efforts to procure the recall of this Cossack colonel, whom even the "Novoye Vremya" has denounced as "a public nuisance."

But, after all, have the Persians deserved the sympathy which able Orientalists like Professor Browne, and near neighbors like Ahmed Riza Bey, claim for them? The question must not be put in a form too absolute. It is not necessary to prove that they are either philosophers or heroes. For Persia three fates are possible—corruption, incompetence, and cruelty under the Shah, a *régime* of efficient but often brutal repression under the Russian satraps who at present hold down the neighboring Caucasus, or a Parliamentary *régime*. However defective the last might be, if judged by Western standards, it would at least hold out more prospect of development and happiness than the other two. A system of government must be measured by its possible alternatives. But we are clear that the late Parliament did good and promising work. It established, with the aid of the more Liberal clergy, a system of tolerance and equality from which the persecuted heretics of every sect, Babis, Zoroastrians, and Armenians, profited as fully as the Christians have done in Turkey. It completely broke the local tyranny of

the governors and princelings, who were the worst scourge of the country, and set up as a check to them a complete machinery of local elective councils. These were called "Anjumans," a word which in Persian means both council and club—hence the ignorant charge that Persia was governed by revolutionary clubs. If that accusation is to weigh with us, it would damn the Turks as completely as the Persians, for they at present are undoubtedly governed by a self-elected committee. But perhaps the best, as it was the most dangerous, achievement of the reformers, was that they succeeded in diverting to public uses the revenues which hitherto had fed in a poor country the magnificence of the Shah, the royal princes, and the army of grooms and lackeys which hung upon the Court. That was their success; it was also their ruin. Finally, without imposing new taxation, the Parliament did succeed in producing something like a budget that balanced. There is, we think, in this record, if not a complete proof of capacity, at least an earnest of good intentions and an augury of progress. If, after all, our obstinate English realism contends that the Young Persians failed where the Young Turks succeeded, an answer lies on the surface of events. The Young Turks succeeded not because they could manage a Parliament —their ability to do that has yet to be proved—but simply because they had a native army to win and use. The Young Persians failed because they had Russian officers against them. Their record is fair enough and brave enough to deserve a second chance under fair conditions. They do not ask us to intervene to aid them. They ask only to be left to work out their own salvation.

THE PATH TO EDUCATIONAL PEACE.

We hope that the new atmosphere in education, or, perhaps, we ought to say, in religion, of which Mr. Runciman spoke on Wednesday night, will so far prevail that the parties to this old quarrel will endeavour to realise what a compromise means. At present they seem in some danger of forgetting it. If each section is to regard only what it has lost of its claim, and to have no thought of what it has gained, and if it attaches no value, or very small value, to the attainment of religious peace in the schools, it is clear that there can be no settlement. The Nonconformist will then think only of the right of entry, and not at all of popular control and the abolition of tests and rate-aid for denominational schools. The High Churchman will merely see Cowper-Templeism standing in the place where it ought not, and will avert his eyes from the wide provisions for Church children in the public schools. The teachers will consider only the case of those instructors who are left outside the national system and unrelieved of tests, and will ignore the great majority who become free men under the State. The Roman Catholics will forget that the nation, while leaving them complete liberty to retain their special educational system, will all but pay for the maintenance of their schools, and they will grumble because every farthing of the cost is not made up to them. While Secularists complain that preference is given to one form of religion, it will always be possible for Nonconformists to argue that in this district the Catechism does too well, and for Churchmen to retort that in another undenominationalism is unduly favored. And it is quite clear that if the Anglican revolt against the Primate, and the Nonconformist rising against their Consulting Committee, are powerful enough, the Bill must fail, because war will merely be transferred from Parliament to the schools, and a campaign of local sniping will take the place of the armed truce of to-day. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the new Settlement Committee should increasingly draw within its influence those whose minds are fixed on ending the squabble in the schools, and imposing, if possible, an acceptable working system. These men must discover what peace is worth and how it can best be maintained, remembering that if Mr. Runciman's Bill, or something like it, fails, no solution remains save the secular one. Everything else—a universal system with checks, right of entry based on the will of the parent, contracting out—will have been tried and will have broken down. If the different forms of faith can find no common ground within the school door, they must keep outside it. And it is useless any longer to pretend that any heroic settlement is possible. The local authorities will not enter on a great building policy, leaving the Church schools to die. It will cost too much, and the local opposition will be too severe. And on the other hand, the Church cannot, in decency, challenge a revival of passive resistance, and oppose the logic of the demand that public control shall accompany public support. And finally, the educationalist has now a right to step in, and say that the march of educational development shall be frustrated no longer. These forms of pressure, taken together, represent an intellectual and a moral movement of great power, of which Mr. Runciman and the Primate have been wise to take account.

It is, of course, possible to find defects in Mr. Runciman's Bill which are real, and which might grow to formidable dimensions unless its administration is marked by a substantial measure of good-will. If Church and Chapel will go quarrelling into the settlement, it is easy to see that the dangers which the teachers see in the permission to volunteer for religious instruction may become real enough. It is quite true that no State premium is set upon the giving of this instruction. But a local authority with a strong Church flavoring may give the preference to teachers who will volunteer; and, on the other hand, a body where the Nonconformists are powerful may look with favor on a candidate who will not. Nor is the substance of the proposal without its dangers. We see that the period of religious instruction has been lengthened out to a fixed, uninterrupted three-quarters of an hour, a period, as Mr. Graham Wallas points out in the columns of The Nation, far too long for children, and contrasting somewhat scandalously with the time-table for prayers which prevails in our public and middle-class schools. And it is not with-

out misgiving that we see religious teaching made compulsory, subject, of course, to a conscience clause. It is most important that English children should not forget the Bible, with its entrancing atmosphere of story and parable, as French children have practically forgotten it. But the old technical, literal use of the Bible does not stand where it did in the intelligence and feeling of the people, and if this is pressed too hard, a revolt of parents and teachers will sooner or later arise. Here, again, something may be hoped from the co-operation of the churches, if co-operate they will. But unless this tacit assent to the concordat is obtained, a totally new situation will arise, in which the average man will decide that statesmanship and ecclesiasticism do not meet, that religious sentiment is too profoundly divided, the dogmatic quarrel too disturbing, to find any common ground in the public school.

Life and Letters.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVINCE.

A SERIES of lectures on the Art of Speaking is in progress at London University. The main purpose is "to kill Cockney," which is said to have infected the speech of all classes in the Capital. We have not had the pleasure of hearing any of the discourses; but if we may judge from an extra-mural explanation by the Professor, Dr. H. H. Hulbert, some questionable doctrines underlie the art which is being taught. "A common fault," says the teacher, "is 'wot' instead of 'what.'" Is the usage really a fault? Fastidious persons declare it to be so; but none of them, it would appear, has considered the matter analytically. In the English language there is many a word that cannot be pronounced as it is spelt. "Phlegm" is an example. The "g" in that word could be sounded only if we allowed ourselves to slip in a vowel between it and the "m." We could say phlegam, or phlegem, or phlegum, or phlegim, or phlegom; but we do not. That is because of the rule that when a consonant cannot be pronounced we leave it to be taken for granted. Why, then, is anyone perturbed by the London way of saying "what"? If the word were spelt "hwat" we could give due value, in sound, to the "h"; but, being where it is, the "h" must necessarily be silent unless, breaking our rule, we put a vowel before it, and say, for example, 'wi'haut.' "Which," "when," "where," and other words, are in the same case. Our correspondence columns, in moderation, are open to those who would argue against what has just been said; but we beg for candor before anyone takes a protestant pen in hand. Obviously the fact is that no one in the generations of fastidious persons who have been deploring the London w'ot, w'ich, w'en, w'ere, has taken the trouble to be sure that he knew what he was talking about. He has merely been going on with a parrot cry. He has not noticed the arrangement of the consonants in the words. Thus, if we are to think of the schools and Cocagne as being in conflict, it is the academic persons, not the Cockneys, who in this entertaining duel receive the first palpable hit.

On the other hand, natives of London and those of surrounding regions do certainly use the letter h in other relations, despitefully. They have two distinct systems of maltreatment. One of these is illustrated in the story of a Scot who was hospitably entertained at a Hertfordshire farm-house. "'Ave a little more 'am?" said the farmer to his guest. "O, father!" exclaimed the son, "don't say ''am': say ''am.'" "They both think they are saying ''am'!" the farmer's wife remarked, smiling. It does not seem possible to find a reason for the habit of leaving the h silent in such words as ham. On first thoughts one might imagine it attributable to a feeling that the aspirate is dissonant; but that surmise would last for a moment only. It would have to be discarded on perceiving that, as the Londoner in many a case puts an h in sound where there is none in letters, he has neither a natural nor an acquired objection to the aspirate. Almost as readily as he will speak of an "'owling gale," he will tell you of "the howl that was 'ooting in the helms." There we have an illustration of the other systematic misuse. It is all very perplexing. There appears to be no possible theory that will account at once for the absence of the aspirate in words of one set and its presence in those of the other. Still, we do have what may be called an arbitrary glimmering. Whilst persons of all classes incline to ignore h's in words which have them, only persons of certain classes put aspirates where they should not be. An omitted h is not, as a rule, incompatible with what is generally recognised as being good education or good breeding; but a superfluous h is not so easily overlooked. It is a fault which many of us shudder at the thought of committing. Equally distressing is our London difficulty in the matter of certain vowel sounds. One morning we heard a girl, a "lady's companion," saying to her mistress, who was glancing over "The Daily Telegraph," "Does the pyper sy it's gyin' to ryn todie?" Dr. Hulbert says that the London habit of turing a's into i's as in "sigh" is due to our "placing the lips in a wrong position." He is able, he says, to prescribe a position which would render the fault impossible. Let us hope that he has a similar cure for Edinburgh young ladies of the same class. Their simpering way of sounding the a's, whilst wholly different from the London damsel's, is as far removed from what one might call the ideal.

Where is the ideal to be found? Ah, that's the rub! The art of speaking has no unvarying standard. There is no town or other place in the United Kingdom that has a manner of speech which is acknowledged to be an infallible example. No town, no place even, lays claim to such an eminence. A peculiarity about all attempts at reform in the art of speaking is that they are invariably efforts of the home-mission kind. In religion and in politics it is always other people, never ourselves, that we endeavor to convert; but in the matter of the right way of speaking charity in all cases begins at home. Many generations ago the barristers, the merchants, the bankers, and the holy-orders men of Edinburgh solemnly went to a school, established by one of themselves, who had lived much in London, to "learn English," and their descendants ever since have been constantly, though less formally, striving to shed their local peculiarities of utterance. Now we have the English themselves, at London University, engaged in precisely the same enterprise. This makes one think. Are we justified in our assumption that a uniform manner of speech is desirable? Any theory that we are is ill to reconcile with the fact that every class in the community of the Kingdom seems bent upon having its speech made to conform with that of some other class. About this, when one comes to think seriously, there seems to be no possibility of question. Londoners do not dislike the Scotch speech or the Irish; they like it. The Scots do not dislike the Irish speech or the English; they like it. The Irish do not dislike the English or the Scotch; they like it. What each part of the Kingdom is not sure about is it own variant of the common tongue. What the Englishman, the Scot, the Irishman positively dislikes is any patois of English, Scotch, Irish, which seems a parody of his own way of speaking in his own country. That which each of us is averse from is either not offensive to the people in either of the other countries or is positively pleasing. This is evident in the delight which many readers in all parts of the Kingdom find in the writings of Mr. Kipling and other masters in the art of reproducing dialect. If the dialect were transliterated into conventional English, many a highly popular book would be wholly without appeal. We must not press this point very far; but, regarded in conjunction with the other fact which we have noted, the fact that each part of the Kingdom likes the speech

of either of the others at least as much as it likes the best of its own, it means a good deal. Except the few who are specially held up to derision or to contempt, the characters in dialect novels are never affected in their speech. They are racy of the soil. They are genuine in their manner of expression; unconscious of it and unashamed. It would thus appear that unobjectionable speech comes from sincerity based on character. If a man is insincere, his speech is affected; if he is ignoble, it is mean. All other peculiarities are a trouble not to the nation at large but only to the provinces which are self-conscious of them.

THE GENTLE ART OF FIGHTING.

War seems a silly argument, but the art of war is a glorified commonsense. The principles of strategy are as certain as the stars in their courses; like the propositions of Euclid, they have only to be stated to be believed. Yet at first sight you would not guess them, any more than you would guess that the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the squares on the sides containing the right angle, and as many of our generals stumble over a campaign as over the Asses' Bridge. The art of killing has not changed since man returned from battle red like Nature in tooth and claw, or first discovered that a jag of flint in a cloven stick was good for splitting skulls. Yet each age enters as a novice into the malign obscurity of combat, and the staff officer, sublime with eyeglass and scarlet tabs, repeats the errors of a hairy anthropoid. For everything is easier than the obvious, and only by fear of death can commonsense be hammered into man's intelligence.

"Let the soldier always study Hannibal and Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, and Frederick," said Napoleon, implying that the principles of warfare are permanent; and to those masters we have now added his own name, Stonewall Jackson's, and Moltke's. Mankind has never killed itself in mass by different means than theirs. To keep your forces united, to leave no weak point unguarded, to strike for important positions quickly and with overwhelming energy—any fool could see those principles must be true, though it might take a general to act on them. They are all true—true to satiety; but it was with a hopeful sense of fresh discovery that we turned to a strange little treatise on strategic art which has just appeared. It is "The Book of War," by those ancient masters Sun and Wu, now translated by Captain Calthrop of the Field Artillery (Murray), and to be had for half-a-crown. Of all nations the Chinese are most topsy-turvy. In mind they are our antipodes, and hang head downwards. It is believed that in China the mountains also stand on their apex, like pyramids reversed, and rivers flow upward from the sea into the hills. So here, if anywhere, we might expect to find something new and strange in the ways of killing. For if two straight lines can enclose an enemy, or if part of an army is greater than the whole, it can only be in China.

Nor are we disappointed. China has one fine start in warlike originality. Other nations have openly admired the warrior; they have allowed him to wear brilliant clothes, to receive more affection than other men, and to walk about with his dangerous instruments unconcealed. Not so the Chinese. They have never dissimulated their contempt for the military man. Incredible as it must appear to a mess ball, they think nothing of him. Beside the mere scholar he has no chance, for to the scholar every position of State or society is open, if only he has a strong enough digestion to survive the examinations. And, indeed, though the authors of this treatise were mercenary soldiers, their ideal of a happy warrior was a very clerkly knight. Wu himself is described as clothed in the raiment of a scholar, and in his chapter on generals he says:—

> "The leader of an army is one who is master of both arms and letters. He who is both brave and tender can be entrusted with troops."

It is true that Sun does not like exceeding graciousness and familiarity on the part of a general, because they show that he has lost the confidence of his men. But through all the precepts there breathes a certain air of gentleness very different from the military language we know. It is not so long since, at a moment of crisis in the Far East, a Pekin correspondent telegraphed: "There will be peace; the kite-flying season has begun." When the South African War was close upon us, why did it not occur to ourselves that the oyster season had commenced and we were remembering the grotto? What a saving, if only we had thought of that in time!

In the Chinese text-book there are many evidences of this martial gentleness. "The supreme art of war," we are told, "is to subdue the enemy without fighting," and from this definition it naturally follows that "war is a thing of pretence." Like their descendant, Ah Sin, the generals Sun and Wu were peculiar for ways that were dark. But no one will under-rate the strategic power of bluff who remembers French's thin line at Colesberg holding back the invader for weeks with splendid lies, and as to subduing the enemy without fighting, that was, after all, the Boer method. More strange to us is Sun's lavish praise of spies. Their proper use is called "the Mysterious Thread," "the Lord's Treasure." Wonderful, indeed, we are told, is the power of spies, and their service was the most highly rewarded. To us it seems queer, for we now use "spy" in a bad sense, and only for the enemy's agents. Before the South African War we sent two soldiers disguised as coal prospectors through the Transvaal and Free State, but we did not talk of them as spies. We called them Intelligence Officers, and have since appointed both to high positions, which they well deserved. Our only mistake was that we forgot to read their report.

Bluff and spies, though they do not blaze in martial glory, are useful instruments still. But what can we say of another precept that sounds even more gentle:—

> "Do not interfere with an enemy who has struck camp and is about to retire," says Sun. "When surrounding an enemy allow him an outlet. Do not press a desperate enemy."

If there are any laws of strategy more certain than others, they are the necessity of striking an enemy who is about to retire, of surrounding an enemy so as to allow him no outlet, and of pressing him, whether he is desperate or not. If Joubert had remembered those laws when the Dundee brigade under Yule was retreating through mountains to join Sir George White, he could have crushed us (to use the Chinese metaphor) like an egg under the fall of a grindstone, and our reconquest of the country would have begun from the beach at Durban. If Buller had remembered them instead of saying, "Damn pursuit!" when the enemy was in headlong retreat after the relief of Ladysmith, we might have been saved eighteen months of regrettable incidents.

But Sun's precepts must be taken with another set, their converse and equally astonishing. It is a truism of warfare to keep communications open, never to let men feel they are cut off from support or retirement, never to place them in a position of utter desperation. It is true that Napoleon exclaimed, "How many seeming impossibilities have been accomplished by men whose only resource was death!" but he was illustrating his maxim against authorising officers to surrender on the field, and he himself never courted situations of despair. Sun inculcates them. "The general," he boldly says, "should place his armies in a desperate position." He should cut his own communications, he should burn his ships, or (again to follow the Chinese) he should take away the ladder from the men on the roof. Sun would deliberately put his army into the position of Burrows at Maiwand, or Wilson on the Shangani, or the detached force at Nicholson's Nek. It sounds insane, but we must take account of his reasons. "In desperate places," he says, "soldiers lose the sense of fear, and if there is no place of refuge, there will be no wavering." On the next page we find the still more significant passage:—

> "When the order for attack is given, the collars of those who are sitting may be wet with tears; tears may roll down the cheeks of those reclining; yet these men, in a desperate place, will fight with the courage of Chu and Knei."

Who were Chu and Knei, bravest of fighters? In what battles long ago did they prove their courage? Who, for that matter, were Sun and Wu, masters of warfare? Dimly in their precepts we discern them trampling about in undiscovered China, ignorant that, while they trampled, Greece was turning back the waves of Asia at Marathon and Salamis. Behind them moved the army—a fixed number of 1,000 light chariots with four horses each, 1,000 leather-covered chariots, and 100,000 armored men, equipt according to their height or strength with spears and shields, bows and catapults, banners and standards (those weapons of terror!), while drums sounded the orders, like our bugles, and bells cheered them on. So much entertainment of guests was required, so much lacquer and glue for repairs, that a thousand pieces of gold would be spent on the army in one day. But the splendor of the sight was well worth the cost:—

> "The green dragons should be placed on the left, and the white tigers on the right; the red sparrows in front; the snakes and tortoises behind; the pole star above; and the soldiers will look to the standard."

On rice they were fed, and in this splendor they advanced to battle, their collars wet with tears. Obviously we have a picture of mercenary armies employed by rival little States not much more savagely opposed to each other than our political parties, and not in the least inclined to lay down their lives for their cause. That is why they cried when the order for battle came, and why they refused to fight their best as long as they could see the road behind was open for running. They remind us of the Italian States when the French came storming over the Alps upon them, and artistic princes complained that these barbarians actually killed men in war, regardless of the considerable expense invested in every soldier. Or they remind us of the Austrian archduke who hated war because it spoilt his beautiful troops. Or, again, they remind us of the highly esteemed amenities of political life. It is a gentle art of fighting, a war of pretence, a strategy that leaves an outlet for the enemy's escape and is glad to see him go. There is no touch here of that consuming passion which has possessed nations like the French struggling for their freedom. From that kind of war arise those eternal rules which, as the Chinese say, can be obeyed without consulting an oracle—rules like Napoleon's maxims: never do what the enemy wishes; in every battle strike with your whole force; never fail in pursuit; crush the enemy like an egg under a grindstone. Perhaps, in other than military conflicts, these are not bad rules to remember.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

So long as sin and death and pain are in the world, there will be, even in the best constructed Utopia, a certain road, not marked in any authentic road map, although referred to once as running between Jericho and Jerusalem—a road we all know. And travelling on it are priests and Levites—also thieves (you may still recognise them under an infinite number of disguises). There are wounded people, and there is the good Samaritan, who crosses over to help as instinctively as most of us pass by on the other side—the man who is willing, and eager, to share his oil and wine, and go on foot, that another may ride.

Yet probably no one realises better than the good Samaritan how much there is to be said in favor of passing by. Sometimes he is tempted to wonder if the other side is not the safe side, even from the standpoint of the wounded man. And he comes to understand why, at the outset, a candid friend said to him:

"Stay where you are. For every wounded man you cross the road to help, a dozen will come over to you. You will never be quit of them. You will never reach Jerusalem, or anywhere else. You will spend your days in dressing wounds and adjusting bandages, and since you are no surgeon, and were never meant to be, you'll do more harm than good. You might as well take your life and pour it into the sand.

"You say it's only a matter of a little oil and wine, and half an hour's journey on foot—then you will be free to continue your journey. You fool, if once you cross over, the weird of the wounded man will be upon you to the end. You will live and move and breathe—and die—with him. You don't know him as I do; he'll claim you, soul and body, before you have done with him. He'll rob you of your heart's desire. Live your own life, and let him alone.

"Let him alone for his own sake too, and for the sake of the public good. It is people like you that rob a nation of its self-respect, its courage and fortitude. Men should learn to take proper precautions, to fight thieves for themselves. And they will never learn the lesson till others give up saving them from the consequences of their own folly. As for the wounded man you want to help—if he recovers unaided, and drags himself home, this disaster will be a warning to him—hard, but salutary. If on the other hand, you play Providence, he will be no wiser next time. But, you say, he may die? What if he does? Who will miss him? He comes of a weak, reckless stock, that ought to die out. Once again, leave him alone."

The good Samaritan listened, but it was not his way to be prudent, save with the unconscious prudence that is not for time, but for eternity. He crossed the road, still eager, still quite confident that he would do more good than harm. How well he remembers! He is still crossing over to the wounded, only his step is less buoyant, for in the years that are behind him, he has made, it seems to him, every blunder that it was possible for anyone to make who really desired to play the part of a good Samaritan. Sometimes he asks himself whether the priest and Levite, who, if they did no good, did little tangible harm, were not, in their own day and generation, wiser than he, and whether the outer darkness of the robbers is not the most fitting place for him.

He is conscious that he has failed through more than folly, he has failed through selfishness. There is a kind of imitation good Samaritan at whom he has mocked, the person who lives for others so tenaciously that if the supply of wounded men ever ran short, he would have to enter into a contract with some predatory firm to supply them, who crosses the road in a purposeful manner, with packets labelled oil and wine so clearly that they can be read at a long distance, save by short-sighted people. He has mocked at that person, but has he never resembled him? Have his own oil and wine never been too obtrusive, too obvious? He pleads guilty to this, and to all other charges.

He has been unduly fastidious in his service to the suffering. He has attended to the surface wounds of attractive people, yet often passed by, oblivious, one in mortal agony. He has been hard, impatient, reproachful, even in his efforts to aid, till he has made the wounded man discern advantages in being left to die. Or, on the other hand, he has swathed in cotton wool and compassion victims who were quite capable of rousing themselves and pursuing their journey.

He has gone on foot for humanity, but in his worse moods he has called attention to the fact that he was tired and lame. He has likewise informed the wounded that he had very little oil and wine left for himself. He has counted the drops as they fell. . . . The bitter fact was that he grudged the whole price of service. He wanted altruism for a servant, not a master—for self's background, not the cross on which self must be crucified. Now he knows better . . . but even now!

Again, he has inflicted, it seems to him, much unnecessary pain. He has hurt when he meant to heal. It was so terribly easy to give the wrong kind of remedy, or at the wrong moment—to pour corrosive on a wound instead of balm. How often his very anxiety made his hand shake, when all depended on a steady hand! How often he proved himself the kind of friend from whom men pray the gods to save them!

He has tried too often, he suspects, to fly his own especial flag over the wounded man—to annex his per-

sonality, as a gold-digger "pegs out a claim," to impose upon him his own law of conduct and of spiritual growth. He has exerted an unconscious tyranny, and provoked anarchy. He has demanded some particular response, of gratitude or of character, and roused instead the subtle antagonism that is the protest of the human soul against coercion—an antagonism as inevitable as the repulsion of one electric current by another flowing in an opposite direction. He meant well. There is a story many of us read in childhood with a keen sense of injustice, of a king who put out his hand to protect—not injure—a holy thing, and of his punishment. It is the story of blind, undisciplined goodwill, that profanes the Holy of Holies, and in itself is sacrilege. And the sincere Good Samaritan learns the lesson in due time. He learns that there are wounds which only God can heal, bitterness with which human love may not intermeddle.

Once, he thought himself hardly treated, if the wounded man flung the oil and wine in his face, or, more frequently, accepted both, and hated the giver. Now he begins to see that only a great love can receive, as it gives, ungrudgingly, that constant receiving, without giving, often ends in either degradation or resentment, and that no worthy human being cares to be a mere beneficiary, even of God. He learns to make allowances for wounded folk who at the first are full of gratitude, but, later on, grow querulous, and criticise not only the oil and the wine and the inn, but every weak spot of the man who came to their help. He learns that not only generosity and goodwill, but patience, self-repression, tact, and the persistent effort to realise the standpoint of another, go to the making of a Good Samaritan.

He learns, perhaps, through painful blundering, to give his help subtly and unsuspectedly, and measure his oil and wine by troy weight, not only by avoirdupois, and he divines the power of some fine quintessence, volatile, impalpable, that hardly makes the finest balance quiver, and yet is life-giving. He learns that every visible gift is either betrayed or redeemed by the invisible spirit that prompts it. He learns to draw his cup of cold water from deeper and purer springs, unsullied by tumult, or scorn, or exaction; and he relies more fully on those unseen forces that can neither affront nor degrade.

He ceases to hunger after recognition, but believes in it more. He knows that below all cross-currents of misunderstanding and ignorance, of temperament and time—below all errors on either side, below the hate that springs from secret shame or secret pain, below blind, exacting affection—deep answers deep in the hearts of men, and that when injuries and blunders are forgotten, the memory of goodwill remains—striking its roots into our spiritual, immortal part.

And he believes in his inmost heart that, when all is said and done, the supreme mistake is to think that the other side is the safer. The only side that is really safe is the side of the wounded man, the side of need and suffering. Some of us think that self is at least safe—a kind of *terra firma*. But self is the ultimate quicksand—the deadliest risk of all.

THE CLOSE OF NOVEMBER.

"November's sky," says the poet, "is chill and drear"; but, barring rain, it is really not so bad a month, if you can spend it in the country. November mists have many beauties and few terrors, provided the smoke of a town does not turn them into fogs.

The latter half of the month is the real doorway of winter. The last leaves blaze into color and fall. The last garden flowers are frost-bitten. The last loitering summer birds disappear; the last autumn songs of the robin die away; the first large flocks of the winter visitors—the field-fares and redwings—scour the meadows. The last bats flit about at dusk after ghostly gnats and small brown moths. Between forenoon mists and an early sunset the hours of daylight are short. Yet when the sun triumphs, its very weakness lends a curious pathos to the beauty of the visible world. Sunlight in October on the fiery copper of the beech leaves and the many-colored foliage—purple dogwood, pink spindleberry, green and yellow hazel, saffron maple, all of them jewelled with scarlet hips and haws in the October hedges—spreads before the eye such a banquet of color, such an intoxication of the senses, that save in the garden the pinch of approaching winter is constantly forgotten. Not so now, when many trees—the chestnuts and maples, for instance—are as leafless as so much dead timber. Only the oaks and elms are left to respond to a sun-burst, the oaks with very pale copper, the elms with palest gold. This, and not October, is the autumn of Lamartine's famous stanza:—

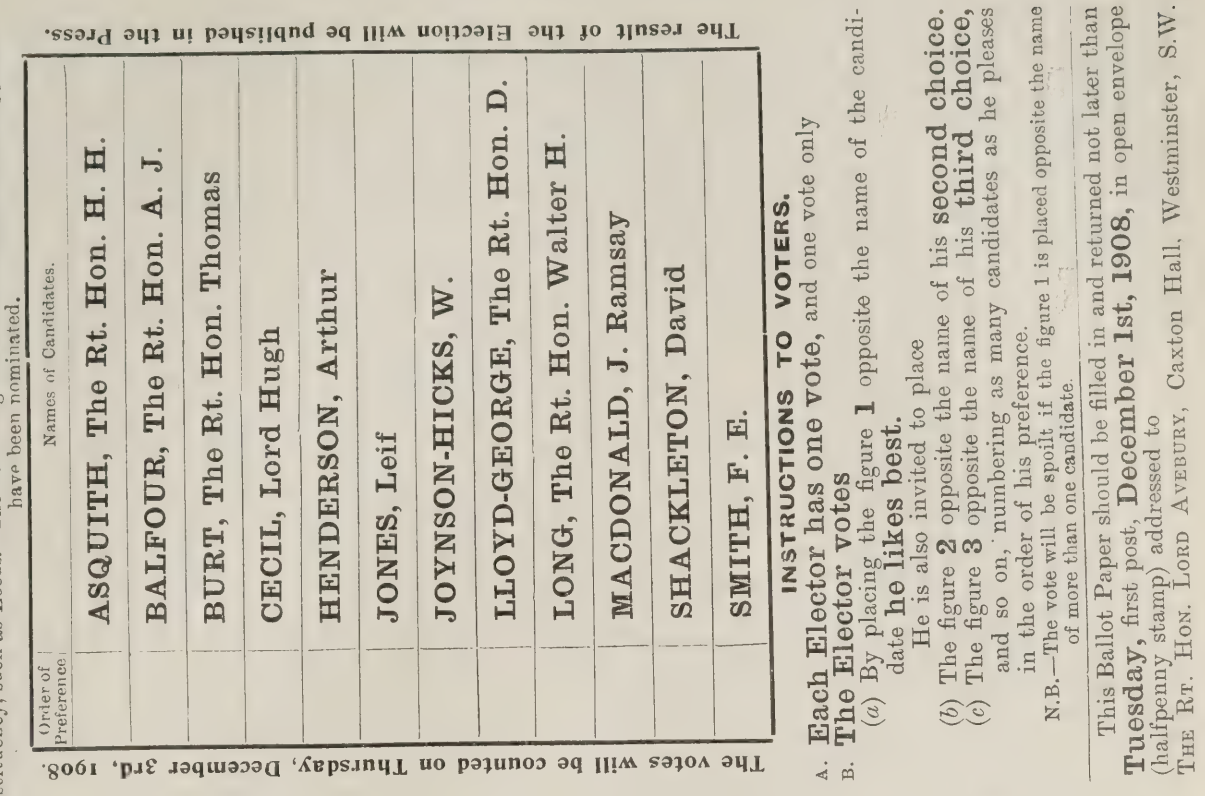
> "Oui, dans ces jours d'automne où la nature expire,
> A ses regards voilés je trouve plus d'attraits;
> C'est l'adieu d'un ami, c'est le dernier sourire
> Des levres que la mort va fermer pour jamais."

In unexposed cottage gardens a few frosted hollyhocks and chrysanthemums linger, but the dahlias are all gone. The ranker herbage of the roadside is dead also, and among its tall skeletons the well-hidden nests of last summer's whitethroats and yellow-hammers come to light. Yet in the South, in sheltered nooks and ditches, stray blossoms of red campion and red nettle still peep, and a flowering white nettle is common. Daisy-plants in the cow-pastures lie as flat and close to the earth as they would on a shaven and rolled lawn; their attitude is a plant's way of keeping warm, and it will be imitated as winter advances by nearly every wild green thing that dares remain above ground. A few dandelions and a few buttercups (of a special kind) are the only yellow flowers left.

Birds are exceptionally silent. The robin's song, so conspicuous in September and October, ends with the latter month. The thrushes interpolate a few weeks of song a little later; they begin about the beginning of December and finish before Christmas. At present we have only call-cries, and few of them. Flocks of finches feed on the stubble in silence. Flocks of starlings have little to say to each other till half-past three, when they begin manœuvring for a roosting-place. In the hedges all one hears are wrens, with their trilling pipe a little ghostly and cricket-like, especially after sundown. The unvarying caw of the rook sounds particularly friendly at this season.

Keats made a very bad (and rather characteristic) mistake when, in cataloguing the songs of autumn, he said, "Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn." Throughout the autumn the impressive thing about the gnats is their absolute silence, contrasted with the restless and seemingly aimless fever of their motion to and fro in the air. Rossetti's simile, of the far worlds as seen in infinity spinning "like a fretful midge," shows him to have felt what Keats missed. Strange beings, these gnats—"bloodless, fleshless, boneless," as the Greeks said—surviving till the end of November, when the bees and wasps and bumble-bees, and the big beetles and the blue-bottles, and all the full-bodied monarchs of the winged insect world have either perished or gone to hibernate. It is the same with lepidoptera: the red admirals and painted ladies, the tiger-moths and hawk-moths, are all gone; but over the dead leaves under the hedgerows a swarm of unsubstantial brown and grey moths, much like clothes-moths, flutters in ghostly fashion after sunset. A short day in the country means short labor; you cannot shoot or hunt, or plough or harrow, after half-past four. The winter months that set in now would give the countryman his chief chance of festivity and also of self-culture, if either festivities or any kind of intellectual pursuits played a real part in the life of our villages. Unfortunately, they still do not; the old winter-evening joys, which are so distinctive a part of any Northern nation's heritage, are long dead and buried, and the very memorials of them hard to find. The efforts of a sensible individual here or there to resurrect or replace them do not touch the mass. And so every November the townward impulse is felt in the villages with a fresh intensity—so felt that even the known prevalence of urban unemployment at a time like the present avails little to arrest it.

A Voting Experiment.



Proportional Representation Election, 1908

BALLOT PAPER.

PLEASE VOTE.

In this Illustrative Election FIVE members are to be elected for a single constituency, such as Leeds. The following TWELVE candidates are supposed to have been nominated.

The result of the Election will be published in the Press.

Order of Preference.	Names of Candidates.
	ASQUITH, The Rt. Hon. H. H.
	BALFOUR, The Rt. Hon. A. J.
	BURT, The Rt. Hon. Thomas
	CECIL, Lord Hugh
	HENDERSON, Arthur
	JONES, Leif
	JOYNSON-HICKS, W.
	LLOYD-GEORGE, The Rt. Hon. D.
	LONG, The Rt. Hon. Walter H.
	MACDONALD, J. Ramsay
	SHACKLETON, David
	SMITH, F. E.

The votes will be counted on Thursday, December 3rd, 1908.

INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

A. **Each Elector has one vote,** and one vote only

B. **The Elector votes**

(*a*) By placing the figure **1** opposite the name of the candidate **he likes best.**
He is also invited to place

(*b*) The figure **2** opposite the name of his **second choice.**

(*c*) The figure **3** opposite the name of his **third choice,** and so on, numbering as many candidates as he pleases in the order of his preference.

N.B.—The vote will be spoilt if the figure 1 is placed opposite the name of more than one candidate.

This Ballot Paper should be filled in and returned not later than **Tuesday,** first post, **December 1st, 1908,** in open envelope (halfpenny stamp) addressed to
THE RT. HON. LORD AVEBURY, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.

I AM permitted by the Editor of THE NATION to invite its readers to fill up the voting paper printed above and to send it not later than Tuesday next, first post, addressed to Lord Avebury, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W. The papers thus sent in through THE NATION and other channels will be counted as stated in the margin on Thursday evening, the 4th, in the presence of representatives of the Press, M.P.'s, and others interested in the subject.

It will be remembered that an election like the present was held under the auspices of the Proportional Representation Society two years ago, and about 12,400 papers were returned. The practicability of our proposals of voting was then proved in a remarkable manner. The spoilt voting papers were extremely few, the counting, sorting, distributing, and transfers were all executed with accuracy and despatch in little more than four hours by a small band of volunteer friends. We are confident the election now started will be an even greater success. We expect a larger number of votes; and, indeed, our modest machinery will probably be severely taxed by the extension of our work. Nothing is, however, more instructive than the experience of such an election. Processes which are difficult to follow when explained beforehand in words become simple and intelligible when transacted before our eyes. This was our experience in 1906. It was repeated in the next year when the Municipal Representation Bill, which I had the honor of introducing into the House of Lords, was read there a second time and referred to a Select Committee. The details of the Bill, the whole scheme of operation of Proportional Representation through the Single Transferable Vote was explained to the Committee; but a fortunate incident—the election whilst the Committee was still sitting of a Medical Council by the process—gave the members of the Committee an opportunity of seeing the plan at work and no doubt helped them to arrive, as they did, at a unanimous conclusion that it was practicable. Voters could be trusted to do the voting, and returning officers could be found to preside over and direct the subsequent stages of counting and distribution.

I shall not weary the readers of THE NATION with a labored proof of the ease of the voters' work. Here are twelve names of candidates of different parties and sections of party, and the voter is asked to look through the names and determine which of them he would soonest have as his member, and then put the figure 1 opposite the name of this chosen person. This is all he need do; but he is recommended to go further and put the figure 2 against the man of his second choice, 3 against the third, and so on as far as he cares to discriminate between the candidates. This is done so that if his vote is not wanted or cannot be used by the man of his first choice, it may, in accordance with his expressed wish, be passed on to his second choice, or, if necessary, to a further choice, and so saved from being wasted. Now is this a difficult task? In an actual election the Parliamentary voter will have plenty of advice and instruction beforehand as to the marking of his paper; but they would be generally wholly unnecessary, and he would be entirely independent of them. But why argue abstractedly as to the difficulties of the voter? If the experience of our illustrative elections do not prove them to be imaginary, we may refer to the elections of Tasmania conducted on precisely the same plan with complete success. Still more striking is the testimony of Continental experience. The methods of elections preferred in Switzerland, in Belgium, Wurtemburg and Finland are much more complex than that we propose; yet they are worked with perfect ease and accuracy, and it can scarcely be said that the peasants, artisans, and laborers of all these countries are of higher political intelligence than the voters of the United Kingdom.

Objectors may say that the difficulty is not in the voting, but in the counting and distributing. Something is gained if we advance so far as this, and I think when a fortnight hence I may be privileged to print in THE NATION an analysis and explanation of the several steps of sorting, counting and distributing, it will be seen that this work under Proportional Representation is no more difficult for the Returning Officer of the usual standard than the work of voting is for the voter. Meanwhile I may refer as in the case of voting to what has already happened here and on the Continent as proving that there are no difficulties in the work of the Returning Officer which cannot be got over. I will add my conviction that this work can be explained to any man

of ordinary intelligence who desires to understand it, so as to convince him that it is at once well ordered and just. The final questions whether it is worth while to get a representation in the great Council of the Nation of all strains of opinion entertained by an adequate number of citizens; whether it is worth while to bring into direct and vital connection with the governing Assembly of the Nation all diversities of voters, thus quickening the political life that now too often slumbers through half our communities; whether, in a word, representation should be real, and Democracy an expression for the living union and co-working of all classes—these are questions over which the student of the history and movement of Liberalism may be invited to muse.

COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

Present-Day Problems.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

OF those who are interested in the small holdings movement and have watched for eleven months the administration of the Act, there is probably no one but Lord Carrington himself who is really satisfied with the progress that has been made. It is now more than a year since the Act was passed, the fruit of long agitation, the centre of great hopes, the first and not the least important step in the Government's policy of land reform.

The welcome which the Act received is now well known. Even to the most ardent supporters it came at first as something of a surprise. Men who had waited for more than thirty years for a measure of this kind, who remembered the promise and then the fiasco of the Act of '92, believed that at last their hopes were to be fulfilled. In every country village eager audiences, without distinction of politics, would crowd to hear the provisions of the new Act explained. Within a few months of its coming into operation more than 23,000 applications had been made to the county councils; and of these more than half, after a searching and sometimes harsh investigation, were passed and approved as suitable. To anyone who knows our rural population, with its extreme caution, its reluctance to come forward, its apprehension of dangers both real and imaginary, these figures alone are remarkable enough, and they represent but a part of the whole demand. For every man approved by the Councils as suitable, there were probably two others, no less suitable, waiting to see how the first applicants fared. Here, indeed, was material for a Government pledged to rural reconstruction and reform. But at present, beyond these preliminary investigations, little or nothing has actually been done. Of the total number of "approved" applicants, only some five per cent. have obtained any land. Of the land which is estimated by the County Councils to be required to meet the "approved" demand, only some eight per cent. has been "arranged for." For more than 11,000 applicants who have gone through the process of getting themselves approved as suitable—with all the trouble and sometimes the risk which that involves—there is still no definite hope of land, and no assurance given them in express terms by the Government that their application will eventually be met. The Act still remains a powerful instrument for reform, but one that under the present feeble administration is fast losing its credit and its force.

To throw blame on the County Councils for this state of things, as many critics seem inclined to do, is as futile as it is generally unjust. If some Councils have been indifferent, others have done excellent work. With great public spirit, at considerable labor, they have set themselves to exercise, to the best of their ability, the powers conferred on them by the Act. Even where Councils have been notoriously hostile, they are at least entitled to urge that it was not by their consent or desire that these onerous duties were laid upon them. If County Councils had been consulted, the Act would have been a different one; it is possible that there would have been no Act at all. The really important thing to know is not what this or that Council may be saying or doing, or failing to do, but what the Government, who passed the Act, are doing to administer it, and to ensure its ultimate success. That Lord Carrington is optimistic; that he has for long taken an interest in this movement; that he has divided a great part of his own land into small holdings and allotments, with excellent results to himself and his tenants, the whole country is by now well aware. Nothing but his great popularity and influence could have postponed effective criticism so long. But Lord Carrington himself would be the first to admit that even his influence and his experience do not suffice to excuse the Department over which he presides from administering vigorously and according to its obvious intention the measure which Parliament passed.

What, then, is the charge that is being made, both in the House of Commons and in the country, against the Commissioners and the Board of Agriculture? It is not merely a charge of procrastination and delay. It is that the Board, in the policy which they have adopted, are misinterpreting and defeating the whole spirit of the Act; and that the Commissioners have not even begun to carry out some of the plain duties laid upon them. For this is, in fact, a highly centralised measure; it is with the Commissioners and not with the Councils that the primary responsibility rests; and when Lord Carrington tells us, as he not infrequently does, that the Commissioners cannot take any action until the Councils have had their opportunity, and that due time must first be allowed to see what they will do, he is making an assumption for which there is no sort of foundation in the Act. On the contrary, the duties of the Commissioners are definite and immediate. It is the Commissioners who are to "ascertain the extent to which there is a demand for small holdings in the several counties," and how it is to be satisfied, conferring for this purpose not merely with the County Councils, but "with such other authorities, associations, and persons as they think best qualified to assist them." The Commissioners, having acquired their information, are to report it to the Board, stating whether in their opinion it is desirable that "a scheme" should be made, and indicating "the nature of the proposals . . . to be embodied in the scheme." The Board, if they approve, are to forward this report to the County Council, whose duty it then becomes "to prepare one or more draft schemes" on the lines laid down by the Commissioners; and if "within six months after receiving the report" the Council fails to prepare the necessary schemes, the Commissioners are themselves to prepare and, if necessary, carry out a scheme.

That is, in outline, the procedure of the Act, and so far at least as the Commissioners are concerned, there is nothing to indicate that it may be varied or postponed upon any consideration whatever.

And yet all these elaborate provisions with which most of the first five clauses are occupied, have hitherto been absolutely disregarded. It is the County Councils, and not the Commissioners who have "ascertained" the demand, so far as it has yet been ascertained; and the Commissioners have been content to accept the figures which the various Councils from time to time have sent up to them. The demand has been "ascertained" in the most various ways. Different standards have been imposed: different methods of investigation adopted. In some counties 80 per cent. of the applicants have been approved; in others, 80 per cent. have been rejected. In many cases, as the Commissioners in their report admit, "too narrow a view" has been taken; and whole classes of applicants have been quite improperly "ruled out." But, except in cases of specific complaint, the Commissioners have declined to intervene; and are unwilling even to ask for a statement of the reasons for rejection. From some of the counties, no information is yet available; while in the case of other counties, we are told, that the inquiries are not yet completed. But even in these cases

the Commissioners, whose duty it is to "ascertain the extent to which there is a demand for land," have apparently taken no steps to make good the deficiency.

Having thus failed to carry out what was apparently their first duty, the rest, of course, follows by default. With no complete particulars as to the demand, it becomes practically impossible for the Commissioners to make any report to the Board as to whether a scheme is required in any particular locality, and the proposals which ought to be embodied in it; to indicate whether cottages ought to be built, or grazing rights attached. This, too, like the ascertaining of the demand, has therefore been left entirely to the Councils. In spite of delay and criticism and discontent, no single case has yet occurred in which the Commissioners have furnished to the Board, and the Board have forwarded to the County Council, such a report as is contemplated in section 3 (1) of the Act. Unless the County Councils are ready to take action, the operation of the Act in most localities may still be indefinitely delayed. The Commissioners have, in fact, become little more than a kind of outside branch of the Local Government Board, ready to consider and approve such schemes as they receive, and to stimulate from time to time by circular and advice the local authorities concerned. The very idea that they have independent duties to perform and are ultimately responsible, with the Board of Agriculture, for the success or failure of this measure, seems already to be almost forgotten. To those of us who remember the hopes with which the Act was passed, who know how warmly the idea of this Commission was welcomed, and how many of the applications were made on the faith of its existence, it is indeed a pitiable result.

It would be impossible, of course, now to make up entirely for the ground which has thus been lost. The opponents of the Act, who were silent at first, have been only too ready to take advantage of the delay, and everywhere comes the report of discouragement and doubt. The Government have missed an opportunity which will not again recur. But one or two obvious suggestions may be made to remedy the present disappointment. (1) The Government should strengthen at once the *personnel* of the Commission, which, with its two Commissioners and four or five inspectors, is clearly unequal, on any interpretation of the Act, to deal with the work which it has to do. (2) The Commissioners should be asked to make up at once, as they ought to have done from the first, a complete register of all approved applications, arranged according to counties and parishes, with date of application, amount of land applied for, &c., so that the Commissioners may know where schemes are most required, and the applicants may have some assurance from the Government that their applications will in time be dealt with. (3) The Commissioners should obtain the names of all rejected applicants, with the reason for rejection, and make, wherever necessary, new and independent inquiries, so as to give those who have been unfairly rejected another chance. (4) The Commissioners should at once make a report to the Board upon all localities from which there is a demand, unless a scheme has already been prepared; and the Board should forward these reports to the various Councils, so that a time limit may be set. By such simple methods as these, by communicating more with individual applicants, and by themselves taking the lead in inquiry and report, the Board and their Commissioners might become a little less popular with some of the County Councils than they are at present, but they would at least be doing something to administer the Act in the spirit in which it was passed.

PHILIP MORRELL.

The Drama.

A HARDY ANNUAL.

I HAVE considerable confidence in predicting success for "Grit," the new play at the Kingsway Theatre. It has succeeded so often before, that there seems to be no good reason why it should not succeed again. The first-night audience, at any rate, was faithful to a favorite old theme, and applauded without stint. If other audiences fail to "play up," managers may indeed wonder what the world is coming to.

For my own part, I have never felt any enthusiasm for the theme. In the good old "Lady of Lyons" it was decked in trappings of romantic absurdity, which somehow harmonised with it. One could hear in it a far-off echo of Revolutionary rodomontade. The social aspect of the matter was emphasised, and the satire on middle-class snobbery was crudely effective. The personal aspect, on the other hand—the unfulfilment of the nominal marriage—was lightly and discreetly handled, according to early-Victorian convention. In later years, "The Ironmaster," by M. Georges Ohnet, has been inexhaustibly popular with a certain class of audiences, both in France and England; and it is this play which Mr. Herman Chilton's effort most closely resembles. In America the theme has been touched with local color by Mr. William Vaughn Moody in "The Great Divide"—again a vastly successful production. Mr. Chilton's play is, to my thinking, better than either of these, inasmuch as it is more brightly and less pretentiously handled. But it belongs to no higher order of art, and it emphasises, in a way which I find disagreeable, that aspect of the situation which early-Victorian prudery skimmed over. I am no admirer of early-Victorian prudery; but I have an uneasy suspicion that the attractiveness of this situation for latter-day audiences lies in its appeal to a sort of virtuous and respectable pruriency which is even less sympathetic.

Monsieur Ohnet's treatment of the theme was the simplest and most straightforward. His noble heroine quite frankly married her plebeian ironmaster for his money, without more ado. Pauline Deschapelles, as we all remember, was tricked into marrying Claude Melnotte, who was palmed off on her as the Prince of Como. The heroine of "The Great Divide" marries her frontier ruffian at the pistol's point, so to speak, in order to save herself from outrage at the hands of his villainous companions. Mr. Chilton has complicated the theme by means of a variation of that oldest of old devices—an eccentric will. His heroine, Erith Winter, has always looked forward to inheriting the wealth of her godfather, Sir Thomas Ransome; and her impecunious family has lived on this expectation. But when Sir Thomas dies, it is found that he has left his property in equal shares to Erith and to a Scotch carpenter who once saved his life, Jim Barr by name; and that neither of them is to have a halfpenny of the money unless they marry each other. Whether such a will is possible in law, the lawyers may decide. In any case, it is grotesquely improbable; and one does not at first see why the author should thus wantonly have departed from the chaste simplicity of M. Ohnet's version of the story. His reason becomes apparent at the close, when the discovery of another and later will leads up to a fairly ingenious and effective conclusion. The machinery, however, is of no great moment. As Jim Barr says in the play, "There's worse and there's better—a sight." The essential point to be considered is whether, granted his machinery, Mr. Chilton has given us anything true and subtle in character-study, or new and striking in dramatic effect. To both these questions, unfortunately, the answer must be in the negative—emphatically so in the former case, with more qualification in the latter.

There was a moment in the first act when I conceived hopes of something original to come. It was when the lawyer, reporting his investigations into the character of Mr. Barr, announced that he was a Socialist. There seemed to be opportunities in the idea of a working-class Socialist suddenly endowed with wealth and placed in an environment of narrow-minded and snobbish conservatism. One foresaw, indeed, the possibility of cheap and thoughtless "satire," founded on the notion that a Socialist is vowed to personal poverty, or is bound to go out and divide all his belongings with the first person that he meets in the street. There was danger of some such silliness as this; but there was also the possibility of some really thoughtful development of the situation. The hope and the fear were alike groundless. Mr.

James Barr is no more a Socialist than he is a carpenter. He is simply and solely a hero of romance; to that profession he devotes all his energies. He does not even exhibit any unusual share of that "grit" which the title promises us. There was, indeed, one passage in the second act where it almost seemed as though he might develop some character—the passage where he confessed that he had been actuated by a craving for money and for the power it confers. But how he exercises that power we are never to learn. The only thing that interests the author, and is supposed to interest the audience, is the question whether, or rather when, the "white marriage" is to become a common or variegated one. But that question does not stir in me even the most languid curiosity. I have perfect confidence that the barriers will fall about 11 p.m., at the end of the fourth act; and, in the absence of character-study, my only interest is a purely technical one, in the devices by which the author first staves off, and then brings on, the inevitable conclusion.

But if the hero is not a character, either gritty or gruelly, perhaps the heroine has more of human nature in her composition? At any rate, she is not an ideal personage—no one can say that of her. But still less is she a living woman. She has always the character required by a given situation, but never anything more. There would have been a certain interest in tracing her gradual acquisition of such insight and intelligence as should enable her to recognise the genuine human worth of her husband. But the author shows us no such gradual process. He devotes his whole second act to an unpleasant and unnecessary portrayal of the tremors and terrors of her marriage day—unnecessary, inasmuch as Mr. Barr has, in the first act, clearly announced the perfect nobility of his intentions. Then, in the third act, after six months of "white marriage," and on the very evening of her final surrender, she behaves to her husband with a silly petulance, a shrewish extravagance of unreason, which shows that time has had no ripening effect on her nature. It is not a gradual development but a sudden revulsion that the author chooses to present to us. He shows, as I have said, some ingenuity in the arrangement of his incidents; but he gives no adequate account of her change of heart between the moment when she flings the word "Plebian!" in her husband's face, and the moment, two hours later, when she falls into his arms.

I am far from wishing to depreciate the talent of Mr. Herman Chilton. He is not the least promising of the new authors whom Miss Ashwell has such a happy knack of discovering. He writes well, and in many incidents and details he shows a real sense of drama. For a first play, "Grit" is quite remarkable. Mr. Chilton evidently possesses in a high degree the intelligence of the theatre. It now remains that he should show some insight into character and some knowledge of life.

He has provided Miss Ashwell with a part which she can play to perfection, though not one which displays the highest qualities of her talent. There is no great passion in the character—the emotions through which she passes are of a chilly and negative order, fear, repulsion, and anger predominating. Miss Ashwell is capable of expressing much deeper things; but these she expresses with a quiet intensity which is quite admirable. Mr. Norman McKinnell is excellent as Jim Barr, and Mr. C. M. Hallard is good in a part of a rather stereotyped order—the lover of her own class whose mission it is to open the heroine's eyes to the defects of that class. In "The Ironmaster" he is called the Duc de Bligny, or, more commonly, the Dook de Bleeny; here his name is (as it naturally would be) Dick Travers. Mr. Denis Eadie and Miss Kate Rorke are condemned to small and very colorless parts. On the other hand, the success of the evening was scored by two little girls, Miss Mercia Vaucelle and Miss Olivia, in two well-imagined scenes which they played delightfully.

Miss Ashwell has adopted the excellent habit of printing on her playbill a little preface to her current production. The prologue of our grandfathers was an idle convention which no one would wish to see revived; and the first-night speech is open to manifold objections. But there is no reason why a manager should remain quite inarticulate, and never explain to the public his (or her) motives and intentions. In her present address Miss Ashwell states that "Grit" is produced in pursuance of her "avowed policy of following a drama of serious interest with one of a lighter or more romantic order." Long may it be before a successor to "Grit" is required; but when it is, I hope Miss Ashwell will be true to the promise implied in her statement of policy.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Communications.

MORE MESSAGES FROM MYERS.*

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There never was a riddle without an author, and it is by a method analogous to riddles that the inquiry into the survival of death is being worked. F. W. H. Myers, with the assistance of Richard Hodgson and "George Pelham," is being invited to give pieces of a puzzle, which take the form of allusions difficult to understand or connect, which are afterwards seen to proceed from some mind which has decided on the allusions, or set the riddle. These broken allusions—suggestive only as a riddle is suggestive—are made to come through Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, and Miss Verrall, and the significance of all of them is entirely unknown to, and sedulously concealed from, the mediums whose hands produce them. It will be more interesting, if the reader will follow me, to begin with the riddle rather than the solution, and to propound apparently incomprehensible matter.

On January 23rd, 1907, Mrs. Verrall, at Cambridge, wrote: "Justice holds the scales. That gives the words but an anagram would be better. Tell him that—rats, star, tars, and so on. Try this. It has been tried before. rtats. Rearrange these five letters, or again tears, stare; seam, same, and so on. Skeat, takes, Kate's, Keats, stake, steak. But the letters you should give to-night are not so many—only three, a s t."

Her next script was on January 28th, as follows: "Aster (star). Τερας (wonder or sign). The world's wonder. And all a wonder and a wild desire. The very wings of her—a winged desire. Ὑπόπτερος ἔρως (winged love). Then there is Blake and mocked my loss of liberty. But it is all the same thing—the winged desire—ἐρως ποθεινος (passion). The hope that leaves the earth for the sky—Abt Vloger. For earth too hard that found itself, or lost itself—in the sky. That is what I want. On the earth the broken sounds, threads. In the sky the perfect arc. The ∪ major of this life. But your recollection is at fault."

After this comes a diagram of a triangle inside a circle, followed by another circle, centre O, containing a triangle ABC above the centre, and the letter D on the arc below, followed by the words: "ADB is the part that unseen completes the arc."

The play on the word "star" occurs to one first, and it is done in the manner of an anagram, of which sport Richard Hodgson was a devotee, and among his manuscripts a scrap of paper, one among hundreds, has turned up on which the four-letter anagram, star, tars, rats, arts, occurs, and on the same sheet the anagram tears, stare, rates, tares, aster.

Mr. Piddington, when he read Mrs. Verrall's script, had a faint notion that he had seen the "rats" anagram among Hodgson's scraps. He sent over to Boston and got that and a number of other anagrams back which he did not remember. The "Keats" anagram is one which Mr. Myers and friends of his once made. The occurrence of the word "star" seems to have set Hodgson off on his old anagram hunting. The connection between aster and τερας is not only that of an anagram, but they have a connection in meaning, for τερας means particularly a wonder or sign in the sky, and its plural form in epic Greek means the heavenly bodies. It is thought that there may even be an etymological connection also. All this comes from the mind—or minds—of a classic and a maker of anagrams. The reader will perhaps keep the words "scales" and the words "rats" in his mind for future allusions.

* "Proc. S.P.R." Part LVII. Report by Mr. Piddington. Maclehose. 10s. net.

And now we come to the quotations from Browning. "And all a wonder and a wild desire" is the line in "The Ring and the Book" at the end of the first division of the poem, which follows the famous line, "O lyric love, half angel and half bird." The reader will kindly note the word "bird," for it follows on to speak of "wings" and "winged love" in Greek, which leads the thinker on to a quotation from Blake's poem, "The Prince of Love" — ἐρως — who mocks at the lover's loss of liberty.

And now we come to a large dose of allusions to, or loose quotations from, "Abt Vogler." The script says "The hope that leaves the earth for the sky"; the original has it, "The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky." There is also an echo of the line, "As the earth had done her best, in my passion to scale the sky." We have thus in this passage a plentiful dwelling upon "star" and upon Browning, with the intrusion of the word "hope," and sundry allusions to the word "bird." The diagram of the triangle in the circle was one which had been agreed upon between the Myers *of Mrs. Piper* and the experimenter as a sort of sign manual that he should put at the end of any cross correspondences which he attempted, so that they might be clearly identified as connected with one another. This, therefore, is a successful cross correspondence, and it caused Myers to make playfully a second diagram showing "in the sky the perfect arc." Nothing could be happier—and we will add more brainy or more characteristics of Myers—than this little touch in Mrs. Verrall's script.

But the reader wants the key to the riddle, which I am, however, not yet ready to give him. We now turn to Miss Verrall, who in entire ignorance of all that the reader knows, wrote on February 3rd a script, part of which I give: "A green jerkin and hose and doublet where the song birds pipe their tunes in the early morning. Therapeutikos ek exotikon (a healer from aliens). The crescent moon, remember that, and the star. Bird." There were then added pictures of a crescent moon, and of a star, and of a bird.

A few days later Miss Verrall was told in general terms by her mother something of what she herself had written, but in imaginary words for the original ones, and in no detail, except that there had been a five-letter anagram in it. Miss Verrall wrote on the 17th of February, when away from home, some more script, which included a diagram of a star, and proceeded: "That was the sign, she will understand when she sees it. Diapason δια πασων ρυθμος (rhythm through all). No arts avail. The heavenly harmony ως εφη οπλατων (as Plato says) (*sic*). The mystic three (?) And a star above it all. Rats everywhere in Hamelin town. Now do you understand?"

Here we have once more references to star, to rats, and to Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," by a reference to which with great ingenuity Browning is connected with the four letters which make either star or rats. The words "Now do you understand?" after the plain allusion to the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" seem to imply that she might have understood it before, from the passage beginning "a green jerkin and hose and doublet" in her script of February 3rd, where the piper is described by his dress, by his piping, and as a healer from foreign parts. We also have "bird," again, and I suggest an allusion to "hope" in the "mystic three" of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Mr. Piddington, however, is not responsible for this. We also have the word "arts" again, and perhaps the reader will try to keep in mind the words "rhythm through all." The rhythm which comes through all probably refers for one thing to the concordance observable when all three mediums combine. The word "all" is feminine in the Greek, and the three mediums were all women. We have here, at any rate, voluminous reference to "star" and Browning, and possibly an allusion to 'hope.' We have also once more play with the four-letter anagram of Dr. Hodgson's. The crescent moon may also suggest hope. (Here again I venture beyond even the ingenuity of Mr. Piddington.)

We now reach the final clinching of the puzzle. On February 11th, through an entirely different medium, Mrs. Piper, at a sitting held at the Society's rooms in London, Myers gave the following: "Did Mrs. Verrall receive the word Evangelical? I referred also to Browning again. I referred to 'hope' and Browning. I also said 'Star.' Meanwhile look out for 'Hope,' 'Star,' and Browning."

It will not be cause for surprise that Mr. Piddington eagerly looked for these ideas through the scripts which had been given to Mrs. and Miss Verrall, whose key was now before him. The cross correspondence was proved.

Another puzzle, which ultimately only confirms the ingenuity of it all, is to be found in the word "Evangelical." On the 6th of March "George Pelham," who was co-operating with Myers and Hodgson, explains through Mrs. Piper to Mr. Piddington that Myers tried to give the name "Evelyn Hope" to Mrs. Verrall. He continues: "It was very stupid of Rector I must say [to write Evangelical for Evelyn], as both Hodgson and Myers kept repeating it over and over again to him." Rector is the amanuensis who works Mrs. Piper's hand, and through whom the messages from Myers often have to come. Rector performed the same office for the Rev. W. Stainton Moses many years ago. Here we have another ingenious double allusion to Browning and Hope, meeting in Browning's poem "Evelyn Hope."

Where, now, did the whole thing come from? Why should Hope, Star, and Browning form the materials of cross correspondence at all? The fact is that in the previous December a Latin message had been sent to Myers through Mrs. Piper to the following effect: "We are aware of the scheme of cross-correspondences which you are transmitting through various mediums; and we hope that you will go on with them. Try also to give to A and B two different messages, between which no connection is discernible. Then as soon as possible give to C a third message which will reveal the hidden connection."

This was translated by Dr. Verrall into somewhat difficult classical Latin as follows: "Diversis internuntiis quod invicem inter se respondentia jamdudum committis, id nec fallit nos consilium, et vehementer probamus. Unum accesserit gratissimum nobis, si, cum duobus quibusdam ea tradideris, inter quae nullus appareat nexus, postea quam primum rem per tertium aliquem ita perficias, ut latens illud in prioribus explicetur." The Latin was with the greatest labor and difficulty transmitted letter by letter, and syllable by syllable, through Mrs. Piper's hand to Rector. Neither Mrs. Piper nor Rector know any Latin, but it was hoped that Myers would be able, if he still retained his classical knowledge, to understand the passage and act upon it. It contained a request to work a complex and intricate correspondence through three mediums, and to make beautiful sense out of the three. Myers replied that he understood and would act upon it. The sequel shows that there came to his recollection that strong stanza in "Abt Vogler," where three meaningless sounds are said to be made into a star. As Mr. Piddington remarks, there could hardly have been found in the whole of English literature a passage more exactly describing the process by which the union of three meaningless utterances made a meaning. The stanza is as follows:—

> "But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
> Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!
> And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
> That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
> Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
> It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
> Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:
> And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

This poem, again, is full of hope, and set Myers off on Browning and Star; Browning led on to "Evelyn Hope" and "My Star," and the key to the riddle is before us. A more direct, elaborate, and appropriate answer to the Latin message could not have been found.

To add a few details: The word "scale" appears again in Mrs. Verrall's "Justice holds the scales." 'τερας' which we have had before, is described in Liddell and Scott as "any appearance or event in which men believe they could see the finger of God." Another perhaps too ingenious thought is that the δια πασων ρυθμος (the rhythm through all) may echo "Each tone of our scale is everywhere in the world."

To make the story of evidence complete, Myers directly stated later through Mrs. Piper that he had selected the Hope, Star, and Browning allusion as an intentional response to the Latin message, an example of

what it asked for; and that he had made the allusion to "bird" with the same object. The connection of "bird" with Browning is suggested by Mr. Piddington as leading on naturally from the allusion "O lyric love, half angel and half bird," which precedes the line "and all a wonder and a wild desire." It might also, however, have been suggested from the poem "My Star," which contains the words, "Then it stops like a bird." It is quite in keeping with the wandering, dreamy character of these utterances that the communicating mind should thus glide from thought to thought. Myers explains also that he had taken great pains. "I never tried with greater patience than I did over those three words." A confirmation from George Pelham tells that he had also intended to bring in "Andrea del Sarto" among the Browning poems. George Pelham also said that he wished to bring in Browning's "My Star." Later also came large allusions to "Rabbi Ben Ezra," with its "figured flame which blends transcends them all" (again a most appropriate idea); to "Saul" (where the words "as star follows star" occurs); and to "La Saisiaz." These were all by-play.

But the persistent questioning of Mr. Piddington and Mrs. Sidgwick drew from Myers the fullest statements in corroboration of the sequence of thought indicated above, viz., that the Latin message had suggested the line from "Abt Vogler," "Out of three sounds he framed not a fourth sound but a star," and that that had caused him to make "Abt Vogler" the centre and source of all this Browning, Hope, Star complexity. The poem is famous already, but it will henceforth be memorable as the means by which more clearly than by any other gate tracks were made between the Present and the Hereafter.

The ingenuity of Mr. Piddington in all this research is wonderful and delightful, and the pains he has taken are beyond praise. A letter appeared in your pages in response to my former article, which preached caution, and warned against credulity on the part of the researchers. Most of the warnings had already been urged by me, and they are so abundantly, even excessively, allowed for already, that the letter seemed to me a very large consignment of coals to a well-known Tyneside region. The one detailed suggestion for a telepathic explanation, which I need not now elaborate, had already been met by Miss Johnson.

In the brief summary of over a hundred pages here given, I have not analysed everything, I have not been able to mention all the careful precautions taken against error, and I have spoken of Myers freely as though he were what he purports to be. If anyone still thinks that the source of these messages is Mrs. Piper herself, or Mrs. Verrall herself, I shall be interested in hearing his ground for such a belief. We appear to be watching uncertain human mechanism conveying messages that come from a mind which works all three mechanisms, and if so could hardly fail to be the mind of Myers aided by the mind of Hodgson. Personally, I sympathise with this most characteristic statement delivered through Mrs. Piper: "Now I believe that since you sent this [Latin] message to me I have sufficiently replied to your various questions to convince the ordinary scientific mind that I am at least a fragment of the once incarnate individual whom you called Myers. Is it not so?"—Yours, &c.,

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

Dalton Hall, Manchester.

Letters to the Editor.

THE EPITAPH OF THE LICENSING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When these words see the light, the House of Lords will have registered the decree issued from Lansdowne House to-day, and will have consigned to its doom the greatest temperance measure ever presented to it. I do not wish to underestimate the seriousness of the blow which that decision deals to the cause of social reform. The taxation of licences, which is now forced upon the Government as its next task, will yield back to the State something of its just rights. It may also, if dealt with carefully and thoroughly, accelerate somewhat the process of reduction of licences going on under the Balfour Act. But the problem of licensing can never be solved on merely economic lines, and the recent history of the United States is eloquent in its teaching that the taxation of licences does not diminish the consumption of liquor. The loss of the Bill is a grave set-back to the progressive forces of the nation. It means that for many years no large and comprehensive scheme of temperance reform will be laid before Parliament by any Administration. The evils which the Bill sought to remedy will have to be dealt with in detail and by instalments. The administrative reforms which it would have given, greater, in my opinion, in their cumulative effect than the mere reduction of licences, will have to be obtained by a series of less ambitious measures. To pass them will take time, and it is unlikely that in this Parliament an opportunity for bringing them forward will present itself.

And yet I would urge upon temperance reformers to be of good courage. The time given to the elaboration of this Bill, to its passage through the House of Commons, and to its advocacy in the constituencies has not been wasted. If the taxation of licences has advanced from a mere theory to a practical measure, it is because the country has been brought to understand, by the discussion of the Bill, what not one man in a hundred understood a year ago—that the huge values of licences are the creation of the State, and not of the individuals who hold them. The Bill has brought unity into the hitherto disunited ranks of the temperance army. The fight has not been lost through any spirit of faction or division among them. All the forces of progress have rallied to the support of the Bill. What previous temperance measure united in support of it the great majority of the Bishops and the United Kingdom Alliance? The fruits of their co-operation are already seen in the better feeling between Churchmen and Nonconformists, which has made an educational concordat possible. The country has been educated. The interest which the discussion of the Bill has evoked will not pass away. Men's eyes have been opened to the dangers with which the insolent tyranny of the Beer Lords threaten the very foundations of the commonwealth.

Mistakes in tactics have undoubtedly been made. Too little attention has been paid to the warning of Mr. Lloyd George, given two years ago, that the English people will not stand Prohibition, or anything that looks like Prohibition. These mistakes, to which THE NATION has rightly from time to time drawn attention, will serve as a warning to those who have to deal with the question again. But the present is not the time to enlarge upon them. It is because of its excellence, and not because of its minor defects, that the Lords have thrown out the Bill.

The feeling which is uppermost to-night in the minds of all its supporters is one of gratitude to the Prime Minister for the courage and ability with which he has carried it through the House of Commons, and to the party behind him which, with a few insignificant exceptions, has given him loyal and constant support. There is no page in the long records of his historic party which the Liberal of the next generation will read with a deeper or a juster pride than that which will tell how his fathers flung at the forces of Mammon, entrenched in their secular citadel, this brave and unfaltering challenge in the cause of men.—Yours, &c.,

SURSUM CORDA.

November 24th, 1908.

"PERSONAL SERVICE AMONG THE LONDON POOR."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Davies, in writing a letter hostile to the appeal for "Personal Service," has evidently misunderstood the movement. In paragraph 4 of her letter she states that the only way of helping and understanding "workers" is by means of certain organised methods adopted by the Co-operative Union or Socialist movements. Our Committee desire to assist and not in any way to disparage existing organisations, but believe that there are more ways than one of giving successful help. Surely "personal service" is a "human effort" which will not only ensure a modification of existing distress and suffering, but must

lead to the thoughtful consideration of the many sad problems which confront the nation. It is exactly that "hard work in searching out causes" which personal service is certain to achieve. Our Committee are, therefore, aiming at the end desired by Miss Davies. In arguing that equality is a condition precedent to beneficial intercourse between human beings, Miss Davies makes an unproved assertion, the discussion of which would transcend the limits of a letter. Miss Davies speaks of the rich and well-to-do as "outcasts, and cut off from natural and human relationships with the mass of mankind." The Committee does not presume to brand any group of people in this way; it desires, on the contrary, to bring into close touch with each other many hitherto divided by those distinctions which Miss Davies hopes some day to see abolished.—Yours, &c.,

EDITH LYTTELTON.
VIOLET R. MARKHAM.

8, Gower-street, W.C.,
November 25th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Llewellyn Davies can hardly have read, or, if she has read, has not understood, the terms of the appeal for personal service alluded to in your paragraph last week. In the last clause of her letter, Miss Davies suggests that the rich should organise themselves "to press for the development of Distress Committees, so that the resources and methods of these Committees might be more effective in relieving temporary distress until the problem of unemployment is scientifically dealt with." These words might easily have formed a sentence in the letter of appeal.

Does Miss Davies not know that the most pressing need of the Distress Committees already established is more voluntary help, that the work is sometimes ineffective just because there are not enough helpers to look after families waiting for work, or families struggling to re-establish their homes after work is procured?

The objections to personal service are stated with great bitterness, one sentence declaring that "expert supervision" is not a term of "brotherly love"—and another pointing out that "indiscriminative giving" could not be avoided. Miss Davies admits that the wicked rich might want to help, and fears unwise charity, yet "expert supervision," its only antidote, is sneered at.

It is very easy to suspect others of interested motives, and to talk of "palliatives," and "a desire to keep the people quiet." But the fact remains that the spirit which moves the Socialist to render the equality of man more practicable by legislation is the very spirit that moves others to compass the same object by different methods.

Putting aside the well-worn controversy between Socialists and individualists—who often mean the same thing while they speak a different language—it is surely a strange contention that actual contact between the rich and the poor can only engender deception and suspicion, and cannot contribute towards that knowledge and thought which, very properly, Miss Davies desires the rich should cultivate.

The true inference from her letter is that no friendly intercourse is advisable between those living in unequal social conditions. One would have thought that even in the fully-organised Socialist State there would be room—though not much room—for other than statutory kindness. But until that Millennium has been reached, do not let Miss Davies persuade us that human kindness is altogether a dangerous and uncontrollable force.—Yours, &c.,

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE NATION.

November 25th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me the opportunity of putting forward some considerations on the other side in answer to Miss Llewelyn Davies' attack upon the new organisation formed with this object.

Miss Llewelyn Davies objects to any friendship between rich and poor, except that which may grow out of mutual association through the co-operative, trade union, or Socialist movements. Yet no one knows better than Miss Llewelyn Davies that association with the workers through these movements brings us, on the whole, into touch with a very different class from the unskilled class of workers, which is largely represented among the unemployed. The method she suggests is a very good one, but as an alternative to the personal service suggested by the League it is out of place. I have for years had much to do with co-operative associations throughout the country, but is that to debar me from getting to know some of my neighbors in Chelsea? The West London Co-operative Society is, I know, a flourishing little store, but how futile to suppose that its few hundred members bear any appreciable relation in numbers to the unemployed of this district! It is a commonplace in the co-operative movement that "the poor" are not affected by the store system. Miss Davies has herself, I understand, done something towards remedying this in Sunderland, but here in London the co-operative movement is not, to begin with, a large one, and it does not provide for the needs of the poorer class. Meantime, unemployment is prevalent, and it is surely desirable to make some special effort to deal with cases of hardship. How can we wait for these working-class movements to grow before doing anything? Far be it from me to say that it is not most desirable to work in with them, and to meet those who are concerned with those movements, but to suggest that those who wish to help should confine their attention to them appears absolutely unreasonable.

The explanation no doubt lies in a somewhat irreconcileable "Socialism." Miss Davies appears to fear the growth of a better understanding between classes. But this result which she fears would surely be hailed by many of us as a long step in the right direction. One of the criticisms she quotes expresses, in my view, a very real truth. "My view of personal service as from the wealthy to the poor is to educate them to a sense of their responsibility as citizens"—but is this to exclude that recognition of a common citizenship, a common humanity, which prompts the organisers of this movement to desire that cases of special distress should be known to them and helped in the meantime?

I would suggest that the more intimate knowledge which would result from this modification of the "Elberfeld system" would tend to prevent the charity of the rich leading to deception and misunderstanding, as it is stated always to do.

The method suggested would not interfere with other schemes; it would not prevent "the formation of distress committees"; it is supplementary to other methods of dealing with the situation. "Robust thought, a burning sense of the wrongs and injustices suffered," are, indeed, essential in dealing with this problem, but why they should not prompt us to such personal service as is suggested, as well as to other actions, remains a mystery.—Yours, &c.,

SYBILLA GURNEY.

28, Rossetti Garden Mansions,
Cheyne Walk, S.W.
November 23rd, 1908.

THE SETTLEMENT COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A Committee has been formed to support the Government, the Archbishop of Canterbury, many Nonconformist leaders, and others in their efforts to secure an educational peace. The Committee is endeavoring to focus the large mass of opinion both among Churchmen and Nonconformists favorable to a settlement of the religious controversy which is harassing the country, impeding administration, and injuring the efficiency of the schools.

The Committee includes men and women of all political parties and of the various religious bodies. It will work on a non-party basis. The members do not necessarily regard the proposals for settlement as in every way a satisfactory solution of the problem; but, rather than prolong a controversy hurtful to the religious life and educational interests of the nation, are prepared to acquiesce in general support of the proposals of the Government. They realise that to secure a friendly settlement all parties concerned must make great sacrifices for the common good. Those who have joined the Committee signify thereby their willingness to assent to the general lines of settlement proposed

by the Government Bill, but must not be held to have committed themselves to an approval of all its details, or to an acceptance of the financial proposals of the Bill in their present form.

The representative character of the Committee is shown by the fact that it has been joined by the following, among many hundred others: The Bishops of London, Winchester, Hereford, St. Albans, Southwark, Wakefield, Gloucester, Ely, Stepney, Croydon, Dover, Sheffield, and Knaresborough; the Dean of Westminster; Drs. Alexander Maclaren, Fairbairn, Clifford, Guinness Rogers, Horton, Skinner, Forsyth, Wardlaw Thompson, Charles Brown; Professors Hope Moulton and A. S. Peake; Revs. J. H. Shakespeare, Silvester Horne, J. H. Jowett, and Arnold Thomas; the Earl of Stamford, the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Winchilsea, the Earl of Cranbrook, Lord James of Hereford, Lords Ashcombe, Kinnaird, Heneage, and other peers; the Right Hons. Sir Edward Clarke, Sir John Kennaway, M.P., Sir Arthur Charles, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, Sir Lewis Dibdin, Sir Thomas Barlow, Sir C. Thomas Dyke Acland; Sir Dyce Duckworth; the Common Serjeant, the Headmasters of Eton, Harrow, Charterhouse, and Westminster; the Deans of Windsor, Durham, Peterborough, and Wells; the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University (Dr. Mason), the Master of Trinity; Professors Sanday, Stanton, Inge, Clifford Allbutt; Canons Body, Barnett, Bickersteth Ottley, Benham, and J. J. Scott; Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Bryant, Hon. Maude Stanley, and Miss Violet Markham; Revs. G. A. Johnston Ross, Bernard J. Snell, Arnold Thomas, and Dr. Richard Glover; Colonel Williams, M.P., Mr. Laurence Hardy, M.P., Sir Edward Brabrook, Sir William Bousfield, Sir Harry Reichel, Mr. Alfred Buxton; Revs. F. Gurdon (Christ Church, Lancaster Gate), J. G. Simpson (Principal of Leeds Clergy School), Vicar of Leeds, Vicar of Bradford, the Archdeacons of Winchester, Maidstone, and Huntingdon; the Lord Mayor of London, the Chairman of the London County Council, the Chairmen of the East Surrey and Kent County Councils, and of the London, Surrey, and many other Education Committees; Prebendaries Reynolds (Diocesan Inspector of Schools, London), and the Rev. the Hon. J. S. Northcote; the Master of Peterhouse, the Provost of Queen's, the Master of University College, Oxford, the Principal of Brasenose, Professor Ewing, F.R.S., Rev. Dr. Arthur W. Robinson; Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Eugene Stock, Canons Parry, Walpole, G. C. Bell, and Murray (Warden of St. Augustine's, Canterbury), Rev. Dr. Fry (Berkhamsted), Mr. George Cadbury, Mr. Arthur Benson, Rev. J. Watts-Ditchfield, Mr. Hurst Flint, Mr. W. C. Gillett, General Sir Edward Chapman, Admiral Sir N. Bowden Smith, Rear-Admiral the Hon. T. S. Brand, Rev. R. J. Wells, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, Mr. George Macmillan, the Head of Oxford House, the Head of Cambridge House, and the Vice-Chancellors of Manchester and Leeds Universities.

Those who wish to give their adhesion to the movement are requested to send their names as soon as possible to the Hon. Secretaries at St. Stephen's House, Westminster, Loondon, S.W.—Yours, &c.

M. E. Sadler,
T. Edmund Harvey, } Hon. Secs.
Educational Settlement Committee,
St. Stephen's House, Westminster.
November 25th, 1908.

MOOT POINTS IN THE PENSIONS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The members of Pension Committees and Sub-Committees and others interested in the good working of the Pensions Act should be thankful to your correspondent, Mr. E. R. Pease, for so ably putting together disputed and doubtful points in administration. There is one point to which, as a member of one of the above Committees, I should wish to call immediate attention. One cannot help being struck with the inequality and also injustice of cases in which the claimants are wives whose claim is being set aside because their husbands have been in receipt of poor relief. There are cases in which a woman (seventy-one years), with £478 in savings bank and Consols, has been awarded a pension, while another woman (seventy-three years), with a semi-starvation pittance, has been refused, because her husband, quite broken down, is in receipt of the inadequate out-relief of 2s. 6d. per week. Such cases might be multiplied: an applicant, for example, with £900 in Consols gets a pension; aged women, as in case stated, with scarcely income at all, are shut out. Then there are the cases in which the man receives 3s. 6d. or 4s. a week for the support of himself and wife. How are these to be dealt with? Generally speaking, the wife has been advised that it is no use claiming, and, consequently, is losing the possibility of receiving a pension on New Year's Day. There appears to be no longer any doubt in both these instances, since Pension Officers are in receipt of a letter from Somerset House stating that "the receipt of poor relief by the husband does not debar a wife from receiving a pension, nor is the wife disqualified if the relief received by her husband is for the support of both himself and his wife; but, on the other hand, the receipt of poor relief by a wife disqualifies the husband." This instruction, or ruling, has, for example, been put into operation already in this part of the country by the Strasted and District Pensions Committee, and also by that of Lutterworth, and at the same time Boards of Guardians are taking action. In the Saffron Walden Union it is stated that there are 262 persons of seventy years of age and over who are in receipt of out-relief, and that fifty of these are wives who are eligible for a pension. It is calculated that this will save the Board £5 a week, and it is proposed to expend the amount saved on increasing the scale of relief to the about 200 cases that will not benefit by the pension. The Newmarket and other Boards of Guardians here and there are also taking action on the same lines. Enough has been stated to show how desirable it is that your readers who are in a position to do so should, wherever necessary, bestir themselves in this matter of dire importance, and so, if possible, *make* some of that element of happiness which will be wished on that eventful New Year's Day to which many are already counting the days.

A line on one other point. After some consideration, I have come to the conclusion that it is the right thing to do to publish lists of those who have obtained pensions. "The names of the big pensioners are published all the world over," say the forthcoming beneficiaries under the new Pensions Act; "we ought to have our place as well." The Prime Minister has been careful to make it clear that the receipt of an old age pension is to be regarded as a mark of citizenship, carrying with it national recognition. In this way we shall do something to stamp out the notion of pensions being an extended system of parish pay, which the Opposition are still busy sowing broadcast.

It will be well, also, to bear in mind that it is not safe for Pension Committees and Sub-Committees always to follow the lead given by the legal pension handbooks which have been issued. The compilers have not always the strength of mind to say they do not know; their rulings are sometimes a little previous and beside the mark, as, for example, in points connected with the Poor Law and Pensions, which are only just being worked out. Besides this, certain instructions and decisions have been settled and arrived at since date of publication.—Yours, &c.,

J. Frome Wilkinson.

Barley Rectory, Herts,
November 25th, 1908.

SUFFRAGISTS AND SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Letters such as Mr. Nevinson's are likely rather to retard than promote their writers' ends. They smack of hysteria. Had men been guilty of the same deliberately provocative conduct as these women militants, they would have been far more roughly treated and more heavily punished by the courts. Besides bringing into contempt the practice of legitimate heckling, they insolently declare that no M.P. to whom they politically object shall address his constituents, &c.! What next?

Inviting disturbance and ill-treatment, making a great parade of free martyrdom, no sooner are they in prison than all sorts of claims are made by or for them, that it is not to be any real punishment! Their political enfran-

chisement depends on men, in the last resort. And they, with their unwise advocates, are doing their best to disgust men, both with their methods and their claims. It is "utmost cowardice," we are told, which stops these women from "rushing" the Commons with a mob, and breaking up public meetings!—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

November 23rd, 1908.

WOMEN'S WAGES IN FINLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue of THE NATION Mr. H. W. Nevinson states "that the very first law passed in Finland after women obtained the franchise equalised the wages of men and women." I have a correspondent residing at Helsingfors who writes, under date of November 17th, as follows:—

"On Sunday I was at a very representative gathering. There is a Woman's Union, with branches all over Finland, which send delegates for a three days' feast of lectures and assemblies at Helsingfors. It was very like the annual gathering at the National Union of Women Workers. Well, Vera Hyelt talked to them, and Maikki Friberg and others who are working for equality of payment for men and women. Just the simple, obvious case that if a man and woman do the same work, they ought to receive the same pay. The matter is a little clearer here, since the man is most often not expected to "keep" his wife. In the brain-worker classes she generally works too, double work, of course, if she is the mother of a family; they don't yet quite recognise that as a profession."

If the law has passed, as Mr. Nevinson states, it would seem clear, from the above, that it is at present ineffective. —Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) F. TRAVERS.

Tortington House,
Arundel, Sussex,
November 24th, 1908.

THE GOVERNMENT AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After a year which, in spite of occasional alarms, has been distinguished by many successful efforts to improve international relations and cement the peace of the world, we appear to be ending with an anti-climax. The series of international visits; the Franco-British Exhibition; the great London Peace Congress, welcomed by King, Premier, and Government; the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in Berlin; the solution of the Casablanca difficulty; the peaceful revolution in Turkey; the prevention of an outbreak in the Balkans; the settlement of outstanding questions with Russia; and the substantial step of the German people towards Parliamentary control of an irresponsible rule—these various incidents afforded solid ground for the hope that a better era of international relations was approaching, and that peaceful influences were beginning to make themselves felt in the councils of nations. In all these incidents our country has played a not unworthy part.

Yet it is this moment that the Premier and Government have chosen for a recantation of pacifist principles, and a reopening of the international competition in armaments which, it had been hoped, might be stayed.

Instead of offering to deal with Germany on the basis of an agreement to exempt neutral commerce from capture at sea, they accept the out-and-out Jingo policy of a mechanical "two-Power standard" (plus 10 per cent.). King, Ministers, and people have been toiling to establish "ententes," understandings, and alliances, and at the end of it all we are told, in effect, that none of these things matter substantially, that policy has nothing to do with armaments, and that we must continue to arm on a simple mathematical basis of 10 per cent. more than the two most powerful navies of the world. Not that this makes any difference to the Jingo clamor to which (apparently) the Cabinet has bowed. The surrender of Mr. Asquith to the Navy League is immediately followed by the appearance of the President of the National Service League (Lord Roberts) in the House of Lords, with a cool demand for an additional conscript (?) army of 1,000,000 men, to enable him to sleep more easily o' night, without fear of a German invasion.

The electoral triumph of 1905, with the promise of a League of Peace and reduction of armaments, has eventuated in this state of affairs.

I make no further comment than to say this: that if to arm against friends as well as possible rivals; if to surrender the principle that policy must govern armaments; if to darken counsel by pretending to be curing the evils of the poor and of unemployment by laying down more "Dreadnoughts" and tempting men into the Special Reserve; if these things represent latter-day Liberalism, it is time a separate Radical and Peace Party is created, both in Parliament and in the constituencies, of men who place principle before party convenience, and are prepared to risk the anger of the militarist Press rather than to engage afresh in the ruinous race for an armed predominance which is leading us straight towards the disaster which it is imagined is being averted.

Apologising for the length of this letter, which the supreme importance of the subject may, perhaps, excuse, I am—Yours, &c.,

H. S. PERRIS,
Secretary, National Peace Council.

40, Outer Temple, Strand,
November 24th, 1908.

GRAMMATICAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was long ago taught to write "the white and the colored *races*," but "the Ptolemaic and the Copernican *theory*" (with the alternative form, "the Ptolemaic and Copernican *theories*"); and, with all due respect, I am still disposed to follow the leadership of Leslie Stephen, and to flatter myself that I have my good reasons. How ticklish a matter it is to adjust the singular and plural forms when a second *the* or a preposition intervenes is amusingly illustrated in THE NATION of last week, on the page following that on which you tell us that the obvious correction of Stephen's sentence is "The rational and the emotional *natures*"; where we read: "Books on Mrs. Gaskell by Mr. Clement Shorter, on Charles Kingsley by Mr. G. K. Chesterton," &c. Mr. Chesterton's literary fecundity has prepared us for much, but hardly for his tumbling out a litter of books on a single writer.—Yours, &c.,

J. SULLY.

November 5th, 1908.

THE EDUCATION COMPROMISE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I play Zola, and accuse the Government? That they have introduced a Bill which makes the giving of religious instruction by all local authorities compulsory, adding 50 per cent. to the maximum time now given to such instruction, and enforcing this, not by withdrawal of grant, but by making every member who signs a cheque for salaries personally responsible for the money if insufficient time is given. That this instruction is to be superintended by H.M. Inspectors, and its adequacy decided by the Board of Education. That the Board will be compelled to decide that "religious instruction" consists of the teaching both of the Old and New Testaments as historically true, though not one in five of the Government or the Liberal majority believes that they are. That whoever drafted Mr. Trevelyan's answer on this point to Mr. Gooch last night intended to mislead him. That the facts are unknown to many who have signed the manifesto in favor of the Bill That, although this is now stated to be a vital part of the Bill, it was kept out both of the inspired communications which appeared during the last few weeks in the newspapers and of Mr. Asquith's speech last night. That the Bill was published too late for criticism last Saturday, and that the vital clause is to be closured through on Monday. That the avowed reason for this secrecy and haste is that if

the provisions of the Bill become known it will not pass (a Radical M.P., who supports the Bill, writes to me this morning: "Everyone" (in the House) "realises that to postpone it," even for a few days, "is to kill it.") That such action would be impossible if the majority of the House were composed of any other human material than English gentlemen brought up in the atmosphere of English hypocrisy.—Yours, &c.,

GRAHAM WALLAS.

November 27th, 1908.

A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some years ago M. Emile Faguet devoted half-a-dozen *feuilletons dramatiques* in the "Journal des Débats" to a study of Mr. William Archer as a dramatic critic, and he wound up the series of articles with the declaration that, in his opinion, Mr. Archer "est le plus grand critique dramatique qui ait paru depuis Lessing."

THE NATION is to be congratulated on having gained what the "World" lost when it lost Mr. Archer, who has "found himself again" in going back to *weekly* criticism, at which one, at any rate, of his old readers in the "World" is delighted.—Yours, &c.,

D. N. SAMSON.

74, Grosvenor Road, Highbury, London, N.,
November 8th, 1908.

WANTED—A REFERENDUM!

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is announced in to-night's papers that, at a "private" meeting, the "Unionist Peers," in number about 300, have "decided to throw out the Licensing Bill."

Parenthetically one wonders: will the Government once more "take it lying down," or will they not rather instantly, and without debate, return the Bill *en bloc* to the Upper House.

In any case the episode only emphasises the need of a Referendum similar to that at present in operation in Switzerland, which country has just decided a similar question by the vote of the people themselves.

The first question to be submitted to such a tribunal might be that of the Licensing Bill itself, the second most decidedly should be. "Are the wishes of the great majority of the nation, as voiced by their authorised representatives, to be subject to the whims of a permanent Tory caucus, elected by nobody, and representing only their own interests?"

If so, better, by far, have an Imperial despotism at once. It is certainly strange that, at a time when Russia, Turkey and Persia, three of the most reactionary peoples in the world, are struggling to obtain expression for the popular will, while even in bureaucratic Germany men are daring to criticise the Kaiser, and India, China and Japan are awakening to freedom, we in England should be willing to bend the neck to the plutocracy.

What will the Government do? I, for one, venture to prophesy—nothing.—Yours, &c.,

"TIRED."

40, Leigh Road, Westcliff.
November 24th, 1908.

THE INDIAN IRRECONCILABLES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I hoped to see in your last issue an adequate reply to the letter which you published a week earlier on "The Conciliation of the Irreconcilables." I suppose that letter is to be taken seriously, as it had the honor of a place in your columns; and, if so, there should be equally serious consideration how the position of the Indian Nationalists is to be treated. For many years I have known a good deal of what has been done in London to welcome Indian students residing there, and I know how many would be sorry if all their kindly efforts were proved to be futile, and how their whole attitude would be changed if they were convinced that "the insidious alliance between the bomb and young India" can be broken up only by a policy which contemplates the complete political severance of India from the Empire. This practice of saying "Give us what we want, not because we have proved that we ought to have it, but because we can make ourselves such a nuisance that you will ultimately be forced to yield," has been tried in Ireland, and is now in favor with the suffragettes, and it may well be that Indian rivers will be reddened with bloodshed if it prevails along their banks. Certainly, it is difficult to imagine England giving way to threats of bomb-throwing until much blood has been shed. But is it now necessary to look as far ahead as the writer desires? It will probably be admitted by all that if British rule in India were at once withdrawn, it would be succeeded, in the first instance, by the rule of the warrior, not of the clerk, by that of the best fighters, not of those who can best pass examinations. This of itself might redden the rivers considerably. It is surely not less evident that the eager desire of European nations to extend the territory over which they bear sway would next lead to the speedy conquest of India, say, by Germany. How aspirations after Nationalism would then be treated is a subject which may be studied in various parts of the world.

If no one desires either of these consummations, what is there wrong in the policy we are now pursuing, gradually extending self-government and local liberties, but punishing crime as crime, and refusing to regard bomb-throwing as honorable warfare?

There is no grander problem for our future than to decide the various forms of Home Rule suited to the different parts of our Empire, and so far the main obstacle to progress seems the impatience of those who are not content to advance their cause by the legitimate appeal to reason and conscience, but who try to work upon our fears, or to worry us into acquiescence with what we do not think right by outrageous importunity.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Southcot, Alexandra Road, Parkston,
November 24th, 1908.

Poetry.

WHAT IS LOVE?

MEIN Herz ich will dich fragen
Was ist die Liebe? Sag'
Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.

Und sprich, woher kommt Liebe?
Sie kommt und sie ist da.
Und sprich wie schwindet Liebe?
Die war's nicht der's geschah.

Und was ist reine Liebe?
Die ihrer selbst vergisst.
Und wann ist Lieb' am tieffsten?
Wenn sie am stillsten ist.

Und wann ist Lieb' am reichsten?
Sie ist es wenn sie giebt.
Und sprich, wie redet Liebe?
Sie redet nicht, sie liebt.

F. HALM.

Translation.

COME tell me what Love is,
O, Heart, I entreat.
"Two souls and one purpose,
Two hearts and one beat."

And say whence it cometh.
"No mortal knows whence."
And where does it fly to?
"What fled was pretence."

And when is Love purest?
"When self is asleep."
And when is Love deepest?
"Most still is most deep."

And when is Love richest?
"When it gives its last crumb."
And what is Love's language?
"It loves, and is dumb."

G. T.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE view current among publishers regarding the season now drawing to a close is that, though rather above the average, it has not been as prosperous as they had anticipated. In one or two cases books have been held over, in the hope that trade will improve in the New Year. The autumn has seen a marked slackening in the demand for color books, their place being taken by autobiographies and volumes of reminiscences, most of which seem to have sold very well. From a reader's point of view, the season has produced a crowd of books open to Hazlitt's criticism that, like made-up dishes, "they are generally little else than hashes and *rifaccimenti* of what has been served up entire, and in a more natural state, at other times." Still, many of them are interesting and readable, though few are of such outstanding merit that they compel attention.

* * *

THAT we are still without a really good Life of Thackeray is, at least in part, due to his dislike of biographies that were mere eulogies of their subject. Once, after reading a book of this type, he struck the volume impatiently with his hand, exclaiming: "None of this nonsense about me after my death." His daughters acted on the injunction, and no official Life was written, though a number of short biographies have appeared, chiefly in series devoted to men of letters. Mr. Whibley's book in Messrs. Blackwood's "Modern English Writers" is one of the best of these, but Trollope's, in the "English Men of Letters," and the volume by Herman Merivale and Sir Frank Marzials, in the "Great Writers" series, are neither of them successful. We understand that Mr. Lewis Melville is now at work on a biography which he hopes will fill the vacant niche. Mr. Melville has already attempted the same task, but his "Life of Thackeray," published ten years ago, is now out of print, and much fresh material has come to light since its appearance.

* * *

ANOTHER literary biography to be published shortly is "Mr. Pope of Twickenham," by the lady who signs herself "George Paston." Her real name, as most people know, is Miss Emily Morse Symonds, and Mr. W. P. Courtney tells us, in his entertaining "Secrets of Our National Literature," that she took the name Paston because, as a native of Norfolk, she was interested in the famous "Paston Letters," and "George for the truly feminine reason that it was lucky." Her coming work will give special attention to Pope's friendships and enmities; and, as "George Paston" has already shown herself to be at home in the by-paths of eighteenth-century literature, we may look for an entertaining volume. It will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

* * *

THE fourth and last volume of M. Hanotaux's great history of "Contemporary France" has just appeared in French, and Messrs. Constable will issue the English translation within the next few weeks. The new volume covers the period from 1877 to 1890, and has special authority from the fact that M. Hanotaux was for some time French Foreign Minister. The book deals at considerable length with the Near Eastern question as it appeared during the years following the Franco-German war. In his preface the author declares that, after having written the triumphs of Bismarck, he will be glad to return to the France of the age of Richelieu. We may hope from this that M. Hanotaux has another historical work in contemplation.

* * *

WE have once or twice before pointed out that literary lectures seem to be regaining their popularity. Mr. Henry Van Dyke began a course last week at the Sorbonne on American civilisation and literature, to which the French newspapers have given a great deal of attention. M. René Bazin has promised to lecture in London early next month, and the Berlitz School of Languages has organised a series of lectures, which will be held monthly at the Grafton Galleries. Among the lecturers are M. Maurice Donnay, M. Jean Richepin, M. Adolphe Brisson, M. Funck-Brentano, and M. Edmond Haraucourt. Simultaneously in Paris there will be lectures by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Frank Lascelles, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and others. The plan is a good one, and we hope that the Berlitz school will be well supported in carrying it through.

* * *

MR. THOMAS HARDY has written an introduction and notes to a volume of "Select Poems of William Barnes," which Mr. Henry Frowde has just published. Mr. Hardy defends Barnes's employment of dialect on the double ground that it saved him from "the disaster that has befallen so many earnest versifiers of recent times"—slavery to the passion for form, and that it was a way of escape from "those dreams and speculations that cannot leave alone the mystery of things," since it "helped him to fall back on dramatic truth by making his personages express the notions of life current in their sphere." Mr. Hardy believes that Barnes belongs "to the literary school of such poets as Tennyson, Gray, and Collins, rather than to that of the old, unpremeditating singers in dialect. . . . We do not find in the dialect balladists of the seventeenth century, or in Burns (with whom he has sometimes been measured), such careful finish, such verbal dexterities, such searching for the most cunning syllables, such satisfaction with the best phrase." Mr. Frowde has lately given us several half-forgotten books in neat and handy form, but this selection from Barnes is likely to prove the most popular in the series.

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MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S new series, "The Reader's Library," makes a good beginning with two volumes of selections from "The Great English Letter-Writers," by Mr. W. J. Dawson and his son, Mr. Coningsby Dawson. The selection is, on the whole, judicious, though we miss several favorites, Swift, for example, being represented by a single letter and Cowper by only two. The introduction to the first volume is called "The Development of English Letter-Writing," but more than half of it is given up to a discussion of letter-writing among the ancients, and the period from Chaucer to Fitz-Gerald is compressed into less than ten pages. This defect is compensated for in some degree by an essay in the second volume on "The Art and Attainment of English Letter-Writing," in which judgment is passed on the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Horace Walpole, Keats, Lamb, Carlyle, FitzGerald, Stevenson, and James Smetham. Why are Swift, Cowper, Gray, and Byron left out of account? Swift's letters, apart from their excellence of style, are admirable as revelations of character, and quite dispose of the common view that Swift was a morose cynic. For ease and simplicity Cowper's are the best in the language, and we would class them even higher than those of Lamb, which, for all their humor, are more formal and self-conscious. Gray is second only to Cowper, and the notes on art and literature scattered through his pages, together with his descriptions of nature, abound in good phrases and sound judgments Byron's letters are characteristic of their author—a little theatrical, but among the dozen best collections of letters in the language. However, it would be ungracious to find fault with Mr. W. J. and C. W. Dawson when they offer so good a selection from this delightful department of literature, though Mr. Mumby has performed a similar task with such excellent judgment that we are led to apply a high standard to all who follow him.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Making of Canada." By A. G. Bradley. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

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"Scottish Painting, Past and Present, 1620-1908." By James L. Caw. (Jack. 21s. net.)

"Select Poems of William Barnes." Edited by Thomas Hardy. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.)

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"Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi." By Filippo de Filippi. (Constable. 31s. 6d. net.)

"Highways and Byways in Surrey." By Eric Parker. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"The Red City." By S. Weir Mitchell. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Science et Méthode." Par H. Poincaré. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

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"Shakespeare im literarischen Urteil seiner Zeit." Von L. Schücking. (Heidelberg: Winter. M. 5.)

Reviews.

A NEW THEORY OF LAUGHTER.*

Art and the theory of art have not always the same lovers. Orlando may be enraptured by the face of Rosalind, and yet listen with impatience to a mere inventory of her charms. Artists—and they are supposed to have at least a feeling for aesthetic principles—frequently weary of their discussion. They leave the endless debate between realism and idealism to the second-rate, as a rule, to the more uncertain executant. But a halting artistic ability need not prevent a man more strongly endowed with intellectual qualities (as is the common case) from taking an interest in the theory of art, and deriving from it an appropriate theoretical satisfaction. Especially is this satisfaction to be expected if our theory is willing to imitate the suppleness, the gracious play of features, the intricate rhythm of art herself, to fit it like a glove, to paint it as in a picture.

Such a theory seems to have been at last supplied in the case of comedy by that brilliant leader of the new philosophy in France, M. Henri Bergson. All that has been hitherto said on the theory of laughter is already very trite. Aristotle knew that we laugh at defects which are harmless and do not cause us pain. It has been the object of later philosophers to discover what the nature of this defect was; and "the incongruous," "the absurd," "the unexpected," have been freely offered as replies to the question. But such definitions seem either to be merely verbal or inexact. "Absurdity" seems to be the very idea which calls for definition. Incongruity may not be laughable at all, and many things, the loveliest modulations and cadences, are unexpected. One theory tells us that we laugh only when we have something before us marked with degradation; that all laughter is the rustling of the wings of parody. But a flattering description of a rogue, though ironical, is still comic, and makes us laugh. The truth is that no one has made an advance upon Aristotle till the other day, and that was because it was only the other day that modern psychology was born. Let us now hear what M. Bergson has to say.

That laughter is a purely human function is no new truth, but that the object of ridicule is always humanity, or something thought of in analogy with the human, *e.g.*, a limping dog, will perhaps not find immediate acceptance. Secondly, M. Bergson insists that the object of laughter must not stir our emotions; he thus amplifies the Aristotelian dictum which states that it must not cause pain. We must be relatively insensitive. In a world in which we were wholly free from emotion, we should no longer weep, but we might still laugh. Finally, laughter is a social function. We can laugh heartily only in company, and the function of laughter is to punish and so repress certain actions that appear as defects to the social consciousness. Now what are these? The answer is that they all have one characteristic—a certain clumsiness, a want of adaptation to the immediate demands of the moment; it is a certain *raideur*, a mechanical inflexibility, which signalises the ridiculous act. Thus we laugh when a man in his hurry trips and falls. If he had been sufficiently adroit, he would have avoided the obstacle. Life itself is infinitely flexible; no two occasions are exactly alike; every new moment calls for some fresh adaptation on the part of a living being. Now everything that imposes a restraint upon this flexibility, everything producing automatic repetition at a moment when something fresh was called for, everything that simplifies unnaturally is distasteful to the social sense, which metes out chastisement to the defect by laughing at it. Hence our unfortunate tendency to laugh at a limp, at deafness, and on many other occasions when only an outflow of sympathy can restrain our propensity. But an automatic character can be discerned not merely in outward actions, but in behaviour generally. All warping of conduct due to pedantry, priggishness, or excessive professionalism is ridiculous. Thus even that man of the world, the doctor, develops a "manner" which amuses those outside the profession, the layman laughs at the parson, and the school boy (surreptitiously) at his master.

We have here, then, the essence of the ridiculous. It is the automatic—that servile element in the human constitution—usurping offices of power; it is the mechanical interspersed in the fluid: ice-wrack on the living water. This mechanism can appear either in some rigidity or contraction of feature, like those peculiarities of form which caricaturists exaggerate so ruthlessly; or it may enter into our movements. Any mechanical repetition of a gesture, a phrase, or a formula gives rise to laughter; nay, even any exact imitation, mimicking of actions not in themselves ridiculous, becomes so; it suggests mechanism once more. It is in this principle that M. Bergson finds a solution for Pascal's riddle—"How is it that two similar countenances, neither of which is in itself ridiculous, become so when viewed together?"

So far, we have dealt with elementary cases. But the most brilliant part of M. Bergson's exposition consists in a working out of this simple *motif* into the most complicated examples of the comic in literature. But first he deals with less obvious instances of automatism. All disguise is of this nature. We are accustomed to the disguise of the clothes which we commonly wear. But any masquerading at once brings out the fact that we have imposed some constraint upon our natural movements. The savage, doubtless, laughs when first he sees one of his tribe in the habiliments of decency. Again, all insistence on the body—that part of us which is likest a thing—becomes comic when it is the spirit with which we are concerned. "Il était vertueux et tout rond" is instance enough, and your funny men have mostly too much body; your Falstaffs are all fat. It is a further development that all play which treats the human body as though it were a mere thing is comic. Witness the collisions and reboundings of circus clowns.

Now, there are certain elementary forms of children's play that seem to depend upon the mechanical manipulation of things that have a superficial resemblance to a living being, for example, that of the jumping-jack or that of the dancing doll. M. Bergson holds that the principle of these sports may be detected in a subtle form in many comic situations in literature. His own illustrations are taken mostly from French comedy. A conspicuous example of the "jumping-jack" *motif* can be seen in the reiterated "et Tartuffe?" with which Orgon interrupts Dorine's account of Elmire's illness. No matter how often the question is repressed, it thrusts itself forward again as if propelled by a spring. A somewhat similar piece of play is found in the dialogue between the clown and poor Malvolio immured in darkness, and the automatism is obvious in Slender's "O sweet Anne Page!" As to the "dancing doll" theme, it forms the scheme not merely of many scenes and long intrigues (as in the case of Scapin's rascality), but of whole plays. In comedy it is no fault if the personages are puppets manipulated by Fortune or their own frailties. From our contemporary stage, we can cite "The Admirable Crichton" and "Man and Superman" as delightful realisations of this principle. Another *schema* of comic situation is that of the mechanical transference of action from point to point in a series, as when the fall of one tin soldier ends by upsetting the whole row. This may be a situation of the merest farce, as when A. jostles B., who sends C. flying, who in turn by his impact knocks D. through the window. Or we may have the same thing more delicately handled, and perhaps the action proceeding in a circle, in which case we have the situation of the "voleur volé," such as forms the whole plot of "Georges Dandin" or "The Merry Wives."

Conditions fundamentally identical govern the comedy which lies not in the situation, but in the words used. We laugh when a form of expression controls our thought automatically in an inappropriate context; we smile at the sluggard's maxim about "not working between meals." The literal construction of a metaphor gives us the same result. Thus, of a pretentious person, it was remarked, "il court après l'esprit," and the comment of Boufflers was, "je parie pour l'esprit!"

It would be entertaining to follow our author through all the devious ways through which he tracks "distraction"

* "Le Rire." Par Henri Bergson. Paris: Alcan. 5me. édition.

—a mechanical functioning, and hence an alienation from the truly living, in language. But more important still is his account of the comic element in character. In such types as Don Quixote, or, say, Mr. Dick, we may instantly recognise examples of his main principle. The "fixed idea" leading to the mechanical reiteration of a particular way of acting or viewing the world becomes highly ridiculous. Whatever is stereotyped in our mental dispositions readily brings down a laugh on itself. The professional element is an easy prey; think only of Molière's (or Bernard Shaw's) doctors. Or, now, it is something still more universal that is rallied; the "eternal feminine" is satirised in "Epicure *me plaît*," "*J'aime* les tourbillons." Note also that this laughable automatism is always something of which the person manifesting it is unconscious. The dear old professors, with their quaint ways, never know of their own mannerisms. It is a sad fact, too, that practically everything of the nature of character, when once it becomes so much our possession as to be an automatism, tends to be comic. Does not the well-known use of the term when we talk of "a character" confirm this? And even resemblance to a type not in itself comic readily provokes a smile. A man runs some risks if he acts so as to earn the title of "a Romeo" or "a Hamlet." The great fountain of the ridiculous element in character is, psychologically, that irrepressible human failing—vanity." With its quality of unconsciousness, its overmastering power of ruling our conduct and making us its puppets, it continually creates fresh comic situations. And laughter is the chastisement which Society prescribes for it. Its faults are offences, not so much against the moral as against the social ideal. But the laugher finds his laughter pleasant, for, after all, the ridiculous thing with its mechanical toy-like action is a piece of play, a relaxation from the strain of life for the spectator. "Laughter," said Hobbes, "is a sudden glory." The observer, noting the defect which causes ridicule, yet trifles with it for a while, as even a strict parent may for the moment be amused by some piece of naughtiness on the part of his child.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

THE intense vitality of the Renaissance is the secret of its perennial charm. There have been times when the pulse of life beat as strongly, but their records are lost or imperfect; at no period lying in the full light of history did human activity, mental and physical, stand on so high a level, or aspiration burn with so white a flame. The men and women stand out from the canvas; we possess their letters, their diaries, their memoranda: they are strangely outspoken; their secret thoughts are ours. And they are at once like and unlike us, so that, on the one hand, we understand them, and, on the other, they stimulate our curiosity: they represent human nature, but human nature writ large. In "Baldassare Castiglione" the accomplished chronicler of Isabella d'Este gives us a study of the complex life of Italy in the sixteenth century, inferior neither in interest nor in execution to the former work.

The best book that was ever written upon good breeding is Johnson's description of "Il Cortegiano"; and Castiglione's fame rests mainly on its authorship. He was fifty when it was published, 1528; and before the end of the century it had gone through more than a hundred editions, and been translated into four languages. Since Hoby's translation, 1562, sixteen English renderings, three during the last few years, have appeared; and the reputation of the writer rivalled in his time that of the book:—

> "In an age when cleverness was abundant, but character was lacking, he not only believed in virtue but practised it. In circles where crime and treachery were condoned, and to deceive others was held to be the first duty of a diplomat, he spoke the truth boldly, and remained absolutely loyal to his masters. So he moved through those dark scenes of intrigue and bloodshed, wearing the white flower of a blameless life, and gaining the confidence and respect of those who were most unlike him."

Akin through his mother, Luigia Gonzaga, to the reigning house of Mantua, he was trained at Milan at the court of Lodovico Sforza, after whose fall he attached himself first to the Marquis Francesco Gonzaga, and later to Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, in whose household his happiest years were passed. Returning on Guidobaldo's death, to the Mantuan service, he became the permanent ambassador of Federico Gonzaga at Rome; finally, having filled the post of Nuncio in Spain under Clement VII., he accepted the bishopric of Avila from Charles V. He died at Toledo, 1529, before he could take possession of his see, the Emperor pronouncing his fittest epitaph: "One of the finest gentlemen in the world is dead."

He affords a striking example of the union of chivalry and scholarship, a union traditional in Italy. The court of the Montefeltro princes, in which he was trained, was the most brilliant of its type. Scholars from every part of Europe flocked to Urbino. Politian praises Duke Frederic as the equal of Lorenzo de'Medici, "the pattern of a wise ruler and perfect man." Here was the difference between the ancient civilisation of Italy and that of the barbaric *parvenus* of the North. When Louis XII. invaded Milan, 1499, "The French are a dirty people," was the comment of an eyewitness; "everywhere in the Castello there is dirt and foulness, such as Signor Lodovico would not have allowed for all the world." And in the Cortegiano,

> "the French believe only in the nobility of arms, and count all the rest as nothing. They not only despise learning, but they abhor it, and hold scholars to be the vilest of men, thinking that the worst reproach they can address to anyone is to call him a clerk."

It is such glimpses as those of the life of the time that give this memoir its significance. In 1506 Castiglione visited England as proxy for Guidobaldo, on whom Henry VII. had conferred the Garter. He encountered "that dangerous sea, the Channel of England," with better fortune than Philip and Joanna of Castile, who a few months before had been wrecked off Portland; or Julius II., who, when Cardinal, during his exile in France, got as far as Calais, but abandoned his intention of crossing, owing to the roughness of the sea. Shortly after his return, the court of Urbino was the scene of a tragedy which throws a sinister light on the passions which lay below its decorous surface. The Duke's nephew and heir, Francesco della Rovere, a youth of seventeen, having a cause of quarrel with a Veronese knight, Gian Andrea, invited him to dine and fence in his apartments. "After dinner the young men took up their foils and were engaged in the contest, when suddenly two of Francesco's servants entered from behind and seized Gian Andrea by the arms, while the Prefettino himself stabbed his guest to the heart with a knife. After this his servants fell upon the unfortunate man and finished their master's work." It was, indeed, a world of contrasts; and stranger, if possible, than the crime itself, was the comment made on it by Bembo within a few days of its occurrence: "I will keep silence, and will say only this: he who might remain standing, and falls by his own fault, deserves to lie there against his will." Baldassare himself, a man of another type than that of the *Græculus esuriens*, writes to his mother: "You need not distress yourself about the death of Gian Andrea, may God pardon him! because these things, when they are once done, cannot be undone"—a truly Italian touch! "Everything has been arranged, thanks to the wisdom and dexterity of the Lord Duke; and the Lord Prefect is here again, and is restored to his Excellency's favor, and he who no longer lives is already forgotten."

Three years later the same Francesco murdered Cardinal Alidosi at Ravenna, almost under the eyes of Julius II., and under circumstances of exceptional barbarity. Excommunication followed, but Julius' indignation was short lived; and, though Leo X. renewed the censures, within a month of his death the Duke recovered Urbino, and the duchy, on whose acquisition the Medici Pope had expended so much blood and treasure, was lost to the Holy See.

The side lights thrown on the court of Leo X. are vivid. The Pope, *pococurante* as he is—"it is not his nature to trouble himself long over anything"—is troubled over the Lutheran revolt; but his anxiety does not interfere with his throwing himself into the carnival celebrations—banquets, comedies, bull-fights, races, &c.: and Baldassare cannot get him to attend to business of any kind. The ambassador of Charles V. kidnaps a Spaniard, and sends

* "Baldassare Castiglione, The Perfect Courtier: His Life and Letters." By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). John Murray. Two volumes. 30s.

him prisoner to Naples. The Pope flames out—"Villain and hypocrite! you think to be lord of Rome," and threatens to cut him in pieces. On his brother's death he is on the point of excommunicating his widow for delaying to return certain family jewels: and finally dies, according to one account, a dog's death, without the sacraments; according to another, with exemplary patience, and with the name of Jesus on his lips. When the plague broke out in Rome, 1522, a bull was sacrificed by its Greek owner to appease the demons of the Coliseum, while processions of the Host and of the Madonna were held—so near akin are the old and new in religion—in the streets. Adrian VI. attempts the reform of the Church, in head and members; but "Nature is averse to sudden changes," writes a contemporary, "and the Curia is more corrupt than ever before." On his deathbed the Cardinals persecute him with questions as to where he had hidden his money, and treat him not like a Pope, but "like a private man on the rack." Of Clement VII., the Pope who lost England, we are told that,

> "He early showed himself a true Medici, and entered on that career of crooked policy, of shifts and subterfuges, that was to bring irretrievable disaster upon the Papacy and the Eternal City. It was Castiglione's fate, like that of many fine souls, to be closely entangled in the meshes of this spider's web, and in the end to become himself its victim."

It is pleasant to know that Clement appreciated, if too tardily, the services of this distinguished man. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.* "Mi doglio del Castiglione," wrote Bembo to his son at Venice: "I grieve for Castiglione's loss."

THE STYLE OF SWIFT.*

A NEW edition of Swift is an opportunity for arriving at an impartial estimate of his position in the history of literature. This collection of his works does not contain any of his poetry, and therefore we need not discuss the question whether he was a true poet. That he was a great master of English prose is generally assumed. He certainly had the art which conceals art. His sentences produce the impression that there is no other way of saying what he wishes to have said. There are no purple passages in his writings, no digressions, no repetitions, and no ambiguities. Swift liked to appear as a plain man with a definite object, who used language merely for the purpose of expressing simple ideas. It might be thought that such conditions would make style impossible. But Swift had other qualities which made a style for themselves. His irony, his insight, his perspicacity, his power of detaching the true point from all irrelevant circumstances surrounding it, made the form coincide with the substance, and removed the distinction between them. This it is that makes Swift unlike the other great writers of our tongue. He seems never to have thought of anything less vital than the conveyance to his readers of the precise idea which filled his own mind at the moment. Even his humor is quite unforced, and proceeds with apparently inevitable directness from the facts as they are, not from any gloss upon them, or attempt to disguise them. He himself stands aside, as if he were simply an interpreter with no claim and no responsibility, except to put in words things which would otherwise speak for themselves.

Of course, it was not so. Swift was, in truth, a literary artist of consummate power, and his simplicity is designed for the purpose which it fulfils. He owed nothing, so far as we can see, to other writers. Shakespeare he never quotes. To his contemporaries he bears no resemblance. His English is his own, and it is quite free from any tricks or fancies of the passing hour. When Swift wrote a political tract, he meant that it should be equally intelligible to statesmen and to all who could read. Incapable of obscurity, he could put the subtlest argument into the simplest shape, and even persuade his readers that they had thought the subject out for themselves. Addison was the delight of the literary world. Swift went outside it, and appealed to a taste which he really created, to the love of simplicity and lucidity which is a natural instinct of the human mind. His transcendent power of piercing accessories and finding realities gave him the air of putting the reader on a level with himself when he was actually putting himself on a level with the reader. The extreme difficulty of defining Swift's style is that in the ordinary sense of the word he had none. Kant's description of truth as the agreement of the cognition with its object was the essence of Swift's method. He wrote to be understood as the surest way of writing to convince. Those who were not convinced were made to feel that they did not understand. He failed with the few who knew as much about the subject as he knew himself. But how many were they? He aimed at the general reader, whom he coaxed by concealed flattery into the notion that he had thought out the conclusion for himself.

Admiration for Swift's style is thus the more natural because the critic can always suppose that the clearness of his own intelligence enables him to appreciate the lucidity of the author. What Persius says of Horace is true of Swift —"Circum præcordia ludit." Or, as was said of Voltaire, "il a plus que personne l'esprit que tout le monde a." Ordinary styles are easily classified. Swift's defies analysis, because it is not framed on any system, nor, indeed, framed at all. Given the idea to be expressed, any other expression seems impossible, and to alter it is like taking the mainspring out of a watch. If Swift is not much read now, that may be because the issues with which he dealt are closed. It cannot be because the style is out of fashion, for Swift's style does not belong to any particular date or epoch. It owes nothing to modes of thought or speech, nor is it, like Fielding's, formed on classical lines. Only a Greek scholar would have written "Tom Jones." Swift's scholarship, which was not inconsiderable, is never obtruded, except, perhaps, in the "Battle of the Books," where it is rather unfortunately displayed. He wrote also on the "Dissensions at Athens and Rome," a pamphlet which raised Macaulay's opinion of his scholarship. But he was always ready to turn his hand in any direction, and to write for any class of reader. His distinction is that he remains himself in any guise, giving free rein to his intellect, never allowing his subject to carry him away, wielding the full resources of his genius, how homely soever may be his diction, or its setting, on any particular occasion.

It is for that reason, perhaps, that, as he had no master, so he has had no pupils. The "Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign" may be cited as an example of successful imitation. But even the title is bad English, and it is practically certain that Swift did not write the work. Swift would not have thought, or implied, that there would be four last years of anything. Macaulay and Lord Stanhope have given other reasons. But this appears amply sufficient. Swift studied correctness in trifles, if, indeed, he would have admitted that any part of literary composition was a trifle. Logical exactitude, which implies grammatical accuracy, belongs to his method, so far as he had any method at all. It was not that he believed in rules on their own account, but that he wrote in the manner which the best rules were made to produce. Many as were his faults in other directions, his prose was faultless. If this be negative praise, we must consider that it cannot be fairly bestowed upon some of the greatest writers, such as Milton and Burke. Swift deserves it because he wrote with no other ambition than to be intelligible, and abjured everything which could interfere with that single aim. But by bringing the whole force of his mind to bear upon one point, he brought perspicuity to a pitch it had not attained before, and has scarcely attained since. That is what must be borne in view when we scrutinise Swift's writing. We must regard the object and the attainment together. Doubtless there are higher aims than Swift contemplated, and he never tried to be eloquent. But what he tried to do he did, and he knew exactly the limits of his own capacity. His style is the expression of his thought, and to change it would entirely shift the whole character of the passage It is this precise harmony between the thing to be done and the mode of doing it that sets Swift apart from all other writers, ancient or modern. They may rise to heights which he does not scale. He never falls below the level he seeks to reach, because he suits the manner to the matter, and lets the substance prescribe the form. Slovenly or awkward craftsmanship was impossible to him. He suited, as Hamlet says, the word to the action, the action

* "The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D." Edited by Temple Scott. George Bell & Sons.

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And Lucy, though springing from and encompassed by convention, has radiant youth on her side, and music, with a reaction also, intensifying in bitterness, against her cousin and companion Miss Bartlett, a spinster too obviously dedicated to the worship of false gods. In her playing, "passion was there, but it could not be easily labelled: it slipped between love and hatred and jealousy; and all the furniture of the pictorial style. And she was tragical only in the sense that she was great, for she loved to play

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AFTER six months of exceedingly cheap money, the Stock Exchange has been aroused to the fact that such a condition has an ending, and that the possibility of a rise in the Bank of England minimum is well within the range of immediate politics. It is, of course, a common thing for able editors of the newspaper columns which are devoted to City affairs to twit bankers, discount houses, and Stock Exchange men with abysmal ignorance of the absorbing subject of money and the Money Market, and these critics profess a proper contempt for Capel Court prophecies that the Bank rate will rise to 3 per cent. before the end of the year. There is no need to break a lance in the arena of controversy in order to show that the Stock Exchange, at all events, is having to pay considerably more for its financial accommodation than has been the case for several months. The carrying-over rates just charged to such buyers of securities who preferred to continue their commitments for another fortnight, without finding the cash, displayed a rising tendency which rather surprised even the money experts in the Stock Exchange, where as much as 5½ per cent. was obtained upon stocks so good as London and North-Western and other similar investments. This stiffening of money rates reflected adversely upon markets in the best and the better class securities, and brought about a general weakening of prices, which spread from Consols downwards.

MR. BIRRELL'S IRISH CONUNDRUM.

Seldom has the Consul Market been so completely puzzled over a matter affecting itself as in the case of Mr. Birrell's pronouncement affecting the Irish Land Purchase Bill. All kinds of constructions can be placed upon the possible intentions of the Government with respect to the issue of more stock to pay the landlords, but the actual result of the uncertainty has been to depress quotations still further, and to add one more to the clouds which overhang Consols, militating against advance in the price. It is quite probable, of course, that had Mr. Birrell been perfectly explicit, the consequence to the market would have been just the same as that brought about by the lack of a definite, cut-and-dried declaration of how the money would be raised, by what amounts at a time, in what form of security, and at what rate of interest. It cannot be reasonably urged that the market is a penny the worse for not having the precise information, but at the same time it is not unnatural that Mr Birrell should be prayed to dispel the various doubts with a more luminous interpretation of his speech. At present the market is faced with a financial conundrum, the answer to which must be given up, as the children say, until the oracle unravels the problem.

BREWERY STOCKS ONCE MORE.

Something like fifty brewery stocks and shares have risen in price during the current week, as a response to the solemn farce transferred from the stage of Lansdowne House on Tuesday to the floor of the House of Lords on Wednesday. The slaughter of the Licensing Bill has brought about timid advances in the quotations of such brewery issues as happened to be in a little demand; but it is needless to say that the revival has in no way replaced the decline which occurred when the Licensing Bill was originally introduced, some months ago. That dramatic series of falls, over which the opponents of the Government gloated with such open delight, was about as artificial a demonstration as ever took place in any market of the Stock Exchange. For months and months prior to the introduction of the Bill, the market for brewery securities had fallen into a parlous condition, relieved only by a flash in the pan early this year, which served as an excuse for pushing up prices in a manner out of all proportion to the real amount of business transacted. As a matter of hard fact, there were dozens of instances amongst brewery stocks where any substantial sum could not have been sold at the lower of the wide prices quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List. The introduction of the Licensing Bill was cleverly seized as an opportunity for reducing prices to something like their intrinsic levels, and a better advertisement for the case against the measure could hardly have been conceived. On all sides arose accusing fingers, pointed at those falls in brewery stocks and shares, while the indignant owners—who could not have sold in any amount the securities at the official prices before the fall took place—vibrated with pious horror at the result of such alleged confiscation as the Government proposed. In some instances, of course, the market value was certainly depreciated. A few timid holders hastened to sell while they could save a stick from the threatened deluge, but in many more cases the movement was artificial, hollow, insincere. How insincere may be judged from the unanimous opinion expressed round the Stock Exchange that in its then shape the Bill could never pass; that, in any shape, the House of Lords would probably reject it; while, moreover, to buy first-class stocks at the reduced levels was almost as difficult as it was to sell them. The market froze up, though the process of marking-down went steadily on. The Stock Exchange cannot be blamed unreservedly for its share in the matter. Owing to the narrowness of the market, and the unwillingness displayed for years past of the public to deal largely in brewery stocks after the public-house boom, the quotations had grown by degrees more and more nominal. Untested by actual transactions, they had rusted in a groove from which even the slight revival in the earlier part of the year had not entirely shaken them. Then came the Licensing Bill, and brewery stockholders, not knowing to what extent it would influence their interests—knowing, withal, that they had been tempted to pay preposterous prices for their securities at the "boom" time—sent eager messages to their brokers to see what the stocks would realise. It is necessary thus to delve a little into history, to understand the present position of the market, where much the same narrowness and difficulty of dealing continue to prevail, in spite of the Peers' championship of beer, and all that beer means. Prices are advancing, it is true, but even the present buyers are none too easy in their minds as to what may be the next development in the fight for control of the drink traffic.

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Diary of the Week.

After the pretence of a debate, the House of Lords, sitting at Westminster on Friday week, gave effect to its resolution in favor of rejecting the Licensing Bill, passed three days earlier when sitting at Lansdowne House. It has thus declared itself, both in form and in effect, to be a mere branch of the Tory Party. Stripping itself of the character of a revising and amending body which later Constitutionalists have assigned to it, it has now destroyed every first-class political measure of a Government elected by the largest majority ever known in a modern Parliament, and has reduced the Liberal Party to impotence. For the present, the Government has remained silent under this unparalleled affront, but three counsels prevail in the Parliamentary party. The first is for the Ministry to bend to the lash, and to propose for the next two years only non-combative—that is to say, not distinctively Liberal—measures. This, we need not say, is the end of Liberalism as a political force. The second is an immediate dissolution. The third is the abandonment of all large issues, save the Budget, on the plea that the Government cannot evade the honorable obligation of financing Old-Age Pensions. If the last policy is adopted, the dissolution will take place in the early summer on the existence of the House of Lords.

The division on the Licensing Bill showed a majority of 176 against the Bill, 272 voting against it and 96 in its favor. The 96, however, included the flower of the statesmanship of the Peers. Both Archbishops and ten Bishops supported it, and four other Bishops were paired in its favor. No member of the Episcopal Bench opposed the Bill, which was also rather significantly befriended by Lord Knollys, the King's Secretary, by Lord Milner, Lord Esher, Lord Lytton, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Not one speech of weight was delivered in support of the policy of rejection of the principle of the measure, nor did any critic of the Bill show any feeling of the gravity of the drink evil. The most impressive argument in its favor was delivered by the Lord Chancellor, who, quoting a Judge, declared that eleven out of twelve cases tried at a recent Assize were directly due to drink, and the twelfth indirectly, and that ninety per cent. of cases of cruelty to children had the same cause. Lord Lytton hinted at the necessity of fresh negotiation; but we believe that the Government feel themselves relieved of further liability. On the other hand, the Primate is likely to promote a Bill taking up the regulative clauses of the Ministerial measure, but omitting the time-limit and the scheme for the reduction of licences.

* * *

A frost has been breathed on the hopes of an educational settlement. On Monday night the Primate communicated to Mr. Runciman a letter in which, basing himself on the figures of the National Society, he asked for a large increase in the rental of schools transferred to the State and in the grants offered to contracted-out schools. He was answered by Mr. Runciman in a letter which gravely shook the accuracy of the figures on which the Primate relied, and contained a firm refusal to go beyond the average grant of 50s. According to the Archbishop, this grant would leave the Church to find a balance of over 14s. from her funds. According to the estimates of the Department, she would only have to find about 10s., or one-sixth of the whole burden of maintenance. If the figures of 1901 are any guide, the Church will be overwhelmingly provided with funds to meet any reasonable amount of contracting-out.

* * *

But the inference of the Liberal Party is that the Primate is now being driven to provide for an area of contracted-out schools so large as practically to destroy the unity of the school system, while the Church obtains free entry to every part of it. Sir George White, speaking for the Nonconformist Committee, declared that he could not support the Church's demand of an extra 7s. a child, and that if it were persisted in, he must abandon hope of a settlement. This unfavorable view was strengthened by the voting at the meeting of the Church Representative Council, at which an almost impassioned appeal for peace by the Primate was met by a motion of the Bishop of Salisbury, which, though less drastic than the hostile resolution of Sir Alfred Cripps, declined to recommend the Council to accept the Bill "without serious amendment." But even this tepid advance to the Government was rejected, and the Cripps motion was carried against almost the whole bench of Bishops

by 189 to 99. The laymen were more than two to one against the settlement. On the other hand, the negotiations between the Primate and Mr. Runciman have not been broken off, and efforts are being made to find a new way out of the financial difficulty. One party proposes to revive the famous Fourth Clause of Mr. Birrell's Bill; another suggests that the Church should agree to pay one-sixth of the cost of maintaining contracted-out schools, the State guaranteeing the supply of the other five-sixths.

* * *

On Thursday the Government, doubly discouraged by the triumph of the extremists in the Representative Church Council, and by the Primate's sudden demand for higher terms, announced the postponement of the Education Bill. The Ministerial ranks seemed relieved, and we doubt whether, after the reaction in the Liberal Party produced by the financial demands of the National Society, and the proof that contracting-out on a large scale is part of the Church's educational policy, terms of peace are any longer possible. The Nonconformists Dissidents have issued a strongly worded appeal against the Bill, declaring that, if it passes, strife will only be transferred from Parliament to the schools. As we write these words, we hear the news of the final abandonment of the Bill.

* * *

The Mid-Essex Election has resulted in the election of a Tory landlord, familiar to the constituency. Captain Pretyman's majority was 2,565, the highest known in Mid-Essex since 1900, when it was 3,129. He was a Tariff Reformer, and after election claimed Chelmsford as "standing for" the Protectionist faith. It appears also to stand for a good deal of brutal horse-play which Mr. Pretyman might fairly have repudiated. The constituency has always been strongly Conservative, but the election reveals a falling-off of 800 in the Liberal vote, and an increase of over 1,200 in the Tory vote of 1906, when Sir Carne Rasch, a popular and rather interesting figure, with knowledge of agricultural problems, was the candidate. The result, like that in other contests, shows that Liberalism wants a rallying policy, without which its strength declines, even in rural constituencies, which cannot be deeply bitten with Protection. The Tariff Reformers, on their side, claim a great organisation, which secures them an accession of strength in nearly every type of constituency.

* * *

The Select Committee of the House of Lords, which has attempted to draw up a scheme for changing the constitution of that body, has issued its report. It has no relevance to the overwhelming issue between the Commons and the Lords, and, save as a sign of an uneasy conscience, has no value. Indeed, it sets up a more definitely reactionary and Conservative body than that which now exists, for (*a*) it provides for the election of a solid, or almost solid, block of 200 Conservative peers, (*b*) it proposes to set limits to the creation of peers by an Administration. In other words, it would destroy the one direct weapon that a Liberal Government possesses against the most extreme abuse by the Lords of their Constitutional power. Thus it is quite possible that the Lords may throw out a democratic Budget next year. In that case Mr. Asquith may well ask the King for a creation of peers large enough to drown the unconstitutional majority. This would be forbidden under the plan of the Committee. Lord Rosebery's proposal, which suggested that each Government, on succeeding to office, should send up a fixed quota of forty peers, and that in the event of differences between the two Houses there should be a Referendum, does at least suggest the direction in which the Liberal Party might look at a "reform" of the House of Lords.

* * *

For the rest, the Rosebery Committee, on which only four independent Whigs, or Liberals, sat, proposes a slight concentration and strengthening of the Tory element in the Lords, obtained by self-election, and backed by a quasi-official, quasi-representative element from within. It qualifies the hereditary principle, by distinguishing between a peer and a "Lord of Parliament," but gives it control of the character of the reconstituted Chamber. It would substitute a House of nearly 400 members for a House of about 600, abler, but not a whit more progressive, than the present assembly. The elements would be as follows:—

Lords of Parliament.

Royal Peers	3
Representative peers, elected by all the hereditary peers, and chosen afresh for each Parliament...	200
Qualified peers, such as Ministers, high State officials, and Imperial servants, &c.	130
Life peers (four a year)	40
Representative spiritual peers (Nonconformists excluded)	10
Lords of Appeal	5
	388

* * *

The financial and political basis of the Parliamentary Labor Party has been severely shaken by a decision of the Court of Appeal on the power of a majority in a trade union to provide for Parliamentary representation by a forced levy on all its members. This decision, which was invited by a member of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants who objected to its association with the Labor Party, affects all the Labor Members, and not merely the delegates of the Labor Representation Committee. The Master of the Rolls—an impartial and even liberal-minded Judge—held that it was *ultra vires* for a trade union to make levies on its members for purposes of Parliamentary representation.

* * *

Lord Justice Moulton went further than this. He insisted that the definition of a trade union as a body established to regulate the relations between employers and employed excluded Parliamentary action, and also that it was "against public policy" to seek to bind a Member of Parliament to vote and act "in a prescribed manner," he being a "representative," and not merely a "delegate." These *obiter dicta* raise wide issues, and practically challenge the later course of democratic politics. All the Judges concerned were agreed, but the case is being taken to the House of Lords, we imagine, with little or no hope of success. The trade unions and the Labor Party will await the result, but they are already pressing for a Bill abolishing the new disability which the Judges have laid upon the Labor movement. Such a measure may be difficult to frame, and we cannot conceive that the House of Lords will look at a proposal to enable trade unions to turn them-

selves into political bodies, with a Socialist basis and policy. Payment of Members presents itself as an obvious remedy, but the trade unions would have to reconcile themselves to the loss of their special representation. Individual trade unionists can, of course, still subscribe to the election and maintenance of Members of Parliament. Apparently the Labor Party has funds enough to carry on for another year.

* * *

With very little preliminary trumpeting in public the United States and Japan have come to an important understanding with regard to China and the Pacific. Both Governments express their wish for the free and peaceful development of their commerce in the Pacific, and pledge themselves to the maintenance of the *status quo* in that region, and to the defence of the "open door" in China. In accordance with these aims they undertake to respect one another's possessions in the Pacific, to preserve the common interests of all Powers in China, and to support by all peaceful means the independence and integrity of China and the preservation of the open door. In the event of anything threatening the *status quo* or the open door, the two Governments agree to consult together as to the measures they consider it useful to take.

* * *

The form of this agreement is an exchange of notes so as to avoid the necessity for submitting it to the American Senate for ratification, and the last provision does not, of course, as some American papers suggest, amount to an alliance or anything like it. The understanding belongs to that lengthy series of international agreements for maintaining the *status quo* made during recent years. But it differs from the North Sea, Baltic, and Mediterranean agreements in that it includes the "open door," *i.e.*, the commercial as well as the political *status quo*. The use of the comprehensive term Pacific Ocean should cover Australasia as well as the American coasts, so that the new agreement strikes a severe blow at the yellow peril bogey. It should dispel all fear of a war between Japan and the United States, and may weaken the agitation for the construction of a new American fleet. The strengthening of "the relations of friendship," and "the preservation of the general peace" are its avowed objects. But there is an assumption underlying all its clauses that the United States and Japan are the Powers who divide between them the mastery of the Pacific.

* * *

The debate in the French Chamber on the Foreign Affairs Budget was notable for a frank and pregnant speech by M. de Pressensé, the distinguished Socialist deputy, who was for eighteen years director of the foreign department of the "Temps." M. de Pressensé pointed out that the recent Casablanca crisis was precipitated by the misrepresentations in the French Press with regard to the nature of Germany's demands and the time at which they had been made. Every French Government since 1870 had abandoned the "revanche" as a practical policy, but none tried to destroy the "revanche" spirit which influential classes and journals deliberately propagated for sinister purposes. The strained and embittered relations between the two countries made the fear of war a chronic nightmare, and the peace of Europe would never be assured until France did to Germany what she had done to England after Fashoda—came to an understanding. The French working-classes demanded that the network of alliances and understanding should lose its aggressive and bellicose character by being extended to embrace Germany. If that step were not taken the possibility must be faced of another Sedan or Metz, provoked this time by a bankrupt Radicalism. The Foreign Minister's reply to this indictment was the usual charge of anti-patriotism; but M. Jaurès, who dealt with Morocco and Turkey, managed to extract from him a promise to import some cordiality into French relations with Mulai Hafid, and not to make the sacrifice of Turkish interests part of a bargain with Morocco.

* * *

The South African Conference is now at Cape Town, and has resumed its sittings, which are expected to last till February. As the draft Constitution will have to be approved by the various States and peoples before it can be shaped into an Imperial Act of Parliament, it is hardly likely to come before the Imperial Parliament next year. The proceedings of the Conference are being kept secret, but Reuter announces that the delegates are unanimously in favor of unification on the Canadian plan, as opposed to Federation on the Australian. If this is true, the arrangement is evidently a compromise, for the Canadian system is not real "unification," though it has the advantage over the Australian Federal system of reserving to the national Government all powers which are not expressly granted to the provincial Governments, and gives to the national Government very considerable authority over the provincial Governments. The preservation of the State Legislature in even this attenuated form would be as much a concession to the native difficulty as to particularism. The delegates do not seem to be able to agree to a uniform native franchise, and the maintenance of the State Parliament obviously provides room for a compromise. Another problem which is giving the delegates a great deal of trouble is what to do with the native Protectorates. These can hardly, with a United South Africa, remain under Imperial control. But the Imperial Government is under the most solemn pledges to preserve the natives' rights to the land.

* * *

The negro President of the Republic of Haiti, Nord Alexis, has been driven from his chair, as the result of the revolution headed by General Simon. His life was threatened by a raging mob, and was only saved by the French Minister, who covered his body with the tri-color, and escorted him to a French cruiser. He had held office for six years, and will probably be succeeded by his successful rival. His retreat was followed by rioting and pillage at Port-au-Prince, but the black Republics are capable of managing their own affairs, and the more or less satisfactory Government of Haiti will go on.

* * *

A point of some consequence has arisen in the practical relations of the two Houses of Parliament. Lord Morley is to introduce his Indian Reform Bill in the House of Lords. The Prime Minister was asked on Tuesday whether a simultaneous statement would be made in the House of Commons, and replied in effect in the negative. But has not the House of Commons, to which the Indian Budget is always presented, a Constitutional right to such a statement? And is not a discussion in the House of Commons necessary to the issue of a measure vitally affecting the conditions of British rule in India?

Politics and Affairs.

THE ISSUE FOR LIBERALISM.

In face of the constitutional issue raised by the House of Lords, we trust that the Liberal Party is not so rudderless as at first sight it appears to be. The question of temperance reform is one of the gravest, yet it is neither so grave nor so deep as the question of the Constitution which it has provoked. It is now nearly two years since the House of Lords destroyed the first Session's work of the newly-elected House of Commons, by mutilating the Education Bill and rejecting the Plural Voting Bill. It was then felt on all hands that a critical situation had arisen. The Lords had acted as a partisan body. After ten years of quiescence during the Unionist tenure of power, when they had passed without difficulty Bills of the most contentious nature, Bills which the popular verdict of 1906 had condemned, they suddenly burst into activity on the return of the Liberals to office, and discovered themselves once more to be trustees of the nation. Their idea of trusteeship was exhibited at its real worth by the speeches in which Lord Lansdowne and Lord Halsbury explained their selection of this measure to live and that to die. It was admitted that they chose their own ground for fighting, and passed measures which their sense of public duty condemned if they considered that resistance to those measures would be dangerous to themselves. From that time onwards the position was defined. There could be no doubt that the Lords had abdicated, if they ever held, the position of an impartial, revising Chamber, and had become a mere rearguard of the forces of Conservatism, occupying a position from which they could only be dislodged by a frontal attack.

The Liberal Government appeared for the moment to grasp the situation, and gave prominence in the King's Speech to the necessity for an adjustment of the relations between the two Houses. This necessity was subsequently emphasised, after a delay which has never been explained, by a resolution affirming the ultimate right of the House of Commons to prevail. Of this resolution the Lords took no notice. They continued to mutilate or throw out whatever measures they chose. They let go an English Land Bill, which they deemed innocuous—and it has yet to be proved that they were mistaken—while they threw out the Scottish Land Bill, which was undoubtedly radical, and which has throughout had the strong support, affirmed in election after election, of the Scottish people. Still, no action was taken by the Government. Now advancing a step, they have thrown out, without condescending to discuss details, a Licensing Bill, which was no mere party measure, but enjoyed the support of men of influence in all classes and of all parties, and even of the majority of authoritative names within their own body. It might have been thought that this would create one of those situations in which "the chassepots go off of themselves." But nothing of the kind has occurred. Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Birrell, who emphasizes the difficulty of doing anything at all, are silent. The typical party papers admit openly the impossibility of wasting time by preparing any further contentious measures, and, at the same time, contemplate another two years of life for the present Parliament under these conditions of impotence. No longer tacitly, but openly and avowedly, it would seem, the Liberal majority is to recognise the actual supremacy of the House of Lords in legislation. "Anything rather than a dissolution" is still the motto of some people who call themselves Liberals without realising that the effective work of Liberalism in the British State is almost at an end.

We cannot believe that this will be the final attitude of the party as a whole. Something much more than the seats of members is at stake. The question is whether the Liberal Party is prepared to fight the battle of the Constitution, or to encounter dissolution in a far more complete and final sense. If it fights it may, we all know, be beaten. But if it goes down fighting it will rise again, and no future Liberal Government will take office without the requisite assurances from the King that the Constitutional means available for compelling the Lords to submit to the will of the people will be put in force. But if, for the sake of a little longer life, it goes to the country with an admission of impotence, it will go down without fighting, and will disappear as a force that counts in public life. Every Session that passes makes the fight more difficult. It is incomparably more difficult now than it would have been two years ago. It will be impossible if postponed for two years more, when the powers now claimed by the Lords will have hardened into an acknowledged usage. The main result of five years' rule by a Liberal majority of unparalleled strength will have been to establish the Hereditary House as the supreme disposing power in the Constitution.

What is the alternative? We do not press for a January dissolution. We think that the next Budget should be brought in by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Government have set up Old Age Pensions, and should find the money for them. They have, in particular, to show that the money can be found without infringing Free Trade by drawing on the surplus wealth of the community. They have also to secure, by taxation of the monopoly value of public-houses, the financial side of the rejected Bill, and we think that they might concurrently define the issues by passing a Land Valuation Bill, which would occupy little time. But they should, we think, realise and publicly announce without delay that the passing of the next Budget will exhaust their powers of usefulness under present conditions, and they should appeal to the people accordingly for authority to alter those conditions. The way and means thereto are not obscure. The resolution of 1907 has been inoperative. It remains to give it shape and substance in a Bill which would contribute the first and principal legislative work of next Session. If this Bill were accepted by the Lords the situation would, of course, be cleared, but, assuming its rejection, it would be followed by an immediate appeal to the country, accompanied with the clear intimation that no Liberal Ministry would retain or resume office without being entrusted by the King with the necessary powers for securing the acceptance of such a Bill by the House of

Lords. If the party succeeds, the constitutional question would be solved, and the democracy would at last be master in its own house. If it fails for the time the party would have a living issue to fight, which would inspire it in Opposition and eventually bring it back to power.

The alternative is creeping paralysis. We cannot tell what Ministers will decide. But of one thing we are certain. The life and vigor of the Liberal Party depend on numbers of men and women throughout the country who have no manner of love for politics as a game, but have a very real feeling for political freedom, for economic justice, for humanitarian progress. Hitherto, believing that the Labor Party offered no practical alternative, they have put all their knowledge and fervor into the work of the Liberal Party as the great available instrument of reform. Let them be convinced that this instrument is useless, that its edge is dull and its keenness gone, and they will turn to other ways. They will not lift a finger to put back in power men who can make no effective use of it, and will not risk it in the people's cause. Their revolt may be silent, but it will be final.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WRECKERS.

We hope that if the educational compromise breaks down, as now appears probable, the grounds of its failure will be clearly understood. One cause is indeed open to the world, and that is the faithlessness of the Anglican Extremists, and especially of the High Churchmen, to the Primate. By a majority of 189 to 99 the clergy and laity constituting the Representative Church Council, which virtually speaks for Convocation, have rejected the Runciman Bill. Neither the Primate's appeal, delivered almost from a sick bed, nor the counsels of the overwhelming majority of the Bishops, availed. The speeches against the Bishop of Salisbury's timid motion made it clear that even if the Bill went through, it would not be allowed to pass into the educational fabric as an instrument of peace. It would be used as a lever for obtaining further concessions. It is this spirit of exaction, we are afraid, which has ruled the Primate's very late definition of the terms of contracting-out. We cannot believe that Dr. Davidson fully considered them or he must have realised that they struck at the whole character of the settlement. Let us for a moment examine them, and state the conclusive reasons which led Mr. Runciman to reject them. They deal nominally with shillings and pence, and, in passing, we think it most unfortunate that the Church should have made her stand on a matter of money. But their presentation is a matter of far-reaching consequence, throwing strong light on the character and aims of the forces which threaten to dominate Anglican statesmanship.

The Primate asked, in effect, for an extra grant of seven shillings a child for the contracted-out schools, and for higher rents for schools transferred to the public authority. The second of the claims was not unjust, and the Government at once met it. They doubled the scale of rentals adopted in the present schedule of the Bill. They were willing to pay a rack rent for all the teachers' houses they took over. They offered special terms for buildings erected since the Act of 1902. Even on the contracting-out terms they agreed, and with propriety, that the grants to the contracted-out schools should rise in proportion to the rising cost of education. But they remained firm on the question of the scale. Their reason was made clear both in Mr. Runciman's speech and in his letter. The figures too hastily adopted by the Primate were torn to pieces by the Minister for Education, and, indeed, we should be surprised to see them presented in any secular or purely commercial issue. The statement was made on a number of estimates taken from 140 schools, or only three per cent. of the establishments open to contracting-out. Even these few samples were swollen by methods which may mildly be called improper, such as the treatment of rent as a charge of maintenance. They proved that, under the Government's scale of grants, the average deficiency in the cost of educating each child would be 14s. 6d. Mr. Runciman showed clearly that eliminating the items by which these estimates were swollen, the deficiency was about 10s. a child. Can the Church supply this sum? On her own showing she can find it several times over. In 1901, before rate-aid was given, she provided, from local sources, about 10s. a child. Let us admit that this income has been diminished to the extent of 4s.—a very handsome allowance. Even if as many as 1,000 schools were contracted-out, the Church would then have a fund at her disposal amounting to 60s. a child. If 2,000 were contracted-out, she would have a revenue of 30s. a child. Under these circumstances, the Government naturally stood firm, and the whole Liberal Party stood with them. They were, we think, quite right to be liberal in the matter of rent, for that is an encouragement to the Church to open her schools. But they could never consent to widen the area of contracting-out by putting a premium on withdrawal from the national system which is the groundwork of the Bill, especially when they had assured themselves that the Church—one of the richest in the world—had an ample maintenance fund to fall back on.

On these lines, therefore, negotiations have necessarily been stayed. But we put it to the leaders of the Church that they cannot, either in practice or in policy, leave the issue where the Primate's letter appears to fix it. The figures we have criticised were produced by the Society which from the first has been a rooted enemy of the settlement. Their import was obvious. If the Government had been persuaded by them to place a heavy premium on contracting out, then the public spirit of the Nonconformists, now powerfully enlisted on the side of peace, would have risen against it. The Church would have retained her largest and most powerful schools, paying the merest trifle for their maintenance, and fixing them for ever on the general body of taxpayers, while every other school in the country was thrown open to her ministers to teach their creeds and formulae. Why should the Church grasp at such a position? She is presumably a religious body, not a mere organiser of institutions. Under the Bill she secures a far wider range of spiritual guardianship than she has ever obtained before. She can look after

every child in her widely-scattered flock. The debate on Wednesday night showed that, under the right of entry, the Catechism can be taught in the public schools as often as it is taught in any Church schools in the Kingdom. Being the most powerful and best organised religious body, it is clear that she can influence the management of the public schools to which she has now gained admission. Every legitimate aspiration of a religious body, looking to the mass of the people as coming within its care, is fulfilled, and more than fulfilled. Is the Church really going to destroy the *entente* with Nonconformity and with Liberalism by abandoning her historic *rôle* and shrinking back into the hard-fisted particularism towards which the policy of the National Society drives her?

We still hope against hope that a way of peace will be found, and a limit set to the bargaining spirit into which the Church seems for the moment to have been betrayed, with the apparent aim of providing for a huge special area of her own outside the public system, and of inducing a Liberal Government to finance it. If the Church wants more money for her High Anglican schools, she must, in fairness, consent to a limitation of the area of contracting-out. Is the Primate willing to concede this? Hitherto we have all assumed that the contracted-out schools were to be numbered by hundreds, not by thousands. There was to be "a minimum," not a maximum. The Primate had also, we imagine, pledged himself personally, during his negotiations with Mr. Runciman, that the Church should find a "substantial" part of the maintenance fund. If this is in his mind he can surely give some effect to it, provided he retains any power to bind the Church of which he is the executive chief. He can agree either that the Church shall find a definite proportion of the cost of maintenance, say one-sixth, or he can consent to some such limitation to the number of contracted-out schools as Mr. Birrell's Bill provided. We should much prefer such a setttlement, for it would include the Catholics, whose case does present a possible, though not, we think, a serious grievance, under Mr. Runciman's Bill. But if the Church Extremists wreck the settlement, all of us will draw, firmly and irrevocably, to the secular solution, convinced that the introduction of the religious element into the heart of the school system produces no root of healing, but only an unfeeling and embittering quarrel.

AUSTRIA AS A SLAVONIC POWER.

Sixty years ago, the aged Emperor of Austria-Hungary came to his throne amid one of those storms which visit the temperate political climate of Europe but once in a century. When the year of jubilee began, a whole continent agreed to join in a chorus of eulogy and congratulation. It seemed then as if this venerable pilot had really succeeded in reaching calm waters, with a fair-way stretching far ahead. Neither a brilliant intellect nor a volcanic will, he had, none the less, shown a a singular capacity for development and adaptation, a serene and pliant wisdom which is rarest of all in extreme old age. He came to the purple a violent absolutist and the natural head of the German party of ascendency. His career seemed to be drawing to its close amid the triumph of universal suffrage and the appeasement of racial feuds, at least in Austria. He had made his peace alike with the democratic and the pacifist sentiment of Europe, and in Vienna even the party of revolution, so deeply does it respect him, had earned the nickname of "the Royal and Imperial Socialists." Routed in turn by France and Russia, rescued from the civil war in Hungary only by the arms of Russia, robbed of Venetia and Lombardy, and dependent at last on the somewhat patronising alliance of Germany, the Dual Monarchy seemed none the less to have reached in the green old age of its Emperor a position of security and popularity in Europe new in its recent annals. "Call no man happy until he is dead." A few months have sufficed to show the fatal weakness behind this illusion of strength, both at home and abroad. Baron von Aerenthal, first by his Novi-Bazar railway scheme, and then by the annexation of Bosnia, has contrived to ruin the confidence which Austria had earned for her conservative, if rather inert, diplomacy. At home the outlook is no better. The Czechs are celebrating the jubilee by bloody riots in the streets of Prague, and, not content with emphasizing their chronic domestic feuds with the Germans, they are waving British flags to symbolise their dislike of Austrian foreign policy. Even in Vienna the Italian students have been fighting their German comrades in pitched battles with revolvers. Not in Bosnia alone, but in Croatia as well, the Servian population is held down by an unusually accentuated system of coercion. In Hungary, meanwhile, the Magyars, by introducing a "fancy" franchise, which must perpetuate the political impotence of the subject Slav peoples, have pointedly declared their intention of surrendering no jot or tittle of their ancient racial supremacy. There is in Europe such a thing as Austria, which seems to be weak or strong according as her few real rulers are foolish or wise. But the lasting weakness of this Austria is that there are no Austrians. There are Slavs and Magyars and Germans, there are also Clericals and Socialists, but there is not, even under universal suffrage, the promise of a united and disciplined people, with common aims and harmonious traditions.

The Emperor's policy may have failed to establish real democracy, or to fuse the races of the two kingdoms into one people, but there has, none the less, taken place a striking, and probably decisive, shifting of the balance of power among these races. Austria is no longer the second of the German Powers; she is a competitor for the leadership of the Slavs. The monomania which leads our Imperialists to see in every untoward event that happens abroad the hand of Germany, has seriously obscured the English reading of the recent crisis in the Near East. We have seen no conclusive evidence which suggests that Germany has really inspired Baron von Aerenthal's adventures. On the contrary, it is quite probable that Germany would have preferred to attempt the almost hopeless feat of acquiring over the new *régime* in Turkey the same financial ascendency which she exerted over the old. She is still eager to lend money and supply cannon to Turkey, and

whatever charge may fairly be levelled at her, she cannot be accused of encouraging the ambitions of Bulgaria. She has followed the Austrian lead with outward loyalty, but probably with some misgiving in her secret thoughts. The real inspiration of the new course in Austrian policy sprang, we imagine, from a series of calculations that had their origin far south of Berlin. The Pan-Germans would be glad to see an extension of Austrian rule eastwards, provided the reversion of the whole estate were ultimately assured to the German race. But among the younger men in Vienna, particularly among the Clericals and the so-called Christian-Socialists, there has lately arisen a much more interesting and ambitious conception of Austria's future. For a generation she has been struggling against the "manifest destiny" which beckoned her to become a great Slav Power. The German ascendency fought hard against numbers. But, at length, a school has arisen which sees in the whilom "Slav peril" a potential source of strength. Why should not Austria accept at last the plain facts of the situation, rally her Slav majority around her ruling class, and make a merit of the necessity which has forced her to reconcile them? That idea, once accepted, has already fructified. Russia has hitherto traded on the fact that she is not merely a Slav but an Orthodox Power. But it so happens that the most progressive Slav races are not Orthodox, but Catholic—the Poles, the Czechs, the Croats, and even the despised Slovaks, and a minority of the Bosnian Serbs. So emerges the conception of Austria as the Southern Slav Power, with the united forces of German science and the Vatican's diplomacy at her disposal. The natural leader of this new tendency is no less a person than the Heir-Apparent, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, an ardent Clerical and a young man so far emancipated from the traditions of his caste as to have married a Czech lady. Its chief missionaries are the Jesuit priests of Bosnia, where the aim of Austrian coercion is much more to convert the Bosnian Serbs to Catholicism than to Germanise them. The movement has its attractive and kindly side. It allies itself in Austria proper with the curious but powerful party of Christian Socialism, half clerical, half demagogic, a species of Tory democracy which will do nothing for freedom but may do something for social reform. It looks askance at the race-tyranny of the Magyars in Hungary, and promises, to some at least, of their oppressed Slavs the hope of release. Its weakness as an Imperialist party is that it is doubly hated by the orthodox Serbs of Bosnia because it is at once militantly Catholic and aggressively Austrian, while to a race so advanced as the Czechs, nominally Catholic though they are, it seems reactionary and medieval. But it has, at least, a better chance than any other Austrian party of moulding the destinies of the Empire, for whatever its fate among the people, it is a growing power at Court. With this clue it is easier to understand the new direction of Austrian policy. The annexation of Bosnia was something more than a provocation to Turkey. It was a final departure from the traditions of the German bureaucracy, which had hesitated to annex because it had feared to increase the Slav preponderance in Austria. The new school dreams, on the contrary, of creating a new Slav State within the Empire, on the lines of Napoleon's kingdom of Illyria, Servian by race, but Catholic if possible, and, above all, Austrian. Into this context it becomes at length quite easy to fit the puzzling intrigue with Bulgaria. Once conceive of Austria as a Slavonic Power, and it is as natural that Bulgaria should seek her aid and act as her outpost as that she should serve as the vestibule of Russia. It is, moreover, precisely this discovery that Austria aims at leadership among the Southern Slavs which has sharpened the jealousy of Russia, quickened her neglected interest in the Serbs of Servia, and galvanised into new life the nearly forgotten Pan-Slavism of the 'seventies as a real force in the making of opinion and the shaping of diplomacy.

It seems probable that this reckless forward movement in Austria was quite prepared to advance its ends by war. It has behind it that faith in a "manifest destiny" which is among modern peoples the chief war-maker. A successful war would at least end in the humiliation of the two free Servian kingdoms, which at present keep alive the dangerous ideal of an independent Servian nationality. It would also wreck the new *régime* in Turkey, revive the chaos in Macedonia, and so keep open the path to Salonica where also there are Slavs to absorb. It is too early to say that this danger has even now passed. But obviously the aged Emperor has at the critical moment asserted himself against the tendencies which his Heir is supposed to lead. The Tsar has resumed personal relations with the Viennese Court, and the Turks have suppressed at least the more flagrantly provocative aspects of their boycott of Austrian imports and ships. These fortunate symptoms do, indeed, make a war less likely, but they do not bring us within sight of a Conference. Nor would a Conference which met only to seek out curious phrases of conciliation establish a permanent peace. An arrangement which put a buffer State of Servian territory across a line of Austria's advance is probably the only means by which the Balkans can really be pacified. We are in the presence of something more than a passing crisis. Germanism could have advanced in the Balkans only by buying a gate or trampling out a path. But this new Austrian idea has subtler and more persuasive forces on its side. It is, after all these centuries, a revival of the perennial struggle of Latins and Orientals for the Eastern Empire, a revival the more dangerous because it uses not religion alone, but the modern conception of race as well.

THE POLICY OF THE SUPER-TAX.

It may be taken for granted that in making provision for the large increase of revenue required to fulfil the obligations of the Government next year, Mr. Lloyd George is turning his thoughts to a further graduation of the income tax as the chief instrument. All taxation ultimately falls on income, present or deferred, for in what other way can the bulk of public income be derived than by deductions from the annual wealth

which is distributed as private income? If, then, this public income can be collected directly instead of indirectly, and from those incomes which have ability to bear a tax in proportion to the extent of that ability, the best consideration will be given alike to the interests of the public revenue and to those of private industry.

It will be remembered that a Committee of the House of Commons, after a close inquiry two years ago, reported in favor of the practicability of a further and more regular extension of the policy of graduation than is contained in the system of abatements already operative in the case of incomes below £700. The graduation could be developed along one of several ways. It would be possible to increase the nominal figure of the tax and to carry up the system of abatements to a higher range of incomes. But the difficulty of joining this plan with a continuance of "collection at the source" would be very grave, for the principle of graduation is only adapted to direct personal assessment, and, if large sums collected at the source had subsequently to be returned in abatements, serious inconvenience would be caused to commerce and to individual taxpayers by a temporary locking-up of large sums of money. The weight of evidence points very strongly towards the adoption of graduation by means of a super-tax. This method is not, indeed, the simplest mode of graduation. If we were completely free from fiscal usages and were constructing *ab initio* a graduated income tax, the logical procedure would be to procure a personal declaration of total net income from all persons, to apply a single continuous curve of graduation beginning from the lowest assessable incomes, and to collect the whole tax from these persons, checking their return by such information as might be procurable from returns of companies or from other sources. But several considerations make this simple method inadvisable at present. In the first place it would, by abandoning collection at the source, through which more than two-thirds of the existing revenue is taken, encounter the vehement opposition of almost all official authorities, who hold that such a change would greatly increase the trouble of collection, while diminishing the yield of the tax.

Again, the sudden substitution of an entirely new mode of assessment for the old fixed tax with abatements would render all forecast of the total revenue too precarious. Finally, the dislocation of the Inland Revenue machinery by so large a change introduced in a single year would occasion great inconvenience and expense. Having regard to the desirability of applying graduation so as to produce the largest increase of revenue with the minimum of risk, we are disposed to advocate the retention of the present tax with its abatement and its differentiation up to £2,000, and to apply a systematic graduation by super-tax to incomes above that amount. The present tax would be collected as hitherto, largely at the source. A full personal declaration of income from all sources would be made compulsory upon all persons liable to taxation, and the super-tax would be collected by direct personal assessment, the income already taxed at the source being counted in for the purpose of estimating the rate of tax for each income, though the tax paid at the source would be deducted from the amount which the person was called upon to pay. We are unable to attach importance to the outcry against compulsory returns of income. The great majority of income-tax payers are already obliged to give a full return in order to procure abatement, and there is no reason why the rich alone should be exempt from a rule which, it is admitted by the unanimous Report of the Committee, "would do much to prevent the evasion and avoidance of income-tax which at present prevail." Indeed, we must go further, and insist that in order to make a graduated income-tax a safe and effective instrument of progressive revenue, it is essential for the Government to have complete knowledge of the numbers of separate personal incomes arranged along a scale of magnitude. While there is no reason to suppose that any large amount of income would be withheld from declaration, it would doubtless be desirable for the Inland Revenue to be invested with the necessary powers to test personal returns by those obtained from companies, and, we would add, by the right to demand inspection of bank accounts, if that be deemed necessary to secure proper returns of income derived from foreign sources.

No doubt it will be impossible to predict with any accuracy the yield of such a super-tax. But though there is no exact means of knowing how much income lies at various levels over £2,000, our general information as to the distribution of wealth, fortified by disclosure of estates at death, renders it certain that a very large fund of revenue lies as yet untapped. Even if we take as our index the estimate given by Sir H. Primrose for the aggregate income of persons with £5,000 a year and over (an estimate far below that of Mr. Bowley and Mr. Money), we are presented with a figure of £121,000,000. If our super-tax, graded up from £2,000, reached at £5,000 as much as four or five per cent., a fair number of millions ought to be procurable from the incomes rising from this figure. Though graduation must itself be gradual, and the earlier Budgets under such a new method are inevitably experimental, an experiment based on a conservation of the existing system for the present tax, and applied exclusively to the incomes of the well-to-do, would seem likely to prove less risky and more profitable than any other single mode of acquiring new revenue. Graduation of taxation on the upper reaches of incomes need not, indeed cannot, suffice to yield the whole of the required increase. But it must surely form the central figure in what must almost inevitably prove to be a "historical Budget."

If a super-tax, starting from £2,000, or from any other point, should be imposed, it is desirable that it should not contrive to perpetuate the clumsy mode of advancing by sudden steps reckoned in pence, but should proceed by an even, continuous rise, measured, in its application, to the several incomes by percentages. Wherever a sudden advance in rate of tax is made, an irrational discrimination occurs. This breeds a genuine sense of grievance in owners of incomes just above the limit, and causes much concealment, with a corresponding loss of yield. All this irrationality and waste are remedied by the adoption of a true graduation.

Life and Letters.

THE TUDOR BOY.

The unchanging world of childhood and boyhood reveals itself in excavation amongst a buried past. The close of the "Symposium" might stand to-day for the close of any University banquet: with the philosophy, as the night wears by, becoming confused with drowsiness and drunkenness, the desire for riot and for rest. And here in the dialogues of Juan Luis Vives ("Tudor Schoolboy Life," translated by Foster Watson: J. M. Dent & Co.), is a world of interest and desire but little different from the world of to-day; set in a Europe hurrying through a period of violence and of change, and shattered into fragments in the process. The author, humanist, educationist, friend of Erasmus and of the new learning, belongs at the beginning to a Europe which is still one land, from which the vision of a confederation under one Empire, bound together by one religion, has not yet died away. Born in Valencia in Spain, in the year of the discovery of America, of high-born Spanish ancestry, he was educated at the town school there: wandering thence into the great adventure of the Renaissance, into all the world. We find him in Paris, in Bruges, at Louvain: sometime at Lyons, where he met Erasmus: later in England, where he was offered the Readership of Modern History at Oxford, and was entrusted with the direction of the education of Princess Mary. At the Court he seems to have been poorly lodged, and at times to have experienced great weariness. "I have to take great care of my health," he writes—'tis the complaint of Court Jester or Tutor in all ages—"for if I become ill they would cast me like a mangy dog on a dung-hill." He advocated—in print—international peace and a crusade against the Turks, also State provision for the poor. He espoused the cause of Catherine against Henry, and was cast for six weeks into prison by that cheery tyrant. The "School Dialogues" (here translated) were dedicated to the little Prince Philip of Spain. "It has seemed well to dedicate it to thee, little Prince," he wrote, "both because of thy father's goodwill to me, in the highest degree, and also because I shall deserve well of my country, that is Spain, if I should help in the forming of sound morals in thy mind. For our country's health is centred in thy soundness and wisdom." It is 1536: with the English marriage, the tragedy of Don Carlos, the Armada, the building of the Escorial, and the awful scene there at the end, still in the womb of the future.

And it is a sunny world, still golden with the dawn, as we look, through a peep-hole, at the world of Tudor boyhood. Above and beyond are theological controversies of incredible bitterness, great wars which are to devastate whole populations and tear France and Germany and the Spanish Empire into pieces. But here is the schoolboy, loitering unwillingly to school, turning with zest to play, full of the quick and eager gossip of childhood, rejoicing in the singing of birds and the coming of calm weather. The dialogues commence with the child at home in the beginning of day. "Hail! my father," he says. "Hail! my mother dear. I wish that this may be a happy day for you, my little brothers. May Christ be propitious to you, my little sisters!" He plays with the little dog, making him "beg" for bread. "Isabel" gives him his breakfast in a little satchel—"a piece of bread and butter and dry figs, or pressed, not dried, grapes, as an additional dish"—and they set off for school, the place in the father's description "where animals go, to come back men." "I bring you this boy of mine," says the father to the school-master, "for you to make him a man from the beast." "This shall be my earnest endeavor," is the reply. "He shall become a man from a beast, a fruitful and good creature out of a useless one." And there comes the absorbing world of childhood. The boys torment the old women who are selling in the market place. They shirk (against the advice of a priggish companion) home work for games. They play for nuts, and when they have no nuts, play for nut shells. "Nut shells are good," says one, "for making little houses to put ants into." They play at dice—for trouser buttons, and for needles. One who has no needles deposits cherry stones instead. "Don't you give me anything for looking on?"—the question of a servant—is met by a retort as old as time: "You ought rather to give us something for having had the enjoyment of our play." Here is the Tudor cuisine revealed—no limited or austere fare for growing boys. Early breakfast is a piece of coarse bread-and-butter and fruit. For lunch there are cooked vegetables or pottage in pottage-vessels, and meat with relishes, sometimes turnips, sometimes cabbages, starch-food, wheat-meal or rice. "For elaborate feasts you must seek elsewhere, not in the school, where the aim is to form minds in the way of virtue." Tea and coffee have not yet served to fuddle the minds of a degenerate age: for drink there is fresh clear water, or light beer—some few drink, but only seldom, well-diluted wine. The afternoon meal consists of bread and almonds or nuts, dried figs and raisins; in summer, pears, apples, cherries, or plums. The boys are seen by the visitor (by permission) at their mid-day meal: themselves preparing the table, rubbing the dishes clean. One of them repudiates a knife; "I don't need one," he declares. "I can part my food into pieces by biting it with my teeth, and tear it into bits by my fingers." "They say that biting is very useful," remarks "Usher," approvingly; "both for the gums and also for the surface of the teeth." The table is cleared at the end, each boy cleaning his own knife and putting it away in its sheath. "You, there, Cinciolus," calls the master, "don't scrape your teeth with your knife, for it is injurious. Make for yourself a tooth-pick of a feather or of a thin, sharp piece of wood, and scrape gently, so as not to scar the gum or draw blood. Stand up all of you and wash your hands before thanks are returned. Move the table away, call the maid that she may sweep the floor with the broom. Let us thank Christ." "For this timely meal," says he who said grace, "we render Thee timely thanks, Lord Christ. Grant that we may for eternity render immortal thanks. Amen." And they all pass out to play.

The school boy chatter, though naïve and reckless, with a keen sense of humor, takes the reader back to a distant age before the feats of athletes and the chances of athletic renown filled all the horizon of the boy's mind. The subjects are various—the conclusion of the war with France, the song of the nightingale, premature fallings in love, Hermogenes who once bore away all the chief prizes and now has become sluggish and boorish. One story is of a countess endowed with as many children as there are days in the year; "and the numerous posterity is shown in a certain town in the island to-day." "I will rather believe this than investigate it," declares one incredulous youth. "All things are possible with God," is the reply of another, to which a third adds piously, "And, moreover, easy of accomplishment." But there is no change in the revolt of the schoolboy against early rising; and the protests of the sixteenth century dormitory might pass verbatim for the protests of every similar institution four hundred years later. There are, however, allusions in the subsequent clothing which reveal a different standard of sanitation and cleanliness. "There," cries the pleasant youth on seizing his shirt, "snatch that flea on the leap." "Leave off the hunt," he dejectedly adds. "How small a matter it would be to have killed a single flea in this chamber!"

The dialogues are admittedly written for edification. Yet they contain the very salt and flavor of the life of these vanished children, told with sympathy, by a master hand. Here is the house, the pictures on the walls, the furniture, the method of play, tennis and dice and cards; the elder students studying by night, preferring rather to work with a lamp than a candle "on account of the equable flames, which less tries the eyes, for the flicker of the wick injures the eyes, and the odor of the tallow is unpleasant." It is a more solemn

world than our own, with all its jollity, a "merrie" but not a frivolous, England, in which youth from the beginning is impressed with the necessity for restraint and discipline, and the direction of energies and purposes to one all-absorbing end. It is a world, indeed, in which the "grown-up" are but just emerging from the childhood of the Middle Age, and still think that material possession and worldly gain are of less importance than obedience to the will of God. This religion of theirs appears rather as a sense of an encompassing atmosphere than as the realisation of a Presence, accepted, like food and drink, air and water, as intermingled naturally and often (to the modern mind) somewhat irreverently with the experiences of every day, and the concerns of the particular hearth and home. Yet beyond these necessary ways there was the emphasis upon a Purpose outside the little scene of competition and hot striving, the playground of children and of men. "Vives shows," says this writer, "that 'the good' does not consist in riches, honors, position, or in learning merely, but in a keen intellect, wise, mature judgment, religion, piety towards God, and in performance of duties towards one's country, one's dependents, one's parents, and in the cultivation of justice, temperance, liberality, magnanimity, equability of mind in calamity, and brave bearing in adversity." The completed product—in his own words—will be found "pleasing and dear to all." "But even this," he adds, "thou wilt not set at high value, but wilt have as sole care—to become acceptable to the Eternal God."

THE GENIUS OF GILBERT.

The reprint of "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore" (Bell & Sons) in a prose form with pictures is presumably meant strictly for the nursery; and in such a light it is excellent, first because of the genuine excellence of the pictures, and second because there is something in Sir William Gilbert's fancy which pleases children, though it certainly was not meant for them. It is an awful rebuke for the satirist that children enjoy his work without seeing the satire. That harsh outline and emphatic color which for us makes a caricature cruel, for a child only makes it clear. Swift created "Gulliver" as a cataract of contempt for the children of men. And the children of men have drunk it delightedly and washed in it innocently ever since. Swift described his giants and pigmies in order to show how vile and vain a world it is in which everything is at the mercy of relativity. But the child reading Swift merely thinks how living and lovely a world it is, in which there are giants and pigmies at all. Much in the same way there must be many people (I am one of them) who owe their first primitive poetic impression of a modern English ship to the preposterous ship "Pinafore." I actually received the whole naval romance from this fantasia, which had no apparent object except to make game of the whole naval romance. The clean look of a deck, the smartness of the white sailors, the cocked hat and strict blue uniform of a captain, all these picturesque images I saw while sitting, as a small boy, in the pit of the theatre, long before I saw them anywhere else. As I was an English school boy, it is as needless to say that I was taught no English History during the term as to say that I was taken to the "Pinafore" during the holidays. That is the way we do things; and there may be something in it. But certainly I saw the great satire on the national navy long before I saw the national navy, or had even, in any serious sense, heard of it. I knew all the ropes and the rig of "H.M.S. Pinafore" before I had counted the masts of any craft to be seen at Margate; that caricatured and comic ship was really (in the words of its own satiric verse) the only ship I had ever seen. I knew something of the routine of sailors and the position of the quarter deck before I had seen the harbour of Portsmouth, or the spot where Nelson fell.

This is no doubt the justification of such a simplified and illustrated reproduction of the thing for children. Nevertheless it cannot be regarded as other than an inversion of the proper state of affairs. It is wrong that children should complete their own excellent common sense by staring at the mature madness of their elders. It is unreasonable that a child should never have heard of tea until he reads about the Mad Hatter's tea party. It is wrong that he should never have heard of babies until he has read "The Water Babies." Some more simple and solid picture of this earth as it is will always delight children, and ought to be prepared and preserved for them. Sense is the suitable atmosphere of children, because they never get tired of it. Nonsense is a playground for grown-up people; and I, for one, object to a lot of officious children coming and interfering with my play.

At any rate, the true genius of Gilbert is at the opposite extreme to the genius of childhood. The magic of a man like Gilbert is that he can see things just slightly crooked; the magic of a child is that he sees things startlingly and almost shockingly straight. Both bear witness to truth; but the humorist bears witness by exaggerating, the child by not exaggerating at all. I give the nearest example I have known. A little boy was sitting on my knee the other day while I was reading H. G. Wells's new book of philosophy. He could just read capital letters, and he read across the top of a chapter "What is truth?" And the moment he saw this gray and ironical riddle of old Pontius Pilate, he called out in a sudden shrill and exultant voice, "Oh that *is* an easy question. I know what truth is. It's saying things right." And so indeed it is; that is the best answer to the question, except the colossal silence of Christ. But the point is here, that the whole strength of the child lay not in the fact that he solved the difficulty, but that he did not admit that there was any difficulty. That is really to be close to God. But the whole point of humor in the Gilbertian sense is that it does see the difficulty, that it sees innumerable difficulties arising out of the difficulty, and that by turning the riddle back upon itself, it comes back to common sense. Compare with the boy's boisterous disdain for so simple a problem as that of truth, the treatment of the same thing in the "Mikado." Modern philosophers and psychologists (being by no means near to God) have started all sorts of fads about truthfulness; and one of them is this: that certain people (Teutons especially) are so splendidly strong and brave that truth comes out of them naturally and is part of their animal dignity and simplicity. Of course, every child knows that this is nonsense; every child (Teutonic or otherwise) knows that it is nice to tell a lie, but that by a considerable effort one can tell the truth. But the philosophers do suggest that there is a truth-telling type, a person to whom deception is instinctively painful. Gilbert, the great satirist of our subtleties, seizes hold of this particular subtlety and smashes it for ever in four ironical lines.

> "We know him well, he cannot tell
> Untrue or groundless tales,
> He always tries to utter lies
> And every time he fails."

That is the summary of the supreme inspiration of Gilbert; to take some nonsense that is said everywhere; and to say it so nonsensically that no-one can ever say it again.

In all this, Gilbert was very much the precursor and even the anticipator of Mr. Bernard Shaw. He had the power of putting a prejudice suddenly under a light in which it could not live. He performed the true purpose of a plague or a consuming fire; he burnt up everything that can be burnt. For instance, the real idea of patriotism cannot be burnt; it is incombustible and incorrupt. Whatever anyone says, it is true that Frenchmen not only live in France, but live by France. Whatever anyone says, where two or three Frenchmen are gathered together, France shall be in the midst of them. But there is an element in patriotism, especially I am afraid in English patriotism, which invites a slaughterous scientific attack. It has invited it, and it has got it. A number of young Englishmen have obviously got into their minds the extraordinary notion that the greatness of England ought to make an Englishman proud. The

truth is just the reverse, the greatness of England ought to make an Englishman humble. One ought not to swagger about being the fellow citizen of Shakespeare; rather one ought to feel that Shakespeare might have had a better fellow citizen. In other words, an Englishman ought to feel unworthy of his country; it is only fools or aliens who feel worthy of it. But there does exist this false patriotism which is not so much love of England as pleasure in being an Englishman. I say it does exist; but its back has been broken with a blow. Gilbert has in one phrase defined and destroyed it In the moment when Gilbert wrote the lines

> "But in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations
> He remains an Englishman——"

in that hour he effaced the folly of making national peculiarities a ground of spiritual pride, and killed Rudyard Kipling before he was born.

G. K. C.

THE ETERNAL JEREMIAD.

If any man among us, no matter how imbecile or vicious, could live to the age of fifty without deploring the degeneracy around him, he would deserve a prize far wealthier than the Nobel; and so would any woman. Indeed, they would receive a prize of infinitely higher value in the affectionate gratitude of every young man or maiden who enjoyed the inconceivable bliss of their society. But even a child knows the thing to be for ever impossible. Though all existence may be miraculous to a child, this is the miracle that does not happen; this is the point beyond which the virtue even of its parents cannot go. Did a father and mother live through a week and not remark upon the declining manners, endurance, and discipline of the present day, surely some heavenly aeroplane would translate them to a world better even than this world was when they were young.

When Mr. Gladstone, in remitting a tax, described sugar as the solace of old age, he had for a moment forgotten the joy of lamentation, compared to which sugar can supply but a transitory and material comfort. The ancients fabled hope as the last poor blessing left to man when the lid of Pandora's box shut down, but in that box still lurked a gift only less blessed than the visions of hope. It was the vision of memory—the ocular illusion which glorifies the past, and causes, day by day, its tedium or pain or horror to be obliterated from the mind, so that, amidst the hideousness and grief of present surroundings, all mankind looks backward to an enchanted region. For the Age of Gold has always been behind us, and only the first man and woman spent their lonely honeymoon in Paradise without remembering happier things. When we call this faculty a blessing, we do not forget that there is no greater sorrow than in misery to recall the happy time. But the pleasure that tempts increasing age appears to lie not so much in the contemplation of historic excellence as in the denunciation of modern delinquency. Denunciation of the present is the prophet's stock-in-trade, and a prophet is never young. "The age of our fathers," chant the prophets in all ages—"the age of our fathers, worse than our grandfathers, has given birth to ourselves more degenerate than they, and we, in turn, shall spawn a progeny more vicious still." From generation to generation that cry has been the prophet's delight, just as scolding a thankless child rejoices the maiden aunt.

So we need not take it too much to heart because the other day a schoolmaster in the West of England poured out the phials of wrath upon our erring race, and pointed backward to the virtues we have lost. He was but tending the homely, slighted prophet's trade, practised at every breakfast table when a parent has got out of bed wrong side:—

> "The national characteristics are passing away," he is reported to have said. "Good sense used to be regarded as one of the chief characteristics of an Englishman, but the present age is an age of feeble-mindedness. Courage and truthfulness are declining, our business faculties are not so good, and one does not meet with the modesty of other days."

'Tis the voice of the prophet: we hear him declare what from immemorial ages he has been declaring, and we envy him the luxurious pleasure in which he has sunk. Mingled with the joy of eloquent denunciation, the prophet has the further satisfaction of a benevolent self-esteem. It is all very well for prophets to include themselves once a week among the miserable sinners who have gone astray like lost sheep. We know that this is not their real attitude towards their own behavior. Else, when a boy suffers at school, why does the father invariably remark that his own sufferings at school were much greater, and assume that this is sufficient reason why his boy should suffer too? If the father had not suffered, he might have been a healthier, braver, and better man, but, miserable sinner though he confesses himself to be, that idea has never occurred to his mind. What was good enough for himself must be good enough for all, since it has resulted in excellence like his. The schoolmaster laments that we do not meet with the modesty of other days. "Things were not so in my young days," sniffs the prophetess reproachfully. And if you answered, "Ah, madam, if they had been, how much nicer you might have become!" she would feel hurt.

So there is no call for surprise when the schoolmaster takes up his parable against latter-day iniquity. Rather we envy him his self-esteem, and his bright visions of a past that never was on land or sea. But we are a little startled when, according to the report of his prophecy, he goes on to denounce the present time as "an age of misshapen lapdogs, of matinée hats, of quack medicines, quack religions, esoteric Buddhism, Christian Science, spiritualism, sentimentalism, vegetarianism, fads, and humbugs." There is something comprehensive about that. Jeremiah could not have surpassed its breadth of condemnation. It is a hotch-potch of sins. It is what the vulgar British soldier calls a basinful. How all our evil tendencies get jumbled up together—vegetarianism with carnivorous lapdogs, esoteric Buddhism with exoteric hats! It is most painful to think that all these evidences of degeneracy are sprouting around us at once. We can hardly see the wood for the trees—we mean the stage for the matinée hats—and when we have struggled past sentimentalism we come with a gasp to the vegetable course, and collapse in a plethora of contrition. There is no escape. The sins of the age are bound to get at us somewhere. If we have not yielded to Christian Science, we are sure to fall victims to Mr. Eustace Miles and nutmeat. And as to fads and humbugs—why, we have known men who thought it faddy to wear socks, and humbug to say "Thank you"! What chance has poor mankind in these degenerate times? It were simpler to confess, with an earlier Psalmist, that we are corrupt, we are altogether become abominable; there is none that doeth good; no, not one.

Of course, it is very wholesome for us, this diet of black draught, this witch's brew of lapdogs and quack religions in a cauldron. But, somehow, it seems rather a confused purgation, and one would like the prescribing prophet to discriminate a little before he makes us gulp. However misshapen a lapdog may be, however expansive a matinée hat, neither of them can be measured by the same ethical footrule as the enormity of esoteric Buddhism or a potato diet. As for sentimentalism, the word in modern controversy merely means an emotion that cannot bring in sixpence, just as the word "hysterical" usually describes an emotion that the speaker has never felt or has lost with middle-age. If our country's business faculties are declining, perhaps we may hope for less hideousness in our industrial life; if one does not meet with the modesty of other days, perhaps our social intercourse may gain in freedom and vitality. Even our great-grandfathers and the schoolmaster himself were never quite faultless, and when we hear that courage and truthfulness are declining in proportion as lapdogs and hats increase, we may remember that exactly the same lamentation was raised in all the finest ages of antiquity, whose forefathers had walked through the Red Sea, or fought at Marathon, or dug

their honest fields with Sabine hoes. Even when a Homeric hero exclaimed, "We boast of being ever so much better than our fathers," old Nestor smiled superior.

Suddenly at times, hardly oftener than once in two millenniums, appears the prophet who does not cry: "Return, O my people, return!" but: "Go forward, like men. Why do you look for a new heaven and a new earth in vanished things and outworn uses, when all the time those kingdoms are within you, and their glory is still to be revealed?" At his word a new spirit is diffused among mankind, and to that voice the world listens, heedless alike of any other prophet's reproachful denunciations, and of the quack medicines, feeble-mindedness, and lapdogs which called them forth.

THE REVEALING NIGHT.

There is light behind us as we leave the house for a tramp on the hillside. It streams beyond us, and shows us in the faintly silvered grass a stroke of blackest charcoal that we know stands for a trench. We feel for the other side with a stick, and, nevertheless, the foot comes down with a jar, because, in so dim a light, it is impossible to judge distance correctly. How will it be when the light is withdrawn and the black velvet of night is all round us? Black as it seemed it proves sight-yielding. It tricks us into seeing many things that we know cannot be there—converting outlines of trees into haystacks, bushes into men, desperate footpads ready to commit murder for our purse, a newly broken log into a prone body with staring white face, a cattle byre into a ruined church of unusual beauty—yet revealing our whereabouts somewhat as through a guide speaking Greek. These outlines and broad meanings of light and shade we cannot see by day, for detail eclipses outline, and color confuses all estimate of shade. Day darkens as well as night. Night enlightens.

The things seen now, and not seen in the daytime, may seem a small thing. Not so the sharpening or extra gratification of the other senses. Is it because the eye is working at a lower focus that the scents of night are far more certain than those of day, or is it that the moisture and the velvet of night keep them in a thicker stream and purer? Surely, not only is our best smell of autumn, the nutty odor of fallen leaves, most companionable now, but we perceive, as though for the first time, that there is one smell of elm, another of the tan of oak, another of hazel, another of maple, whereas in the day we can scarcely tell the difference between larch and beech. And here, at the foot of a clay bank, is the reek of leaves fast turning to mud, and here in the grip is the trail that a fox has left in the air, and through it there comes from the orchard side the acid message of the cider they made a good month ago. The must from which they squeezed every drop of juice lies there in a heap, perhaps for winter fuel, and even three months' hence we shall get that acid smell on a favorable night, though it is not there, or passes unheeded, by day.

The soft brush of our boots on the grass, and the suck with which they leave the clay, prevent us from knowing just how silent the night is. When we stand still, it is as though a clamor had ceased, then we find ourselves listening as though for the fall of the proverbial pin. It comes in the crackling flutter of a leaf in the next tree. Then we hear the rush of the breeze that, in fact, scarcely fans the cheek, and the lift and fall of a bramble bush responding to its almost infinitesimal pressure. The roar of a railway train comes five miles, and its whistle makes as clear a streak on the silence as the hoot of a tawny owl from the wood a hundred yards away. Then out of the unheard comes the mellow common time of a horse trotting with a carriage behind it, though the wheels will for a long time be unheard. He is three miles away when we hear him drop to a walk at a slight hill, an indulgence that brings up a mental picture of the whole turn-out—low-wheeled dog-cart, fat, middle-aged horse, comfortable farmer rarely pressed for time, well-tucked behind rugs, and probably with his spouse beside him. The trotting is resumed, and after awhile, just as we almost imagine the sound of wheels, the equipage turns at the cross-roads and the sounds recede.

Though there is no moon, and the stars are blurred in the canopy of cloud, we have become quite at home in the field when we plunge into the comparative gloom of the wood. Light trickles with some freedom through the leafless boughs, but among the hollies there is the very abysm of night. As we touch their stiff skirts there is a flutter in the recess that, absurd though it be, sends the heart into the mouth. It is only a small bird disturbed in its roost. It gives a drowsy chirrup, and we cannot make certain whether it has gone up towards the stars or has put its head under the other wing and gone to sleep again. A belated fallow buck sounds his challenge not far off. It is like the rattling of antlers on branches, or the instrumental music that the great spotted woodpecker makes in spring, but there is an undoubted vocal quality that only that larynx-knotted throat can give.

We do not imagine, as once we did, that it would be easy to follow up the sound and get a view of the champion. His other senses, like ours, are sharper, and his eyesight not less keen by night than by day. He changes quarters as silently as the owl, and we soon hear his stammered cough from a point deeper in the wood. A fallen log gleams, perhaps with luminous fungus. No; there are two obvious round eyes, which waver for a moment, as though someone swung a lantern with two holes, then spring to the ground and vanish. Some cottage cat out after a wood mouse or less legitimate prey. Or, perhaps, she belongs to the charcoal burners, the incense from whose smoking mound has long floated through the wood. We expected to find the mound itself, with its writhing smoke-serpents occasionally breaking out into dull flames. But we have to confess that we have somehow lost our way in the wood. The journey is far from familiar, and even the landmarks that might be known by day are obliterated or, worse still, so it seems, altered into something else. There is a reflection of the grey sky below us on the right. It may be the eye of a pond far away, or a sheet of chalk quite near. We cannot even tell whether this at our feet is a mere path or a deep trench with mud and water in it. When we stoop and grope it seems as though the elves had suddenly changed a yawning ditch into firm ground. In a minute some other equally ludicrous problem presents itself. We creep from one perplexity to another—like a fox in the midst of traps.

Again it is some other sense than eyesight that tells us where we are. A louder throbbing than that of the pulse proclaims a motor car, and, ergo, the high road in a direction many points further to the north than we had thought. Swinging to the left we get the smell of water, and the eyes seem to feel rather than see the thinness of timber that signifies the lake. A single clue has resolved a profound mystery into clear knowledge. A spell has removed all the enchantments of the forest. A broad path comes from the underbrush where it had been hiding, and places itself under our feet, so that we march down-hill as fearlessly as in daylight. But what is that rushing, rasping sound behind us like the scales of a big serpent scraping the ground? Merely a sycamore leaf sliding and tumbling before the breeze. Surely so small a noise would be quite imperceptible except in the velvet of this dark night.

Long waves come out from the middle of the lake and stealthily fall on the shore. When a long white ripple runs in among the willow stems we think of the otter that puzzled and a little terrified Bevis and his friend in Richard Jefferies' immortal camping-out book. There are few things so mysterious and full of possibilities as a wave of which we cannot see the origin. We remember how, on such a night as this, as Jessica said, we rocked, half dreaming, in a drifting boat, heard a new ripple approaching, felt ourselves rock as something seemed to grip the gunwale, and then saw with relief the face of a friend who had fancied a swim, with our boat as the objective. Nothing comes of the ripple in the willow stems except the drowsy voice of a mallard, as

though he had whispered encouragement to his startled mate. From the other end of the island, three tinny syllables call up the picture of a shelldrake's knobbed vermillion beak, for it was he undoubtedly that spoke. The naked trees, now the hollies are passed, make the rest of our woodland walk little darker than the fields. But among the yews and other evergreens in the garden the shadows are almost without a ray. Then the door, and a flood of light that in a moment blinds us, deafens us, and makes speech itself like a thing to be learned over again. So must the owl or the bat feel when suddenly plunged into the blinding darkness that we call day.

Letters from Abroad.

THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMAN FREEDOM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Prince Bülow has told the nation that the Kaiser is going to reform, and the Kaiser has made known that this promise has met with his Imperial approval. Many forces are now at work to induce the good citizens of the Empire to take note of these promises and be content. Will they succeed? This is the question of the hour.

What has been obtained in substance after all? William II.'s vagaries and indiscretions have often been obnoxious, and have provoked much dangerous friction. But they have also often carried their antidote with them. They have put people on the alert, and have thus acted as a sort of safety-valve. William has been described by those who know him very intimately as somewhat cautious, if not faint-hearted, when it comes to serious action, and the whole history of his reign confirms this opinion. He is enterprising by impulse, but shrinks from action when he realises its danger. This characteristic, not very praiseworthy in a private person, has a redeeming effect in a man at the helm of a big State. The history of William II.'s government has thus far been a history of successive retreats, not a few of them retreats from false steps. But now, if he is compelled to play the part of William the Silent, he will not change his thoughts and aspirations. Only he will not provoke the healthy opposition so often engendered by his inconsiderate harangues.

In short, the nation has won nothing. Instead of a talker, William II. will become a dissembler. Only the reactionaries who prefer to use their social power in intrigues with the Crown, profess to be satisfied with William II.'s rather piteous promises of amendment. With the great majority of the nation the feeling is quite different. True, the pusillanimity shown by William II. has had a great educative effect. It has revealed to many of those who hitherto did not care about the details of the Imperial Constitution, the absolute insufficiency of the powers of the Reichstag in regard to the policy of the Empire. The reformation of William II. concerns only questions of form and of minor importance. As king of Prussia, he has dropped his intention of dismissing Herr von Tschudi, the able director of the National Gallery of Berlin, and has paid a visit to the municipal representatives of Berlin at the centenary of the grant of municipal self-government. This was a kind of amendment, since on other occasions he has ostentatiously cut the capital town. That he does not mean to make concessions on material questions of popular rights, but only stoops in order to reconquer his former authority, has just been shown by his speech at the last-mentioned festival. This speech, read from a manuscript handed to the Kaiser by Prince Bülow—some say drafted, others revised, by Prince Bülow—speaks only of this famous legislation as if it were granted by William's ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia, out of the condescension of a mighty monarch to a submissive people. In fact, even the historical tyro in Prussia knows that the real author of that memorable Act, the enlightened statesman, Freiherr von Stein, secured the necessary signature almost by brute force from the narrow-minded Hohenzollern, and would not have succeeded if the King's armies had not been destroyed at the battles of Jena and Auerstaedt. It is equally well known that the rights conferred by that Act on the municipal bodies have since been mutilated by the successors of that King.

The desire of the nation goes in another direction. People want, if not the whole deciding power, at least a larger share in government. But how to secure it? Here lie the difficulties of the hour.

The Liberals, the *Freisinnige*, the Catholics of the centre, call for a law making the Chancellor and the Ministry responsible to the Reichstag, and the Social Democrats have already drafted a Bill to that effect, providing a high court to be nominated by the Reichstag, and entitled to act in case the Chancellor has failed in his duties, or has otherwise damaged the interests of the Empire. On their side the *Freisinnige* are now also drafting such a Bill, whilst the Centre Party have brought forward a resolution asking the "federated Governments" to bring in a Bill on the subject. These motions will be put on the agenda of December 2nd, a somewhat ominous date. The nothing-if-not-loyal parties—with the exception of the Social Democrats, of course—have agreed to leave the person of the Kaiser out of question, and this decision will, in a large degree, muzzle the Social Democratic speakers. If any of them should venture to criticise the Kaiser again, the President is sure to apply the conventional rules of the House against him.

This may provoke lively debates, but the practical result of the discussion is very doubtful. The Conservatives have already declared that they don't want any constitutional change, and the National Liberals are already diplomatising. The Government, on their part, will play the part of Brer Rabbit. They will lie still and say nothing. It has been announced semi-officially that Prince Bülow will not even be present at the meeting, but will be represented by the Home Secretary, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg; that the latter will only be a dumb listener; and that the final attitude of the Government in regard to the decisions of the Reichstag will depend upon the composition of the majority which may have voted thereon.

What does this mean? With the Conservatives vetoing the motions, a majority composed of the parties that form the Bülow *bloc* is quite out of question. But if, after the rejection of their Bills, the Socialists and the *Freisinnige* should vote for the resolution of the Centre Party, this resolution would get a majority. According to their professed principles, the *Freisinnige* are bound to vote for it. But what will happen if, as must be expected, the Government declares that they will not heed a resolution carried only by the co-operation of parties that stand outside the *bloc?* Consistency would then force the *Freisinnige* to part with the *bloc.* But consistency is not the virtue—or vice—of that party. A more probable result is that a motion to send the Bills and the resolution of the Centre to a special committee of the Reichstag will be accepted, and the matter will be adjourned—or interred.

Altogether the preliminary discussions on this topic in the Press have already disclosed the dismal weakness of the Reichstag. The mere fact that parties, and amongst them even the Social Democrats, should get to work on a Bill setting up the *legal* responsibility of the Chancellor, is a sad proof of the difficulty of establishing the *political* responsibility of governments in Germany. I need not tell British readers what little practical value the legal responsibility of a Ministry must be, even as the Social Democratic Bill defines it, as long as the present grouping of the parties of the Reichstag remains, and how little such a law would be needed the moment a majority of the Reichstag is determined to enforce *political* responsibility. But such a majority is at present an impossibility. It would suppose something of an *entente* or truce between the *Freisinnige* and the Social Democrats, whilst, as a matter of fact, the antagonism between these parties is at present greater than ever.

A great opportunity is consequently going to be

lost. In a qualified way the situation in Germany may be called revolutionary. Enough discontent is piled up to bring about—in any other country, at least—a radical upheaval. The callousness with which the Government's Bill on the new taxation treads on the vitals of large sections of traders in order to save the wealthy and the agrarians, has caused great exasperation; and the sentiment of the masses as regards the Kaiser and the ruling families is still very critical, if not determinedly hostile. People begin seriously to discuss the costs of maintaining so many separate princely families, with their staffs and retainers, when the Government preaches them economy and increases the cost of their living. So strong is the current that, so far as public meetings go, the crime of *lèse-majesté* is dead. The strongest utterances, and their passionate endorsement by the meetings, are allowed to pass unnoticed.

But all this remains—words, words, words. There is no action behind, nothing that promises a great constitutional change. After seven days' debate the new taxation Bill has been handed over to a Special Committee of the Reichstag, and all depends now upon the findings of that Committee. If the *Freisinnige* stick to the declarations they have made during the debates, if, along with the Socialists, they reject the unjust taxes on cigars, beer, electricity, &c., whilst the Conservatives and the Clericals reject the death duties, it is hard to see how the 500 millions of marks the Government wants can be scraped together, and a dissolution of the Reichstag will be inevitable. But a new General Election would, as quite a number of remarkable Socialist successes at recent elections have shown, result in the return of the Socialists in a greatly increased strength, and in the face of this contingency, everything will be done to bring about a compromise on this, as well as on other questions.

Instead of a concerted action of the Liberal and Democratic forces, fighting in a converging line against the central Government and its reactionary backers, we see the said parties in heated antagonism to each other. Compromise between the *Freisinnige* and the Conservatives may be the final result of all these agitations. Unless some unexpected incident, provoked perhaps by the Polish question, which has suddenly arisen again, changes the situation, it is greatly to be feared that the constitutional crisis in the German Empire is going to be—as the English Parliamentary term goes—"talked out."—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, November 29th, 1908.

The Drama.

A NEW ACTRESS.

THE afternoon of Friday, November 27th, may possibly prove a memorable date in the history of the English theatre. It certainly introduced us to a new actress of remarkable qualifications; and if she fulfils the promise of this first appearance, those of us who were present at the New Theatre that afternoon may go about boasting to the end of our days that it was our good fortune to hail the rising of an unhoped-for star in the long void and darkling firmament of Tragedy. This is no prophecy, remember—or rather it is a prophecy carefully hedged behind a very large "if." All I assert is that the performance of that afternoon came much nearer to great tragic acting than anything we have seen for many a day, and could not but raise high hopes for the actress's future. For the true measure of her powers we must wait until we see her essay the queens of classic tragedy, instead of the miniature heroines of modern culture-drama. Of these exotic personages we have not—or, at any rate, I have not—any definite ideal by which to test her success. But the nobility, the beauty, the passion of her acting in these parts led one to wonder, with a little thrill of surprise, whether here might not be at last the woman who could fill in the great outlines of Lady Macbeth, of Constance, of Cleopatra.

The new actress's name is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It is not, to be sure, a new name. It has been tolerably familiar to all playgoers any time the last fifteen years. Nevertheless, it was a new actress who made her entrance that afternoon. Hitherto we have seen in Mrs. Campbell a fascinating, irritating, and, in some ways, extraordinarily able woman, but scarcely a tragedienne, and much less one who came within measurable distance of greatness. One or two parts she has played exquisitely—parts suited to her temperament, and kept well within her gamut of emotional expression. Such a part was her never-to-be-forgotten Mrs. Tanqueray. Almost the only emotion Paula was called upon to express was a petted querulousness. She was querulous with her husband, querulous with her Creator, querulous with herself; and when deeper emotions took hold of her, such as consternation and despair, what she was required to do was not to express but to repress them. In all this Mrs. Campbell was absolutely at home; into all this she threw the irresistible charm of her personality. In other parts in which the same gifts sufficed she was equally successful; but in parts for which these gifts did not suffice she devoted herself, with extraordinary skill, to circumventing and dodging the difficulties they presented. She was far too able to give herself away by attempting what she could not do. She would simply turn aside from the great moments and opportunities of a character, leave them entirely unattempted, and trust that an audience, under the influence of her composed, masterful, enigmatic personality, would never know what they had missed. Here, however, one must qualify a little. There was a period, about the middle of her career, when it seemed that Mrs. Campbell was ambitious, not merely of existing gracefully and skilfully on the stage, but of positively learning to act—to give free expression to intense and even violent feeling. This was about the time of her season at the Royalty and her second appearance in "Magda"—to be carefully distinguished from the first. Then, for a year or so, one really felt that Mrs. Campbell was abandoning her merely safe and non-committal policy, and had made up her mind to learn her business. Before long, however, the resolution seemed to fade away, and again we found Mrs. Campbell relying on grace, adroitness, personal magnetism—on anything and everything save passion and truth. One could admire and take pleasure in many of her performances, but it was with the cold admiration extorted by cold intelligence. There was always a high level of accomplishment, never a great, white-hot moment, that burned itself indelibly on the thrilled and exalted mind.

All the greater and more agreeable was the surprise that awaited us at the New Theatre. Or rather—since the affectation of impersonality is here unfair to the artist—I will say the surprise that awaited me. I have no right to assume that my view of Mrs. Campbell's artistic history is shared by other people. Speaking for myself, then, I confess my surprise was so great as to render me a little cautious in interpreting my emotions. I may have done more than justice, or I may have done less, to Mrs. Campbell's two performances; but of one thing I am sure—namely, that her acting belonged to a different order of art from anything that she has yet shown us. She seemed to be lifted on the wings of the poetry she was uttering. One felt real imaginative exaltation, and a sincere desire for imaginative expression—a desire which often met with admirable fulfilment. Perfect freedom Mrs. Campbell has not yet obtained. There were times when she still seemed trammelled by her mannerism, times when she tried to do something that did not quite come off. But even that marked what I may call a great moral advance. There was one point in the "Electra," where an outburst of fury called forth a slight titter from some of the audience. I hope Mrs. Campbell will not think it an idle paradox if I say that that still small titter counted, in my mind, more to her artistic credit than many a conventional salvo of unthinking applause.

If I am right in my estimate of these two performances, the explanation would seem to be, in part, at any rate, that Mrs. Campbell has an imagination which requires the magic spark of poetry to kindle it to a

creative glow. It may be said that this is by no means her first contact with poetry—that she has already played Juliet and Lady Macbeth. I answer that, since those days, her powers have insensibly matured, that her physical means now respond efficiently to her imagination, that her courage is higher, her artistic conviction more intense. For Juliet her technical qualifications were wholly inadequate; and Lady Macbeth, despite all the paradoxists, is a part for full maturity, not for youth. In the two characters she is now playing she brings ripened powers to simpler problems. But the determining difference, it seems to me, is a change of heart, a difference of spirit.

Mr. Yeats, in his speech at the end of "Deirdre," spoke of the lyrical beauty of Mrs. Campbell's performance. I am not an admirer of criticisms delivered from the stage; but this happened to be a just and appropriate one. The play is, as I think modern blank verse plays ought always to be, a thing of great lyric beauty. It is an attempt, and, to my mind, a very successful one, to treat the catastrophe of the exquisite legend of Deirdre—most beautiful of all folk-tales—with Greek simplicity and concision. The play is not as beautiful as the story—who could bring to the footlights its divine atmosphere of the primitive world?—but the crooning accent of the verse is a delight throughout, nor is dramatic tension ever sacrificed to lyrical (and much less to rhetorical) loquacity. There is one technical fault which Mr. Yeats might with ease amend. The silent appearance of Concubar at the door would be immensely effective if we knew from the first who he was; but, as a matter of fact, we do not—he might be any man-at-arms sent to see what was going on. Mr. Yeats should prepare us to recognise him by some distinctive mark—some plume, some jewel, or some diadem. For the rest, the prowling Lybians are an admirably imagined feature, and the whole arrangement of the catastrophe, though it implies no small credulity on the part of Concubar, is dramatic and fine. Mrs. Campbell's constitutional plaintiveness of delivery suited the lyric cadence of the play throughout; and in the final scene she rose to very real power and impressiveness. Her performance would bear elaboration; its general scheme could scarcely be improved.

Even more striking and memorable was her "Electra" in the play of that name by the Austrian poet, Hugo von Hofmannsthal. A strange play it is, and one of savage vigor and intensity. American critics, I believe, when Mrs. Campbell first presented it, complained that it lacked classic repose and elevation. The complaint showed a misunderstanding of the author's purpose, which was precisely to get behind the Attic or "classical" convention, and give us a page from the primitive saga-stuff which the Greek dramatists polished and adapted to suit the taste of their time. His inspiration is Mycenæan, not Attic. Following very different methods, he has made the same attempt which Professor Murray made in his "Andromache," produced several years ago by the Stage Society—an attempt to reconstruct in the light of anthropology the raw material of Hellenic legend. Hofmannsthal's work is grim, violent, distressing, but extraordinarily powerful. Perhaps his Clytemnestra, tottering heavily to her doom, weighed down by all the amulets and charms in which she hopes to find protection from her evil dreams, is an even more original creation than his wild-cat Electra, the incarnate spirit of unrelenting revenge. Both are magnificent acting parts; but Miss Florence Farr, unfortunately, makes the figure of the mother rather vague and colorless. Mrs. Campbell, as the daughter, scarcely carries out the author's intention. Hofmannsthal clearly imagines Electra as a lean, hectic, quivering slip of a girl; and he describes her in so many words as dressed in rags. Mrs. Campbell, on the other hand, wears a stately black robe and flowing veil, and is from first to last an unmistakable heroine of tragedy. But while she transposes the key of the character, she represents its manifold phases of fierce emotion with real originality and daring. If not so absolutely right as her Deirdre, her Electra marks still more distinctly a great development in her talent.

How far will this new departure carry her? It is impossible to say. She has strenuous work before her if she is to attain the heights to which she now seems seriously to aspire. All one can say is that it is hard to imagine her, after such performances as these, relapsing on the mannered prettinesses, the adroit evasions which have so often been her stand-by in the past.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Communications.

THE CABINET AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the present time the old-established policy of the Suffragettes of putting questions and protesting against the speeches of Cabinet Ministers, is receiving more than its former degree of opposition and angry censure, and many of those who condoned and even in some cases those who approved these tactics, now condemn them in the most vehement terms Among the latter, a notable case is that of Mr. Israel Zangwill, who, in a letter to "Votes for Women," states that he was the first man publicly to approve the militant tactics, and although this statement is not quite true, he certainly was among the earlier friends of this particular form of agitation.

Now the protesting against the speeches of Cabinet Ministers has logically grown out of the earlier method of putting questions, and the fact that it has done so is entirely due to the behaviour of Cabinet Ministers themselves. It was because they persistently ignored the subject of Woman Suffrage that the questions were in the first place put, although it is perfectly true that women equally with men have a constitutional right to go and question the representatives of the Government when they come forward to give an account of their stewardship to the people. We know that at the first meeting at which these questions were put—held in the Free Trade Hall on October 13th, 1905, and addressed by Sir Edward Grey—several questions put by men, even during the progress of his speech and also at its close, were readily answered by Sir Edward Grey, but that when Annie Kenney and Christabel Pankhurst got up to put their questions, absolutely no notice was taken, and that when after waiting until almost the close of the meeting, and having also sent up their question in writing to the platform, they determined to insist upon an answer, and to demand it until it was returned to them, they were rudely and violently ejected by the Liberal stewards. After the women had been thrown out of the meeting, Sir Edward Grey said that he had to admit that he was partly responsible for the disgraceful scene of violence which had occurred, but as the question of Woman Suffrage was not one which could be dealt with by the Liberal Government, he did not think it was a fitting subject to raise at that meeting, and for that reason he had declined, and still did decline, to make any statement in regard to it.

This sort of thing happened continually. If the women waited until the close of the speeches, their questions were ignored just the same, and in many cases the Cabinet Ministers hurriedly left the platform on some insufficient pretext in order to avoid the appearance of refusing to give an answer. The women were, therefore, obliged to resort to the method of asking their questions during the speech, and after many months, when it became evident that no reasonable answer was to be given to them, they also made a point of protesting not only against the withholding of an answer, but against the actual speaking of the Cabinet Minister whilst the Government refused to enfranchise the women of this country.

When the women took up this attitude, they were only following the example of the men, as is well known. Prior to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867 we know that no politician hostile to the Reform Bill was allowed to speak, and we know that these tactics were also resorted to by the men after the Lords had thrown out the County Franchise Bill of 1884. The result of this was the speedy passage of the Bill through both Houses of Parliament on its re-introduction in the Autumn Session. The women say now, as the men said in those days, that the fact that a meeting has

been called for some other purpose, and that the Minister is speaking on some other subject, is no reason for allowing him a peaceful hearing. They claim that until he has made a pronouncement that the Government will give votes to women, his remarks ought to be received with the most uncompromising hostility. The women who make these protests are frequently accused by the Liberal Press of being in league with the brewers and hostile to the Licensing Bill, to the Old Age Pensions Scheme, to the settlement of the Education question, to the Children's Bill, or to whatever measure the Cabinet Minister whom they interrupt may happen to have taken for the text of his remarks. Those of us who know our history realise the injustice of this accusation, because we know that the men in the old days actually won their vote by precisely these methods of calling attention to their grievances which the women now employ. After all, women cannot help realising that there are men who think that the Liberal measures now before Parliament are so perfect and of such paramount importance that everything else ought to be put on one side in order to facilitate their passage into law; women feel deeply that until they themselves obtain the franchise, no really satisfactory settlement of any of these important questions can be arrived at, because the women's point of view will be almost, if not entirely, overlooked. Women care for Temperance; women care for education; they are keenly interested in all questions affecting the housing of the people; indeed, there is no single reform which does not affect them as nearly as it does men, and, therefore, they are determined to secure their enfranchisement in order that they will have the constitutional power to express their opinions on all these other important questions.

But now it is a fact that many men who did not strongly object to women protesting when Cabinet Ministers are speaking upon other questions, believe their conduct to be absolutely illogical when they carry out this policy in the case of a Cabinet Minister who has taken Woman Suffrage as the subject of his remarks.

The particular case before us at the present time is that of Mr. Lloyd George, who, as we all know, is speaking on December 5th for the Women's Liberal Federation. He is speaking on Woman Suffrage, and so we are told that it would be an absolutely senseless proceeding for women to protest against anything that he may say. It is well known that members of the Women's Social and Political Union are likely to attend this meeting in order to protest against anything Mr. Lloyd George may say, and there are many people who absolutely denounce this policy, because they consider it so exceedingly kind and condescending of Mr. Lloyd George to come forward and address a women's meeting on the subject of women's enfranchisement, that all the women, in their opinion, ought to be overjoyed. Now this may probably be precisely what Mr. Lloyd George himself thinks, and it may possibly be that the Government has come to the conclusion that the time when something must be done to please members of women's Liberal associations, and to placate the hostility of other women, has arrived. They know, as we do, that there is considerable disaffection towards the Government in a very large body of Liberal women, and that many of these have joined and are subscribers to the militant anti-Government Women's Social and Political Union. The Wallasey Suffrage Society recently passed a resolution dissolving itself until women have obtained the Parliamentary franchise, and the Margate Women's Liberal Association speedily followed this example. The Chichester and District Women's Liberal Association only this week forwarded to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Gladstone a resolution passed by them, protesting against what they consider to be the unjust treatment meted out to Mrs. Pankhurst and her colleagues in prison. It was their opinion, they said, that this treatment was a scandal and a disgrace, and they desired that the Home Secretary should order the immediate removal of the Suffragettes to the first division.

This sort of thing is spreading amongst Liberal women all over the country, and the position is becoming serious in view of the next General Election. It may be, therefore, that the Cabinet has decided to send Mr. Lloyd George to the women's Albert Hall meeting in order to hold out the olive branch of peace to the women, and induce them to return to the party fold. Mr. Lloyd George and the Government are, of course, perfectly justified in doing this, but the question is, what is the peace offering? Is it to be something really genuine, or only a poor empty imitation? Is Mr. Lloyd George going to the Albert Hall to utter the usual empty platitudes? Are the women to hear from him, as they heard from the Prime Minister in 1906, merely a sympathetic and aptly-worded speech on Woman Suffrage, to conclude with the statement that the Government had nothing to offer, and can do nothing to give women the vote? Or is Mr. Lloyd George going to the Albert Hall to give some important pronouncement, and to announce to the women of the country what it is that the Government intends to do? Is he going to say that facilities for a Woman's Suffrage Bill are going to be given in the next Session? That is the question which all real friends of votes for women ought surely to ask. Platitudes and sympathy are no use to the women's movement. They have already had too much of them. What they want is a definite, serious pronouncement. Will they get it at the Albert Hall? If they really get a promise that the Government will take the necessary action, members of the Women's Social and Political Union will only join in the chorus of applause. It must surely be understood by this time that they do not oppose the Liberal Government because it is a Liberal Government, but simply because it refuses to give them the vote. Once that refusal is withdrawn, there will be no reason for, nor would they desire to show, any hostility to the Government. At this moment the Cabinet stands therefore on the eve of a crisis, and the question is: What are they sending Mr. Lloyd George to say at the Albert Hall?—Yours, &c.,

E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

December 1st, 1907.

Letters to the Editor.

MORE MESSAGES FROM MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—After reading Mr. Graham's letter in your current issue, I wonder whether he saw a communication in the "Morning Post" of October 24th last, from the widow of Frederick Myers, in which she states that "after a very careful study of all the messages purporting to come" from her late husband, both she and her son "have found nothing which they can consider of the smallest evidential value."

And is Mr. Graham ignorant of the pathetic fact that Mr. Myers left behind him a sealed letter in the care of the Society for Psychical Research, the message in which was to correspond with that which he would send from the "spirit world"; and that when this purported to arrive, it did not tally with the one which he left behind?

Further, in Mr. Graham's studies in the complex workings of the human mind, has he included examination of that extraordinary case of quadruple personality exhibited by "Miss Beauchamp," as narrated by Dr. Morton Prince in his "Dissociation of a Personality" (Longmans, 1906)?

Finally, what has Mr. Graham, in his confusion of the abnormal with the "supernatural," to say in the face of the evidence of comparative morphology as to the fundamental identity of the mental apparatus in man, and, to go no lower, the higher mammals, and of the evidence from comparative psychology which shows unbroken continuity in life, so that what is actual or explicit in us, is potential or implicit in the lower animals?—Yours, &c.,

Edward Clodd.

Strafford House,
Aldeburgh, Suffolk,
November 29th, 1908.

PERSONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your issue of to-day, commenting upon the appeal made by Mrs. Asquith and others for "personal service," you say: "In the ideal State, where there will be neither rich nor poor, such personal service will, we imagine, be universal." Would you explain? For surely the "personal service" intended in the appeal implies the

giving of material assistance, or its equivalent, but in a less haphazard, ill-informed, and more individual manner than at present. But in your ideal State material assistance of any kind is ruled out; there are to be no poor to require it, no rich to give it. How then can personal service be universal?

Or is it meant that in the ideal State everybody is to spend his or her time dropping in upon the neighbors to give them a hand with cooking or boot-blacking, or to cheer them up by reading the newspaper?—Yours, &c.,

A READER.

November 14th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The correspondence on the above subject now going on in THE NATION is of great interest, for it touches on one of the problems of the day. "How can we best approach our poor neighbors?" is a question often asked of oneself when confronted by the sorrow, sin, and degradation we see everywhere around us; and I think the "Personal Service League" is calculated to give just that personal touch which is wanted. The poor are just like every other human being in the joys and sorrows of life, in the various relationships of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. Alas! notwithstanding, there is a great gulf between the rich and the poor, for they differ and have differed from infancy in environment, and it is this gulf that, as I understand it, the League is intended to bridge. Distress Committees and organisations are doubtless necessary, but, like all public bodies, they are, perhaps necessarily so, hard and inflexible, and it is this failing that the League is intended to counteract. If we make friends of the poor, if we treat them as we treat persons in our own class, if we are a little blind to their failings, if we really *feel* the sympathy we express in words, the great gulf would be bridged in time. If each householder took only one family into his or her care and genuinely tried to help them, *not* as a Lady Bountiful, but as a fellow human being, the world would be richer, and genuine friendships would be formed, bearing good fruit and benefiting both rich and poor. —Yours, &c.,

ELIZA DELF.

10, Christchurch Road,
Hampstead, N. W.,
December 1st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your various correspondents seem to have failed to appreciate the real point of Miss Davies's letter. Personal service can remedy only personal evils. But the evils in question are either the symptoms or the results of poverty, and the classes "poor" and "rich" are, under a system of hereditary property, determined neither logically nor, in fact, by personal characteristics. True, the Hon. Mrs. So-and-So possesses all the virtues, while Mrs. Smith, of Whitechapel, is a drunkard; but one was brought up on admirable principles and the other on gin. Gratitude in default of equity is, perhaps, more than the scapegoat can expect, but to say to her in effect, "The arrangement which gives you the kicks and me the halfpence is right, and shall go on, but I am willing to overlook the difference between us, and let you breathe the lustral air of my society," is to add insult to injury.

Personal service may be all that the rich will give, may even do good to individuals, but to put it forward as the true remedy for what is due to politico-economic causes is simply to drag the proverbial herring.—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

Richmond, December 2, 1908.

MR. LONG AND SCOTTISH HOME RULE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to call attention to certain remarks made by Mr. Walter Long, M.P., in his speech in Edinburgh on Friday last under the auspices of the annual Conference of Scottish Conservatives.

Dealing with the question of Scottish Home Rule, Mr. Long asked "if Scotland was prepared to provide out of her own resources every penny she required for her own purposes. In the one case they had the credit of the United Kingdom behind them; in the other the credit of the isolated portion." By this he clearly means that Scotland has to be assisted financially by England. Now, in 1906, Mr. Pirie, M.P., pointed out at Lord Rosebery's Scots Greys meeting that "in 1905 Scotland contributed to the total revenue of the country £16,000,000. Not one quarter of that sum was spent locally." If the great Unionist Party has to fall back on misrepresentations and inaccuracies in order to oppose Scottish Home Rule their stock of arguments must be running short.

After a lot of sentimental talk about disintegrating the Empire—which in the case of Scotland is an absolutely futile argument—Mr. Long said, "If Scotland demanded Home Rule, Wales would demand it, and why not Lancashire?" Now a remark like this from an English laborer might be excused, but Mr. Long cannot plead ignorance of history and geography, and of the fact that Scotland is a separate nation from England, with different administration, laws, religion, local government, and education. What is the use of Mr. Long coming to the Scottish capital and publicly insulting the Scottish nation by a sneer at our position in the United Kingdom? Such is not the way to bring about a truly united kingdom. He ought to know that the desire for Home Rule is far from being confined to extreme Liberals, and that many Unionists, opposed to Irish Home Rule, are quite tired of the present system of discussing all Scottish affairs in London; and he certainly ought to know that few Scotsmen, either Liberal or Unionist, care to hear their native land contemptuously referred to as if it were an English province.—Yours, &c.,

A YOUNG SCOT.

December 1st, 1908.

"FIGHT OR ABDICATE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Every Liberal will heartily agree with you in saying that we must fight or abdicate; that we should have commenced two years ago; that the country expects action, not speech; and that the party must at once lay its plans for vindicating its position as champion of self-government.

On the other hand, many will strongly differ when you say that it is no longer possible for the present Parliament to run its full course, and from this time onwards preparations must be made to appeal to the people. The reasons are obvious. We have just come from the people—not three years since—whereas the Lords commenced to flout their decision from the outset, and to go back would be simply asking the constituencies did they mean what they said, and are the Liberals in Parliament to defend themselves when attacked? Surely at this period in our history it cannot be an open question as to the right of the Commons to legislate. It is therefore a matter of privilege, not of elections. Mr. Gladstone did not dissolve in the early 'sixties. Let us, therefore, follow his example, and make every Bill a money Bill, henceforth and for ever, threatening the Lords with the creation of new Peers if they reject the same, and the immediate destruction of their veto. Thus, without election or legislation, their place in the Constitution will dwindle through inanition and desuetude, and they will become a factor of no importance in politics.—Yours, &c.,

H. H. ROBSON,
Hon. Sec., Waterloo Liberal Association.

Glengarriff, Mariners Road,
Blundellsands, Liverpool,
November 29th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue to-day there is an article entitled "Fight or Abdicate," and I should like to ask whether the writer is quite justified when he says Liberal members would not risk the sacrifice of place or the loss of seats in an appeal to the country (against the wrecking methods of the House of Lords) two years ago. That appeal evidently was, and as plainly is, the desire of Mr. Balfour, for all his tactics have worked to that end. The Conservatives want to push the Government into an early dissolution. Are Liberal Ministers bound to gratify them? Are they not rather called upon as stewards of their country's weal to stay in

their places and keep their seats for the sake of Free Trade, of Education, of Land questions, of London Reform, and of many another pressing reform. Most of us Liberals do credit the Ministers who govern us with some real interest in measures for the good of their country apart from all personal considerations. Mr. Asquith has shown clearly enough a wealth of resource and ingenuity in regard to the legislation he has introduced, and it is quite possible some of the harm resulting from the rejection of the Licensing Bill may be retrieved financially in the next Budget, as, indeed, the writer of the article suggests himself. Also it is within the range of possibility that Mr. Asquith may find some way of getting some of the other Temperance clauses embodied in another measure through both Houses. Because there are clauses in the present Bill that many Unionists and Conservatives approve of as fully as Liberals themselves do. The cry for a General Election on account of the action of the House of Lords, shows some lack of invention of a better way of meeting the difficulty. That the brewers will get less good terms in the new Budget clauses is probable, and it is also possible that the Lords who hold brewery shares may suffer more loss than they would have done if they had passed the Bill as it is. It is also possible the Peers are realising that Mr. Balfour is a broken reed to lean upon for advice. Certainly —apart from all else—the Lords have shown neither cleverness nor subtlety in their method of rejection. And they have raised immense antagonism. But it is another argument, not for dissolution, but for the necessity, the vital necessity, of keeping this strong Liberal Government in power, and in activity, for it has immense work before it. Despite the Lords it has accomplished much, and despite the Lords it will do much more. Let us spend none of their valuable time in premature appeals, since we know that Liberal legislation and *administration* are the salvation of our country. Instead of advocating an early dissolution, there is a strong feeling ever growing that the Government must be kept in power to the very last possible moment of its existence. Antagonism to the House of Lords, already very deep, has entered into a permanently deeper phase of feeling, and the next General Election, when it is due, will—there is little doubt—reveal unmistakably the Liberal Party's indignation at the treatment it has received from an unrepresentative body in the legislature. Meantime we have kept our Government in power for two or three years longer, with its *large majorities*, in the House of Commons, to work out reforms, unassailable by the Peers.—Yours, &c.,

B. Brooksbank.

November 28th, 1908.

THE MATERIALISATION OF THE CHURCH

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—On Saturday evening I received the notice of a book entitled "Pastor in Parva Ecclesia," with the sub-title "A Practical Study in the Art of Money-raising." On opening the "Morning Post" to-day, I find the following: "To Bridge Players.—On the 1st December next, the birthday of our Gracious Queen, will you give one twentieth of your bridge winnings that day to assist in building an extra aisle in St. Paul's Church, Winchester?" Can we resist the lament: has Christianity come to this? In the proposed revision of the Book of Common Prayer should not the Bishop be petitioned to add to the offertory sentences some verses appropriate to Bridge winnings. Some such verses may possibly be found in the Scriptural index which the practical study in the art of money-making contains.

Is not the time ripe for a protest against institutional churches that run so many organisations that the clergy have to spend their time and energies serving tables while the people are hungering for religious teaching and being offered drum and fife bands?—Yours, &c.,

W. Manning.

St. Andrew's Vicarage,
Leytonstone, London,
November 30th, 1908.

MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Absence abroad on a journey which took me as far afield as Alaska has prevented me from replying sooner to a letter which appeared in your issue of the 10th October, and which criticises some references to Moore's "Lalla Rookh" made, as Mr. Beveridge, the writer of the letter, finds, both by Lord Curzon and myself.

The point at issue is the sterility or otherwise of a small island in the Persian Gulf, now called Kishm, to the natural beauties and fertility of which the poet Moore made eloquent allusion. Before approaching this main theme, I may perhaps be permitted to point out that, in the first place, Mr. Beveridge is laboring under a misapprehension when, at the outset of his letter, he says of Lord Curzon and myself: "They do not, by the way, even quote correctly, for Moore does not speak of amber vines, but of 'Kishma's golden wine.'" If Mr. Beveridge will refer to the opening lines of what may perhaps be best described as the sixth canto of "Lalla Rookh," he will find the following passage:—

> "The morn has risen clear and calm,
> And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
> Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
> And lighting Kishma's amber vines."

But to get to the real point at issue—the vegetation, or want of vegetation, on Kishm. In spite of Mr. Beveridge's surmise that I have never seen the island, unlike the poet, I have. In fact, I have landed on two portions of its somewhat limited coastline, and on both occasions scrambled for some time about its extremely unprepossessing surface. Struck by the sterility of the country, I took some rather interesting photographs, which I still have, and made some few notes upon my visit, an extract from which I venture to give here: "I have just taken a little walk along the barren coast of Kishm. I only met one man, whose conversation, as usual in the East, touched mainly upon his own wants. He wanted to see big ships fight, among other things; he wanted, also, tobacco. I could not please him as regards the first desire, but the second was more easily supplied. But for this solitary and bloodthirsty person there was little else of life that I met in my walk. True, there were oysters—small, but not at all bad—which, with the aid of a stick, I rather ineffectually grubbed off the rocks along the shore. Then also there was one hare; and never has a hare given me such a start as did this one, rising suddenly out of a yellow nothingness and disappearing into a yellow infinity. What it lived on I cannot imagine, unless it could consume sand and, as the occasional gazelles according to some are credibly asserted to do, could slake its thirst in the ripples of the sea."

So much for my own experiences. But, my curiosity being aroused by Mr. Beveridge's doubts, on searching for other authorities bearing upon this subject, I was interested and amused to find that Major Sykes, whose great knowledge of Southern Persia is well known, had independently commented upon "Lalla Rookh" and Kishm; and that, by a coincidence strange enough, to pardon (unwarranted) suspicions of plagiarism, not only in "Persia" and in "Across Persia" was Moore pilloried, but also in "Ten Thousand Miles in Persia." Here is the passage:—

> "In Moore's poem, 'Kishm's Amber Vine' seems to suggest a delightful spot, yet there are few more unhealthy corners of the world than this section of the Persian Gulf, where everything is barren squalid, and sunscorched to a degree which can only be realised by being seen" (page 290).

It only remains to remark, turning to the last part of Mr. Beveridge's letter, that the river Bendemeer ungraciously refuses to lend itself to Mr. Beveridge's scheme to justify Moore, by resolutely flowing, not through Shirax, but into Lake Niris, at least thirty miles away.

A disinclination to remain under the suspicion of having, in company with Lord Curzon, unjustly and irreverently taken a great poet to task over so serious a subject, must excuse this tardy vindication.—Yours, &c.,

E. Crawshay-Williams.

Plâs-Coed-y-Mwstwr,
Bridgend, Glamorgan,
November 28th, 1908.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVINCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The writer in your issue of November 28th, is on solid ground when he explains how a dialect as a rule sounds

unpleasant only when it approximates to one's own pronunciation (*e.g.*, as the speech of the costermonger does, in the ears of a Scotchman, to that of an educated Londoner).

But in the beginning of the article there are several statements quite contrary to the science of Phonetics. In the first place, it is quite *possible* to pronounce both the *y* and the *m* in *phlegm* without any vowel between them. The formation of a syllable by a "sonant" consonant, without any vowel whatever, is not uncommon in some languages, and even in our own dialects. I, an Irishman, often say *brokn* in two syllables for broken, many Germans say *Habm Sie* for Haben Sie, and some interjections in English have no vowel at all. In the next place, the sound at the beginning of the word "what" (as pronounced by Northerners) is a single consonantal sound, a "breathed" *w*, having the same relation to *w* as *s* has to *z*. It is thus quite as correctly written *wh* as *hw*, although our Anglo-Saxon ancestors preferred to write the word *hwæt*. It seems unfortunate for the permanence and solidarity of our language that, in the different parts of the country, phonetic development (or decay) should go in such different directions. Thus, while in Scotch the *l*'s tend to disappear (ca' for call, a' for all, &c.), in Southern speech the final *r*'s have gone, and the initial *h*'s are going; a Londoner, even when educated, appears to prefer to say "an harmonium," "an heretical opinion." But it is practically impossible to control these diversifying and disintegrating tendencies as long as our irregular spelling gives no reasonable indication of what the pronunciation shall be.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT CAMPBELL.

Leicester House, Queen's Road,
Teddington, Middlesex,
November 30th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having "received the first palpable hit" from the Cockney in the pronunciation of "w'ot," "w'ich," "w'en," "w'ere," I surrender my sword. But, please, am I to say for the future "woo" and "wole," or "oo" and "ole"? My friends seem equally distressed at either.—Yours, &c.,

"AN ACADEMIC PERSON."

Fairlie, Maldon, Essex,
November 29th, 1908.

THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Everyone interested in the Small Holdings Act will be glad to see Mr. Phillip Morrell's article in your last week's issue. One can only regret that it comes so late; six months ago his remedies might have been effective.

But in the last six months, in many districts at any rate, a new element has been introduced—for all confidence has been destroyed both in the administrators of county councils and even of the Board itself. In this neighborhood the recent Land Club deputation did much to strengthen this feeling of distrust. On this occasion twenty men and women, who represented 170 applicants for 1,250 acres, none of whose applications had been dealt with, attended before Lord Carrington. For an hour we explained to the President our grievances, taking him from village to village, and telling him what had occurred; we made it clear that the Act had been seriously mal-administered. He frankly admitted the grievances; he promised inquiry; he spoke generally of putting things right; but he had no specific remedy to suggest. On the other hand, the specific request of our president for the administration of the law in accordance with the provisions of the first three sections of the Act are not granted. As Mr. Morrell points out the law is to be ignored. However much we were charmed by Lord Carrington, no one had any doubt about the unsympathetic attitude of the officials. It is thus that confidence is destroyed. But this is not all. The condition of the public mind is well illustrated by the extraordinary stories freely circulated about the administrators of the Act. These stories come just as much from the opponents as from the supporters of small holdings, from the farmers as from the men. Of course, they are not always true, but I am confident that they are often well-founded.

The men have their own way of dealing with these matters. I will tell you a story in the words of an applicant. It is not only well founded—it is true:—

> "Two men have been down our way from the Board about the land. One came down by train and took a trap straight to the farmer's: he had something with him, and they passed the time together, walking and driving about: the chaps there wanted a bit of the farmer's land: he had enough and to spare, and did not farm it properly. The man from London saw only one laborer, who wanted land (there were over twenty others in the parish). This man's wife had had a scrap with the farmer's wife, because she would not do her washing cheap enough—anyway, he would not speak with the farmer standing by. So the official went back to the station—the farmer keeping an eye on him all the time. No one is to have any land in that parish."
>
> "Another man came down to a village near by: we had heard something about him: so when we knew he was coming, one of our applicants was hanging about the station for him. He took him to the farm we wanted: we kept round him all day, we took him to an inn kept by one of our lot, one of us stood outside whilst he had his dinner: then we got a trap from the inn and drove him down to the station. He's a gentleman, though against the Act, and we put the thing straight to him: we are to get the land, though we don't know when."

"There's a lot of 'doggery' about this business," my informant added musingly.

Now what can be done? Mr. Morrell's reforms are, of course, essential, but nothing, I fear, will persuade the Board of Agriculture to grant them. Moreover, the present officials, however admirable, are not specially suited for the particular work of administering this Act.

Officials with administrative capacity, sympathetic to the Act, and competent to administer it must be appointed. It is useless to talk about more inspectors; we want more commissioners; persons of progressive views with authority, who will restore confidence; one for every county. They must be supported by the Board, who must make up their mind to a progressive policy.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE FORDHAM.

Pains Hill, Limpsfield,
December 1st, 1908.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The statement made recently in the Press to the effect that an article or articles in the "Catholic Encyclopædia" have been condemned by the Roman authorities, is absolutely without warrant or basis.

The widespread publicity of this statement has given much annoyance to the editors of the encyclopædia, and as the publishers of the work in this country, we desire to state most emphatically that this rumor is entirely without foundation.

There is no truth whatever in the statement that any article published in the "Catholic Encyclopædia" has been condemned in any way by the authorities at Rome. So far from this being true, the "Catholic Encyclopædia" has received the approbation of the Pope himself, of Cardinal Merry del Val, and of other high ecclesiastical authorities in Rome.—Yours, &c.,

H. F. LE BAS,
Managing Partner,

Caxton Publishing Company,
Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.,
November 30th, 1908.

HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to say that I, for one, do not agree with your criticisms from time to time of Mr. Gladstone's proposals for dealing with confirmed criminals? Our present system is humanitarianism run mad. We see reported week by week cases of men whose life is one prolonged course of crime. Addicted as they are to personal violence, robbery, or other forms of vice, it can be predicted with certainty that, no sooner are they released from prison, than they will at once resume their old courses. Our present plan is to let them go free, prey on society, and, after a shorter or longer run, at great expense, recapture them, prosecute them, and again confine them for a while, to go through the same round as soon as they regain their liberty.

Folly is not a strong enough word to express the continuance of this system. The people described are afflicted with insanity. Why should they be allowed to be at large, to the risk and loss of well-conducted people, more than the other dangerous lunatics who are kept under supervision in proper retreats?

We are indebted to Mr. Gladstone for his endeavors to provide a better way. Kindly note, I freely admit there is still much to be done to prevent boys and men degenerating into a course of crime, and to rescue all who are capable of redemption; but that is another story. My remarks apply to the treatment of *confirmed* criminals.—Yours, &c.,

J. P.

November 30th, 1908.

WOMEN'S WAGES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I should be interested to know on what grounds Mr. H. W. Nevinson makes the statement (The Nation, p. 306), that "men's wages have steadily risen since the Reform Act of 1884, while women's have declined." I do not doubt the truth of the first clause, but I know of a great deal of evidence against and very little for the second, if it is intended to be general.

A most convenient summary of the wages of women in the nineteenth century is to be found in Appendix A (by Mr. G. H. Wood) of "A History of Factory Legislation (B. L. Hutchins & A. Harrison, 1903); there the evidence is against Mr. Nevinson. He may, however, base his statement on narrow grounds, and have access to special recent information for scattered trades. Surely he does not include the textile industries and domestic service in his statement.—Yours, &c.,

A. L. Bowley.

Reading, November 21st, 1908.

THE PROPERTIED VOTE FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondents in this week's Nation all make use of figures which, it has been repeatedly pointed out, will not bear the construction put upon them. The inquiries made by the I.L.P. and others were made on the basis of the local franchises, which either do not admit married women, or expressly debar husbands and wives from both qualifying on the £10 franchise. Mr. Stanger's Bill has no such disqualifications Therefore all men living in houses of £20 rental and upwards would have the power to thus enfranchise their wives. This is a distinctly propertied franchise, only open to the well-to-do, and it is impossible to say what proportion there would be of such women in the new electorate.

The chief objection to the method of enfranchisement supported by the Suffrage societies is that married working-women, who form the largest class of women and whom legislation more and more concerns, are left out.

Your correspondent, Mrs. Martin, has not realised that Mr. Dickinson's Suffrage Bill (No. 2) made a special provision to include this class, without introducing adult suffrage.

Liberals may pluck up courage. It is not necessary that women's suffrage should be associated with an increase of the propertied vote.—Yours, &c.,

Lilian Harris.

Kirby Lonsdale,
November 24th, 1908.

THE USE OF VIOLENCE IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Those who defend "militant tactics" often say that they are only advocating methods which men have found successful. Even Mr. Nevinson, in his letter in your current issue, implies, if I do not mistake him, that the rick-burning of 1830 and the riots of 1831 at Bristol, Nottingham, and Leeds were conducive to the passing of the great Reform Bill. An attentive reader of history will come to an opposite conclusion. The excitement in the country was intense, especially after the rejection of the second Bill by the House of Lords in October, 1831; but the rioters and incendiaries did nothing but bring discredit on the cause, and it is certain that the great body of reformers had nothing whatever to do with them. At Bristol, says Harriet Martineau, the greater number of the rioters were believed to be under twenty years of age, and some were mere children. The fact is that nothing is more remarkable in the history of the time than the way in which violent methods were avoided and constitutional agitation, even by the unrepresented, was successful. Hundreds of thousands of men were organised into "Political Unions." It took more than a year of struggle before the victory was won, but it was only during eleven days that there was any real danger of widespread violence. That was in May, 1832, when, the third Bill having been rejected (in Committee) by the House of Lords, the King accepted the resignation of Earl Grey, although he had a large majority in the House of Commons, and made overtures to the Duke of Wellington. A *coup d'état* on his part, such as seemed possible, would have produced, not a riot, but an insurrection. How that danger was avoided may best be read in Graham Wallas's "Life of Place." The result was that the Reform Act of 1832 remains the best example in history of a revolution carried out by strictly constitutional methods.—Yours, &c.,

A. Hugh Thompson.

36, Weymouth Street, W.,
November 25th, 1908.

WHAT IS A POOR MAN?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—While no one rejoices more than I do to see The Nation steadily maintaining its high standard of interest, there seems to me to be one curious assumption gaining ground in it.

I allude to what I submit is a too constant assumption that "the poor" must necessarily be the "horny-handed sons of toil," and by no means possibly people of sound education and brain power. I am sure it is too often forgotten how widely spread is the poverty among men in the best sense of the word gentlemen, men for whom bad times mean often unspeakable trouble, and for whom no unemployment and aid societies are likely to be appealed to.

What I fear most, however, from this non-recognition of a large section of the poorer classes is that it may facilitate that sort of increasing taxation which falls on those who have to pay their rent out of a very narrow income.

I know of one man whose earnings for the last five years have not averaged more than 25s. a week. He has been able by happy chance to get a tiny central business place and a little house, free from excess of noise and signs of squalor, for 11s. 6d., with no need for travelling expenses. But the local authorities assume that he is therefore able to pay 4s. a week for rates. A more barbarous and callously cruel assumption it is hard to think of as coming from reasonably intelligent government. May I not well ask if poor men are to be "bled" when they just keep clear of the worst slums? Are rates to be paid before food or clothing and much before any sort of provision for workless days? Indeed, is no minimum income ever to be safe from the grasp of Bumbledom?

I am looking out for Mr. Lloyd George's definition of "a poor man," and for Mr. John Burns's definition of municipal recklessness in rating.—Yours, &c.,

J. C.

Birmingham.

Poetry.

CREED.

Blue sky, grey stones, and the far sea,
The lark's song trilling over me;
Grey stones, blue sky, and the green weed—
You have no sense that I can read;
Nor on the wind's breath passing by
Comes any meaning melody.
Blue sky, grey stones, and the far sea,
Lark's song, green weed, wind melody—
You are! That is enough for me!

John Galsworthy.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

M. FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE, whose biography of the Empress Eugénie appeared a few weeks ago, has written a life of the Duc de Morny, which will be published early next Spring. The Duc de Morny, the son of Queen Hortense and the Count de Flahault, and thus half-brother to Napoleon III., was precisely the kind of figure, in character, morals and intellect, which suited his master and his master's ways. Readers of fiction will remember the slight and cynical, not untruthful pictures of him in Daudet's "Le Nabab." M. Loliée's work, which is based upon family letters and secret archives, promises to give some fresh information about the inner history of the Second Empire. An English translation will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

* * *

THERE is some dispute regarding the origin of Friedrich Halm's poem "Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen," a translation of which appeared in the last issue of the THE NATION. The first two stanzas are to be found in Halm's romantic drama "The Son of the Wilderness," the remainder of the poem, having been written a few years later. But a French version of the poem by an anonymous writer is given in M. Gustave Masson's "La Lyre Française."

Dis moi, mon cœur, mon cœur de flammes,
Qu'est ce qu'amour, ce mot charmant?
—C'est une pensée et deux âmes,
Deux cœurs qui n'ont qu'un battement.

Dis d'où vient qu'amour nous visite?
—L'amour est là—car il est là!
Dis d'où vient donc qu'amour nous quitte?
—Ce n'est pas l'amour, s'il s'en va!

Dis quel est l'amour véritable?
—Celui qui respire en autrui.
Et l'amour le plus indomptable?
—Celui qui fait le moins de bruit!

Comment accroit-il sa richesse?
—C'est en donnant à chaque pas.
Et comment parle son ivresse?
—L'amour aime—et ne parle pas. . .

The question is whether the French writer translated from Halm or Halm from the French writer, or whether both have made use of the same original. We should be glad to hear from any readers who can throw any light upon the problem.

* * *

THE author of "Confessio Medici"—it is an open secret that he is Dr. Stephen Paget—has written a book on mental healing, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan under the title "Faith and Works of Christian Science." Besides a general discussion of the subject, the book will contain a critical examination of two hundred cases reported as cured by Christian Science methods.

* * *

ONE of the most promising of the books held over until the New Year is Prince Kropotkin's "The Great Revolution of 1789-1793." The book has been on Mr. Heinemann's list for a long time, but we learn that it will be issued in the early spring. Prince Kropotkin's study of the French Revolution aims at presenting the movement of the people rather than the doings of the more prominent and picturesque figures. This aspect of the upheaval has, in his view, not been properly appreciated by former historians. No man is better able to deal with his subject, for Prince Kropotkin is not only a most delightful writer, but a close student of life, and a scholar of rare attainment.

* * *

SINCE Renan's death his literary executors have given to the world several posthumous volumes, which not only help us to a better understanding of the great critic's methods and temperament, but have also added something to his reputation as a man of letters. The latest to appear shows Renan in the unexpected character of a novelist. "Patrice," which Messrs. Calmann-Lévy have just published, is in form a series of letters exchanged between Patrice and Cécile, a young girl with whom he is in love. It was written in 1849, while Renan was at Rome on a mission for the Minister of Public Instruction. This visit exercised a great influence on Renan's mind, and, as many passages in the letters of Patrice are to be found in those actually sent by Renan to some of his friends, we may assume that the work is, to a very large extent, autobiographical. Patrice goes to Rome a free-thinker. But the charm of the city conquers him, and his passion is to become a Christian without having to accept Christian dogma and tradition. "N'y aurait-il pas moyen," he exclaims, "d'être catholique sans croire au catholicisme? Car d'une part, j'ai envie de pouvoir m'appeler catholique, et d'autre part, il m'est absoluement impossible de croire en bloc tout le catholicisme." He would gladly mount the Scala Santa on his knees if by doing so he might dispense with affirming that the early chapters of Genesis are true, that the Book of Daniel is authentic, and that the facts recorded in the Gospels really happened. This attitude of a desire not to isolate himself from the society around him and from the creed of his fathers, combined with an utter impossibility of accepting its formulas, is finely rendered in the letters. The book has the charm of style inseparable from Renan, but its substance appears in the "Lettres à Berthelot" and "Lettres à Henriette."

* * *

NEXT month Mr. T. N. Foulis will publish the lectures on Nietzsche's philosophy which Mr. A. M. Ludovici is at present delivering at University College. The title of the book is "Who is the Master of the World?" and Dr. Oscar Levy will contribute an introduction.

* * *

THE Literary Agency of London informs us that Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and Mr. Clement Shorter, the judges in the Two Hundred and Fifty Guinea Prize Novel Competition, have awarded the prize to the author of a novel called "The Faith of His Fathers." The story deals with a group of characters in a provincial town, and is said to be an effective example of realistic fiction. It will be published early in January by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and her Friends." By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. (Dent, 2 vols., 21s. net.)

"My African Journey." By the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net.)

"Ten Personal Studies." By Wilfrid Ward. (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.

"Friedrich Nietzsche: His Life and Work." By M. A. Mügge. (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Germany in the Later Middle Ages." By William Stubbs. Edited by Arthur Hassall. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Inner Life of the Navy." By Lionel Texley. (Pitman, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Great English Novelists." By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.)

"Aerial Warfare." By R. P. Hearne. (Lane, 7s. 6d. net.)

"Jesus and the Gospel: Christianity Justified in the Mind of Christ." By James Denny, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)

"The Apostate." By A. Lloyd Maunsell. (Allen, 6s.)

"Esquisses et Souvenirs." Par Jean Moréas. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 3fr. 50.)

"L'Ideal du XIXe Siècle." Par Marius-Ary Leblond. (Paris: Alcan, 5fr.)

* * *

For this week we give a list of the best children's books published during the present season, exclusive of new editions:—

"The Wind in the Willows." By Kenneth Grahame. (Methuen, 6s.)

"Anne's Terrible Good-Nature, and Other Stories for Children." By E. V. Lucas. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

"The House of Arden." By E. Nesbit. (Unwin, 6s.)

"The Book of Princes and Princesses." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Longmans, 6s.)

"The Pinafore Picture Book, Being the Story of 'H.M.S. Pinafore.'" By W. S. Gilbert. (Bell, 5s. net.)

"The Hill that Fell Down." By Evelyn Sharp. (Blackie, 3s. 6d.)

"Humphrey Bold." By Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

"The National Gallery." By Alice Corkran. (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Wallace Collection and the Tate Gallery." By Estelle Ross. (Wells Gardner, 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Boy's Book of Steamships." By J. R. Howden. (Grant Richards, 6s.)

"Photography for Young People." By Tudor Jenks. (Chambers, 3s. 6d.)

"The Children's Book of Celtic Stories." By Elizabeth W. Grierson. (Black, 6s.)

Reviews.

THE CHURCH AND THE REFORMATION.*

Apart from his life-long work on the monumental "Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.," and perhaps his edition of the "Paston Letters," these two volumes represent Dr. Gairdner's most substantial contribution to historical learning, and they deal with a subject on which he possesses unrivalled knowledge. The arbitrary and more or less irrational division of history into medieval and modern at the close of the fifteenth century has sadly hampered the scientific study of the Reformation; the medievalist stops just where his scholarship would be most useful in elucidating the development of modern politics, and the modern historian does not begin his investigations until the forces he seeks to describe have almost matured. The Reformation has thus been studied with too little reference to its origins; it has been regarded as beginning with Luther's action in 1517, just as the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 has been treated without reference to the previous developments of which it was the natural and more or less inevitable corollary. Dr. Gairdner is well protected against such irrational errors; he is almost as familiar with the fifteenth as with the sixteenth century. He knows that the Reformation could only have proceeded from predisposing causes, and that those causes must be sought in the previous centuries; and this book is primarily an examination of the extent to which the Reformation is the continuation of the work of Wycliffe and his followers.

With what seem to us to be Dr. Gairdner's main conclusions, and with many of his incidental views, we find ourselves in substantial agreement. He is too much of a scholar to commit himself to the contention, upheld by so many ecclesiastics with an ignorance and a conviction which are impervious to historical evidence, that the papal jurisdiction was unpopular throughout the Middle Ages, that the Church of England was practically independent, and that—in Maitland's satirical words—it was Protestant before the Reformation and Catholic after it. The struggles which even Stubbs regarded as conflicts between the English Church and the Papacy, are here correctly represented as struggles between State and Church, in which the Church in England sided with the Papacy, and such national independence as was achieved was asserted by the State in opposition to the English Church, although here, as throughout the book, Dr. Gairdner regards the State as nothing but the King and Government. Yet it was the barons rather than the King who refused, in 1236, to assimilate English law to canon law, and Parliament had at least as much to do as the Crown with the statutes of Provisors and Praemunire.

Equally sound is Dr. Gairdner's verdict that "Henry VIII.'s reformation of the Church was precisely on Lollard lines" (ii., 478). Here, however, he is only speaking of the methods by which the Reformation was effected—*i.e.*, by the assertion of the supremacy of the State over the Church. Elsewhere he insists, not without considerable justification, that Lollardy has more affinity with Puritanism, and even with more extreme movements, such as Anabaptism, than with the doctrinal changes advocated by the English reformers of the sixteenth century, and incorporated in the Anglican settlement. Wycliffe was not a bishop, and had little taste for compromise. The point he has in common alike with Henry VIII. and nearly all the sixteenth century English reformers is his contention that only by State intervention could the Church be reformed. Dr. Gairdner heartily detests the method, but is inclined to acquiesce in the result.

> "The Royal supremacy," he writes (ii., 469), "though brutally enforced by Henry VIII., was, nevertheless, a true principle, and remains with us still. It has other enemies besides the votaries of Rome; but all their enmity is in vain. The principle of an Established Church, however at variance with theories which pious minds are too easily led to entertain, is one which, when once laid down, can never be set aside."

Here Dr. Gairdner is confusing two distinct things. By the royal supremacy he means the indivisible sovereignty of the State; that is the true principle which Henry VIII. asserted, and which, as Dr. Gairdner remarks, remains with us still. But an Established Church is a different thing altogether, and Dr. Gairdner's assertion that this second principle, "when once laid down, can never be set aside," will sound strange to those familiar with the relations of Church and State in the British Colonies, the United States, and France. Dr. Gairdner himself cites Ireland, but says that "what we call in these days Disestablishment in really Establishment over again." This is really making confusion worse confounded; all he means is that the Church in Ireland, being a corporation, has certain necessary relations with the State. If that means "Establishment," then every corporation is an "establishment," and every ecclesiastical corporation is an "Established Church." And if "Disestablishment is really Establishment over again," why resist it? The fact is that Dr. Gairdner holds to certain theological and ecclesiastico-political propositions very strongly, conscientiously, and rigidly; and his conscious or unconscious efforts to square the facts of history with these dogmatic propositions color these volumes throughout, and result in some very curious contentions. "It is not in the power of tyranny to deflect the rays of divine truth; and no community or nation that had really parted company with vital Christianity could hope to maintain its place in a progressive civilisation . . . the fabric of sound dogma cannot be overthrown or mutilated . . . the things which abide in religion must be true" (ii. 467-8). What religion? Buddhism or Islam? Things have had abode in those religions almost as long as in Christianity, and shown less signs of dissolution. In a sense, of course, there are abiding elements of truth in all those religions, but we doubt if that is what Dr. Gairdner means by "the fabric of sound dogma." And as to the "power of tyranny to deflect the rays of divine truth," how does Dr. Gairdner account for the extirpation of Christianity in the vast realms conquered by Islam, and for its suppression during the French Revolution? Were not those tyrannies, or were not the forms of Christianity they suppressed, "rays of divine truth"? Dr. Gairdner's remark may be excellent as a pious hope, but a statement less historical it is difficult to conceive.

The same difficulty hampers Dr. Gairdner's treatment of Henry VIII., and his extirpation of the Pope's authority. "Surely," he exclaims (i.. 305), "we are not called upon to justify the means, but only to acknowledge the fact. If a man is murdered we do not approve of the act, but we must fill up his appointments and supply his place." The analogy is not very happy; if we could, we would revive the murdered man, but Dr. Gairdner does not wish to revive Papal jurisdiction in England. He is glad the man is dead, but regrets that he was killed, or rather laments that the revolution was not made with rose-water, and denounces at great length the methods by which it was effected. We can all of us share in that lament, and some of us would go a good deal further than Dr. Gairdner in lamenting the methods, which were not those of rose-water, taken to bolster up a system the removal of which Dr. Gairdner thinks was necessary and inevitable.

The subserviency of Parliament is Dr. Gairdner's explanation of Henry's success. This is asserted very often and very dogmatically, but of evidence to support it there is practically nothing. Dr. Gairdner, indeed, quotes in support one document (i., 298), a list of "articles condescended and agreed by the King's Highness and the noblemen . . . to be enacted by authority of the same Parliament in the next full Court thereof." But there is the usual hiatus between the premises and the conclusion, which we give in Dr. Gairdner's own words, "The Commons actually refused their assent to them in that 'full Court' for which they were prepared. So, in fact, the Commons were not so subservient in this particular matter as they were expected to be." Yet "this particular matter" is the only one cited to support the generalisation. Again (ii., 81), Dr. Gairdner speaks of "a House composed, *as we have seen*, completely of dependents of the Court." This refers apparently to a passage quoted (i., 440) from a French martyrology of Fisher, written in the next generation! It is a pity Dr. Gairdner does not treat such authorities in the same critical spirit as he does the martyrology of Foxe. The same assertion of the subserviency and packing of Par-

* "Lollardy and the Reformation." An Historical Survey. By James Gairdner, C.B., Hon. LL.D. Edin. Macmillan. 2 vols, 21s.

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liament is made with respect to the Parliament of 1559, and its value may be gauged from the minute examination of the evidence in the "English Historical Review" for July and October, 1908. The theory has, in fact, been exploded as completely as that of the pre-Reformation independence of the Church; but both will continue to be asserted from motives which are anything rather than historical.

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A NEO-PLATONIC DIALOGUE.*

Plato wrote dialogues in such perfection as almost to ban that form of literary art. No modern can attempt it without challenging a comparison, and to few is it given to emerge without ridicule. In our own time Mr. Lowes Dickinson is the only writer of skill sufficient to face the ordeal, and force on the reader the conviction that the dialogue form has for once justified itself. To Mr. Dickinson's mental attitude the form is, in fact, well adapted. In the discussion of Socialism, which is the real subject of his dialogue on "Justice and Liberty," it enables him to state pros and cons with equal force, and preserve the open mind and the sense of practical difficulty, while making in the end a clear and incisive impression on the reader. The "Socrates" of the dialogue is Martin, a professor, who describes himself as "at best a perplexed inquirer socialistically inclined." His interlocutors are Harington, who maintains a rather shadowy and academy version of a Platonic aristocracy, and Stuart, who is the real critic, being a Scottish banker and a clear-headed Philistine. Harington tends to drop out of the dialogue, and might, in fact, have been dispensed with. Probably Mr. Dickinson wishes to suggest that the only possible alternatives to the mingled anarchy and tyranny of existing social life are, on the one hand, a form of industrial democracy, or, on the other hand, a true aristocracy of merit. In the presentment of aristocracy, however, emphasis is laid throughout on the Platonic division of functions and classes. We should have said that the contemporary basis of aristocratic theory—by no means a contemptible force in the modern world—rests rather on a certain interpretation of the biological view of evolution. It is in the conception that the race progresses by the survival of the fittest, and that this is to be secured by the elimination of the unfit; it is in the doctrine that heredity counts for so much that its force should be recognised and expressed in constitutions; it is in the view that men being unequal in fact should be unequal in privileges that contemporary theories of aristocracy have whatever logical strength they can boast. It is in this form that we should have liked to see the theory of aristocracy presented and confuted with all Mr. Dickinson's highly adequate delicacy and skill.

But this is a minor blemish. When we turn to the main body of the argument we recognise from first to last that we are dealing with real arguments and living thoughts. The capable Philistine, Stuart, states the case for the world which has made him a prosperous banker, precisely as such a banker would state it, or rather would like to state it, if he could always command his temper and conceal his impatience in dealing with a Socialistic visionary. Occasionally Stuart blunders, but he blunders in character—for example, when he defines liberty as "freedom from governmental regulation."

> "Martin: You are an anarchist, then?
> "Stuart: Do I look like one?
> "Martin: Not at all, I confess. You look like a man who believes in property and the police. . . . . Just imagine, to illustrate my point, the sudden dissolution of Government, so that our rich men and captains of industry could no longer call upon the public force to protect their persons and property. . . . I seem to see Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Lord Rothschild and other great men on the run, puffy, exhausted, mad with terror, having suddenly discovered that they have no personal force or capacity to secure anything that they have got," &c.

In face of the exposure Stuart keeps his temper, and reconstructs his position by restricting governmental interference to the minimum necessary for securing private property. An ingenious bit of dialectic ensues. He justifies private property as a stimulus to industry, and then is readily persuaded to admit that the stimulus ought to be applicable to all, and not merely to a privileged class. Martin, whose underlying polemic is directed more against inheritance than against any other single feature of our system, at once claims him as a democrat and believer in some kind of equity, and succeeds in fathering on him, only half against his will, a form of society in which the public is ultimate owner of all land and capital, though the management is left to individuals, who conduct it for their own profit subject to its reversion on their death to the community. This is not precisely Martin's ideal, which rather involves the collective regulation of industry, but is left as a more practicable alternative—a concession both to the practical man and to the objections which Martin feels as strongly as anyone to authoritarian control. Be in earnest with your talk of liberty and the stimulus to property, says Martin in effect to the contemporary individualist, and you must at least admit that our society, with its mechanism of inheritance, its consequent class divisions, its virtual denial of equality of opportunity, its practical despotism in the assignment of the poorest pay to the least agreeable and most unhealthy or montonous tasks, is a monstrous perversion of all the ideals which you paint so fair. If property is really so vital an element in human welfare, what are we to say of a social state in which the vast majority are destitute of any property worthy the name? If liberty is the ideal, what are we to think of a system in which a handful of leisured men and women owe their opportunities to the unremitting and unlovely toil of millions to whom nominal freedom is in reality the choice between drudgery and the workhouse?

We cannot here even run through the points which are touched with a delicate and often a masterly hand. We would only say one word on the broad case for the validity of the ideal which occupies the later part of the dialogue. We should have to go far to find a finer or stronger statement at once of the difficulties of idealism and of its true import. The tyranny of the brutal fact is first emphasised with all the force at the writer's command, and just as the darkness of the picture is complete the light is thrown into it. The evolution theory is turned to its true account, as can be done only when it is viewed not from the side of organic process, but from the side of mind and the historic development of social order. "History, on one side the record of man's entanglement in matter, on the other is the epic of his self-deliverance." "Those who look closer and with more genial vision find that in the midst of evil and squalor there is also something else, working obscurely and leavening the while, an impulse of love, however brief, a stress of duty, however circumscribed; that a sap is flowing through wood that seems so dead, and that the faint and flickering lamp of the ideal is lit from fire that burns at the heart of the world. That fire kindles history . . . it is the never satisfied; and one of its names is Justice." This is the poetic utterance of the fundamental truth to which the philosophy of evolution points, the infinitely slow but not uncertain emergence of mind as the master force in the world of brute fact and brutal impulse.

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and beyond, the rapid march of Japanese commerce and industry, and a tepid apology for the policy recently pursued by our Far Eastern ally in Manchuria and Korea. The country traversed has already become familiar to us in the pages of Blakiston, Cooper, Gill, Colquhoun, Mrs. Bishop, Archibald Little, and many missionary pioneers. When travelling overland our author had his share of risks and discomforts, lodged in unspeakable Chinese inns, met difficulties with tact and good temper, and deserves a higher *rôle* than that of the amateur explorer. It was perhaps not altogether a disadvantage that some of the information gathered had to filter itself through the uncouth "pidgin English" of the Chinese servant "Joe." The traveller's ignorance of the language and inner mind of the people through whose midst he passed was a disadvantage, but by no means fatal to the value of his work. An impressionist picture of a country can perhaps best be produced by the man who is shut up to the use of his eyes, and who is quick to fix upon features in landscape and native habits to which an old resident has become so accustomed that he does not think them worth recording.

Many amusing and picturesque incidents give a piquant flavor to the diary. The cry, "Made in Japan," would seem to be as appropriate to the markets of Western China as the cry, "Made in Germany," is to markets at our own doors. A travelling dentist visited the author, who was plying his profession with a stock of artificial teeth "made in Japan." In one of the cities of Sz Chuan this practitioner had fitted a hundred teeth into Chinese mouths within a month. Yarns from the mills of Osaka and Kyoto are pushing out yarns from the mills of Bombay. The advance agents of the new island Empire are everywhere, testing markets, ready to move on where there is little sign of success, and mobile as the wonderful little army itself. The frugal Chinaman was found counting the seventy matches in a box costing the fourteenth part of a penny to make sure that he got full value for his money, and that there were no headless sticks in the lot. Our author complains that the Chinaman has a vague and precarious notion of numbers. Local estimates of mileage cannot always be trusted. When a native merchant was asked how many pieces of a particular brand of black cloth he had sold in the year, he replied, "Several tens," and cross-examination could not elicit a more exact answer. But the shortcoming is not uniform. The grumbler at vague Chinese methods of computation gives himself away when he quotes from a conversation reported by the late Mr. Colborne Baber. When passing through Talifo he asked the captain of his expedition, who had been engaged in suppressing the Mohammedan rebellion a few years before, whether it was true that thirty thousand Chinese of the city had been butchered? The captain replied he "did not think there could have been more than five hundred, or the water would have stunk more." Such an answer leaves little to be desired on the score of precision. Now and again the Chinaman is appallingly concrete and arithmetical.

Our "Wandering Student" was astonished at the number of shops in Sz Chuan stocked with paper models of horses, animals, and men, together with paper cash to be burned at funerals, and seemed aghast at the waste extorted by the traditions of filial piety. "It is the exaggerated reverence for ancestors which hangs like a mill-stone upon the neck of the Chinese." But such rites have no essential connection with the cult of ancestors, and whilst the waste may be deplored, these obsequies are notes of an early humanitarian movement at which no student of primitive cults ought to scoff. Nearly four thousand years ago, in the lurid and half-legendary days which preceded the dawn of Chinese history, an attempt was made to introduce the customs of surrounding savages, who slaughtered horses and slaves and wives to be buried with the great chiefs. The humane instincts of primitive China were revolted, and the attempt has never been repeated. Figures of wood, paper, and bamboo were substituted. Whilst we may regret the waste involved in such superstitions, a student should interpret these funeral pantomimes in the light of primitive history, and do justice to the immemorial strain of gentleness which, in spite of many drawbacks, the Chinese character has never lacked. The early reformation of which these surviving superstitions are a sign is the more remarkable because it was brought to pass whilst the head of the family was accounted, as, indeed, he still is, the lord of life and death.

Earl Ronaldshay's journey through Yunnan seems to have been undertaken with the object of studying the frontier question as it affects British Burma, watching the attempts of France to create a trade route between Annam and Talifoo, and taking the temperature of the local populations upon the subject of railway concessions. There is no North-Eastern frontier question for India, as the traveller admits, with perhaps a shade of disappointment, and he and his fellow believers in a scientific frontier are free to turn their attention to the North-West of British India. It is doubtful whether France will ever complete her railway to Talifoo, and any competing line to Bhamo would be beset by enormous geographical difficulties, could not by any chance become a commercial success, and would bring a jarring note into the *entente cordiale*. This remote province is probably rich in mineral ores, and the suppression of the poppy may compel the Government and people to look in other directions for the means whereby prosperity may be brought to this bleak and isolated region. If there is any great development of the tin and copper mines, the traffic will probably go down the West River through Kwangsi and Kwangtung. Thirty years ago, when travelling down the West River through Kwangsi, the present reviewer anchored one night close to a fleet of twelve Chinese junks laden with copper, which was to be made into cash at the Imperial Mint in Pekin. In this remote province, which has again and again been desolated by rebellion and bloodshed, the cry of "China for the Chinese" is heard. With our own sturdy, unyielding prejudice against the construction of a Channel tunnel, it ill becomes us to treat contemptuously the Chinese prejudice against being linked by foreign railways with Burma or Annam. Nature has given China more than a streak of silver sea, Alpine ramparts five times as formidable as those which faced Napoleon when he invaded Russia.

In this "Wandering Student" we find one who is at heart a sound moralist, for he deplores the evil of opium smoking. And yet there is the Anglo-Indian "kink" in his ethic, and he sometimes does less than justice to himself. No reformer will ever achieve much who assumes that he must continue to do a reprehensible thing just as long as his neighbor continues to do it. The chapter on "The Opium Question" contains many inaccuracies. The statement that forty per cent. of a population of four hundred millions smoke opium would compel us to believe that all the women of the eighteen provinces and a large number of the children smoke. The forty per cent., of course, refers to the adult male population, which is a long way short of four hundred millions. In the "humble opinion" of our author the immediate abolition of the Indian trade would not help the Chinese Government, because the enhanced demand for the native drug would stimulate the growth of the poppy in China. As a matter of fact, China is moving much faster in the work of suppressing the poppy in her own territories than we are moving in British India. Since the publication of these two volumes a White Paper on China (No. 2) has been issued, which shows that the Viceroy of Yunnan, the province which is the stronghold of the poppy, and which from its isolated position is better fitted to rebel against the decrees of the Imperial Government than any other province of the Empire, has set himself to end all cultivation of the poppy in the territory he rules within three years. If China thinks it an easier task to end the growth and consumption of opium in three years rather than in ten, in the name of all that is sacred, she has a claim to the shorter term; and it would be a policy of gratuitous wickedness on the part of our own Government to draw out the agony of the transition for another seven years. We are glad to find this strong Anglo-Indian writer admitting that, "On the whole, more has been achieved than was to be expected."

Lord Ronaldshay is a frank admirer of Japan and its methods, and with a zeal tempered more or less with discretion, sets himself to justify the action of our ally in Manchuria and Korea. Whilst no one ought to chill the good feeling between our own country and the Island Empire of the Far East, there is another side to those questions that ought to be heard. The author admits many blemishes in the commercial morality of the Japanese traders. Foreign

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trade marks have been pirated, flimsy goods put upon Chinese markets fatal to the prospects of sound and permanent trade, and bargains, moreover, are not always held sacred. The commercial progress of Japan may have its setback. The cost of labor, coal, and raw material in Japan has almost doubled since the war. The glamor of the Chinaman's first love for his brilliant neighbor has passed away. Japanese statesmen are alive to the danger arising from second-rate standards of integrity in the merchant and trader, and dare to rate their countrymen soundly for practices which tend to discredit the reputation of the race. A recent speaker assumed that the introduction of nobler blood into trade and commerce would cure the disease. "The sons of our official classes are going into trade, and we are bringing 'Bushido' into business." It is a curious subject for reflection that just across the China Sea the Chinese merchant should have a reputation for commercial integrity all but unequalled, and he has not been helped by the chivalrous tradition of a caste. A proverbial classification of Chinese society, which goes back for many centuries, puts the scholar first, the husbandman second, the artificer third, and the merchant last in the scale. The soldier is outside the scale. Perhaps this was considered the order of social evolution. The Chinese merchant has had no esoteric tradition up to which he was bound to live. How are we to explain his splendid integrity? Many frailties and failings he may have, but for centuries he has been educated to the idea that debt is hereditary, and its discharge a duty of filial piety. No Statute of Limitations has brought indulgence to his conscience. Mutual sponsorship for debt tends to make him just as sensitive to all that it entails as he is to his place in a closely compacted and interdependent society; and, whilst his Supreme Being may often be impersonal, in the voice of conscience he recognises a clear, strong mandate from heaven more unreservedly perhaps than it is recognised in some schools of Christian theology.

A SCIENTIFIC NOVEL.*

In "An Immortal Soul," Mr. Mallock balances himself adroitly between the stool of science and the stool of art, the while we are never free from uneasiness that the distinguished rationalist will slip from his perch. The preface is austere: "The entire value or interest of this class of occurrences (Multiple Personality) as introduced into fiction," says the author, "depends on their unadorned fidelity to dry scientific fact." This is sufficiently alarming, but fortunately the author himself owns a dual personality; he is a satirist as well as a philosopher. And his treatment of the phenomena "observed and recorded by scientific students," though highly serious is adorned by badinage and spiced with malice.

In truth if this class of disconcerting phenomena is to be treated artistically the creative imagination must not be condemned to turn the handle of the scientific grindstone. If Mr. Mallock demurs to the "value" of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," we have Mrs. Margaret Wood's delightful "The Invader," which, though less "scientific" than "An Immortal Soul," is quite as instructive, and withal more brilliantly written. The deeper is an author's psychological genius the further does it carry him "outside the radius" of the scientist's vision. The "Brothers Karamazov" or "Hamlet," for example, owe their psychological truths not at all to "facts scientifically recorded." They are the artist's syntheses of states of feeling far too complex and volatile for scientific investigation. And the artist who handles Multiple Personality may, of course, follow "recorded cases," but we expect him to fuse the facts, dry and scientific, into an aesthetic whole. It is just here that Mr. Mallock, too carefully balancing himself, half fails. His novel, clever and instructive, is like a flying machine which refuses to leave the rails for more than a few seconds at a time. And the cause is obvious. The author is far stronger in reasoning than in feeling, and his creative imagination is too subordinated to the preparation of the scene, atmosphere, and characters for the demonstrations of his man of science, Dr. Thistlewood.

For the first hundred pages of the story the satirist, indeed, has a free field. We are introduced to the polite society of Southquay, an English watering-place which boasts of the retired diplomatist and landowner, Sir Rawlin Stantor; Mr. Theophilus Barton, the Ritualistic priest of All Saints; Lady Susannah of Cliff's End, and her charming niece, Miss Nest Vivian; Colonel O'Brian, a lady-killing warrior; Lord Cotswold, the scientist; and the celebrated psychologist, Dr. Gustav Thistlewood, along with the usual residential Anglo-Indians on the shelf, maiden ladies, and ex-professional men. These figures and their *milieu* are touched in with the dry, man-of-the-world cynicism that distinguishes Mr. Mallock, and after some puzzled moments we resign ourselves to watching the satirist in pursuit of his prey, and do not ask him to rise to the higher plane of truth, to the subtlety of nature. Mr. Mallock's quarry in question is the Rev. Theophilus Barton, and the priest is hunted from sanctuary to sanctuary, smoked out of his theological lairs, and finally despatched in the open with a cold-blooded pertinacious skill that must please the sceptic as much as it will startle the devout. With a malice that both surpasses and inspires his art the author introduces us into the cleric's spiritual citadel at the moment when he is trying to reconcile celibacy as a part of his own "personal vocation" with the secret fountain of fervour, not wholly religious, that is welling from his intercourse with the charming and graceful girl, Miss Nest Vivian, whom he is preparing for Confirmation. It is, perhaps, a little unkind to Mr. Mallock to select one out of his 350 pages and style it his best, but the quotation may serve to show how his satire can be finely edged, though often, indeed, it is not free from vulgarity:—

> Mr. Barton, exhibiting some slight trace of reluctance, produced the book in question—a masterpiece of subdued daintiness. . . .
>
> "By the way, let me show you another thing which I got for her, and which I think will help her. She has a curious natural sympathy with—where did I put this, now?—ah, there, on this little table—a curious sympathy with the Catholic conception of religion. Here the book is. It is called "The Visions of the Saints." The letterpress is very simple. What I want you to notice are the pictures. These modern processes—aren't they perfectly marvellous? Did you ever see anything more like actual miniatures? That's St. Angela of Foliguo, with our Lord coming to her through the rose-bushes. Isn't the little robin sweet? Look how one or two of its little red feathers are rumpled. That's our Lord giving the aromatic gum to St. Gertrude, in order that her breath might be no less sweet to him than her prayers. That one again—I should like you to examine that through a magnifying glass. Our Lord's dress as he kisses St. Sylvia's hair—do you notice the gold and the red lines in the border? You can see that the gold line is a piece of stiff braid *appliqué*. And between the folds of the robe—do you make out what that is? It's the face of St. Francis which she saw painted on our Lord's breast. But I mustn't bore you any longer with this. Perhaps you'd like to take a look round my crib."
>
> The suggestion being accepted, he led the way into a smaller room.
>
> "Here," he said, "is my inner den—my cell."
>
> The floor was of bare, stained boards. The only furniture was a couple of hard oak chairs, monastic in pattern, but affecting no antiquity; a small table with a stool before it, apparently used for kneeling; and a desk supporting a rosary, some devotional books and a manuscript, the window which lit it opening on a new little patch of garden. The only decoration on the whitewashed walls was a crucifix, the figure being of the cheapest plaster.
>
> "I always think," said Mr. Barton, seeing that Sir Rawlin noticed it, "that there's something rather jolly in that. I like to feel that I use in my own devotions nothing not in reach of the poorest." . . .
>
> As soon as Mr. Barton was alone he became a changed man. The expression which has accompanied his use of such artificially familiar words as "nice" or "sweet," and "crib" or of "jolly" in its schoolboy sense, altogether disappeared. The priest came out in his face; the receiver of calls faded. Returning to his library, with eyes absorbed and solemn, he sat down by the writing table, his chin resting heavily on his hand.

The marked interest that the accomplished Sir Rawlin begins to show in the lovely Miss Vivian, and the arrival on the scene of the materialist, Dr. Thistlewood, with his psychological exposition of "the immortal soul as a product of a bundle of perishable nerves," excites in the priest such a tender solicitude for the heroine's soul that in his spiritual ecstasy he sees himself "coming into his Master's presence bearing a lamb, a lamb that might else have been lost." And it seems to Mr. Barton that his prayer is

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answered by a divine voice, "As thou art present in My heart, so let her be in thine. Bring thy lamb to Me that she may be in My heart also." Inspired by a peculiar sense of beatitude, Mr. Barton forthwith preaches a sermon on the indivisibility of the soul, laying it down with fervor that "the indestructibility and the responsibility of the self are implicitly the fundamental doctrines of the psychology of the Christian Church." The novel turns on this issue: the perplexing instrument that Mr. Mallock produces from the lecture rooms of the Continental schools of psychiatry and psychology with which to lay the priest low, being the Dual Personality of the dove-like heroine, Miss Nest Vivian. Miss Vivian is, in fact, "a case," typical of many such cases. As the girl Nest she is exquisitely feminine, quiet, gentle, and full of fastidious grace and spiritual fervor. But she is prone to curious fits of dreaminess and lassitude, and after nervous shocks or sudden excitements she falls into a trance, and reawakes as the startling personality of Miss Enid Wynn, a slangy, mannish, and jaunty young lady with a passion for rat-catching, chauffeurs, field sports, and a robustious dislike for the clergy! Now could Mr. Mallock's creative imagination have risen superior to his philosophic intelligence, "An Immortal Soul" might have been a most powerful satire on the priestly soul. For, according to the special crux posited, all the psychological truths so painfully exhibited are in direct conflict with Mr. Barton's religious faith, and neither his spiritual creed nor his human passion can withstand the shock of the revelation when it comes, viz., that Miss Nesta Vivian Enid Wynn has not only received all the sacraments of the Church, but has also a husband alive in the person of a very objectionable Italian swindler, and not only so, but she has also given birth to a child. Each of the two personalities in Miss Vivian by turns suppresses the other, but according to medical history attested by Dr. Thistlewood, the "original self" is Miss Wynn and not Miss Vivian, who is, so to say, the surface self. Should Mr. Barton have succeeded in marrying the spiritual Miss Vivian, it is ten to one that he would have had to pass most of his days in the society of the sinner and infidel, Miss Wynn, who despises and jeers at his most sacred beliefs. Mr. Barton is stunned by this final revelation. He is left asking, "If a woman's character is not her own character at all, but merely the successive gleamings of a shot-silk dress worn by her . . . how can this business of living and loving be reasonably carried on? . . . If our souls are not our own souls . . . what shall we get in exchange for them?"

Mr. Mallock undoubtedly succeeds in establishing the triumph of Dr. Thistlewood's scientific creed over the outworn theological tenets of Mr. Barton's faith. And in passing he demonstrates with malicious satisfaction the strong earthly alloy in the priest's spiritual desires. Nevertheless, the satire or novel can scarcely be called a true work of art. From the moment Dr. Thistlewood appears with his lectures on "The New Pyschology," his hypnotic expositions, and his obvious familiarity with Miss Vivian's past, we recognise that he holds all the trumps, and that Mr. Barton may as well abandon the contest. The interminable arguments in which the antagonists engage smack of the lecture hall, and the clever scenes interspersed have a prearranged air. There are far too many characters in the novel, and many of the conversations, such as the flippant Lady Conroy's, are merely distracting. But the chief artistic mistake which means the destruction of the book's spontaneity and artistic surprise lies in the introduction of the lay-figure, Dr. Thistlewood, with his scientific dissertations. The real psychological situation lies simply in the conflict in the priest's soul when the suspicion dawns upon him of the uncanny transformation coming upon his bride. A psychological genius such as Dostoievsky would have handled the theme with only four leading characters—the girl, the priest, an aunt or companion, who tries to conceal the uncanny truth, and the girl's old lover or husband coming back from the past to claim her. We should then have seen concentrated all the elements of terror and confusion swallowing up the priest's faith, but such a treatment would have been passed through the fire of the creative imagination, it would be intensely human without *parti pris*, and its depths could not be sounded or gauged by its "unadorned fidelity to dry scientific fact."

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* * *

Those of us who can look back on long hours spent (often compulsorily) with Mrs. Sherwood's heroes and heroines will be inclined to wonder whether she is still read in days when books for children are for the most part of a very different type. That she is not forgotten is shown by the inclusion of "The Fairchild Family" and "Margot and the Golden Fish" in Messrs. Jack's pretty series "Grandmother's Favorites" (2s. net each). Both have been edited and greatly shortened, most of the religious and moralising elements being left out. We are not quite sure that this is altogether an advantage. Children either like Mrs. Sherwood very much or they are bored by her stories "calculated to show the importance and effects of a religious education." The present series attempts to retain the jam while leaving out the powder, but in this laudable effort a good deal of Mrs. Sherwood's charm is lost. The same series contains "Holiday House," by Catherine Sinclair, and "The Apple Pie," a collection of tales by various writers. The volumes are charmingly illustrated, and have a dainty and attractive appearance.

* * *

Another series intended to make children familiar with the famous stories of the past is Mr. Heinemann's "Every Child's Library" (1s. 6d. net each volume), edited by Mr. Thomas Cartwright. "Reynard the Fox" is a good adaptation with as little change as possible from Caxton's work. "Brave Beowulf" is a rendering of our oldest English epic, the only fault of which is that children will find some difficulty in pronouncing the names. The eighteenth century is represented by "Sir Roger de Coverley" and "My Uncle Toby." Both are well suited for inclusion in the series, though we do not think that children will thank Mr. Cartwright for telling them that the Coverley papers will teach them "much as to Stuart times and more as to the right conduct of their own lives, for Sir Roger was a truly good man, and one of Nature's gentlemen." The statements are unimpeachable, but Mr. Cartwright's readers might have been trusted to reach these conclusions on their own account. All the books are illustrated, and produced in what, we think, is far the best size for children.

* * *

Reprints and New Editions.—A delightful series of reprints is Messrs. Bell's "Queen's Treasures Series." Mrs. Gaskell's "Cousin Phillis" and Mrs. Ewing's "Six to Sixteen" have appeared with charming illustrations by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse. Mr. Thomas Seccombe contributes a preface to "Cousin Phillis" which contains some fresh biographical material founded on unpublished letters by Mrs. Gaskell.—Messrs. Methuen issue a new translation by Mr A. C. Farquharson of La Motte Fouqué's "Sintram and His Companions" (7s. 6d. net). Mr. E. J. Sullivan's illustrations have vigor, though they are not always free from confusion.—"Old Christmas," by Washington Irving (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), has a series of capital illustrations in color by Mr. Cecil Aldin.—Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book" (Macmillan, 5s.), has been illustrated effectively by Messrs. Maurice and Edward Detmold. Our only fault is some of the pictures seem to aim at being grotesque when a greater realism would be in better keeping.—"Mother Goose" (Blackie, 5s.), edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, and illustrated by Mr. John Hassall, contains an excellent collection of nursery rhymes.—"The Land of Enchantment" (Cassell, 5s. net) consists of five stories reprinted from "Little Folks," together with illustrations by Mr. Arthur Rackham, which also appeared in that periodical.—Mr. John Lane issues "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (2s. 6d. net), with illustrations by Mr. W. H. Walker, and Stevenson's "Child's Garland of Verses," with Mr. Charles Robinson's pictures. Lewis Carroll's book has tempted a host of artists since the copyright expired, but whether from innate conservatism or from a more worthy reason none of them seem to us to compare with Sir John Tenniel. Mr. Walker's pictures are amusing and in sympathy with Lewis Carroll's fantasy.

The Week in the City.

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It has been, in the Stock Exchange, a week of small things. Business of a humdrum character is about as much as can be expected from the account which precedes Christmas, and, in point of tradition, it would be by no means astonishing if orders came to something of a standstill during the last few weeks of the year. But there is a certain amount of trade doing in the markets, and the hub upon which prices are again turning is the political outlook in the Balkans. The various scraps of news which have come in lately are read as indicating the possibility of a peaceful settlement being reached, while markets draw further consolation from the consideration that no actual fighting can take place until the spring, before which season there is time for much water to flow down the mountains and under the bridges. The Emperor of Austria is applauded for his apparent desire to maintain peace: his influence is expected to count for a great deal in the counsels of the Near Eastern nations that delight in war.

Politics and Prices.

Declaration of the poll at Chelmsford led to a little amusement on the part of the militant Stock Exchange Unionists, and to a little genial "ragging" of members who support the Government. The result, however, failed to exercise any influence over quotations, and the figures, after being chanted as a dirge at prominent Liberals in the Stock Exchange, were soon relegated to the limbo of history. There are many in the City, and probably throughout the country, who parade their belief that a change of Administration would lift all their securities on to a permanent level of much better prices, upheld by Protection and Preference and similar gourds. Yet when all the talk goes on about the iniquities and obliquities of a Liberal Government, curiosity wonders whether the valiant warriors in words would fight quite so strenuously were they faced with the straight issue of voting for Free Trade or Protection, for most men are sane enough when it comes to a practical question which cannot help affecting the pocket of the individual voter.

Peace in the Far East.

Investment is turning with renewed favor to the bonds of Japan, China, and Russia, by way of direct corollary to the new agreement arrived at between the Governments of the Mikado and the Czar, whereby peace in the Far East is seated more firmly in her throne than has been the case since the Russo-Japanese war. The dove with the olive branch has done exceedingly useful work of late in her journeyings between Russia and Japan, and the Stock market has hastened to express its approval by steady rises in Japanese bonds. Russian issues are too much under the influence of the forthcoming big Loan to appreciate the more peaceful outlook to the same extent as Japanese bonds; but Chinese Government securities are benefiting, because the statements in the agreement with regard to China are particularly timely, following so quickly upon the recent deaths of the Emperor of China and his mother. It would appear, however, that affairs in the Far East are almost as satisfactory as those in the Near East are the reverse, and if only Japan can school herself to keep within the paths of national economy already marked out, the investor is not likely to have his sleep disturbed o' nights by fears relating to his interests either in China or Japan.

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When the grown-ups were gone, I asked dear Mary, in low tones, such as one used in Church, who that man was—that dreadful man who was the Ruin of England.

"They mean Mr. Joystone, dearest," she said, and showed me his portrait in the "Illustrated London News." I could see nothing ruinous about him, but I knew that the General must know best.

Dear Mary and I were at a place whose name shines to me through the mist of years as the Pwllychrochyllan Hotel. If there be such a hotel it is probably in Wales. At any rate it was by the sea. And measles had possibly preceded my residence there. Mary was my governess. She had a pale face, and pale hair, and she was very sweet; that, I once heard a grown-up explain, was why so many people called her dear Mary. The General did not call her "dear Mary" yet—but he was destined to do so one day, and meantime he used to come to tea with us. And sometimes the curate came. Only the tea was coffee—I can't think why—and I was allowed to have it—I can't think how.

Dear Mary was very sweet. She called me dearest, and told me not to gather the daisies because God made them. She restrained my pursuit of clever little grey-green crabs on the same grounds. So I was very bored at the Pwllychrochyllan Hotel; and when three little girls in red coats came with their governess to stay there I hoped we might be friends.

But Mary had warned me not to talk to strange children on the beach.

"Why?" I asked; "did God make them too?" to which she replied:

"Of course, dearest, but your Papa wouldn't like it."

But when I came across the three little red coats among the foundations of a Gothic villa that someone was building among the sand and coarse grass and pine trees, I reflected that this was certainly not the beach, and ventured to say, "Hullo!"

The eldest red coat replied, "Hullo, you're the little boy at our hotel."

"You're the little girls at *my* hotel," I corrected; "I was there first!"

"But there are three of us!" one said as if that settled it.

"But I'm a boy," said I conclusively.

This gave us food for a conversation which lasted till the barriers of convention were broken down and we were able to erect a see-saw and throw sand in each other's eyes with all the pleasant familiarity of old friends.

We went back to the hotel all four together—I a little doubtful about my reception by dear Mary, whose notions of the conflicts between God's ideas and Papa's were a little confusing to me.

Dear Mary greeted me with that unmistakable sweetness of hers, and instantly and surprisingly invited the little red coats to tea.

"I didn't meet them on the beach," I said, when they had been taken away to have their hands washed.

"They are quite proper children for you to know, dearest," said dear Mary. "Their grandfather is Mr. Joystone."

"The Ruin of England?" I said aghast.

"Hush, dearest," said Mary; "you mustn't talk about such things; especially before his granddaughters."

The next time I met the General, I asked him, man to man, what he meant by the Ruin of England.

"Ruins the country," he explained, "with his abominable radical ideas."

"He isn't a ruin like Carnarvon Castle?"

"No, of course not."

"Of course not," I murmured in courteous acquiescence. "Of course I knew he couldn't be that. I only asked."

The General snorted, not unkindly.

"Where does he do his ruining?" I asked.

"In Parliament, on platforms, in the papers, everywhere. Go along and play, there's a good boy," said the little General. And I went along, but I did not play. I sat down on the beach and wondered.

"Did God make the Ruin of England—I mean Mr. Joystone," I inquired later of dear Mary, who replied:

"Of course, dearest, God made everything."

I suppressed a "Why?" that fluttered near my lips and substituted:

"Of course. I know that. I only asked."

And the Ruin's grandchildren were great friends with me. I was very sorry for them. It must be very dreadful, I perceived, to have a grandfather who was the Ruin of England. My own grandfather was an Irish landlord. I had heard someone say, at election time, that he was the prop of the country. What a difference! But, perhaps, the little red coats did not know what it was that they had for a grandfather. Well, they should never know it from me. Honor sealed my lips. I would be just as nice to them as though their grandfather was a prop, and not a ruin.

The red coats and I were always together. Their governess was a hard, big woman, with a nose. She had other features, no doubt, but only that one impressed me. She and Mary read Schiller together on the beach in real German that no ordinary person could read. It was very clever of them, and left me a good deal of liberty. Miss Nose admired dear Mary very much. I heard her telling her to her face that she was sweet. And Mary smiled, and said: "Oh, no, dearest Miss Nose"—or whatever her name was—"it is you who are so sweet and kind."

From being sorry for the grandchildren of the Ruin, I grew—to my own deep shame—to be sorry for the Ruin himself. It must, if you come to think of it, be a dreadful thing to be the ruin of your country, instead of dying for it, like people in the Bible or in history, or being the prop of it, like one's own grandfather. From wondering whether the red coats knew, I came to wonder whether he, the Ruin, even, knew the awful truth about himself. Perhaps he ruined England without knowing it. I had heard my Irish nurse, not so long ago, talk about sinning in ignorance. Perhaps this was what he did. Suppose he didn't know, oughtn't someone to tell him? Wouldn't it be for his own good? Dear Mary always told me of my faults, and she always said it was for my own good.

"Do you think he knows he's the Ruin of England?" I put the question to dear Mary, between buttons, as I was being dressed for tea. I was always dressed for tea when the little General was coming, and he was coming that day, after being away in London for a week.

"Hush! dearest," said dear Mary, buttoning inexorably. "I thought I forebade you to talk about such things."

"But if he *doesn't* know"—I persisted, wriggling away from the firm, cold fingers busy at my collar—"oughtn't you to tell him? Perhaps he's sinning in ignorance, and he'd stop if he knew what he was doing."

"If you don't stand still, dearest, I can't button you," said Mary; "and little boys can't understand such things."

"But *does* he know?" I persisted, giving way in the matter of the collar.

"Of course not, dearest," said Mary. "Now, I forbid you to speak to me of this again. Little boys should not repeat the careless remarks of their elders."

The red coats and the General were to come to tea at four. I was dressed by three, and I went out into the hotel grounds. And there I met my doom. I came upon it suddenly. On a rustic seat sat the Ruin of England. I knew him at once, from the picture, from his unusual collar, and from the fact that one of the little red coats had just hugged him, and gone off to the house: on a message, I knew, by the way she dragged her feet.

Now was my chance. I thought of Luther and Daniel, and people who "testified," as dear Mary called it. I thought of Moses and Pharaoh. I had always thought if Pharaoh had had things explained to him more kindly . . ."

I marched up to the Ruin and opened my mouth.

"Well, little man," said the Ruin, speaking with the most wonderful voice in the world, "I have been hearing about you from my grandchildren. Fine games you have been having, I hear."

I am told that I was, for a child, almost morbidly polite. It seemed quite superlatively difficult—a task for a hero—to tell this kind and noble-looking old gentleman what sort of thing he really was.

So I said, "Yes, sir," and felt that I liked him, quite a lot. I also felt quite sure now about his ignorance. No one with a voice like that could be the Ruin of England, and know it. Yet the more I liked him, the more I felt that he ought to be told for his own good.

"You must tell me all about it," he said. "What do you play? Hide and seek? Blind man's buff? Hunt the slipper?"

"Oh," I said vaguely, "we just play."

Then I saw a red coat coming back, with something in her hand—gloves, or a muffler, or something—and I looked at the Ruin's face, and my small heart went out to him and I said:

"Do you *know* that you're the Ruin of England?"

There was a pause—patter, patter went my heart, startled at the behaviour of my tongue.

"The ruin of England—*I?*" he said.

"They say you are," said I. "Oh, don't be it any more! Oh, *don't!*"

"My little man," he said, "you should never repeat disparaging remarks which you hear uttered by the thoughtless and irresponsible."

"Not for people's own good?" I said, ignoring the long words, and addressing myself to the sense.

"Not even for that," he said, and then red coat came up, and they went away, and I felt quite sure that the Ruin did not like me at all. And I wanted, quite dreadfully I wanted, that he should like me.

I believe he went away to speak at a meeting or something dull of that sort, and the three red coats came to tea, which was coffee, and served in cups with birds and roses and dark blue borders and raised gold squiggles—very fine china—on the General's account, I suppose.

The coffee tasted bitter, and the seed cake seemed dry. I was not happy. I had told the Ruin the truth, and he had not liked it. Well, I had had enough of telling people things for their own good. And his grandchildren did not know; that was one thing.

So I munched, morose; dear Mary rallied me on my silence, and the eldest red coat, after making a really first-class face at me behind dear Mary's back, was so disgusted at my lack of appreciation that she positively kicked me.

And then the little General came in, late and heated.

"Dearest Miss Mary," he said fussily, "that man's in the town, actually in the town, addressing a meeting, as I'm a sinner!"

"What man?" asked dear Mary. "What are you kicking me for, dearest?" she added—not, of course, to the General, but to me.

"I wasn't," I lied.

"The Ruin of England," said the General, as I had known he would.

"Who's the Ruin of England?" the youngest red coat had asked, and I had known that would happen, too.

"That ass, Joystone," was the answer, and "that ass" was plain in the ears of all. But the name, the name, to my pride and joy, was lost in the rattling, splashing fall of my blue and gilt and rosy and birdy coffee cup. It fell half on my saucer and half on my plate, so that all three were shattered, and the hot coffee went all over everything. But the danger was averted.

"Mr. Joystone," I shouted, amid a turmoil of shocked and interested "oh's," of chairs pushed back, of bells rung for maids with cloths, "Mr. Joystone is the little girls' grandfather!"

"You are a very naughty, careless little boy, dearest," said Mary, taking me strongly by the arm, "and I shall put you to bed at once. The Worcester tea service," she said appealingly to the General, who snorted and said, "Children were a great trial."

So I was put to bed; thrilling with conscious and triumphant martyrdom. The warmth of this gave place slowly to the chill certainty that I had made a fool of myself.

Next day the Ruin of England was gone.

A day or two later a postcard came from him to the red coats. I asked timidly whether he had said anything about me.

"Not on the card," said the eldest, darkly.

"But he did before he left," said the youngest.

"When we told him about your upsetting your Worcester coffee," said the middle one.

"What did he say?" I faltered.

"He said you were a clumsy little boy."

* * *

And that was the tragedy—because I knew even then that the one person at the Pwllychrochyllan Hotel who could have understood the whole business—my hesitations, decisions, martyrdoms, testifyings, and remorses—was, after all, the Great Man whom the little General had called the Ruin of England.

E. Nesbit.

HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE.

Columbine sat in the moonlight waiting for Harlequin. He was late in coming; but her heart was light with love's laughter, and waiting for him held the great sweet joy of anticipation.

The moon looked down on the garden. Cypress trees and sycamores ringed it round. It was a circle of silence except for the nightingale's song which came throbbing, soaring, rioting out of the trees. Happy bird! Happy night! Most happy Columbine!

Flowers loved that old garden. They were radiant there, sweeping in a tangle—golden, red and blue—across the greenness. Columbine rejoiced in their luxuriant beauty, because it gave color to her rapture, adding strength and glory to her dreams.

Delight seemed lurking everywhere—in the moonlight, in the silence, in the birds' songs, in the glances of the stars. All of that night was beautiful, beautiful; and she the blessedest Columbine that ever sang nonsense-songs or poised pretty feet in a saraband.

Harlequin was long in coming. Nightingales sang, wearied; and sang again. There was no pause in their night-long anthem.

Columbine waited happily; but Harlequin did not come. The tangle of flowers climbed on all places beside her. Their heavy scent seemed to thrall her. She was as a maid in a mist and sang love-melodies. She played with the blooms, kissed them, fondled them, and pressed them to her bosom. She sighed to them, and told them of her love, of her hopes, of Harlequin. Still he did not come. Looking up at the moon, it seemed smiling on her. Columbine in her joy of heart thought it was kindness: but moon's smiles are never kind.

Impulsively she parted the flowers tangled thickly in front of her. With their tendrils they clung to each other like lovers refusing to part. Must she separate them? she asked, with a sigh, happily. Should such embraces be sundered? Happy leaf lovers! How tightly they clung: how bravely they resisted her. She laughed and looked defiance at the moon. She blew it a kiss with the tips of her fingers; and tore the flowers apart.

Beneath them, shrouded by them, where she was sitting, was a tomb-stone, cracked with time. She read the inscription,

"Sacred to the Memory of a Broken Heart."

Columbine put the flowers together, restoring their embraces; and laughed.

II.

Hours drifted by. Clouds came and went. The moon raced past them. The stars went wheeling westward. The great planet of love rose up and splendidly shone. Harlequin did not come. Columbine still waited.

In the moonlight fairies had come and danced around her. They scrambled amongst the flowers and flew above her head like fragments of light in a rapture. Puck—no other than he—sat on her knee and watched her with mischievous eyes; but Columbine, though happy through their presence, was quite unconscious of the fairies. They laughed and sang and mocked and went away; and still, all heedless of them, Columbine waited.

A clock struck and a cock crew. A grey glint of dawn crept out of the east. A cold wind came with it and blew on the trees. Columbine shivered, rose, and stretched her limbs. Then she knew that many hours had gone; that Harlequin had deserted her. Her little head drooped. She was willing to cry; but the joy of waiting had been strong within her, its happiness lingered. She would not give a tear to him then.

As the sun peeped over the hill Columbine crept into bed. It was not long before she went to sleep. In her dreams she murmured "Harlequin!"

III.

It was the time again for the tryst. The place was sweeter than ever. Again the nightingales sang, the fairies danced, the moon lighted the flowers in their tangled loveliness.

But Columbine was not happy. There were tears in her thoughts now; sobs were heavy in her throat. But she forced them back; for to weep now was to lose faith in Harlequin, and she trusted him even yet.

Still Harlequin did not come. Why? why? why? why? Reasons many and various, possible, improbable, and tragic, hurried through her poor little brain. Something had happened: that was certain. Dear stars, do not let him be hurt! she sighed.

An owl hooted. Bats came from their darkness to flit about and above her. She heard their little shrill cries and took them for comfort. Still Harlequin did not come.

Clocks struck the hours. How slowly, how speedily they passed, marking the going of time. "Sweet Harlequin, come!" she murmured anxiously, more anxiously. But he did not come.

Her fingers touched the flowers sadly. She wanted to part them, to read the words they covered; but the fear of an omen was heavy in her heart.

Dawn came again. She rose, and turned wearily homewards. She was weeping now. Poor Columbine!

IV.

As she went wearily homeward she passed folks and cronies in merry masquerade. There were Pierrot and Pierrette yawning; Mimi and Marcel, Dindon and Zou-Zou, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, with Monsieur Chocolat singing songs of the moonshine, and others—several others—gaily decked, chattering, laughing, carelessly happy. They were butterfly people. Now they were gay, light-hearted, joying in the light of day and lights of night—to-morrow—ah, to-morrow! They would be as the leaves of yester-year, as last night's merry music—not even memories.

As they passed by her they cheered drooping Columbine with words of laughter; but their gaiety and greetings did not hearten her. Her courage was deep down under her ankles; too low to be lifted up by anyone but Harlequin.

She was as tired as too-much-kindness. She came to a doorstep and sat upon it, too weary for weeping. She rested her head on her hand and fell into sleep.

She heard Harlequin's voice in her dreams. He was speaking of love. The grief of her heart went like mist of the morning when the sun has risen high. Her dreams were near to heaven's gate.

"You I love, only you I love, I love only you!"

Such was the burden of Harlequin's saying. The sweet words and the dear voice! How well she knew—how better than well she loved them.

It was delight to dream of them. To wake to them was still greater joy. She woke for love, and rose eagerly from the step, her heart full of kisses for him.

"Harlequin! Harlequin! Your Columbine is here!"

A window was opened. How it creaked! There was whispering, soft laughter, sounds of kisses.

Columbine started back, and stared with eyes of fear.

Harlequin climbed from the window and sprang to the ground. He broke a branch from a rose bush and trampled on flowers.

"Now you may sleep, Lucetta!" he cried, and ran away, laughing.

A white hand waved from the window; it threw to him kisses.

Columbine shrank into the shadows. Now she knew! She wandered away, dead to everything, blind to where she was going.

V.

On the next day Harlequin found her. He knelt beside her in shame. She was lying in a garden, face downward in a tangle of flowers. Her silvery dress was soaked with dew. Pink petals were scattered on her dress, in her hair.

"Columbine! Columbine!" he cried in remorse and heavy grief; but she made no answer. A skylark's ringing song mocked him. Bees buzzed near him. A bell was tolled solemnly.

She did not hear. Her waiting was ended. "Columbine, Columbine!" he cried.

In despair he tried to lift her. Her head fell against his spangles. Her flowing hair blinded his eyes. Her lips were bruised with kissing the stone. He read an inscription still wet with her tears; and groaned aloud.

"Sacred to the Memory of a Broken Heart."

C. E. Lawrence.

Reviews.

THE CHILD'S BOOK.*

Of all the common and stupid questions ever asked, "Do you like children?" is the commonest and stupidest. It is stupider even than "How do you do?" for it is supposed to have some meaning and it waits for an answer. Like children! That always depends on another question: "What children?" Sometimes it depends on a third question: "Whose children?" If you may put neither of those questions, the only satisfactory answer when a lady asks you how you like children is Charles Lamb's, "B-b-boiled, madam!"

Here and there a child is quite lovable, even for others than its parents, and children are often nice enough; sometimes they are utterly detestable. Of course, there is no need to despair over a detestable child. There are various

ways of being detestable, and many people hate a child for what is nothing but a promise of vitality—the only endowment that counts. Such a child may grow into something fine, just as a pirate makes a particularly interesting old man. But because it will very likely turn out all right, there is no reason to maunder over it whilst it is still sulky, ill-mannered, nasty tempered, or sunk in selfishness. People who go about saying that all children are adorable, either know nothing about them or have been befooled with sticky sentiment. Let them drivel about the sweetness of childhood, and the joy of watching a baby in a bath or a child at a pantomime. Even sticky sentiment is useful if it ever reaches the healthy stage of tips.

There is every bit as much difference between children as between men and women. The philosopher who said he could take all mankind to his bosom and keep it warm, would have held a rather mixed society in his embrace. The diversity among children is quite as violent—perhaps more violent, for, carefully as most children try to conceal their nature, they are often less successful than the grown-up in their disguise. For writers of children's books the diversity is most fortunate, for, as long as it is a real children's book, their work may be on almost any subject and in any style. This was something of a discovery to our fathers, though it looks so obvious now. A century ago children's books deliberately aimed at useful or moral teaching, and were not books at all. Forty years ago, boys were allowed a taste of the prairie and scalping knife, girls the condescending joys of charity to the poor. But death-bed scenes were considered specially edifying for both. And now what a change! Among the hogsheads of children's books that pour from the publishers at Christmas, what gaiety, pathos, adventure, and charm! What infinite variety! It is like the variety of children themselves.

It seems next to impossible to select or group the books together. There are so many good, and the best are all so different. Let us take only a baker's dozen of the best. What a triumph of art there is in them! Any art is almost hopelessly difficult, but writing children's books is about the most difficult of all. The gulf between the story-teller and the audience is so wide—wider than between the painter and the commercial gentleman for whom he paints—and the criticism is remorseless, inconsiderate, and unerring, as long as parents do not interfere. Besides, the story-teller has to steer between two rocks that close on his passage. He must lay aside his cleverness, he must forget his literary friend, he must write for the mind of a child, but he must not write down to it. The moment the story-teller turns an eye to see how his clever friends like it, the child goes to sleep. The moment the story-teller "talks down" the child walks away. It is a perilous case. The wonder is that anyone comes through safe.

Some do, and Mrs. Bland ("E. Nesbit") is one of the surest. Along that difficult strait she never even scrapes the rocks. Her stories are always real children's stories, written neither to display her cleverness nor in condescension for "the young." "The House of Arden" tells of the nicest brother and sister that ever were, and how they explored their ancestral home, and by a quite natural kind of magic were carried back to great and wonderful scenes that once had really happened within those ancient walls. Now, of all fascinating adventures there is none to compare to entering an old, old house, where the furniture has stood unmoved for years and years, and ghosts sit in the empty chairs and warm themselves at dusty hearths. The present writer did it once. He has enjoyed many adventures since, but nothing to compare to the moment when he broke a dirty window-pane and entered those silent and shadowy rooms. That is what the boy and girl of Arden do, and it is a lovely story of dear old people and strange deeds that they find still laid up in the vanished past of their fathers' home.

There is magic in the title of "The Hill that Fell Down," by Miss Evelyn Sharp, who goes hand in hand with E. Nesbit among the best of children's story-tellers. And the magic would be all the more natural from this most intimate friend of fairies. But, as a matter of fact (horrible to talk of bare fact in the next sentence to fairies, but Miss Evelyn Sharp's fairies are so real!)—as a matter of fact, this is not a fairy-book at all. The hill that fell down is a real hill, and it really does fall down; the only magic is in the child's own mind, and it is a very beautiful sort of magic. The story tells how a whole big family of boisterous, laughing, happy-go-lucky cousins bursts in upon the lonely child's fairyland, and with what peculiar and delightful results. It is just a story of jolly children, and of one "queer child," as nurses say. But it is also another proof of the writer's peculiar gift. A lost child often does not cry while it is lost, but if it finds its mother or hears a kind word, then it cries; and Miss Evelyn Sharp can create that mood—that kind of appealing happiness—better than anyone. She compels the reader to share it.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, too, has a sure knowledge of the way to please a child. His collection, headed by "Anne's Terrible Good Nature," is as good a set of short stories for children as could be made. There is a fine variety about them, just as there is about children, and grown-up people will like to see one of our wittiest and most literary writers not being too witty or too literary for a child. This story-teller has the art of forgetting his clever friends, and he tells exactly the stories that children like, and in the right manner for minds of eight to twelve. Not that there is no wit. "Alice in Wonderland," the best of children's books, is also the wittiest. Only the wit is of the right kind, with nothing superior or sniffy or smart about it. Anne, who in her terrible good nature was always doing the most unfortunate and reprehensible things, that still turned out so much nicer than proper people's caution, is as lovable a child as could be created.

It seems a long way from Mr. Lucas's Kensington Gardens to the low hills of Zululand, but it is not very far for a child, and Zulu children are much the same as ours in mind, though some of their habits and customs would make the nursemaids jump. Mr. Dudley Kidd's "Bull of the Kraal," is a kind of children's edition of his "Savage Childhood." No writer has come closer to the heart of the South-East African native. There is nothing in the life and manners of that singularly fine race of men which Mr. Kidd does not know. He can tell us all about the children as well as about the warriors remaining from the great hosts that were so nearly invincible only thirty years ago. In this book he tells us of their daily life, their hunting, their fairy stories, their games and toys. Among the Zulus dolls are sometimes made of lumps of clay, but the mealie-cob or head of Indian corn is the commonest thing, and a first-rate doll it makes. No wonder the Zulu children firmly believe it is alive. Mr. Kidd says it is dressed in scraps of blanket and has hair of the same. But all through Central Africa you may find mealie-cob dolls with face, plaited hair, and dress (scanty dress, to be sure), all made of the covering leaf or husk that grows round the cob itself, and there is something simple and sufficient about that. If a boy, or a girl either, wants to get a real picture of ordinary savage life as it goes on from day to day without blood and slaughter, this is the book to read. It is full of knowledge, but all manner of amusement and delight as well.

For sharpness of contrast (remembering our point that no two children are in the least alike) let us put two girls' books next. To be sure, no girl would ever be limited to girls' books now. Girls have the universal suffrage for their own books and all others too. But after the Kaffir kraals, we get back to our own land in Mrs. Spielmann's "Margery Redford," and Mrs. Rankin's "Adopting of Rosa Marie." As Margery Redford is led on from childhood up to marriage and life in India, we must almost call her story

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* "The House of Arden." By E. Nesbit. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
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Out of this lot, short as it is, there is plenty of choice for a fine variety of children. All the books are good, and some are best. But in the child's world parents still count, and the late Carl Ewald's book, "My Little Boy," is a book for parents. It is as charming a little book as could be written about a child; only, remember it is for the father and mother to read. They will enjoy it, and the pictures, too, for it is most beautifully illustrated.

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Although this book deals almost entirely with the more practical part of our modern science (such as dynamos, motors, electric lighting, &c.), it contains a short sketch of electric waves and rays. Only once have we found in it any scientific inaccuracy; but that instance is a surprising one. On p. 219 it is stated that a dyne is a force which "propels one gramme one centimetre in one second"; and that a unit quantity of electricity is the "quantity conveyed by one dyne in one second"! How such errors were permitted we are at a loss to guess.

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described as a three-decker "of registered tonnage 15,000." There is a chapter on the principles of ship design, in which the principles of stability are explained. It is related that in 1834 the first iron ship was built (by Laird at Birkenhead), to run between Limerick and Kilrush. She was driven ashore in a storm in company of a number of wooden ships; and her escape from injury, while the latter were wrecked, gave a great impetus to the building of iron ships; but, with the usual sluggish conservatism of such bodies, our Government departments were the last to be converted, and it was not until 1860 that the first iron ship for the Navy was built. All the details of paddle and screw propulsion are given and illustrated by excellent photographs, and nothing that can stimulate interest and knowledge is wanting. Warships, however, are not treated of—their complicated details rendering them unsuitable to the purpose of the book.

(4) Treatises on geology are apt to be severely scientific, and, to the general reader, dull. This book is of a different kind. Roughly, it may be divided into two parts, the first dealing with the evolution of the physical features of the earth itself, and the second with the development of the successive kinds of its animal inhabitants. In the account of the latter an entertaining imagination is allowed to play, and we see the huge saurians of long past ages reproduced as they appeared in the flesh and as they fought for food. This characteristic of the book cannot fail to charm its readers—the young especially. In the University Museum at Oxford are exhibited a series of seven very large maps showing how this earth appeared in the periods of the Upper Carboniferous, the Upper Trias, and the Upper and Lower Jurassic. These are very striking pictures, and they show that in the Upper Trias the oceans and continents bore a strong resemblance to their present configurations, although in the Jurassic the likeness disappeared. A few pictures of this kind would impress the memory a hundredfold more effectually than any amount of literary description; and we would commend to Mr. Grew the adoption of such maps as an improvement in his charming book. One sentence gives us a feeling of regret: "The earth among all the heavenly bodies which we can examine at all closely is probably the only one on which life, as we know it, would have much chance of survival." The idea which is likely to result from this—guarded though the language is—is too much akin to Dr. Wallace's absurd contention that this earth is *the only inhabited body in space*, and it generates a deplorably narrow conception of the Universe.

(5) A more pleasing and truly scientific spirit is shown by Dr. Dolmage in his most interesting and popular book when he says: "Up to the present, we have not the slightest proof that life exists elsewhere than upon our earth. But who shall say that the twentieth century has not that in store for us, by which the presence of life in other orbs may be perceived through some form of vibration transmitted across illimitable space? . . . After the extraordinary revelations of the spectroscope—nay, after the astounding discovery of Röntgen—the word impossible should be cast aside, and inconceivability cease to be regarded as any criterion." This work places before the reader, in simple and untechnical language, all the striking facts of astronomy at present known, and is profusely illustrated with diagrams and photographs. The language at the end of p. 40 needs alteration, because it implies that the two equal and opposite pulls, which occur in the case of every revolving body, whatever its orbit, act upon the *same* body: otherwise the reference to a "balance" is meaningless. Of course, this equal-and-oppositeness of forces is a necessary law of all motion, and has nothing to say to the maintaining of a revolving body "at a regular distance." The fact that a balloon filled with hydrogen rises into the air (p. 156) is not by any means a proof that "hydrogen gas tends to fly away from our earth." Laplace could never have supposed that our original nebula, "perhaps by mutual gravitation among its parts, had acquired a motion of rotation in the same direction as the planets now revolve" (p. 333). The rotation could never have resulted from any internal forces. These inaccuracies do not, however, impair the essential merit of the book, which we recommend as an exceedingly entertaining and instructive exposition of every branch of astronomy.

G. G. Minchin.

SAFETY IN STORY BOOKS.*

I have often wondered why it is that when people buy books for boys they try to find something exciting, and when they buy books for girls they try to find something safe; but this curious system of selection seems to account for the difference that exists between the books that girls really like and the books that grown-up people try to make them like. It is difficult to see why there should be a separate standard of fiction for girls at all. No one can deny that some books are greater favorites with girls than with boys, just as, among the classics, some novels are greater favorites with women than with men. But the novels were written in the first place for men as well as women, and the selection was made naturally by the reader and not artificially by the author or publisher; and only when fiction for young people is written on the same principle will boys and girls stand some chance of getting what they like, as well as what they ought to like. As it is, the standard of conduct set up in their story books is bound to be a false one, because it rests on the assumption that life is always adventurous for boys and always safe for girls.

Girls' books to-day are happily less morbid and unreal than were those of an age that is dying; but this is rather due to the wider significance now given to the word "safe" than to any marked attempt to paint life as it is. In modern school stories both the improvement and its limitations are peculiarly evident. In the reaction against the old flabby ideals of girlhood, a tiresome emphasis is now laid upon the fact that girls are as brave and as honorable as their brothers; and one grows a little tired, in "A Plucky Schoolgirl," for instance, of the amazing exploits and triumphs of Terry Vaughan during her first term at school. By the time she has rescued the head girl from a burning room—the situation is just saved by the circumstance that it is not her worst enemy to whom she renders this service—the reader has begun to regret that the clever author of "Brown" should not have given us a more sincere picture of modern school life. The girls in "Dauntless Patty," by E. L. Haverfield, are well and naturally drawn, and their head mistress, following the fashion set in the newer kind of school story, is a human being instead of a prig; but the plot in this book also bears little relation to real life, and a very low level is reached, I think, when the incoming tide cuts off the heroine and the girl who has wronged her, and their reconciliation is effected simultaneously with the usual rescue by means of a rowing boat. We hark back to a still more artificial atmosphere in Mrs. L. T. Meade's new story, called "The School Favorite." Here we again have the account of somebody's first term—an extension of the time limit in school stories is sadly needed—and the theft of a valuable ring is the chief episode in it. The girls are of the kind who speak of one another as "darling" and "pet," and are apt to relapse into sobbing confessions; and, although the world of school does contain foolish people of this sort, one feels that Miss Ellsmere was singularly unfortunate in having no others at her school. The inevitable new girl, it is true, shows some spirit in the first chapter, but sobs and confesses with all the others in the last. Mrs. Molesworth is certainly old-fashioned in her methods; but she is rarely false to nature. If the trouble caused by the remarkable likeness between the two little girls in her story, "Sweet Content," does not quite convince the critical reader, the children who scamper through her pages are every bit as real as those we learned to love in "Carrots" long ago. Charley, the small boy who complains of having a birthday near Christmas, because it "muddles the presents," is a typical Mrs. Molesworth child.

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delightful, account of life in a small Scotch fishing village. There are adventures in it, and love stories, as well as modern ideas and ambitions; but, best of all, everybody whom we meet in this extremely healthy story is a real person, whether it is Lil, whose ambition it is to be grown-up, "so that she could wear eyeglasses and have two poached eggs for breakfast," or Miss Hoggerty, who is said by one of the children to have remarked that "no one thought of telling Joan of Arc that she wasn't a lady. They were just jolly glad to make use of her!"—or Elspeth, who goes away from home, with "six of everything" in her trunk, to discover that "the dreadful outside world is laughing at her loved little group of people and friends." I may be mistaken, because it is always dangerous for a grown-up person to make predictions about the schoolroom; but I fancy that if "The Five Macleods" had not been labelled a girls' book, natural selection would have made it a boys' book too, simply because it tells a jolly story about jolly people in a natural way.

At this time of day, I refuse to believe that anybody wants to read about a little boy with "exquisite fair, curly hair, and eyes like mosaics of lapis lazuli, and wistful red lips," who dies crying out "The light—the light—and the angels!" or about a heroine who rejects a Lord Francis in order to marry a simple countryman, who presses his lips upon the rail where her hand has often lain, and conveniently inherits a fortune in time to lay it at her feet on the wedding day. There is plenty of this sort of thing for those who do like it, in "The Red Light," by C. E. C. Weigall. "Cousin Sara," by Rosa Mulholland, belongs to a much higher order of romance, and the people in it are sufficiently living to suffer by contrast with the rather conventional setting in which they find themselves. The rise of the hero from being a penniless youth, suspected of theft, to be a famous painter, his marriage with the heroine who has always believed in him, and his forgiveness of the villain who owns up to the robbery on his deathbed, suggest well-worn themes that are unworthy of so careful a writer as Lady Gilbert. But the heroine has a fine scientific intellect as well as great beauty; and that is a step in the right direction in a novel for girls. "Daughters of the Dominion," by Bessie Marchant, is a thoroughly entertaining story of a Canadian girl, who is left to make her own way in the world and does it to the accompaniment of adventures that never stray beyond the limits of probability. The story goes straight ahead and holds the reader to the last page, giving incidentally a picture of Canadian life that alone will interest many.

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"Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."

and these lively shapes give way to the more mundane forms of Indians and trappers, highwaymen, pirates, midshipmen, mutineers, and detectives. But for most of us the fairy-tale is the pleasant vehicle that first carried us along the roads of romance and into the land of enchantment. Of late years some modern educational authorities have banded themselves together, saying with Mr. Gradgrind, "What I want, sir, is facts," and decreeing the banishment of the fairy-tale. But the realm of the fairy is quite secure from invasion by any two-power or twenty-two-power combination of "improving" books. "Think," says Lamb, writing to Coleridge, "what you would have been now if, instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!"

The taste of "the hesitating purchaser" to whom Stevenson addressed the lines inscribed on the first page of "Treasure Island" is rigidly conservative; nor can we blame him. He agrees with Hazlitt that books, unlike women, are none the worse for being old, and he is faithful to his favorites. Accordingly, a new edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" may be expected every Christmas, and this year it comes from Messrs. Cassell, with charming illustrations by Mr. J. R. Monsell. The brothers Grimm have delighted many generations of children, and it is certain that their fairy-tales will preserve their memory when a work of which they thought far more highly—the great "Deutsches Worterbuch"—is forgotten. A book of a different type which has also won its place as a children's classic is Kingsley's fairy tale for a land baby, "The Water Babies." It is published by Messrs. Dent in most attractive form, with an introduction by Miss Rose Kingsley, and illustrations in color by Miss Margaret Tarrant which are the best we have seen. Miss Kingsley tells us that the book was the outcome of a gentle reminder, at breakfast one spring morning, that as Kingsley's three elder children had their book—"The Heroes"—the baby, then four years old, "must have his." Kingsley made no answer, but went at once to his study, and came back in an hour "with the first chapter of 'The Water Babies' in his hand, written exactly as it stands. At this pace and with the same ease the whole book was composed."

The Countess Martinengro Cesaresco's "The Fairies' Fountain and Other Stories," has grace and fancy, but we think the author would have done better had she not occasionally tried to be funny. The changeling who takes little Gisbert's appearance is also disappointing. His purpose is to be thoroughly naughty, but with the resources of fairy-land at his disposal he might have done something much worse. We object also to the intrusion of science in the form of the four great blocks of radium that light up the Mole's dining-room in "The Princess and the Milkmaid," though in other respects this is the best tale in the collection. "Legends from Fairyland" is a volume of stories allegorical in character, combining the machinery of the fairy tale with the personification of vices such as mischief, spite, idleness, and so forth. The stories are well told, and will be enjoyed by children who skip introductions, or who, after reading that by Miss Effie H. Freemantle, have courage enough to proceed farther. "Dear little children, be pure

* "Grimm's Fairy Tales." Edited and illustrated by J. R. Monsell. Cassell. 3s. 6d. net.
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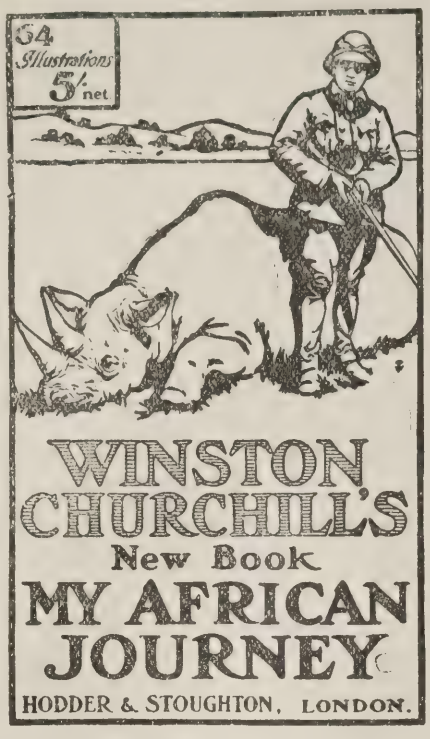

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WRITE FOR
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as the lilies, sweet as the rose, gentle as the butterflies, and, above all, soar with the lark." This may be excellent in a sermon, but is quite the wrong way to introduce a collection of fairy-tales. As a specimen of the way in which the characters are personified, we quote from a description of a trial in Sheneland:—

> "When the Guards arrived with their prisoners, the Grand Hall of Justice was crowded with everybody then at Court. Fairy Queen was seated on her Golden Throne, with Prince Goldheart beside her, and Judge Grim on her left hand. Prince Glee and the two Maids of Honour were accommodated with stools on the second step of the Dais, and Princess Trill was supported by Mother Dignity in the background.
>
> "The seven prisoners, Spite, Mischief, Slander, Sneer, Gossip, Idlewords, and Twaddle, were ordered to mount upon the platform of Shame, that they might be seen of all the Court, and the grand Pomp having proclaimed silence, Specs, the Public Accuser, read the indictment, which charged them with having gathered fuel, piled it up in a stack, kindled it into a blaze, and then fanned up a great fire on the shores of Sheneland, in the wicked design of blackening three of Fairy Queen's loyal subjects: to wit, Prince Glee, and the fair Maids of Honour Clipsome and Touchy. Further, the indictment charged them with an attempt to make dissension between true lovers, which attempt was the most aggravated form of High Treason recognised by the laws of Sheneland, and deserving of the punishment of DEATH."

The allegory is, of course, inspired by Bunyan, but it is capably managed, and most children are fond of allegory.

Mr. Andrew Lang having exhausted all the colors of the rainbow and several others in the titles of his fairy books does not give us one this year, though he has assisted Mrs. Lang in another sort of book for children which we notice elsewhere. In the meantime others are following his example and presenting us with specimens of the folk-lore of various countries chosen rather for their power to please than for any scientific value they may possess. Thus during the present year there have appeared collections of Celtic, Russian, Jewish, and South African fairy-tales, many of them variants of stories to be found in our own fairy mythology, and nearly all having the simplicity and freshness of literature that springs from the people. Of the three collections of Celtic tales before us that of Miss Elizabeth Grierson's is the best and fullest. Mr. W. B. Yeats has told us that once when he asked an old man in County Sligo if he had ever seen a fairy, "Amn't I annoyed with them?" was the reply, and this way of looking upon them as quite normal and as likely to be expected as any natural event, while running through all folk-lore, is especially characteristic of the Celtic races. Miss Grierson has shown great skill in preserving the spirit of the old traditions. Her rendering of the legend of "The Children of Lir," who were changed into swans by the enchantments of a wicked stepmother, is excellent in its mingling of sternness and sympathy. The three children were compelled to "live three hundred years on smooth Lough Darva, and three hundred years on the Sea of Moyle, and three hundred years on the troubled sea between Irros Domnum and Innisgloria, until the days come when Largnen, Prince of the North, shall wed with Decca, Princess of the South, and a new teacher shall arise, even St. Patrick, who shall come to Erin, bringing with him the light of a pure gospel." But they are allowed to keep their own speech and their human reason so that they are able to have conversations with their father who comes to the borders of the lake on which they live, and they are gifted with "the power of singing plaintive faerie music, the most beautiful music in the whole world, which lulls all who listen to it to the most peaceful sleep." Two of Mr. Hannon's four "Munster Fairy Tales for Old and Young" are reprinted from the "Folk-Lore Journal." They were taken down by the author, when a boy of twelve, from the lips of an old man of his acquaintance, and preserve all the quaintness and unexpected turns of phrasing that gives so great a charm to an Irish peasant's speech. "Fairy Tales from South Africa," collected from native sources by Mrs. E. J. Bourhill and Mrs. J. B. Drake, and "The Russian Fairy Book," translated by Mr. N. H. Dale, are additions to fairy literature of real value. To write a good fairy tale might seem an easy task did we not remember the number of failures, and in these old stories we find a quality which the best modern imitations do not possess. The translators of both books are to be congratulated on the way in which they have rendered the simple directness of their originals while at the same time retaining just the right amount of foreign atmosphere. Of the two, we think "The Russian Fairy Book" will find most favor among English children.

"Jewish Fairy Tales and Fables," by Aunt Naomi, contains upwards of a dozen little stories taken from the Talmud and the Midrash. It seems to be primarily intended for Jewish children, and the central allegory of each story "has been left unsullied to convey the beautiful moral as intended by the great Rabbis who invented them." We have not been able to follow the allegory in every case, but this does not diminish our enjoyment of the stories. They have a vein of sly fun which is sure to delight children, and such tales as "The King, the Queen, and the Bee," or "The Man Who was a Hundred Years Young," are likely to become favorites.

BACK TO THE PAST.*

Recent years have brought about many developments in the world of books for boys and girls. They are, among other things, more artistically illustrated; and the average of literary quality has certainly improved. One notices these improvements particularly in the case of boys' books, which have advanced immeasurably since Henty wrote his first historical romance and Dean Farrar set the fashion in moral school stories. Henty is still read, as this season's edition of "A Jacobite Exile," among a crowd of more up-to-date works, amply proves, and "Eric" probably remains an unforgotten classic for a certain kind of boy. But the tendency, on the whole, is towards a class of book that is intelligible to the boy, and at the same time not uninteresting to the more mature reader. In other words, the boundary line between the boy's book and that of the grown-up is being eliminated. We are not sure that this elimination is altogether a good thing; but it is a fact that has become more and more patent in recent years.

One important feature in connection with this season's output of boys' books should not be overlooked. This is the triumph of the historical romance over the school story. Out of the fairly representative batch of books under review, a great number are frankly historical romance, and the rest, with a couple of exceptions, more or less so. Let us take as the first, and one of the best, Mr. Herbert Strang's "Barclay of the Guides." The story has the Siege of Delhi for a background. The hero, James Barclay, whose father has been massacred in a Sikh rebellion, is abducted when a child by the chief of a hill tribe and brought up as that chief's adopted son, being given the name of Ahmed. After an apprenticeship to war in the form of inter-tribal conflicts between his adopted father, Rahmut, and a rival chieftain, Minghal, he visits Peshawar and gains admittance to the ranks of Lumsden's Guides. He is subsequently engaged in a series of perilous missions to Delhi, is for some time imprisoned in a house by this hereditary enemy, Minghal, and

---

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finally takes part in the grand assault on the city. In due course he hears of the inevitable property awaiting him in England, and goes over to take possession thereof, but shortly returns to active service as a lieutenant in the British Army, and culminates an adventurous career by winning the V.C. The narrative teems with exciting episodes; incidentally it imparts a good deal of information regarding a momentous period in our history. It is Mr. Strang at his best, and that is very good indeed. From the same author's pen is a late-seventeenth-century romance, entitled "Humphrey Bold." Humphrey is a Shrewsbury lad, who, being jockeyed out of his inheritance, takes the road to Bristowe with the intention of joining a ship; arrives at that port after sundry chances and mischances; finds himself kidnapped and forced to serve on an English privateer; makes the acquaintance of a French prison, from which he conducts a daring and ingenious escape; and, after many thrilling adventures in the West Indies, returns to peace, prosperity, and happiness in his native land. The narrative is given in the first person, and is finely illustrated in color by Mr. W. H. Margetson; the get-up of the book, indeed, is almost that of an *édition de luxe*. Next comes a story by Captain F. S. Brereton. A young backwoodsman, Steve Mainwaring by name, is the central figure of "How Canada was Won"—a tale of the struggle between France and England in the New World, that ended with the capture of Quebec. The tale includes many lively encounters between those favorite old protagonists, the Redskin and the Paleface; while a sinister French villain, one Jules Lupon, intermittently crosses the path of Steve till he meets with poetic justice. Perhaps the powder within the jam, otherwise the history within the narrative, is not quite so craftily disguised as in Mr. Strang's stories, but it is palatable enough not to be resented. Another well-known writer, Mr. Harry Collingwood, is the author of "Blue and Grey: A Story of the American Civil War." In this, John Hamilton Howard, aged eighteen, leaves his home in Alabama to fight for the Southern States against the North. His youth is seemingly no bar to his getting a commission and a command at an early stage, and after sundry adventures and narrow escapes from the villain of the piece—a cousin who wants his property—he emerges as one of the dauntless survivors on the "Alabama" after her fight with the "Kearsage."

Very few writers of historical romance for boys go further back than the seventeenth century for their periods, and Mr. George Surrey is exceptional in that he has chosen the time of Charles Bourbon's Sack of Rome for the setting of his Italian tale, entitled "Mid Clash of Swords." Wilfrid Salkeld, his hero, is a knight-errant English youth, who, besides being possessed of a bull-headed bravery, excels in every imaginable feat of arms. His encounters with German mercenaries, and with the Florentine nobles attached to the Court of Giuliano de' Medici, are excellent reading. Eventually he wins through and escapes to England. The book is interesting—apart from its fighting properties—as a study of Italian turbulence and craft. We come back to more familiar ground in "The Goldsmith of Chepe," by Mr. Tom Bevan, a tale of the Plague Year, wherein Master Eli Hodgson relates his adventures. He tells us of his coming to his uncle Puddifoot, a goldsmith in plague-stricken London; and shows how fate and that same uncle were responsible for his sojourning, first in a thieves' Alsatia in the City; secondly, in a vessel manned by cut-throats; and thirdly, in the county of Dorset. As the henchman of Mistress Bampfylde of Clifdon, he helps to foil the evil machinations of his quondam Alsatian associates, and finally returns to London, where the goldsmith's business and a fortune await him. The rush to Klondike has now become a matter of history, and "The White Trail," by Mr. Alexander Macdonald, the well-known author and traveller, may therefore be included in this section. In this is traced the career of Archibald Ralston, from the time that he left his home in Glasgow to when he returned, a successful seeker after gold, from Klondike. How he made friends with two Scotch adventurers, and, in consequence of a mishap that befell him at the start, was persuaded to share their journey down the Yukon to Dawson City; how the party found gold; and how he played an important part in the historic exodus of miners from Dawson City; all this is contained in a narrative bristling with exciting adventures. Mr. Macdonald's description of that fateful frozen land is powerful in the extreme, and the record of half-civilised adventurers it attracts makes a grim picture only relieved by human touches of rugged sentiment and kindly humor. Historical, also, in much the same sense, is "Captain Jack O'Hara," a tale of the modern navy, by Mr. Percival Lancaster. Many of the episodes narrated in this book are based on facts, and the facts include such up-to-date ones as the voyage of the Russian fleet to its doom at Admiral Togo's hands, the destruction of the "Hainan" by Chinese pirates, and certain minor operations in Somaliland. The gunboat "Windrush," commanded by O'Hara, carries a crew who will go anywhere and do anything on sea or land; and their adventures in the Indian Ocean and the China Seas include everything in the way of fighting, bloodshed, tight corners, and so forth, that a boy could wish to read about. Mr. S. W. Hunter's illustrations are admirable, moreover. A book that may be compared to this, in regard to giving one's money's worth of adventure, is a new edition of Dr. Gordon Stables' "Courage, True Hearts."

This brings us to two stories that have a touch of the supernatural about them. "The Golden Girdle," by Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, tells how Walter Henderson is entrusted by his uncle (of the British Museum) with the task of finding the Girdle of Sophana, the Great Queen of Babylon, and adding it to our existing stock of national antiques. The journeyings of the intrepid girdle-seeker and his friend across Babylonian deserts, their Bedouin friends and enemies, their many disappointments, and finally the single-handed capture of the Golden Girdle itself by Henderson, are described in these exciting pages; and the element of mystery is supplied by the magic and seemingly destructive properties of the Golden Girdle itself—properties which, of course, don't operate when the hero gets hold of the bauble. Here again the author has been fortunate in his illustrator, Mr. Allan Stewart. Mr. Frank Powell's "The Wolf-Men" is described as a tale of amazing adventure in the under-world. The under-world is reached by a small party on a submarine, who set out to find the North Pole, and ultimately land in a country inhabited by a most objectionable race of savages, not to mention such survivals as the ichthyosaurus, the megalosaurus, the giant spider, and a full-blown wizard. After being threatened with annihilation at least once in every six pages, they get home—taking a tame giant with them—in time to confute a house-party of rival scientists who are disposed to sneer at the account of their journey. There is a thrill in every other paragraph.

The remaining book on our list is less wonderful than this one, but better adapted to the requirements of nervous readers. The story in "That Master of Ours," by the author of "Dorrincourt," "Expelled," &c., is told by the son of an eighteenth-century Cornish farmer. The breezy Cornish atmosphere of "Expelled" is reproduced here in all its delightful freshness. In William Strange, the first schoolmaster in Redruth, called thither owing to a serious outburst of youthful lawlessness, we have the embodiment of the Wesleyan revivalist; and the moral of the tale is the triumph of his strength of character over his physical weakness, in face of difficulties with turbulent pupils and more turbulent parents, that would have appalled many a more muscular man. The narrative moves with a swing, is free from mawkishness, and bristles with points of vivid characterisation.

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tendency to let fresh air into the nursery; to take the class to the hillside; to encourage original research in hedge-row, lane and field. Our only rather timorous hope is that the growth of nature study will for long be disguised as an enlargement of the play-hour rather than an addition to the time given to lessons. That being understood, we are glad to consider a small pile of Christmas gift-books that have been set aside as having relation to the outdoor world.

Selma Lagerlof wrote the "Wonderful Adventures of Nils" on commission for the Swedish National Teachers' Association. They are now translated in English, or rather American, by Velma Swanston Howard. The author is said to have spent three years in nature study with a single eye to this task. She carries her knowledge well, for there is nothing didactic, or in the least pedantic, in the book, and her nature study has not prevented her from the delightful, if daring, expedient of turning Nils into an elf, so that he may the better observe the manners and customs of his little brothers—the animals and birds. The wild geese pass over head, and the white gander attempts to join them. Nils, forgetting his diminutive size, tries to save his father's property by flinging himself on the gander's neck, with the result that he, as well as "Morten Goosey Gander," goes off with the wild geese. They get a view of nearly all the cities of Sweden, including some that are buried or in ruins, visit historic castles and lonely farm-houses, and at Karlskrona the statue of Charles XI. descends from its pedestal and takes Nils round the naval museum and dock-yards. But best of all are the doings of this wild, free flock of geese. At the great stork dance on Kullaberg (a magnificent natural ceremony), Smirre, the fox, breaks truce, and is expelled from his country, and goes wandering north. He tracks the geese, and moves all his wild kindred to climb or swim to their well-chosen roosting places and murder them in their sleep. Thanks to Thumbietot, *vice* Nils, his attempts fail always by an exciting margin. The picture of the wild and other country over which the geese fly is very inspiring, and the ways of the geese and other creatures are described with a freedom that hides study. We give one small passage to show how much on the other side of things the author has managed to get:—

> "He heard a couple of loud shots, and saw two white smoke-columns ascend.
>
> "There was a sudden awakening, and an unrest among the birds. 'Hunters, hunters,' they cried. 'Fly high, fly high.'
>
> "The nearest bird-flocks hadn't noticed them in time. They had flown too low. Several dark bodies sank down towards the sea; and for every one that fell, there arose cries of anguish from the living.
>
> "The wild geese got safely out of the way, but the boy couldn't get over his amazement. 'To think that anyone could wish to shoot upon such as Akka and Yksi and Kaksi and the goosey-gander and the others. Human beings had no conception of what they did.'"

Mr. A. J. Dawson's story of "Finn the Wolfhound" is, if not for all time, for every age. Thrilling dog-fights and hunting scenes form the least part of it. In the early life of Finn, and the story of Tara, his mother, before him, we have many secrets of kennel management presented to us in the guise of an epic. Plenty of food rightly administered, clean conditions, fresh air, and exercise, are fairly certain talismans for creating a big Irish wolfhound with plenty of bone. We find ourselves wondering who will see that the same factors are given to the stunted children of our town populations. But the story whirls us on to a triumphant *debut* at the show-bench, then to the dirt and cruelty of a dog-stealer's home, and to the still greater barbarity of a circus, where Finn is mistaken for a wolf, to be cowed with red-hot bars and a lead-butted whip. How gloriously the fresh air breaks in again when Finn breaks out and goes off to play his part among the strange denizens of the Australian Bush. There we must leave our readers to find him and enjoy, as we did, his further exploits and their triumphant conclusion.

Some place the magic of romance higher than the magic of clairvoyance, that can call back whole volumes of entertaining fact, if only one solid reminder be present. That is the method successfully employed by Lilian Gask in "Wonders of the Zoo." A boy named Geoff has the advantage of visiting the Zoo in company with the Colonel—a tactful *raconteur* of animal stories, and one who has had some experience among the big carnivores and others in their wild homes. We can imagine the lions blinking their yellow eyes as the boy looks at them, and understands more and more what terrible fellows they are, till the bars vanish and the big grass jungles of Africa take their place, and one has to fight for his life with the maned man-eater. By the way, the Colonel is a little at variance with Selous and others when he makes the lion roar while hunting, and he might have been led to enquire more closely into the facts by this observation of his: "It is a curious fact, but when in captivity lions roar more after they have been fed than at any other time." But he is well up in the lore of the Zoo, and in the ways generally of the wild animals whose shadows are encaged there; and we do not think there is a better book to be read as an introduction to a really interesting visit to that Mecca of the young naturalist. And now comes one who attempts greater magic still—that of resuscitating an existence millions of years past, on the strength of a chipped flint or a dried apple recovered from a Lake dwelling. We refer to "Days Before History," wherein H. R. Hall alternates stories of an antediluvian named Tig and the commentaries of some modern boys. It is an illuminating book, and we can quite imagine the boys setting out to make for themselves cave dwellings, primitive pottery, flint arrows, fire drills, and the other first-hand contrivances that bring us far nearer to the realities than the factory products of to-day. The stories are sometimes of animals, sometimes of primitive hunters, potters, agriculturists, and, dry as the subject is usually voted by the young, we think that a perusal of this book will alter their opinion.

But enough now of the magic of the object-lesson. The actualities of animal life, told in the usual book-form, are perfectly interesting, as Mr. John Lea abundantly shows in "The Romance of Bird Life." It is a great volume, as readers of the series know, but the subject is more than extensive enough to fill it. Are there not cuckoos that get other birds to hatch their eggs, megapodes that make incubators and trouble no one to sit for them, hoatzins that are hatched four-footed, birds that can fly as soon as hatched, birds that cheep within the egg, and specific marvels of many other kinds? There is a book full of them to be found, and Mr. Lea has found most of the more interesting. He also gives us hundreds of stories of individual sagacity, bravery, foresight, and other traits that make birds the most human of the animals. It is certainly one of the best of that long and useful "Romance" series.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

Two hundred and twenty-three members of the Liberal Parliamentary Party, acting through Sir John Brunner, have presented to the Prime Minister a memorial reminding him of Gladstone's last warning in 1894, that the situation between the Lords and the Commons—the "tremendous contrariety and incessant conflict upon matters of high principle and profound importance"—could no longer continue, and asking that effect be given to it "at the earliest possible moment." Twenty-five other members subscribe to the memorial, but, desiring to leave the Cabinet full discretion, do not adopt the words "at the earliest possible moment." The Labor and the Nationalist members were not asked to sign, but are, of course, in full sympathy, so that the great majority of the party are already committed to an opening of the inevitable conflict with the Lords. Time, of course, must be given to develop the agitation, but not a day should be lost in organising and starting it. We believe this course to be in harmony with the reports which many agents are furnishing, and the state of feeling in the country.

* * *

Mr. Wyndham made a valuable statement at Liverpool on Wednesday of the general lines of the plan of the Preferential Protectionists whom Mr. Balfour and he will support, as against the Protectionists on the American pattern who run the Tariff Reform League. He proposed three taxes—two shillings a quarter on foreign grain and flour, a tax on foreign meat, and a tax on foreign wood. Colonial products were, of course, to be exempt. These tidings of joy to the British consumer appear to be almost entirely meant for the gratification of the Canadian farmer and cattle breeder. Mr. Wyndham explained that the foreigner would pay all these taxes, and that the price of the commodities would not rise, but might even fall. If so, there can be no benefit to the home farmer, and no new opportunity for the colonial grower.

* * *

On Friday week, as we have already stated, the Prime Minister announced the withdrawal of the Education Bill, a proceeding which, if it was a little swift and summary, was a clear consequence of the hostile debates and decisions at the Church Council. On Monday, the Prime Minister pronounced, with much feeling, a funeral oration. It was clear, he said, in face of the Bishop of Salisbury's resolution, which declined to accept the Bill "without serious amendment," and was met by still more hostile motions, that none of the Church interests concerned accepted the compromise. He justly praised Mr. Runciman's pursuit of peace and his fine temper and skill, paid a like tribute to Dr. Davidson, whom he called "a great Archbishop"—a true "*pastor pastorum*"—and added that he had experienced the heaviest disappointment of his political life. Mr. Balfour, who has throughout been a chief instrument in the wrecking of the Bill, retorted by attributing its loss to the Government's haste in the House of Commons, and to their proposing an "agreed" Bill before a perfectly closed settlement on the financial question had been arrived at with the Primate.

* * *

On the other side, the Archbishop has written to say that he was always willing that contracted-out schools should be the exception rather than the rule, and that the Church should make a "substantial" contribution to their maintenance. He added that he and other Bishops would not have supported the specific amendments to the Bill proposed in the Bishop of Salisbury's motion. It is a pity that these excellent ideas were lost sight of when the demand was made for an extra seven shillings a child, and when the Bishop of Salisbury's motion was framed. We are bound to say that a grave point of criticism also arises in the failure of the Education Department to supply at once exact statistics, giving the cost per child in Church, Catholic, and Wesleyan schools, and the number of teachers and children in each class of school. We hope that Mr. Runciman, now that his hands are free, will look into this serious matter of the preparation of educational statistics, and of the way in which educational policy is affected by it.

* * *

On Wednesday Mr. Asquith collected and counted the salvage from the wrecks of this long Session. All the greater non-financial measures, save the Irish University Bill—the Licensing, Education, and Scottish Valuation Bills—have been abandoned. The Housing Bill, which should have been far simpler and stronger, is to be remodelled and passed, if possible, early next year. The Children's Bill and the Prevention of Crime Bill, good minor measures with doubtful points, are saved, and, judging from Mr. Balfour's speech on the report of the Eight Hours Bill for Miners, there is a

chance—not a brilliant one—that this long-vexed subject may pass into law, subject to the five years' delay the Government has provided for it. The Port of London Bill may be destroyed in the Lords, though nearly every section of opinion in the House of Commons supports it.

* * *

The report stage of the Eight Hours Bill for Miners has seen an almost complete reversion of the Tory Party to the line of pure resistance, broken by Mr. Chamberlain's and Lord Randolph Churchill's support of this measure. Protectionists like Mr. Bonar Law, whose policy involves an artificial increase of the cost of living, expressed particular aversion to a rise in the price of coal produced by State action. All these arguments, and the set of abstract questions addressed by Mr. Balfour, find an exact and fair rejoinder in the report of Mr. Rea's Committee. For the rest, the chief aim of the Opposition was to revive the objection to the Bill of the miners of Durham and Northumberland, now withdrawn as the result of their adhesion to the Miners' Federation. We strongly hope that if the Bill is mutilated in the Lords, the Government will stand absolutely firm in refusing to accept a single amendment.

* * *

The opening of the Turkish Parliament has been fixed for Thursday, and the Sultan will open Parliament in person at Stamboul. The deputies have been gathering in Constantinople for some days, but the party constitution of the Chamber and even the number of members are not yet clear, partly because not all the elections have finished—the Constantinople results, for instance, which involve several members of the Ministry and several leaders of the Young Turks, are not yet announced—and partly because, until the House has been at work some time, party groups are not likely to crystallise definitely. Nobody knows exactly what has happened in Asiatic Turkey outside the ports, but the general results for European Turkey and the ports can be gathered. Here the Reform party has undoubtedly elected most of its nominees, who are not exclusively Turks, or even Moslems. Every nationality has secured some representatives. The Bulgarians have done worst of all, having elected only two of their people, as one result of the declaration of independence; the Greeks have done better, but they have split with the Turks, who, on the other hand, co-operated with the Armenians and the Jews during the voting. The Senate, whose members must not be more in number than a third of the Chamber, and who are nominated for life, have not yet been selected.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt's last annual message was read to Congress on Tuesday, and, although in phraseology a little less exuberant than its predecessors, it retains the characteristic commonplaces at their customary length. Mr. Roosevelt once more chastises the piratical capitalist and the Socialist and sings the praises of the "decent man." He once more urges regulation, not destruction, of trusts, and contends that only the National Government is competent to deal with forces of national extent. He repeats his recommendations of factory legislation for the protection of women and children, and of compensation for injured workers, and, while resisting the trade union claim for the abolition of injunctions, admits that the present practice of the courts inflicts substantial injustice upon workmen. All this is familiar; it has appeared in the same vague general form in previous messages, has never been put in the form of precise proposals, and has, therefore, led to no tangible result, except, perhaps, as an American paper suggests, by its explosiveness "frightening the country into paying little attention." Somewhat less familiar are Mr. Roosevelt's blunt words about the "marked inefficiency" of the judges in dealing with corporations.

* * *

Prince Buelow's speech in the Reichstag on Monday on foreign affairs was happily conceived. He expressed his cordial sympathy with the new movement in Turkey, and his confidence in its success, and denied the assertion that the revolution was likely to, or had in fact, damaged Germany's interests or prestige in Turkey. That, we think, depends on whether Germany will change for the better the general character of her very cynical commercial policy in Turkey. Germany's attitude towards the Bosnian complications, said Prince Bülow, was governed by a determination to let other more directly interested Powers take the lead in the work of reconstructing the Berlin Treaty, and to stand by her ally Austria, though she accepted no responsibility for her policy. Prince Bülow's reference to the Casa Blanca affair was accurate and candid, and distinguished by a significant protest against "a futile and petty prestige policy." It is heartily received by the French Press, though he made the significant admission that the Moroccan problem has not yet exhausted its difficulties. The Japanese-American Alliance was warmly approved, as embodying the principles of Germany's policy—the *status quo* and the open door—and Prince Bülow pointed out that Germany has had a practically identical arrangement with Japan since 1900. Towards Great Britain the Chancellor was equally sympathetic. The two countries, he emphasised, were in no sort of competition in Turkey. The German Government reciprocated the good-will expressed by Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall.

* * *

On Thursday Prince Bülow addressed himself specially to the problem of an international reduction of armaments. His speech, though very moderate in form, was most disappointing in effect. He passed by Herr Hausmann's truthful suggestion that it would be far easier to obtain a naval accommodation with a Liberal British Government than with a Tory one, and in saying that no proposal had been made to Germany for such an understanding, he ignored the informal communications which Sir Edward Grey has undoubtedly set up. His line in argument was purely critical and negative. How could exact criteria of naval strength be set up? How could the growth of national interests and responsibilities be measured, and the value of new inventions calculated? However, Germany would not go beyond the necessities of her position, burdened as she was with a difficult problem of military defence on many frontiers, and with a social programme far in advance of that of any other nation. This, again, ignores the contention that Germany's naval strength is now out of proportion both to her needs and to her expenditure on military and social objects.

* * *

As we anticipated, the various motions for defining the responsibility of the Chancellor were referred by the Reichstag to a Committee after two days' inconclusive debate. The Home Secretary intervened, before the opening of the discussion, to explain that the Government appreciated the demand for a definition of the bare principle of responsibility formulated in the Constitution, and that while it would itself make no suggestions at this stage, the Federal Council would give the most careful attention to the decisions of the Reichstag.

This was a rather warmer welcome than had been expected, but no doubt the Government is confident that the Reichstag will come to no unanimous resolution of any importance. Certainly the debate indicated a wide difference of opinion among the parties. The Radicals pressed for real Constitutional Government—though not for the specific proposals of the Socialists; the Centre was against full Ministerial responsibility, but wanted merely a strengthening of the Chancellor's responsibility; the National Liberals disapproved the Reichstag sharing in the appointment and dismissal of Ministers, and were against robbing the Imperial Crown of its significance; while the Conservatives would not even go so far as to recommend the investigation of the question by the Reichstag. After the Constitutional debate, the Reichstag turned to the Budget, and a notable plea was advanced by the Centre for cutting down expenditure on the Navy. In Committee the Government's taxation scheme was badly mauled by the elimination of the arrangements with regard to the State contributions.

* * *

The suffragettes, after trying to enter into a treaty with Mr. Lloyd George, decided to interrupt his speech at the Albert Hall last Saturday, and to endeavour to bring it and the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation to an end. They thus make war on all friends, men and women, who are not precisely in line with their tactics. In pursuance of this policy of destroying free speech, when speech is not satisfactory, one woman started addressing the meeting, and when the stewards approached her struck them with a dog-whip. Other cries of: "Deeds: not words," "Give us a message," "Be honest," and "You are a humbug," made part of a concerted demonstration carried on by suffragettes dispersed over different parts of the hall. This unwomanly conduct seems to have provoked some unmanly violence, although the stewards appear to have received special instructions to avoid it. In the end, after many women had been thrown out, more or less roughly, Mr. Lloyd George conquered the meeting, and addressed to it a plea for woman suffrage, reiterating the pledge to introduce a Reform Bill, open to an amendment in favor of the suffrage.

* * *

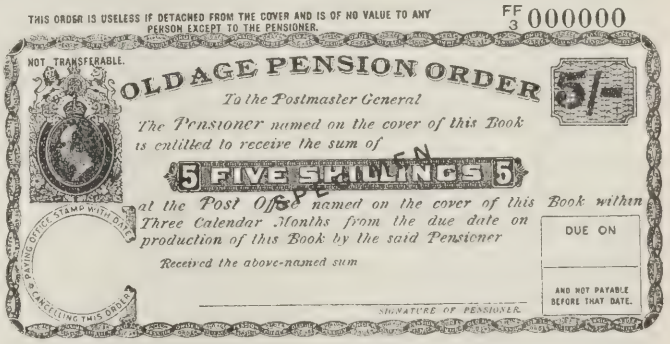
On this we have two remarks to make. The Government may or may not introduce such a bill during next Session. But, though the suffragettes will not believe it, we are afraid that the passage of such an amendment is now doubtful. The most distinguished friend of the suffrage in this country said, the other day, "the tactics of the suffragettes have thrown back the women's cause fifty years." We are afraid they have disposed of it for this Parliament. Our second criticism is that the suffragettes have some ground for thinking the suggested proceeding unreal. If the suffrage amendment were carried, how could the Prime Minister, who is opposed to woman suffrage, support it *ex animo*? And how could the Government go to the country on it so long as its own ranks were divided?

* * *

The Toronto "Globe," Sir Wilfrid Laurier's official organ, has published an article on Imperial Preference, which knocks the Imperialist stuffing out of the English Tariff "Reform" agitation. The Canadian Government is making up its mind to arrange a commercial treaty, on the basis of reciprocity, with the United States, Canada's nearest, most natural, and biggest market. American trade with Canada is already growing, despite the preference to Great Britain, faster than British trade, and reciprocity, which would, of course, reduce the preference to an infinitesimal, would still further assist American trade. More important still, it would strike the props away from beneath the fabric of Empire as the English Preferentialists see it, a fabric resting on an agreement to trade as much as possible within, and as little as possible without. The Toronto "Globe" leaves no doubt of its utter rejection of such a system designed to unite the Empire by a policy of "mutual hurts." "It would be unfortunate," it says, "if the impression were conveyed that British preference tied Canada's hands, and that she was thereby prevented from doing anything further to seek additional markets wherever she can find them." The true basis of Empire is freedom, the freedom of each State to adopt any fiscal policy it thinks best, and Canada will have just so much preference as pays her, and for the rest make any other arrangements she thinks profitable. That is the policy of the Laurier Government, a policy which is illustrated practically by the starting of negotiations for an understanding with Germany as well as with the United States.

* * *

Our readers will be interested to see this facsimile of a pension order. It is taken from a book of coupons, which may fairly be called the poor man's cheque-book, and will be supplied to all persons entitled to receive the 5s. pension. Each cheque or order is, of course, payable only on the personal application of the pensioner, and cannot be received in payment of a debt.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SPECIMEN

* * *

The Home Secretary has so far modified the Prevention of Crime Bill as to secure its passage through the House of Commons. The indeterminate sentence disappears as a possible life penalty, but may be imposed within a minimum of five years and a maximum of ten. It is still to be used as an addition to a sentence of penal servitude, and therefore increases punishments. Prisoners are to be punished because they have been punished before, and to have more of a system which has no curative features and spoils the characters of prisoners by weakening them. No such power should have been placed in the hands of the present prison service. The Bill remains a great danger and a blot upon what, on the whole, has been an excellent administration of the Home Office. We hope that its handling by men like Sir William Grantham will be carefully watched.

* * *

We are sorry to see that the Colonial Office has supported the very trifling sentence passed on two officials connected with the British East Africa Protectorate. These men were found guilty of keeping, if not procuring, native girls of twelve or thirteen as their mistresses. One has lost a single year's seniority, coupled with the temporary loss of a district, and the other has simply been admonished. We should have thought that the high standard of British administration in this matter called for sterner measures.

Politics and Affairs.

THE REFORM OF THE CONSTITUTION.

> "You are dealing with a vast and overwhelming preponderance, a huge deadweight of prejudice, of passion, of interest, of bigotry, of blind class and party spirit—impenetrable by argument, immovable by discussion, beyond the reach of reason, and only to be driven from its hereditary and antiquated entrenchments—not by argument, or by reason, or by discussion, but by FORCE."—*John Morley on the House of Lords.*

SINCE we last wrote on the question of the House of Lords, opinion in the Liberal Party has greatly strengthened and hardened. It may, we think, be said that the Parliamentary majority realises now, what it should have realised before, that the Lords have brought its capital work to a dead stop, and that they will either kill Liberalism, or that Liberalism must kill them. It can exist on sufferance. Its Ministers can still administer. They can still pass Hop Bills. They are not debarred from framing Estimates and a Budget, and even, within limits, from carrying them, and from countering, here and there, a legislative defeat. In addition to these enjoyments of a modest livelihood, the Liberal Government and Parliament may freely choose the period of their own dissolution. The Lords cannot force them to go to the country if they fear to go. But wherever the purpose of Liberalism is vital, wherever it received a direct message from the people three years ago, its executive power has gone. Take two of its strongholds in the British nation—Scotland and Wales. Liberal Scotland has one powerful, mastering interest, the land question, and there has not been a sign since the General Election that she has abated her zeal for it. Both the Ministerial measures dealing with this problem have been destroyed by the Lords. There is not the smallest chance of reviving them during the life of this Parliament. Wales, practically a Nonconformist country, has, again, a dominant political object—the attainment of religious equality, to gain which she has for years sent a solid, or all but solid, Liberal representation to Parliament. But she has no more chance of getting Disestablishment than of restoring the rule of Llewelyn. Or take the historic subjects of Liberalism, such as education, the centre of the secular battle which French democracy has waged with its enemies since the Concordat. The Liberals proposed their solution when in full strength, fresh from a conflict in which every leading issue in the religious controversy had been fully canvassed. The Lords destroyed it, falsifying the pretence that they respect an electoral mandate and only reject Bills which a fair view of public opinion shows to be unpopular, and therefore inexpedient. Do we come to the land? The Liberals can tax, but they cannot reform. Do we think of poverty-stricken, discontented, troublesome, half-rebellious Ireland, the peculiar, almost the sole, glory and creation of the House of Lords? We know that our ability to help her substantially has departed. Do we speak of unemployment? Every issue which touches the present system of referring the whole body of out-of-work or disorganised laborers either to charity or to the poor-house must pass through a House intolerant of any modification of it. Of temperance we need not speak; a generation of defeat tells its own tale. Let the leaders of the great Liberal Party, if they will, spend the next thirty months in excogitating small ingenious devices for squeezing one second-rate Bill through the Lords, and holding out white flags to Lord Lansdowne in the interest of another interesting piece of social legislation. Let them pare and trim with forethought and industry, and then see what is left of their prestige at the end—with Nonconformity flouted, with labor dissatisfied, with their enthusiasts impatient and disheartened, with the town electorate, capricious and unstable at the best, but quick to see where a conquering cause resides, and where a beaten one.

No; we must look at things as they are, and recognise that the party system is practically at an end, and that the Liberal Party, victorious over its enemy until the middle of the 'eighties, has since then failed to win a single triumph over it, and is now so reduced in effective strength that the old Constitutional idea of a Monarchy upheld by two fairly equal political forces is obsolete. Nor, as things stand, is there any hope of rectifying the balance. There will never be another election like that of 1906, and yet under the conditions which governed the Administration that sprang from it, there never was a Government more clearly doomed to partial or to complete failure. It was almost a waste of time to put more than one issue to the tremendous force of opinion which drove Mr. Balfour out of office, but not out of power. The people should have been asked one thing, and one thing only—"Choose you this day whom you will serve. If, as John Bright told you forty years ago, you believe in being governed by 600 peers, serve them. But if you are for self-government, instruct your representatives clearly on one point of capital importance—the Reform of the British Constitution."

To this issue we have come, fourteen years after the prophetic warning of the most powerful and experienced of Liberal chieftains, and we predict that within a very few months everybody concerned in it, from the King to the humblest voter, will realise that all its rivals have disappeared, and that it holds the field. It is the special, the only, issue for Liberalism; but it is also a uniting issue for the whole body of progressive voters in the four nations, Nonconformists, Radicals, Nationalists, Labor men, the temperance party, the women suffragists, all of whom have either suffered some wound at the hands of the Lords, or have reason to fear it. When that question is settled, and not before, we can talk of democracy. We can even talk of a fair

balance for political forces, a fair hearing for moderate views and interests, for when all criticism of progress masquerades as inveterate prejudice, whose one spur is self-interest and whose single restraint is fear, the countering force must sooner or later be revolutionary. That, of course, is the end to which the Balfour-Lansdowne policy drives. But why should we fear it? There is no advantage in disguising the extreme depression of the Liberal Parliamentary Party in face of the events of the last three weeks. That depression is natural and even useful, for it shows that the lesson of British politics for the last thirty years has been learned at last. When it has passed away, we shall see the spirit of the party rising to meet the emergency which has grown out of its history and genius and from the deep-seated needs of British democracy. The weapon of 1906 may have grown a little dull. But even if, like Siegmund's sword, it is broken, it will be forged anew. Either it, or a still stouter weapon, is strong enough to shatter the power of the Lords into fragments.

THE WEARING DOWN OF LIBERALISM.

Whatever may be said in criticism of the House of Lords, we ought not to deny them the possession of a vein of humor. Being in conflict with the democracy, and being aware that, whenever the conflict comes to an issue which finds both sides determined, the result is foregone, they deem it advisable to appoint a Select Committee to consider how they may be reformed. The Committee report in favor of the election of peers by peers, the maintenance of the element so elected in a standing majority, the opening of the House of Commons to peers who do not wish to serve in their own House, and the limitation of that right of the Crown to create peers which is the one Constitutional means at present available for deciding a conflict between the two Houses. It is true that the method of election would eliminate from their excessively casual attendance some of those who recently, to the bewilderment of doorkeepers, responded to the whip of Lansdowne House. It is true that the Report recognises the desirability of qualifying hereditary capacity with an admixture of trained official experience. But the net result of its recommendations would be to leave the hereditary element supreme, and the House as a whole more independent of popular forces than it is at present. As a contribution to the actual issue we may fairly regard this as a jest of no mean order as political humor goes.

Turning from jest to earnest, we may take the Report of the Committee as proving, if proof were needed, that there will be no such reform of the House of Lords from within as will accommodate it to the conditions of modern democracy. The problem is one which, under pain of sterilisation, democracy itself must take up. It is usual to compute the evil influence of the House of Lords by enumerating the Bills which they have wrecked or destroyed. But any such list gives a most inadequate measure of their mischievous activity. Their modern power dates from their partially successful assertion of their claims in relation to the Reform Act of 1884. At that period, following on the Irish Land Legislation of Mr. Gladstone, and coinciding with the beginnings of the Socialist movement in England, there began that tendency of "Property" to concentrate on one side of the party line which has been so marked a feature of all modern politics. But the Unionist Party was not a sufficient safeguard. It was always liable to an electoral reverse, and the unchallenged supremacy of the House of Commons meant the possibility of democratic legislation. A second line of defence was necessary, and it was found in the Peerage. Against this second line the Gladstone-Rosebery administration battered in vain. Already in the six years that followed the loss of the Home Rule Bill many new questions had arisen. The social upheaval which came to a head in the new Unionism and the Dock Strike, focussed quite a fresh set of forces, which impinged with somewhat distracting effect on the older Liberalism that had inspired Mr. Gladstone's great effort. The arrears of six years had accumulated. On all sides questions pressed for solution. The Liberal Party found itself committed to a long list of reforms, each of them challenging important interests. They exhausted their strength on Home Rule, and they spent themselves for naught. Unable to believe that their supporters would desert them, they conceived it their duty to go on calmly with their programme. They would "fill up the cup," and as soon as it brimmed over they would pour out the wrath of an insulted democracy on the head of an irresponsible knot of oligarchs. The event turned out differently. The cup was filled, but not, as Mr. Balfour has since remarked, the cup of the Lords. The effect of each new Bill was to alarm some fresh interest. The effect of each rejection was to weaken confidence in the power of the Liberal Government to make good its words. The final result was to combine all the vested interests in an organised attack upon a puzzled and dispirited party. Mr. Gladstone, as we now know, had seen the error, and had declined to go on with the Government on the policy proposed. He was for fighting, and when he was overruled on that and other grounds, he resigned.

The disaster ushered in ten years and more of Conservative reaction. For the greater part of the period social questions were held in abeyance by the absorbing interest of Imperialism. But though tongues may be still and ideals wax cold, facts remain, and the pressure of social problems did not grow less. The accumulation of arrears began anew, and once more a formidable list awaited the Government on their return to power. The immediate sequel is fresh in the mind. The situation created by the Lords is such that for upwards of twenty years barely a single legislative measure of the first rank has been passed by the Liberal Party. Two or three of a progressive character—Free Education, the establishment of County Councils, and the Compensation Act—have been passed by the Unionists, along with two or three measures of reaction of the first grade. What we find is that, outside finance, with extremely few exceptions, no great democratic measure can now go through until the whole country is converted to it, by the adhesion of both parties. This means that social legis-

lation is permanently and seriously in arrear. It means also that it is for the most part carried through not by the enthusiasts who have pushed it on, but by the laggards who have tardily accepted it. But for politics it means more than this. The consequence of the block in the reform movement is the hopeless involvement of political issues. The philosopher, criticising the working of democracy from his superior height, complains of the want of rationality in political decisions. But how is it humanly possible for the average man to make a rational choice on the complication of issues presented to him to-day with Tariff Reformers bawling into one ear and Suffragettes screaming into the other, with Education, Temperance, Unemployment, Miners' Eight Hours Bills, Old Age Pensions, and a dozen other matters of controversy hurtling through the air? Before we condemn the ordinary voter as a man incapable of giving an intelligent vote on a straight issue, let us give him the straight issue to vote upon.

But it is not merely the average voter who suffers. The effect on the political enthusiast is even worse. His one anxiety is lest in the struggle for existence his pet project should be left out. If it is not included in the legislative programme he turns all his wrath on the Government, and will not be comforted though a dozen other items, to which he has given platform allegiance, are duly acknowledged in the King's Speech. What he demands is a Bill. Tell him that the Bill has no chance of becoming law, and he takes no notice. He wants his Bill; give it him, and he is satisfied. Let the Lords throw it out and he is vexed, but feels that it can be brought in again. As long as his particular log is well in the jam, stuck fast with all the others, he does not mind. But neither he nor the proprietors of any of the other logs will stop pushing for a moment in order to remove the barrier so that all may float in ordered succession down the stream. The most heated fights of the present day are not between reformer and Conservative, but between reformer and reformer. The jealous parents of legislative bantlings eye each other with a rivalry which contrasts wonderfully with the coolness of their attack on the common enemy. The struggle is for a place among the Bills. By comparison no one seems to care about his pet measure becoming law. All this confusion, all this distraction of the forces of progress, all this falsity in the attitude of the enthusiast, nine tenths of the trouble that has arisen between Liberals and Labour, between "constitutionalists" and militants, arise from this one cause—the existence of an irrational, antiquated, arbitrary, absurd, indefensible, but very strongly entrenched barrier upon democratic legislation. The work of removing this barrier is that on which every section of progressive opinion has now to combine.

WILL CANADA MAINTAIN HER PREFERENCE?

It is not unnatural that our Protectionists should manifest alarm at the cracking of the preferential plank in their platform. The Canadian preference, upon which they counted with so much confidence, never presented the substance or the stability which they imputed to it. Erected partly out of passing resentment against the hostile tariff of the United States, partly in a wave of Imperialistic enthusiasm, it was ill-adapted to meet the permanent and growing pressure of those economic interests which, especially in new countries, give an important meaning to the phrase "manifest destiny." No Canadian ever intended to sacrifice any present or future industrial or commercial development of Canada in order to strengthen the Imperial bond, or to secure to the Mother Country some profitable export trade. It was hardly set upon their Statute Book before a demand for its substantial reduction in respect of one of our most profitable trades, the woollen trade, issued from Canadian manufacturers, and was at once conceded. Last year a new tariff law was passed, which, by the introduction of an intermediate tariff, designed for negotiation, made another general encroachment upon the size of the preference.

But the immediate cause of alarm among Preferentialists on this side of the water is the policy of commercial treaties with particular foreign nations, the first of which, that with France, is now on the very eve of ratification. This treaty secures, not only for France, but for twenty other nations enjoying a most-favored nation treatment, terms better than are represented by the intermediate rate, and wherever there is competition with this country, as, for instance, in silk goods, there is a further nibbling at the preference. Though our two chief competitors for Canadian trade, Germany and America, do not yet come in for these concessions, signs of intentions to negotiate with Canada are not wanting on their side. They cannot afford to stand out for their proper share in this large, expanding market. Only this week we hear of an influential committee, of commercial and industrial men, formed in Germany to promote trade with Canada, and the possibility of a commercial treaty has been a matter of frequent discussion in both countries. But of far greater significance is the evidence of a gathering movement in the United States, not destitute of sympathy in Canada itself, for a commercial *rapprochement* between the two great North American nations. We do not set great store upon sensational declarations of highly interested railroad men, like Mr. J. Hill, in favor of absolutely free trade between the two countries. This consummation, in our judgment devoutly to be wished, is probably far distant. Nor can it be pretended that any strong, fully-conscious demand, either commercial or political, at present issues from the Canadian side. Partly through pride, partly for bluff, Canada holds a discreet silence. But keen-sighted public men believe that America will bid, and that if they hold back just long enough and not too long, they will get terms which they will neither dare nor care to reject. It is to the revision of the American protective system that we must look for the beginnings of a fresh attempt to extend the benefits of Free Trade through the North American continent.

To understand what may occur we must get below the surface of machine politics. The stalwarts of Republicanism, "stand-patters" in fiscal policy, still command a majority in both Houses, and the Committee of Ways and Means, which is already setting on foot investigations with a view to revision, is constituted chiefly of hard Protectionists who desire no considerable reform. But as politicians they are amenable to pressure, and pressure not merely of public opinion, representing the despised "consumer," but of more potent trade interests suffering from the poison of Protection, is gathering in various quarters. Until recently the only strong organised movement in favor of reciprocity with Canada proceeded from New England manufacturers, demanding free wool, hides, lumber, and other raw materials. But last February a strong gathering of business men from all parts of the country, held at Washington, pronounced in favor of a "non-partisan revision," with considerable reductions of duties. Immediately following the Presidential election came the bomb flung by Mr. Carnegie into his party. His article in the "Century" magazine urged that the age when America's infant industries needed protection had gone by, and that they could safely and profitably hold their own in open competition with the world. Of the steel industry the retired steel king declares, that "Not a ton of steel is produced in the world at as small an outlay for labor as in our country." Testimony in support of this view is pouring in from many other trades, and the abounding evidence of discrimination in prices against home purchasers, wherever a trust has established its control of prices, is making a profound impression on the mind of the ordinary American who has no Free Trade theory, but resents palpable injustice

The crowning disaster to the "stand-pat" cause, however, is the sensational revelation of the real way in which a "scientific tariff" is constructed, furnished by evidence brought last week before the Tariff Committee, a serviceable *précis* of which appears in last Monday's "Times." We do not hesitate to describe this as the most illuminating single piece of positive evidence of the moral meaning of Protection that has come to light during the whole period of recent tariff controversy. It consists of a number of letters which passed between a Mr. North, who, in 1897, acted as confidential clerk to the Senate Finance Committee, and the Woollen Association, in whose intersts he "worked" the Tariff, receiving a salary and "bonuses" for doing so." Mr. Whitman, President of the Woollen Association, writes thus to Mr. North: "I am unable to go to Washington, and have no one to look out for my interests but yourself, and I depend on you. Of course, Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon your letting them know what I need. I depend upon you. Dress goods, yarns, and tops." To which Mr. North replies: "I will do the best I can with Allison when the time comes, but he knows nothing about the understanding I have with Aldrich on the worsted yarn schedule." The "Times" correspondent points out that this is no isolated instance, and cites another case, that of the Commission, which, under President Arthur, prepared the Tariff of 1883: "Out of nine members there were only three that were not deeply interested in the legislation they were passing." Those who in this country have insisted that Free Trade is the cause of public and private morality have sometimes been stigmatised as Pharisees. But such testimony as this must convince all who have any understanding of politics that Protection in any shape or form spells not merely commercial but moral disaster.

THE SECULAR SOLUTION.

The heads of the Church of England cannot, we think, be surprised that a strain of genuine relief should mingle with the general public regret for the loss of the Education Bill. Excellent as was the spirit and intention of the compromise, it had one inevitable defect. It was arranged, in the main, between two sets of religious leaders. The educationalists, the administrators and the managers, were hardly consulted, and another great body, the teachers, perhaps the most important of all, were unfriendly. Whatever the public might think of the "right of entry," the teacher, it is clear, regarded it with something like horror. He saw his class-work broken up, his discipline upset, his moral authority over his pupils invaded. He saw proselytism extended to a sphere from which it had been ruled out. We are bound to say that the scene and the language at the Church Council go some way to explain the ground of this hostility. How could teachers be anxious to introduce into the intimate life of the schools an element so exacting and so intolerant of broad ideas of Christianity, so averse from any kind of unity of thought and action with brother Christians, and at the same time so tenacious both of its dogmas and of its claim on the national purse? Who can be surprised that the average school teacher believes that he and his class can do more for the religious spirit among the children than the clerics and clerically minded laymen who would not even enter on the new and wide field of missionary work which the compromise assigned them until they had fastened their urban schools securely on the National Exchequer? For our part, we confess that our belief in the value of the right of entry, while it has been disappearing all through this controversy, was destroyed by our reading of the report of the meeting on Thursday week. Whatever the Church of England is, or is likely to become, she is undeniably ceasing, of her own act and will, to be national. The people who manage her do not seem even to desire that the Church shall come out into the main stream of the nation's life and take her chance with other religious organisations. Give her a stronghold of her own, give her wealth, privilege, security, and a highly specialised creed—then, and then only, does she seem to feel herself safe. Such a position has its clear consequence in the deliberate rejection of the treaty of peace with Nonconformity, and, we are bound to add,

that for such a spirit there is little room in a body so complex, and requiring so much gentleness and tact in handling, as our school system.

We are afraid, however, that the failure of the negotiations carries with it a danger of fresh unsettlement when the religious question arises again in the schools. The Conservative Party are, we think, greatly mistaken if they imagine that with the revelation of the temper of the prevailing forces in the Anglican Church, the right of entry can now be proposed by a Conservative Government as part of an educational settlement. The moral of the failure is not that the Church does well when she mixes with affairs of State, but that she does ill, not that all the creeds should be introduced into the school-house, but that they should all be kept outside. So long as a form of Christian teaching, fluid, simple, and based on the poetry and spirit of the Christian religion rather than on its later intellectual refinements, could be set up with the concurrence of all the Churches, save the Roman Catholic, and taught by men who had most experience of the thought and life of childhood, what we call Cowper-Templeism stood on firm ground. Now that these conditions are disappearing, the problem takes quite another form. Cowper-Templeism never had any precise logical basis. Its best feature was that it lent itself to freedom of interpretation, and that the fact that it was a trifle more or less precise mattered less than the character and feeling of the men who interpreted it. But we are getting out of this human Christianity, running in paths which laboring men and children can follow. "The Churches," as Sir Oliver Lodge said on Tuesday, "condemn essentials and insist on peculiarities of doctrine." They take this line in days when the mass of working-men are detached from dogma, and live their lives, not, indeed, untouched by the Christian spirit, but unaffected by the subtleties that appeal to the benignant spirit of Lord Hugh Cecil and the broad intelligence of Dr. Wace. Moreover, if Cowper-Templeism is revised and this old ground ploughed up afresh, it will be found to be seamed all through by the critical work of the last thirty years —work that has been equally merciless to the very opposite conclusions of the two representatives of theology in the Church of England to whom we have referred. If, therefore, she hopes to reap any advantage from the intransigeant attitude of the dominant party, she will be grievously disappointed. She ought to be aware, if she possesses any acute vision of politics, that hardly a single party to the compromise, on one side or another, thought that the schools had much to gain from it. The main driving force in the settlement which we and other Liberal journals supported was the persuasion not that it would add any new or valuable element to the conduct of education, but that contact with the realities of the child life of the country might bring about a pause in a scandalous controversy. It is clear that the leaders of the Church lack the moral and intellectual power to bring about any such result, and that the ground on which they work is too stubborn and unfruitful to yield even to the Primate's skilful culture. But if the right of entry is dead, and, we venture to predict, will never be revived with the assent of the Liberal Party, we do not think that Cowper-Templeism itself, though it may have a longer life, can stand the shock to which it will be exposed on all sides the moment it is pushed into the field of active controversy. There is nothing in the secular solution to appal the Nonconformists, and there should be nothing to confound or alarm the man who realises that the best custodians of religious ideals are not necessarily the keepers of the institutions that enshrine them.

THE INEFFECTIVENESS OF MR. ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Roosevelt's last message lies at length on editorial desks, a portly pamphlet of thirty thousand words. It is half as long as the average novel of commerce, and very nearly as dull. For seven years we have been reading this message, and at length its platitudinous violence has begun to weary. There were, we suppose, in the United States some persons, possibly even some millions of persons, who began by mistaking the strenuous word for the strenuous life. All this brandishing of literary thunderbolts must surely mean somewhere a real assault upon some one of the evils which challenged attack. We confess we shared this belief. Here was a slayer of bears, a trainer of wild horses, a master of even wilder words, who seemed to be always rallying some battalion of simple, virtuous citizens against an immoral abuse, precisely as he had rallied his cowboys against the Empire of Spain. One drew one's breath, expecting to see the mob march out to deal destruction to the trusts, much as the mobs march out in a Texan town to lynch a negro. An "effete" Constitution—the word is peculiarly American—stood in the way, but at the psychological moment the Constitution would bow to popular indignation, much as the sheriff surrenders the keys of his gaol to the white avengers. These messages were the typical utterance of a muscular civilisation, a civilisation which has failed to establish honest courts, but takes refuge in the "unwritten law." The seven years are near their end, and they have produced just seven times thirty thousand words. The cowboys are working for the wages of wealthier men, and most of the moralists who applauded these resonant appeals to all the virtues, are, one suspects, clerks in the offices of some trust. Nothing of any note has happened save a tremendous financial crash, in which Mr. Roosevelt and the Treasury were fain to accept the magnanimous aid of the two arch-contrivers of trusts, Mr. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller. For the rest the trusts are as supreme as ever. No one affects to believe, least of all Mr. Roosevelt himself, that they have been brought under control. The only form of association which has been checked and frustrated is that of trade unionism. The general picture is faithfully sketched in this Presidential message, which reminds us of those Southern States which have no law at all for the limitation of child labor, and touches on the absence of protection for women, of compensation for accidents, and of any scheme of old age pensions for workers.

Against this system of corruption and oppression

Mr. Roosevelt flings himself with boyish fervor, without the necessary scientific equipment. He can see that a certain extravagance of "predatory" finance is morally "bad," and he conceives of a serviceable, industrial activity which is positively "good." But he does not grasp the fundamental fact that every combination, carried on as it is on the American scale with an eye to Wall Street, to Congress, and the tariff, is necessarily predatory. It is true enough that every combination involves the benefit that comes from the economy of large production and the cessation of wasteful competition. But these incidental benefits are not the motive of the chief engineers of trusts, nor is it on them that their profit depends. The formation of the typical trust involves, after the first stage of "cutting" warfare, the buying up of single businesses at a ransom price, and the operation is usually performed at least twice over, once by a promoter or middleman, and finally by the trust. It is the profits to be picked up in this operation which are the chief incentive, and the luckless shareholder who has invested in the watered stock of a trust company who is the first victim. The ultimate victim is, however, the consumer, who pays the price which monopoly, secure behind the tariff, enables the trust to impose. The extent to which this "predatory" wealth is even remotely the reward of any service or public benefit is quite infinitesimal. Around the system flourish its infinity of parasites—the collusive banks, the venal newspapers, the judges who are recommended by the Standard manager for their "familiarity" with oil business, the trust lawyers who are also party "bosses," and the Congressmen who push through the necessary legislation. Against it all Mr. Roosevelt, with his old-world watchwords, has broken his brave words in vain.

Where Mr. Roosevelt has failed Mr. Taft will not succeed. The Hearst revelations succeeded in discrediting each of the two orthodox parties in nearly equal degrees. The final verdict on the anti-trust campaign was uttered when Mr. Rockefeller announced that his vote would be cast for Mr. Roosevelt's nominee. The Republican majority is not difficult to explain. Faced with two parties, equally suspect, equally futile, the plain man was tempted to vote for the party which had the machine in its hands, and the rewards of subservience at its command. Of any way out one sees as yet scarcely an opening. The revolt can only come from Labor, but Labor at present too often finds its account in making terms with the enemy. The "grafters" at San Francisco, in league with the Republican machine and a powerful railroad, were themselves trade union officials. Mr. Roosevelt, so far from dreaming of any appeal to these reserve forces, aims rather at encouraging the workman to become an investor. He has achieved nothing, and constructed nothing. But with all his empiricism and his almost pathetic ignoring of the issue, his terms of office have certainly made an epoch, and given consciousness to the unrest. He failed to diagnose the evil, but he felt it. His thirty thousand words must leave behind them, at least, a sense of groping disaffection, a spirit of resistance and indignation, which will search till it finds first its teacher, and at last its leader.

Life and Letters.

THE STAR OF MILTON.

The last thing with which one would compare a politician's soul is a star. The last thing one would say of a pamphleteer's soul is that it dwells apart. Soiled with the dust and sweat of controversy, distracted by passing interests, encompassed by crowding humanity, torn with the daily rage, occupied with tactics, maligned by evil tongues, clutching at compromises as triumphs, or engrossed in the infinitely little as practical concerns, how is a soul to be called a star? How can it dwell apart? It would seem as reasonable to call a scavenger the King of Kings, and to say he dwelt in a stately pleasure dome.

Milton's age was, above all others in our history, an age of politics and controversy. Every question that can be raised upon human society, from communism to clothing, from the form of government to the cut of hair, was disputed with a remorseless and blinding conviction that often left the disputant dead upon the field. There was no action of ordinary life, no convention of daily intercourse, and no theory of State upon which someone or other might not lose his reasonableness and "go Fantee" with the first weapon that came handy, whether it were the libel or the pike. To civil dudgeon in every form were added the theological hatreds which alone could surpass the virulence of party. Ideas of God and of His worship, that to most people remain so secret, remote, and evanescent in the heart, appeared as harshly definite, as fit a subject for apostolic blows and knocks as the religious teaching in our primary schools. The visionary distinctions of doctrine were deemed natural themes for decision by infallible artillery. It was hardly reasonable that a doubter on the form of Church government should be allowed to live. To question dogma implied an unspeakable depravity, and for theological abuse in the pamphlets of the day it has been truly said, "the gamut of charges always ranged from bad grammar to unnatural crime."

Into the thick of these controversies, where the dust was most stifling and the shouting wildest, Milton plunged from the height of his intellect. Regardless of fame already won, disdaining the art already carried to a perfection unsurpassed in English verse, for the twenty most productive years of a poet's life he ceased to be a poet at all. In crossing the centre of life's bridge, the man to whom poetry was the final cause of existence, produced an average of less than fourteen lines a year. Except that he appears never to have actually borne arms upon the field, he stood aloof from hardly any phase of the conflicts then raging. Wherever there was a blow to be struck for freedom of thought or speech or government, there he was found with the drawn sword of the spirit in his hand, ready for onslaught or defence—ready for anything except the meditative peace and leisure that a poet's life is thought to require. It did not matter what buffets he received, or with what filthy scorn he was bespattered. The abuse showered on him by the greatest Latinist of Europe would rank with the anonymous postcards of to-day:—

> "A puppy," cried his enemy, arguing in support of royal supremacy: "once my pretty little man, now blear-eyed, or rather a blindling; having never had any mental vision, he has now lost his bodily sight; a silly coxcomb, fancying himself a beauty; an unclean beast, with nothing more human about him than his guttering eyelids; the fittest doom for him would be to hang him on the highest gallows, and set his head on the Tower of London."

It did not matter that Milton's own share in the conflict was, apparently, quite ineffectual, and that, but for his name, none of his pamphlets would now be remembered by any but antiquarians, or, at the most, only one. In the fight for freedom neither suffering nor success are counted. The fighting itself is all, and when the battle is hot, there is no time to criticise the blows, so long as they are quick and hard. Where freedom was at stake, not even the object of his existence could hold Milton back from the unpoetic turmoil. He failed at every point His blows made next to no impression.

His cause was finally overwhelmed in a ruin that left him too much despised for hanging. His failure is now seen to cast no shadow on the glory of his conflict; but how must it have looked to him amid the wretchedness of retreat when the yelling of triumphant evil came hot upon the death scene of the cause for which he had given all? How could Wordsworth say of such a man, "Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart"?

As when the wrack of storm drifting round our little planet conceals the depths of the firmament, so the star of Milton's soul was hidden in the depths of personality from year to year. Remote and forgotten, it stood obscured, almost as if it had never shone. We can hardly say how far the poet himself was still conscious of its effulgence. The man who before his silence had reached in "Lycidas" the supreme mastery of English verse—did he realise the purest ray still flashing within him, and did he regret its long eclipse behind the earth's shadow? The miracle is that when the tempest passed away, taking with it all the good of life but life itself, the star shone out upon the ruins of a world with brilliancy undiminished since the first days when it had sung together with its morning peers. The heart of the soul, like a starry jewel, had survived unchanged in darkness. Take any lines from "Lycidas" and the "Paradise Lost," and you may call both equally Miltonic, though twenty years of prose and tumult have passed between. Take any of the so familiar lines that have given to English the splendor of a classic tongue:—

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year."

And then see with what unchanged and undiminished radiance the star of Milton shone when it again emerged:—

"Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, till he arrive
The happy isle?"

Or compare "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro" with the fourth book of "Paradise Lost," which is a kind of exalted repetition of their themes:—

"Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased."

And remember the same vivid perception suffused by the true scholar's memory, not of words, but of impressions in the early lines:—

"To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

In power of phrase, winning immortality by a sudden glory, there survived the same Miltonic touch, unexercised for all those years. "The light fantastic toe," "Laughter holding both his sides," and "neat-handed Phillis," have passed into the common speech of England. And so no less have the "human face divine," the "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay," "imparadised in one another's arms," "thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled," "to be weak is to be miserable," "whom not to know argues himself unknown," and fifty more, while the "darkness visible" has passed from us to all the world.

Somewhere through those years of noble warfare and rude contact with common fate, the soul of the greatest master of our language—a master standing on the same level with Virgil and Dante—had in hiding retained its splendor, though it dwelt apart, hardly remembered even by the man in whose mind it lurked. It is possible that, in spite of his eager occupation with the passing world, Milton lost something by the aloofness and isolation of his soul. There is a well-known criticism of Goethe upon Heine's enemy, Count von Platen, that he had every other gift, but wanted love. Sometimes, in turning from Milton to a far inferior man, one feels that there is even in him something of that want. With all the admiration that can never be given him in excess, there are few who could say that they loved him. Our people have given Byron, or even Burns, more love in a year than Milton has won in three centuries, for love is worth love. With all his supremacy over word and thought, all that miracle of associated meaning and mighty-mouthed invention of harmonies, it is seldom that he can drive the arrow of emotion straight into the heart of mankind, like Wordsworth with his simple-seeming rhyme:—

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
The difference to me."

Nor was his star near enough the earth for laughter. For laughter and love we must go to other great names in our literature, and there are many.

But from Milton, whose soul thus dwelt apart, persistent in its isolation as in its brilliancy, we have received other things that none of our many writers have given. Mark Pattison, who was the finest of the poet's critics, has said, "An appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship"; and to scholars there is in Milton the joy of communion with a soul that has been nourished only on the best of human thought. "Labor and intense study I take to be my portion in this life," wrote the poet, and the result of that labor was a mind so filled with beauty that it instinctively eschewed the vulgarity which is our country's besetting sin. But the common man who is no scholar may still find in the poet's life our noblest example of unyielding courage:—

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome."

The courage that does not flinch when the field is lost, the instance of a soul which can subsist with undimmed brightness beneath the cares of the world and the dust of conflict and the savage triumph of the commonplace—these are endowments that Milton has bequeathed to our nation more precious even than a language of ancient dignity, and poems that seem likely to survive our race.

THE BIBLE AS CRITICISM OF LIFE.

To prove it out of the Bible was a method of unanswerable demonstration much in use in earlier times, when, if verbal inspiration had abandoned its secure affirmations, there still remained a wide belief that such proof was of greater value than any appeal to uninspired reason. So that Britain was the inheritance of the lost ten tribes, that Napoleon was the Great Beast of the Apocalypse, that the end of the world was foretold at a certain date in time (generally near), were statements accepted as unquestioningly in thought as the details of the Levitical law were accepted in action. Only occasionally, as in the conflict with property or deep-seated prejudices, in demand that the land should belong to the people or that usury should be prohibited, did there arise a repudiation of plain and definite commandment. The work of an enlightening, if somewhat drastic, criticism has swept away the sanction of these sharp-cut declarations. To eyes thus trained the Hebrew literature has tended to vanish in a mist of myth and poetry, in which there emerge legendary figures, or metaphorical visions of beast and cloud and star. Mr. Strachey has done well, in a most attractive little volume of extract and essay, to remind his readers of another side of the matter. In "The Practical Wisdom of the Bible" (Pitman & Sons), he turns aside from all the wealth of religious aspiration and magnificence of symbolism and denunciation, which give to this literature a unique place in history, to glean up examples of the

wisdom of daily life—the small experiences of every day—which lie embedded there. Some of his illustrations show perhaps a tendency toward didactic teaching read into the old words from a later experience. Thus the advantages of the delegation of authority are exhibited by Jethro's advice to Moses. A passage in Ecclesiasticus is used to demonstrate the uselessness of the "men of business," or the artisan with "the noise of the hammer and the anvil ever in his ears," as political statesmen, incidentally to serve as a kind of prophecy of Mr. Strachey's ideal modern statesman, Mr. John Burns. In an attempt to suck practical wisdom from the testimony here recorded of a nation passing from birth to decay, through all human experience, there must of necessity be continual conflict. The Republican confronts the Imperialist, sacerdotalism is challenged by a violent anti-clerical uprising, the ardor of youth confronts the cold wisdom of age, in part fearful, in part defiant. In the earlier time the members of a people living a simple, austere, and dangerous life, are filled with a kind of exultation in the procession of the seasons and the wonders of the world, praising in ecstasy not only the sun and moon and the benignant rains, but also fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind "fulfilling His word." In a later age, when prosperity has fissured the nation into rich and poor, and material comfort, multiplied, has brought no increase of pleasure but rather disquietude, the soul of man sees little but the evil which is under the sun, and protests good and evil alike to be but vanity. There are many counsels of prudence, of a worldly wisdom which avoids the extreme for the mean, of a worldly wisdom which, in its deliberate acceptance of the ignoble mean, still shines ironic across all the judgments of the centuries. "Fear thou the Lord and the King," says one. "Meddle not with them that are given to change." "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish," says another, "and wine unto them that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more." Keep the sovereign people drunk, in other words, and there need be no fear of Socialism: the rich can sleep o' nights in peace. "Great men are not always wise"; the firmer days are not always better. "Knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom." Yet against these dicta of the "man of the world" there sweeps a fierce invective from those who, like Nietzsche, advocate that life should be "lived dangerously." And "Be not righteous overmuch" is challenged by the bitter and contemptuous declaration: "Because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

The Revolutionists, in a catena of authority, have undoubtedly the best of it. That is why every revolutionary movement, from the peasants' revolt of 1381 to the peasants' revolt of 1885, have always gone to the Hebrew Bible for inspiration. John Ball and his allies appealed to the time when Adam delved and Eve span. Mr. Tuckwell, as he has told us in his reminiscences, went through agricultural England with the book of the prophet Isaiah in his hand. There are clerical and monarchial documents in this variegated literature. But certainly the general flavor and tone are helpful to those stern men who hoped to see the last king strangled in the entrails of the last priest. With what an elemental appeal, as if of a definite stage in the degeneration which Rousseau thought to be the keynote of all human history, comes the record of the day when the Hebrews determined to set up a king. The warning appears less as the speech of one wise man than as the general wisdom of the dolorous experience of a thousand years. "And, he said, 'This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands and captains over fifties: and will set them to ear his ground and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war and instruments of his chariots. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. . . . And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king, which ye shall have chosen you: and the Lord will not hear you in that day." "Nevertheless," continues the chronicler sadly—he is chronicling, like all historians, the record of human folly—"nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel: and they said, 'Nay, but we will have a king over us, that we also may be like all the nations.'"

But it is not only the madness of peoples which is here set down for wonder or for tears. The individual life, no less the sport and play of contending forces, here also journeys along its perilous path in which a slip to right hand or left may result in utter destruction. The unchangeableness of human experiences—or rather the magnitude of that which is common, in comparison with that which is variable—is one of the dominant impressions of such testimony of universal application. This is the East, that is the West. Abysses of time yawn between the making and unmaking of Empires, the coming and passing of great hopes and dreams, comfort and security, destruction, comfort and security again. Yet in the little white streets of these tiny walled towns, set in a limited land between the desert and the sea, there is being played the whole drama of life as rounded and complete as in the gardens of the modern cities of pleasure, or amid the clanging and tumult of the modern cities of pain. That drama is in part concentrated in certain frequent phrases which carry an air of finality: "Oppression maketh a wise man mad." "Where there is no vision the people perish." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "Many waters cannot quench love." It is in part revealed in the effort made by age to apprise youth of the dangers of the way, preaching an asceticism which is in part the product of wisdom, and in part the product of weariness. In these hot, quiet Eastern cities here also the young are turning to wine, not knowing that "at the last it biteth like an adder": are going with strange women "as an ox goeth to the slaughter," heedless of the knowledge that "she has cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her." Here also the observer can descry—as Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Upton Sinclair to-day—"a sore evil which I have seen under the sun—namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt." And even here is also the passionate protest against those who "counted our life a pastime and our time here a market for gain": who declare that as "our life is short and tedious and in the death of a man there is no remedy," therefore "let us enjoy the good things that are present," let us oppress the poor righteous man, let us not spare the widow: let us (in a word), like the Superman of modern idolatry, declare "our strength" to be "the law of justice: for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth."

There is worldly wisdom in it, and a wisdom which is beyond the world, in which, through "the multitude of the wise," is found the "welfare of the world." There is warning here also, and indignation, and sometimes the note of a great sadness, in the sense of the inadequacy of human resistance to death and the fretting forces of time. But more conspicuous than any of these is a certain note of irony, the irony which comes from a simplicity surveying a world whose secrets then and now baffle the observer, and whose actions refuse to respond to any consistent law of justice or of kindness. There is irony in the bare record of the kings as they come and go, phantom shapes but dimly visible before a background of darkness, with all their varied impulses of ambition, effort, and rich experience concentrated in a phrase: "He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord: and he slept with his fathers: and his son reigned in his stead." There is irony in the continual challenge of the proverbial injunction, "Be good and you will be happy and prosperous," by the vision of the ungodly set in prosperity, coming to no misfortune like other folk, nor plagued like other men. And there is a larger irony in the vision of the observer who is wearied with futilities both of human effort and the larger world outside: who sees—within—"all the oppressions that are done under the sun," only a little less unendurable than its mirths and pleasures: who sees—

without—the wind going towards the south and turning about unto the north again: all the rivers running into the sea, and yet the sea not full. It is from a stored-up memory of this perpetual fracture and breakage of all moral deductions drawn from a "natural religion" that the writers of the later time came more and more to transfer their affections to a region where wrong will be righted, and moral judgment receive its vindication in expression of that deep conviction that the "last word" remains yet to be spoken concerning the meaning and purpose of human life.

THE NOVELETTE AND THE SUPERWOMAN.

Stevenson, in an essay which has never been republished, tells how, in a "lone house on a moor," he fell on a packet of penny novelettes, and pursued original research into the pages of the "Young Ladies' Journal," where he obtained an extensive knowledge of the tender affairs of Doris and Sybil. The stories, it seems, were "not ill done, but were well abreast of the average tale in the circulating library," and yet the creator of Alan Breck and John Silver, and the blind man who came tapping with his stick, complains that the eminent gentleman who contributed to that miscellany had only one tale to tell, forgetting that a French critic has asserted that there is only one subject in literature. In the stories into which Stevenson pursued research, it was the tale of a poor girl, who, after a few tender passages, finally marries a peer of the realm, and disappears in the society of a diamond tiara, or, "at the worst," she declines on a baronet, and a baronet, if you read such things, is "none accounted of."

But Stevenson is out of date. These were only the dreams of the workman's daughter, and the novelette has now become middle-class. This is no longer the story which appeals to the girl who has shaken herself free from Mid-Victorian traditions and gone out to earn her own livelihood. The journey in the tram and the morning 'bus that bear the typist to the City often occupies two hours of the girl's time, and so she reads as she goes in and reads as she comes back. What these voyagers read must be portable, and must be in accordance with the new ideals of girlhood. The writers are women, and the fictitious names often veil the identity of authors whose books are on the shelves, and are even asked for at the counter. Some of them are prodigiously industrious, and one over-worked lady, who has toiled for twenty or thirty years in this insatiable market, informed the writer that she wrote two novelettes every week, and admitted that, by turning out a hundred new stories every year, she had to pay income tax on £1,500 or £1,600 In all these stories love is the main theme. Like the books of the late Mr. Fielding, they are not produced to prove anything in religion or politics; they are "writ to cure the spleen." And yet they contain latent ideas of social revolt, and throw the strangest light on the changing dreams of middle-class girls.

The wine of social revolt is chiefly in the form of the plot, where a drachm of rebellion is suspended in an ocean of adventure. The figures that move these pleasing tales are no longer the baronet and the humble girl. Gone is the duke; gone the viscount; gone the baronet who was in the Guards, or, if he linger, he is old and quite over forty, and, therefore, almost patriarchal. In the matter of age, at least, the young girl still clings to the ideas of Marianne in "Sense and Sensibility." The story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid, who was raised by her beauty to a throne, has drawn readers by its charm all along the course of literature. But in the stories which the typist reads as she goes to business, or as she lunches on a glass of milk and a slice of cake, it is the maiden who stoops for love, and man is a poor thing whom she puts in his proper place.

The story begins with a young girl. She is too young, perhaps, to bear the shocks of this rough world, though she is the same age as Racine's Julie, and Molière's Agnes, and Voltaire's Zaire; though she is no younger than Shakespeare's Juliet. But she differs from them in the fact that she has set out to earn her own livelihood, and, like Dogberry, is "one that hath had losses." She may be a typist, she may be a companion, she may be a public singer with a voice which you are informed is "wonderful," or meddle with paints and brushes, in which case you will certainly find her work—about chapter eight—in the Academy, to the envy of mere male artists. In fine, she is now always a member of the middle or professional classes suddenly flung from comparative ease into the arena where she fights for a tumbler of milk and a penny slice of cake in a tea-room. Her father, it seems, was a barrister, the profession of law being greatly overcrowded in fiction. Or, he was an artist, with a real velvet coat and a practicable, but empty, purse. Sometimes he falls so low as to be a journalist, but *that* is almost disgraceful.

Along with this lady there is a gentleman who comes from the "Colonies," usually Australia. There is a distinct impression, which the government of that country should seek to counteract, conveyed to the mind of the reader, that there is something disgraceful in those remote parts. He is often declared to be an engineer, but he has never been known to do any work in the course of eight or nine chapters, and his function is to be shut up in "a private lunatic asylum." This gentleman is, of course, the heir to the property which the young lady, at the beginning of the story, has lost through an unfortunate carelessness about a "paper" on the part of the family lawyer. Somewhere, however, about chapter eight, it is discovered—by means of a "paper" in the left-hand drawer of an old bureau—that Mademoiselle, the young lady, who is now companion to an elderly lady with dogs, is the real owner of the property, and that the young gentleman, the alleged engineer, is penniless.

And then comes a situation which would probably have shocked the late Mr. Pym. "Kathé" (or Claribel, or even Miranda, as the case may be), he says, hoarsely, turning away his eyes from the sight of her tremulous little face, "I am a poor man!"

"No; not poor," she says, with a queer, twisted smile, and her face neatly flushing; "not poor, for you have—you have me!"

Thereupon he gives a start of astonishment, and is handsomely surprised, though, as she has been making the same generous offer every week for twelve years, the gentleman need not have been so disturbed. He even says, "Mirabel (or Kathé, or even Kate), do you mean it?"

And then it transpires that she does. "And with a glad cry, Geraldine goes into his arms, and she has found her happiness at last." "Another Splendid Story Next Week!" But the advertisement is not to be believed. It is the same young man and the same young lady in a new dress or a new moustache, with their names magically changed.

We have only to put this typical case side by side with the scene in "Pride and Prejudice," where Mr. Collins offers for the hand of Elizabeth, to feel the difference. "I am well aware," he says, in the most handsome manner, "that one thousand pounds in the four per cents.—which will not be yours till after your mother's decease—is all that you will ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent, and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach will ever pass my lips when we are married." This is nobly said, but it belongs to an extinct state of society. "So these two," writes a lady in one of the stories which we pass under review; "so these two, whom love was drawing together, were kept apart by circumstances, and Josephine felt that Ralph Connor, the man who owed all he had to her, would never tell his love!" To emphasise the situation, the editor has generously provided an illustration of a sorrowing young lady and a despairing young man sitting in their lonely rooms,

far apart, and at opposite sides of the page. These are now the dreams of girlhood. So the china merchant in the fairy tale thought that when he was rich he would spurn the Vizier's daughter. But under her ribbons the heart of the typist beats true to the instincts of her sex, for she only wishes to give "all" to "Ralph Connor."

Open Questions.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

When I was permitted to invite the readers of The Nation to fill up and send in the voting papers of the illustrative election organised by the Proportional Representation Society, I dwelt chiefly on the duties of the voter. That was the business of the hour. I explained the simple work the voter had to do, and expressed the conviction it would be found easy by all. The result more than justified this declaration. Out of 21,690 papers sent in, only 18 were declared by the returning officer invalid, and he was a very Rhadamanthus. In one paper an eccentric but not unintelligent voter had added the name of Mr. Grayson as a candidate, giving him his first vote and Mr. Balfour his second. In another a wilful varier from prescribed usage marked his preferences with the letters A, B, C, D, &c., instead of with the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. In a third a voter marked one name with a × and followed it up with 2, 3, 4, &c., for other candidates. All these votes were disallowed, so that no more than 15 papers at most were bad through mere defect of understanding on the part of the voter. It may be urged that the electorate was self-selected, and above the lowest standard of an ordinary constituency; but against this it must be remembered that in such constituencies the individual voters would receive abundance of personal instruction, and the conclusion is irresistible that the exercise of the single transferable vote presents no real difficulty to British citizens. The illustrative election of last week further proved that the task of the returning officer was, as the Lords Committee unanimously found last year, one which returning officers of the usual standard could be trusted to discharge. A returning officer would, indeed, be wise to have a couple of skilled assistants to check the transfers of votes, but there would be no difficulty in securing such help. What had the returning officer to do? His sorters distributed the good voting-papers in heaps corresponding to the names against which the figure 1 had been marked in the several papers, with the following result.

Asquith	9,042	Lord H. Cecil ...	460
Balfour	4,478	Shackleton ...	398
Lloyd George ...	2,751	Burt	260
Macdonald ...	2,124	Leif Jones ...	191
Henderson ...	1,038	F. E. Smith ...	164
Long	672	Joynson-Hicks ...	94

These figures make a total of 21,672; and the first duty of the returning officer is to ascertain the quota or number necessary to secure the election of a candidate. The imaginary constituency returned five members, and the rule directed the officer to divide the votes—21,672—by six—one more than the number to be elected—and the result being 3,612, the next whole number—3,613—is the quota. The reason is simple—3,613 exceed 1-6th of 21,672, and the number left—18,059—are therefore less than 5-6ths. It is impossible to divide this number left into five lots, each equal to 3,613, and it is still more impossible to divide it into lots each greater than this; and it follows that if any candidate secures as many as 3,613 votes he must be one of the five at the top of the poll. More shortly, any man who gets more than one-sixth of the votes cast cannot be beaten by five others dividing among themselves the remainder, or less than 5-6ths. I have known people to find a difficulty in understanding the reason of this rule, but nobody who can do a sum in simple division finds a difficulty in applying it.

Turning back to the votes secured by the several candidates, it is seen that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour had each got more than the quota, and these were promptly declared elected, Mr. Asquith ranking first, as having the greatest surplus. He had, indeed, no less than 5,429 surplus votes, and here arose the only nice piece of work that had to be done—the proportional distribution of this surplus. My own belief is that any 5,429 papers taken at random out of the 9,042 papers would produce the same result, but there are scrupulous souls who have no trust in the practical certainty of chance in large numbers: and to meet their misgivings an exact rule of distribution has been adopted. All the 9,042 of Mr. Asquith are re-examined, so as to ascertain how the second preferences on them are marked in respect of other candidates, the 9,042 being, in fact, distributed in new heaps corresponding to the preferences shown for the other candidates. It was found that on 33 no second preference had been marked, and the second preferences on the remaining 9,009 numbered as follows:

Burt	468	Lloyd George ...	7,807
Lord H. Cecil ...	132	Long	46
Henderson ...	261	Macdonald ...	2,387
Jones	176	Shackleton ...	35
Joynson-Hicks ...	17	F. E. Smith ...	16

It must be noted that as Mr. Balfour had already got his quota, such of Mr. Asquith's papers as had Balfour marked 2 upon them were counted for the next man, who became, in fact, the next preference. What followed was calculation: 5,429 had to be taken away from 9,009, and a number was taken from each heap of the second preferences above shown in the proportion of 5,429 to 9,009. I need not go through the transfers passed on to each candidate. It will be seen at once that Mr. Lloyd George would get the bulk of the transferred votes, and he did, in fact, receive 4,704, bringing him up to 7,807, much above the necessary quota. Mr. Balfour's surplus was distributed in precisely the same manner as Mr. Asquith's, but this brought no additional candidate above the quota.

The next work was to pass on the unnecessary surplus votes Mr. Lloyd George had received. His original bundle of 2,751 was left intact. The voters who marked these papers abided by the first choice they had shown, and the only problem was to pass over the surplus of the votes that had been brought to Mr. Lloyd George, and for this purpose to examine the next preferences on all the votes transferred to him, and to transfer the surplus in the proportions indicated by this examination. At the end of this stage Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Lloyd George were, of course, elected, while the poll of the remaining candidates stood as follows:—

Burt	1,793	Long	1,282
Lord Hugh Cecil	822	Macdonald ...	2,378
Henderson ...	2,032	Shackleton ...	683
Leif Jones ...	1,396	F. E. Smith ...	258
Joynson Hicks ...	167		

What followed was quite easy and simple work: the voting-papers of those found lowest were taken and transferred in accordance with the subsequent preferences shown upon them, the number of surviving candidates being reduced at each step and the number of their supporters increasing. Mr. Smith and Mr. Hicks were taken together first, as their total strength was less than that of the candidate next above them, and as Mr. Shackleton remained lowest after these transfers, his papers were next transferred. This result left the following six competitors for the two remaining places:—

Burt	1,903	Leif Jones ...	1,465
Cecil	926	Long	1,513
Henderson ...	2,279	Macdonald ...	2,660

It will be seen by comparison of these figures with those secured by the same candidates at the first count that Mr. Burt had received the biggest actual addition, raising him from fifth among the six to be third, while

Mr. Henderson and Mr. Leif Jones had received more than 1,000 apiece in transfers, and Lord Hugh Cecil had the least benefit in transferred votes. He was, indeed, left the lowest, and it became necessary to transfer his papers and then those of Mr. Leif Jones. This brought the candidates down to four, with the numbers of votes following:—

Burt	2,683	Long	2,035
Henderson ...	2,829	Macdonald ...	2,851

Mr. Long, in spite of the numbers he received by transfer from Lord Hugh Cecil, remained lowest, and the next step was to distribute his papers. This was the most exciting point of the count. How would the Conservative supporters of Mr. Long indicate a preference among the other three candidates? It might be that not a few would indicate no further preference at all. The progress of the distribution was eagerly watched, and the result

Burt	3,053	Macdonald ...	2,938
Henderson ...	2,910		

shows that more than 400 of Mr. Long's friends rallied to Mr. Burt, and brought him to the top of the three. It was unnecessary to go further. There were only two places to be filled, and as Mr. Henderson would have to be withdrawn, Mr. Burt and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald were left to fill the vacancies. The wishes of the voters as expressed by themselves on their voting-papers, which might be regarded as their wills and testaments, had been faithfully executed by the returning officer, and the final list of successful candidates corresponded, with as much accuracy as the conditions allowed, to the division of opinion among the electorate.

An election with the machinery of the single transferable vote in a constituency returning several members is evidently easy enough. That is now past controversy. Doubters cease to insist upon the incapacity of voters, or the intricacy of the work of the returning officer. The citadel, however, is not won because the outworks are taken. The conservators of things as they are fall back upon the question of the utility or even inutility of the change. In a somewhat bewildered fashion they seem occasionally to doubt the value of representative government, and at all events are ready to submit that its worth must not be pushed too far. We have no security that representative government exists according to our present methods, since it is admitted that we may have, and have had, Governments supported by majorities in Parliament elected by a minority in the country. We must make a change if we wish to have any security that the nation is indeed self-governed. As to the question of an increase in the representative character of Parliament through the introduction of new elements in its composition, it must be insisted that these new elements corresponded to new developments of political opinion, which, despite all obstacles of our narrowly cut channels of entry into the House of Commons, have forced their way there, and will continue to grow. The real issue is whether they shall find a natural and co-operative entry instead, as the result of struggles, breeding reciprocal distrust and estrangement. Whatever we may do, the presence of three or four parties in future Parliaments must be taken as an accepted fact. But, it is asked, how can party government be carried on with such a change? Can any Ministers be found able to command and retain the support of a majority of the Legislative Chamber? The advocates of Proportional Representation claim that this reform will add new vitality to the electorate of the country through the certainty it affords that every adequate strain of opinion may find a voice in Parliament. They claim, also, that it will add authority and power to Members of Parliament, who will have an assurance of stable strength in the support of men whom they really represent, as exponents of political opinion. And assuredly the change will not leave the position of Ministers unaffected. It will make them also, paradoxical as it may seem, stronger in their position. Many will be the interpreters of the commanding judgment of the House of Commons for the time being, in which they will feel they find a trustworthy expression of the judgment of the country. Our Parliamentary history shows how in the past Ministers have sought for this inspiration and this strength; and the apparent inconsistencies which make Liberal Governments always accused of being retrograde by their own advanced friends, and Conservative Governments accused of being radical by their full-blooded Tory supporters, are explained by the fact that these men of affairs have been always searching for the support a really representative House of Commons can give.

I invite any man of courage and candor to think over the history of the past two years, and especially upon the conduct and present position of the controversy on popular education, and ask himself whether the Government of to-day would not have been stronger in conception and firmer in execution of their work if, instead of being backed by the enormous majority they now have behind them, they had really been supported by men diminished in number, whose clear convictions and authoritative position would give them what they have been trying to reach—a true presentment of the best will of the country. I might add many more words, but I forbear from more than one additional sentence. I invite the same candid and courageous observer to bethink himself what is the secret of the growing power of the House of Lords in face of the present House of Commons, and what would be the power of that House in face of a House which was really the mirror of the nation.

COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

Music.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S SYMPHONY.

THE report that Elgar was engaged upon a symphony has been so many years in the air, that latterly people have come to disbelieve it. All classes of his admirers and detractors united in hoping that some day he would give his mind to a work of this order. Many held, in spite of the fact that "Gerontius" was easily his greatest work, that he was essentially an orchestral rather than a vocal writer. On the other hand, none of the orchestral compositions of his prime had indicated the one gift without which a symphony is impossible—the power of sustaining a prolonged musical flight. An early Serenade for Strings—too rarely heard nowadays—showed, in its short slow movement, a depth and refinement of passion which, one often thought, was an excellent study for some later symphonic slow movement on a larger scale; and there was promising work in the "Froissart" overture, also an early work. But from the three chief orchestral compositions of his central period one gradually formed the conviction that he was rather a miniaturist of graceful fancy and exquisite workmanship than a symphonist. Each section of the "Enigma" variations is a gem, but the work remains a collection of unrelated pictures, not an organic whole. In "Cockaigne" and "In the South," the invention is again fertile, and the manner often consummately polished; but neither overture hangs together very well. They are built, like the "Variations," in more or less rigid and non-communicating sections; they are like a series of cartoons on separate pieces of drawing-paper, which the composer had afterwards pasted together and enclosed in the one frame. Of course, this process did not make a unified picture of them; the tissues, though continuous, were not alive. Yet we needed only to look at some of Elgar's other work to see that he was in reality very much more than a miniaturist, a polisher and setter of isolated jewels. The miniaturist mind does not think out long works like "Gerontius," with their steady onward pressure of one great conception through an infinitude of carefully wrought detail. Even in "The Apostles," though its general musical interest was not as high as that of its predecessor, there was the same unmistakable breadth of architectural grasp. It was risky, therefore, to say

positively that Elgar had not the sustained power of wing for a symphony; and it is just as well none of us did say it, for the work that has just been produced in Manchester and London would in that case have made us look rather foolish. For the most part, though it lasts no less than fifty-five minutes, it is unusually closely woven; and even where the texture becomes a little discontinuous, we get nothing of the impression of exhausted resource that we sometimes get in "Cockaigne" and "In the South."

We have become so used to symphonic poems and programme symphonies of recent years that most people are at once inclined to read a programme into any purely orchestral work that speaks a vital language to them. As some of Elgar's friends have been aware that at one time he contemplated a symphony with General Gordon as its poetic subject, two or three writers have jumped to the conclusion that this is the Gordon symphony. A single hearing of it, one thinks, ought to be enough to correct that delusion; but if it is not enough, we have the composer's positive assurance that this is not the Gordon work, the sketches for which, however, still exist. Nor need we even try to read into it, as has been done in one quarter, so inoffensive a poetic conception as that it is concerned with "the contrast between the ideal and the actual in life." The same might be said, with equal truth, of every musical work that is based on the alternation or interplay of themes that are gentle in character, and themes that are vigorous or urgent; the description would easily fit, for example, the C minor of Beethoven, as well as a score of other symphonies. If we are to have a programme at all to a work, let it be something definite enough to deserve the name; but this coy coquetting with a programme, these vague references to so universal an antithesis as that between reality and ideality, neither give the poetical imagination any support, nor add anything to the enjoyment the purely musical imagination feels in functioning along its own lines. The symphony is no mere formal exercise in the manipulation of themes. It plainly comes from vital life-experiences in the composer; but to respond to it we need no poetics and no metaphysics, but simply the emotional impressibility that contact with the joys and sorrows of life has generated in all of us. It is this quality in it and in us that makes its appeal so quick and so certain; anyone of ordinary sensibility of soul must feel at once that it is something both *vivant* and *vécu*.

The work is historically interesting, in that it represents the revolt of a living composer of genius both against the purely decorative pattern-weaving that leads music to emotional sterility, and against the excess of poetic or pictorial purpose that has latterly almost ruined music as a self-existent art. The poetic spirit, as Wagner saw, has been the great fertiliser of music in our own day; and having once come into music, it is hard to see how it can ever go out of it again, if the art is to be an expression of what men most deeply feel, and of the interest they take in the world around them. But the poetic spirit does not necessarily mean a poetic plan, either in the very definite form of the symphonic poem or the less definite form of programme symphonies like the No. 4 or No. 5 of Tchaikovski. Of the two, indeed, the more definite plan is, on the whole, preferable, provided the music be good. The adventures of Till Eulenspiegel or Don Quixote are durably interesting; whereas the vague poetic schemes of the "Fate" symphonies wear woefully thin with repetition. The more modern plan of Elgar is the better one—to write your music straight out of the heart of life, yet leave yourself free to develop it along the lines that best suit the material, unhampered by any programme. It is in this way that he gets a texture at once so free and so closely woven as that of the new symphony. Now and then, it is true, there is a slight disconnection, chiefly in the scherzo and the finale; but as a whole the work is knit with wonderful firmness. It has, like the fourth and fifth symphonies of Tchaikovski, a "motto theme" that opens the work, and rounds it off triumphantly at the finish; but the freedom of Elgar's manner of development enables him to put his theme to a score of subtle uses, to which there is no parallel in Tchaikovski. One phrase from it is perpetually appearing, always with the same unmistakable meaning, yet always in a new aspect, and welded most dexterously into the general fabric of the music. The symphony is, indeed, remarkable for the unity of impression it gives, in spite of the wide emotional field it covers. Besides this use of a central theme throughout the work, subsidiary themes from one movement recur in others, and the melody of the adagio is a note-for-note reproduction—of course, in different phrasing—of that of the scherzo. Here, perhaps, the intention is better than the achievement. I take it that it is really the scherzo that has been evolved from the adagio, not *vice versâ*. It is more likely that Elgar should have written the noble and beautiful slow movement, and then whipped the theme up into that of a scherzo, than that he should have written the theme in its rather inexpressive quick form, and then discovered that in a slower form it would make highly expressive music. Here, perhaps, the unity of the tissue does not quite compensate us for getting a scherzo theme inferior to what Elgar could no doubt have written under other circumstances. The gradual metamorphosis of the scherzo into the adagio is, however, admirable in every way, emotionally and technically. The thematic material of the symphony is refined and expressive almost throughout, perhaps the solitary exception being a theme in C sharp minor in the scherzo. What may be called the central theme of the work, the great melody that begins and ends it, is one of those rare things that seem to have more and more meaning in them each time we sing them to ourselves. I have no space in which to speak of some other interesting aspects of the symphony, such as the extremely beautiful and original orchestration. We shall have plenty of opportunities of hearing it, one hopes, and its many beauties will then tell their own tale to everyone. Meanwhile, we all congratulate Elgar on having at last broken a long silence with something so eloquent as this new work, and we look forward expectantly to its successor.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

The Drama.

SUDERMANN AND HAUPTMANN.

THOUGH no very ardent admirer of Sudermann's genius, I must confess to preferring his version of "Heimat" (otherwise "Magda") to Mr. St. John Hankin's. "The Last of the De Mullins" is simply "Heimat" writ flippant—it is Sudermann transposed into the key of Shaw. Of course I am not so foolish as to accuse or suspect Mr. Hankin of plagiarism. Very likely he never saw or read "Magda": at any rate I am quite sure that if, in the course of working out "The Last of the De Mullins" he had realised how like it was growing to Sudermann's play, he would either have abandoned the theme, or developed it differently. No doubt he was quite taken by surprise when the resemblance was first pointed out to him. But there it is, manifest, obtrusive. Starting from the same germinal idea—the return of a rebellious daughter to her narrow, old-fashioned, fanatically conservative home—Mr. Hankin has tried to make a comedy out of what Sudermann has treated as a drama. Frankly, it seems to me much better fitted for serious than for semi-comic treatment. There is a shrillness, a sort of heartlessness, and, above all, a tactlessness in "The Last of the De Mullins" which, for my part, I found singularly unpleasing.

No doubt there are amusing scenes, and many touches of observation, in the play—for Mr. Hankin is unquestionably a very clever man. But there is no consecutive ten minutes in which the action strikes me as in the least like real life. The conventional characters are superficially studied, with more than a touch of caricature; and the unconventional character—the rebellious Janet—is not studied at all, but de-

duced from the author's preconceived notions as to how an emancipated woman who has kicked over the traces ought to feel and express herself. Janet is simply a Shaw heroine, reflected in a distorting mirror. I have hitherto thought the critics mistaken who saw in Mr. Hankin a disciple of Mr. Shaw; but Janet justifies them in every second word she utters. Even Mr. Shaw, however, would scarcely have made her quite so odious as she seems in certain passages of the last act. She made me positively sympathise with her incredible old noodle of a father, and still more with her ineffectual but far from unamiable mother. It is one thing to assert your independence, and quite another thing to run amuck among all the most cherished prejudices and superstitions of two old people, whom you cannot hope to convert, and can only outrage and pain. Sudermann's heroine had some excuse for her bitterness. Her father, an insane old martinet, wanted to force her into a detestable marriage, and to make her abandon her child. Old De Mullins, on the other hand, though unreasonable enough in all conscience, merely wants Janet to give up hat-making, and to let him adopt her illegitimate son, whom, in his foolish way, he loves. That she should decline is natural enough; but that she should decline with unmeasured contumely, and trample furiously on everything the old man holds dear, seems to me neither natural nor pleasing. Magda, with ten times the excuse, is not half so brutal as Janet. If emancipation carries with it such defects of temper and taste, my sympathies veer back to the unemancipated type of woman, who does not think it a particularly fine achievement to have given herself, without ceremony, to a chance young man with whom she had "collided" on her bicycle.

And oh! the tactlessness of the dialogue in all the more difficult scenes! The characters seem to go out of their way to say everything that had much better be unsaid, and, if possible, unfelt. There was scarcely a line in the scene between Janet and her ex-lover that did not make me writhe in my seat; but one speech of that gallant officer's stood out from all the rest as the very acme of unbelievable inappropriateness, to use no harsher word. I shall not quote it, but merely say that it occurs where Monty is watching little Johnny playing in the wood. Almost equally painful was the scene that followed between Janet and her mother; and, after all, nothing came of it. On the other hand, the best and most human passage in the play was the little scene between Janet and her sister in the third act. Indeed, the whole character of Hester was cleverly touched in.

In the vehement scenes of the last act, Miss Lillah McCarthy was quite admirable. In the earlier acts she was not very convincing; but that was mainly because the author had given her unconvincing things to do, and the stage manager had, in some difficult passages, done little or nothing to help her. Miss Adela Measor was delightful as the mother; Miss Amy Lamborn was very clever as the sister; and Miss M. Murray showed a real sense of character as the aunt. The men of the cast were less remarkable; but Mr. H. A. Saintsbury gave a careful study of the father, Mr. Nigel Playfair was an amusing curate, and Mr. Vernon Steel was in no way to blame for the intolerable impression made by the ex-lover.

As I have no interest in "Hannele," and was in no way concerned in its staging, there seems to be no reason why I should not speak my mind quite freely about it. That very praiseworthy enterprise, the Afternoon Theatre (at His Majesty's) could scarcely have opened with a more interesting play. The only wonder is that we should have had so long to wait for it, seeing it was produced fifteen years ago, and has been immensely popular at all the leading theatres in Germany.

It is simply a piece of child-psychology, the feverdream of a dying girl. The German stage of the new century has gone much further in the way of child-psychology, in Wedekind's morbid and terrible "Frühlings-Erwachen"; but I venture to think that "Hannele," which is neither morbid nor terrible, is the greater and more enduring poem of the two. I see no reason why it should not repeat in England its German success; for it has wherewithal to please all classes of playgoers. For simple souls it has pathos and pietism; it is the death of a more modern Little Nell. For those, again, who can look beneath its surface, it is a marvellously ingenious transcript or projection of the queer, heterogeneous contents of a girl-child's mind, just at the first stirring of womanhood. Its painfulness is merged in its poetry. After all, it is a euthanasia we witness; and there is no reason to doubt its essential truth, even from the pathological point of view. Poor little Hannele has suffered terribly in the past; but this is the end of her sufferings, and the realisation, be it only for a moment, of her dreams.

> "Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
> Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

The little play is, on the whole, admirably presented at His Majesty's. One could not desire a better Hannele than Miss Marie Löhr, who was perfectly simple and childlike, and yet thoroughly adequate to the emotional requirements of the part. Miss Marie Linden is excellent as the Nurse-Mother, and Mr. Henry Ainley is good, though perhaps a little too seraphic, as the Schoolmaster of Hannele's waking moments. When, in her dream, the Schoolmaster merges in the Saviour, a ridiculous restriction on the part of the Censor forbade Mr. Ainley to indicate the idea in his make-up. Whether it was on this account, or for some other reason, I cannot say, but the concluding scene somehow moved me not a whit. Mr. Ainley, with his cold, clear-cut stern countenance, coldly reciting the long passages of verse, did not seem a possible part of any child's dream. There was a total lack of tenderness, of childlikeness, in the whole scene. This was not poor Hannele's Lord Jesus come to take her home: it was rather a Renaissance Archangel, and not a particularly affable one. I do not think the fault was wholly Mr. Ainley's; but certainly the passage wants working at; its difficulties have not been mastered.

Two other matters seem to call for criticism: the Angel of Death is singularly ineffective, both in pose and action; and Mr. Sass, as Hannele's Stepfather, is far too burly and respectable-looking—he ought to be a sodden, repulsive wreck. Otherwise, the minor parts were excellently filled (though the scene of the little tailor, by the way, scarcely got over the footlights), and the apparitions and other scenic effects were exceedingly well managed. But why, in the name of wonder, was applause prohibited after the fall of the curtain? During the performance it would scarcely have occurred to anyone to applaud; but at the close, where was the objection? Had the celestial bodies presented on the stage purported (so to speak) to be real, one could better have understood it; but as they were only the phantasms of a child's delirium, why should the management have gone out of its way to give the production the air of a religious solemnity?

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Communications.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I venture to think that Mr. Morrell's indictment of Lord Carrington and of the Board of Agriculture for their administration of the Small Holdings Act is much to be regretted. No one doubts Mr. Morrell's sincerity or his real desire to help the rural population to rise to a position of greater independence, and to obtain free access to the land on which they work, but it is open to doubt whether his object is in any way served by the publication of such an article as appeared in THE NATION of November 28th.

From the party point of view nothing can be more unfortunate than to create a general impression in the public mind that the Act is not proving a success and that the Government are not in earnest about it. It is commonly

said that the fortunes of the Liberal Party in the rural districts are bound up with the success or failure of the Small Holdings Act, and if the electors are constantly told by Liberal Members that the whole thing is a hopeless failure, those who are responsible for spreading this impression must not be surprised if their constituents take them at their word and withdraw their confidence from them. It has usually been considered wiser policy to leave to our opponents the work of attempting to damage and discredit the prestige of the Government and of the legislation they have passed.

But I will assume that Mr. Morrell cares nothing for the fortunes of his party, or his own—that he takes as his motto, "*Ruat coelum, fiat justitia*," and that he is willing to submit to political extinction at the next election for the sake of his principles. Even so, it still becomes necessary to inquire whether his indictment has any foundation in fact. His principal count appears to be that the Board of Agriculture have wilfully misinterpreted the plain words of the Act and have thereby defeated the intention of Parliament. He tells us that it is with the Commissioners and not with the Councils that the primary responsibility rests, and he complains that the Commissioners have not even begun to carry out some of the plain duties laid upon them. The whole trend of his article creates the impression that it was the intention of Parliament that the Act should be worked direct from Whitehall and that the County Councils need not do anything until the Commissioners had ascertained the demand, made their reports to the Board and called upon the Councils to prepare schemes.

Leaving out of consideration the fact that if this course had been adopted, it would have been impossible for an army of Commissioners to have completed their enquiries into the extent of the demand by now, and that the provision of small holdings would have been most seriously delayed, it must be pointed out that it is Mr. Morrell, and not the Board, who has misinterpreted the Act. There is nothing in the speeches of those responsible for the Bill in either House to justify Mr. Morrell's argument. Indeed, the reverse is the case. In introducing the Bill, Mr. Harcourt said:—

"We proceed upon the assumption that the existing local authorities, the borough, and county councils, are the most convenient bodies to provide and to manage small holdings where they are willing or can be induced to do so. *In the event of their default,* action will be taken to this end by Commissioners appointed under the Board of Agriculture," and, again, on second reading, he said: "When they (the County Councils) are not able, or where they will not attempt to discover a demand, the Commissioners will do the work for them."

In the Second Reading debate in the House of Lords, Lord Carrington said: "The main objects of the Bill are three—first, to establish a central authority to organise the general administration of these Acts; secondly, *to put pressure on County Councils who are unwilling to take action of their own accord;* and, thirdly, to give further facilities for the provision of small holdings, to be leased, and not sold."

The effect of these speeches, taken with the words of the Act, shows that the County Councils were to be primarily responsible for the provision of small holdings, and that they should act in co-operation with the Commissioners and the Board of Agriculture, and that the duty of the Commissioners to take independent action does not arise until the County Councils are in default.

This is the procedure which has been followed in administering the Act. Acting under the powers of Section 2 (2) of the Act, the Commissioners have called upon the County Councils for information and assistance in ascertaining the demand, and no one can doubt that on the whole the work has been carried out with much greater expedition, and at the same time much more thoroughly than could have been done by the Commissioners alone without the co-operation of the local authorities.

But, after all, the real question is whether the desire of Parliament that all suitable applicants should obtain small holdings at the earliest possible date is being accomplished in the spirit as well as in the letter. Now, no one will deny that many County Councils took up the work without enthusiasm, and, in some cases, with reluctance; but it is also true to say that at the present time, with few exceptions, they are doing their best to carry out the intentions of Parliament without any unavoidable delay.

It is really a gross perversion of the facts to represent as a failure an Act under which in nine months from its coming into operation 15,000 acres have been acquired for small holdings. It cannot be described as anything but real and substantial progress when it is borne in mind that the greater part of the time has been occupied in sifting the applications which at the commencement of the movement are necessarily far more numerous than they will be in future years. Mr. Morrell must be fully aware of the great difficulty in obtaining land in view of the keen demand for farms all over the country, and of the still greater difficulty of obtaining the particular land which will satisfy the applicants. He cannot wish that sitting tenants who are farming their land well should be ruthlessly evicted, and yet this must be the only possible method of providing at once for all the suitable applicants. What is being carried out is nothing less than a rural revolution, and it is surely important in the interests of the small holders themselves that the revolution should be a peaceful one. Those who are best qualified to judge are confident that the work is being done as quickly as is possible without inflicting hardship on existing occupiers of land.—Yours, &c.,

A Liberal.

December 10th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"FIGHT OR ABDICATE!"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your issue of to-day Mr. H. H. Robson proposes that the Government should fight the House of Lords by "making every Bill a money Bill"—the result of which would be that the House of Lords would throw out every Money Bill, and would be perfectly justified in doing so.

Surely the situation is much too serious to be met by tricks. The only way of salvation lies in looking facts in the face. The letter of the Constitution has always given the House of Lords the power to reduce a Liberal Government to impotence, whenever it cared or dared to exercise that power. Unless we can get the *letter* of the Constitution altered we are doomed to extinction as a party.

Englishmen are slow at grasping the importance of Constitutional issues, and we must be prepared to be beaten at first. But when people realise that the only alternative is an incompetent plutocracy, there are forces in the country strong enough to carry us to ultimate victory. The important thing is that we should begin the struggle at once, and the Licensing Bill raises the question in a clearer and more definite form than a rejected Budget or any other rejected Bill is likely to do. Every month's delay is now sheer loss. We must realise that unless government can be freed from the tyranny of wealth, the country, as well as the party, is doomed.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. Bradby.

Rugby, December 5th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The rank and file of Liberals will be mainly with you in your call for fighting leadership on the Constitutional issue between the Lords and the Commons. A policy of acquiescence in lordly arrogance will be fatal to organised Liberalism, because it will dishearten sincere reformers. If an early dissolution means defeat for the Ministry, that is a small matter compared with the political suicide which is the only alternative; but it is not at all certain that a fighting policy would fail even in England. In Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, of course, Liberalism has nothing to fear if it stands firm and fights boldly. Possibly England needs a brief experience of tariffism to convince her that its promises are vain delusions, and that its only results will be injurious to industry, trade, and social well-being; if so, the sooner she gets it the better. The way will then be clear for thorough progress if, in the meantime, Liberals

make up their minds regarding a policy on the Constitutional issue.

It is agreed that we must put this issue before the country in the form of definite proposals embodied in a Bill. You suggest that the late Premier's scheme should be so embodied, but I am becoming more and more convinced that this will never do. That scheme had too much of the appearance of tinkering with the question, and could not arouse any fighting enthusiasm in the country. The referendum offers a far better and far easier solution. It is, indeed, highly probable that the Lords could be induced even next Session to accept a Bill for submitting measures disputed between the two Houses to a direct vote of the whole body of electors. At least, if they rejected such a measure, they would have openly abandoned all pretence of being exponents of the real mind of the country, and would have definitely taken their stand on privilege against the popular will. The Government would then have an immensely strong position in the appeal to the country. Moreover, if the referendum became a part of our Constitutional machinery, a period of Tory rule would have fewer terrors, provided that it were introduced in such a form as to enable Liberals to demand a popular vote on keenly disputed measures, such as a Tariff Bill. As things are, the Government may dissolve on the question of the Lords, and then the electors will discuss Tariff Reform. The issues at the next election threaten to be overwhelmingly complex—Free Trade, the Lords, Woman Suffrage, Home Rule, Licensing, Education, &c. The result under such circumstances can hardly be conclusive on any question.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER MURRAY.

189, Copland Road, Govan,
December 5th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reading the articles upon the "House of Lords," in your paper, and also in the "Daily News," and other papers of a Liberal complexion, one seems to feel an influence which cannot be accounted for by the facts upon which those articles are based. The Lords reject important Bills sent up to them by the Commons. They have done that before. But they have been compelled to pass several measures which have been rejected by them in the past, and the inference seems to be plain—that they may be made to pass measures which they now reject and by the same means. It is just here where a sense of hopelessness and forlornness seems to come in; and one wonders why? Speeches of politicians, leaders of editors, magazine articles, all betray the same uneasy and half-boding sense of impotence. How does this come in? Our Parliamentary leaders seem all right—men of ability and courage, and, as far as one can judge, resourceful as any set of leaders could be. It may be that their silence is but the silence that precedes the application of the match to the mine. It cannot be that they do not know how the country burns with indignation at recent events. Yet the absence of leading or utterance strikes one dumb with a nameless terror. Do they know that heroic remedies would not be allowed? We want to get to the heart of this thing. When we do we may be enabled to direct our energies into right and effective channels of change.—Yours, &c.,

J. G. VOICE.

Riverdale, Evesham,
December 5th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While every Liberal will heartily agree with you in saying that we must either fight or abdicate, a great many Liberals heartily disagree with you in urging an immediate or early appeal to the country.

The Liberal Party must go back to the policy advocated by Lord Rosebery in 1895.

The Lords either reject or cripple Liberal Bills. They can and do discredit a Liberal Government by forcing on them the necessity either of adopting a policy of compromise or of abdicating their legislative functions.

Hitherto the rank and file of our party have been urgent in pushing the claims of particular reforms. We must agree for the time being to waive our favorite Bills. The constitution of both Houses of Parliament must be amended so as to secure the supremacy of the popular will. The watchword for the future must be: "Concentration!"

In Mr. Asquith we have a Premier and leader who can, and, if I mistake not, will, adopt a well-thought out, bold, and yet discreet, policy calculated to carry out this object.

The general body of moderate and sane electors are slow to see the necessity of Constitutional changes, and it takes time and strong evidence to convince them. They resent premature or rash measures. Fortunately impatience and impetuosity are foreign to Mr. Asquith's nature, and we may trust his judgment, backed by the remarkable band of able men he has gathered round him.

We must not press individual views, but we may, without offence, point out what, to many of us, seems the line of least resistance.

To reform the House of Lords will necessitate a complicated and difficult Bill, full of highly disputable points, and open to furious obstruction, and may easily result in adding strength to that body. A comparatively simple and short Bill, providing for a Referendum to the whole country, would be intelligible to "the man in the street," and would obviate any fear of a chance majority passing measures which are really contrary to the wishes of the people.

To sum up, the next General Election must be fought on the general principle: whether the will of the people shall prevail.

To dissolve on any one or more measures, such as Bills on Licensing, Education, or the Land Question, would obscure the main issue Moreover, the difficulty would only be postponed. We must concentrate on a real and permanent solution.

Let the Government, in the next Session, introduce a measure of electoral reform and redistribution of seats, and also a measure dealing in some effective way with the veto of the House of Lords. These Bills will no doubt be thrown out. Let the party accept the issue and appeal to the country in 1910.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY J. SOUTHALL.

Leominster, December 5th, 1908.

THE CABINET AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A somewhat disingenuous assertion by Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst in your last issue that I "condemn in the most vehement terms" the "old-established policy of putting questions and protesting against the speeches of Cabinet Ministers," prompts me to ask you to insert a correction. What I condemned was exclusively the proposed interruption of Mr. Lloyd George under the new and original circumstances of the Albert Hall meeting. As I remarked in the letter in "Votes for Women," to which Miss Pankhurst refers, Mr. Lloyd George came under a flag of truce, and blindly to follow a course of tactics under any circumstances was a mark rather of animal instinct than of human reason. I also pointed out privately to one of the militant generals that a general was hopelessly incompetent who would deliver battle when he must inevitably do more damage to his own troops than to the enemy. Had the interruptions to Mr. Lloyd George followed upon his comparatively unsatisfactory announcement, there would have been some logic in them, but to hiss and heckle a man who may be bearing good tidings of great joy is simply senseless. If anything, however, could justify the folly of the Women's Social and Political Union, it would be the Gilbertian principle of the British Government, under which the fact that the Parliamentary majority in favor of a measure belongs to both sides of the House is the chief obstacle to its adoption. Is the object of legislation, then, simply to annoy the other side? We cannot wonder that women to whom suffrage is a religion should be impatient of these absurdities of the party system.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst also says that my claim to be "the first man publicly to approve the militant tactics" is "not quite true." The point is trivial, and as Miss Sylvia Pankhurst has been publishing what seems an admirable history of the movement, I bow to her authority. All I know of the matter is that a couple of years ago newspaper readers were startled by a militant act, apparently the first, and the "Times" remarked that women had now conclu-

sively shown their unfitness for political life. Instantly I wrote to that newspaper—with citations from history—that, on the contrary, women had at last shown they understood how to make British politics. It is almost inconceivable that the "Times," in its leader of to-day (December 7th) should have the audacity to repeat that "this Albert Hall meeting provides the last and most conspicuous of many similar examples of the incapacity of the Women Suffragists to exercise the political rights which they demand." And this with the militant element only about one per cent. of the audience of nine thousand! It was only the other day that I read in my "Times" of the male rioting at Chelmsford and the wounding of the Liberal agent. Not to mention that even to-day it tells us of male militants at the Albert Hall meeting, one of whom "fought quite as desperately as any of the women." But the unfitness of men for politics I have already demonstrated in its own columns.

Finally, let me point out that the rejection of the Licensing Bill and the unparalleled impotence of the Cabinet before the House of Lords are the just nemesis for the Liberal Party's failure in its great Gladstonian period to give votes to that sex whose suffrage has invariably been exercised for temperance legislation and social reform.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Far End, East Preston, Worthing,
December 7th, 1908.

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is a side to the militant suffragist movement that is not generally understood. Here in London we are in a small circle of opinion, led by politicians and daily journalists; and painful scenes in the Albert Hall or trifling offences to the dignity of Members of Parliament seem to matter desperately. Outside this little circle, things have a different proportion.

The great achievement of the militant movement is to have created or brought together women of a new type, young (that is the chief thing), able, and self-dependent, and the temporary "violence" is only a very superficial affair in comparison with this. Nobody can know what this means who has not seen and understood the terrible struggles, sometimes successful or half-successful, sometimes vain, which have been going on so quietly during my generation and the last. I mean, the struggles of women for education, for freedom to live their own lives, for escape from monstrous unneeded sacrifices to parents and relations, to meaningless conventional ideas, and "social duties." In industry the incapacity of women to unite and resist, to make a standard of their own, has been the despair of everyone except the employers of cheap labor; and in marriage women have been worse than in any other relation, because they have been too weak to bring about any general acceptance of a wholesome equality between husband and wife. The new young women seem to be strong and free without any struggle or sourness. I suppose they are the daughters of the struggles of the last two generations; and they ought to be as welcome to us older women as water in drought.

During the Chelmsford election contest, I spent a few days with the Women's Freedom League among a number of these young "militant" women. The London newspapers said there were suffragists in the town, but that no one took them seriously. That was quite untrue. The audiences in halls and village schoolrooms were mostly of the lower middle class and the more prosperous working class, and, of course, there was a large proportion of poorer women and laborers at the many street-corner meetings. They were almost always quite quiet and attentive, and, as a rule, decidedly sympathetic. This was not entirely due to Mid-Essex Toryism, for at a meeting in the Chelmsford Co-operative Society's hall, where I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Molony, there were many co-operators present, and they, I was told, were almost all Liberals, as co-operators are everywhere. Miss Molony, who passes for a mad girl with a bell, made one of the most remarkable speeches I ever heard—able, thoughtful, restrained, and eloquent—not about policy, which is rather boring, but about women's suffrage. And the audience listened with sympathy and approval, though the anti-Government policy of the League had been explained by the chairman. Another day she addressed a large audience, mainly of men, this time speaking plainly about sex morality, and was listened to seriously and attentively for an hour and a quarter. This lady belongs to a type, one which is, I think, worth the price of a little quite temporary inconvenience from bells and such-like.

I can, I hope, speak impartially about these societies, because I should not say, as some, but not all, of the militants do, that "all is fair in war," and because I happen to be shut out from membership of every woman's suffrage society in the country by a certain paper that always comes up for signature. It is the pledge to those "same terms as men." As I belong to a society of married working women, and as we are always asking for the vote, this abominable little paper makes me an outcast.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND NASH.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead.
November 7th, 1908.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVINCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Albert Campbell says that "a Londoner, even when educated, appears to prefer to say . . . 'an heretical opinion.'" Why does Mr. Campbell say "a Londoner"? May I suggest that the pronunciation which he dislikes is classical, and the usage of "the best people"? I can quote against him a countryman of his own. The late Professor Lewis Campbell once expressed to me his regret that there was a tendency to ignore the difference between "a history," where the first syllable is stressed, and "an historical work," where it is not. He thought that "historical" ought to be pronounced with a slight aspirate, but admitted, on my putting it to him, that, unless the word stood at the beginning of a sentence, such men as the third Lord Holland and Lord John Russell showed, in their pronunciation of such words, no trace of the aspirate. Nor ought we.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN SARGEAUNT.

Westminster, December 5th, 1908.

MORE MESSAGES FROM MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to the letter of Mr. Edward Clodd, I can answer all his queries affirmatively. I am well aware of all the facts he states.

The failure of the experiment with the sealed letter left with Sir Oliver Lodge was indeed expressly described in my communication to your pages on September 19th, which Mr. Clodd has evidently not seen. Such a failure was disappointing, and it has had a certain sensational publicity; but, after all, there can be no reasonable wonder that the attempt did not succeed. We are ignorant of the conditions on the other side; and any experiment framed here must take its chance of being adapted to changes in earth memory caused by death. From the difficulty found in other experiments in the emergence of particular words asked for, it looks as though the multitudinous facts that we superficially acquire—our habitual stock of names and dates, of when and where—did not persist anything like so well as leading ideas and motives, thoughts and causes, which have affected us more deeply. But we await light from further experiment, as scientific inquirers should. Let it be remembered that the important fact is that anything at all comes through; it is not required that everything shall do so to order. The proper course for a critic is, therefore, to criticise the evidence presented, not that not presented.

Secondly, I am thoroughly familiar with "Miss Beauchamp's" case, and with many other cases of multiple personality. They are, indeed, almost famous. But Mr. Clodd does not indicate what he thinks they have to do with messages from Myers. To my mind, these abnormalities disclose a wealth of variety and a complexity of content in the seemingly clear unit of self, which make its continuance after death easier rather than harder to accept.

Thirdly, like everyone else, I am aware of the morphological continuity between men and animals. This difficulty, if it be a difficulty, holds against all belief in survival of death, however supported, not specially against

this evidence. But we must follow whither facts lead us, regardless of how they will affect our other theories, or whither their implications will carry us. Mr. Clodd will agree with this, I think. He would not wish to fall back upon the methods of those who have opposed him through all his scientific career on the ground of the shock his views give to other doctrines. Men of science must not erect a notice-board of their own, like the one presented to Darwin and Huxley: "No road this way. By order. Moses." As to the survival of the higher mammals, our research will perhaps throw the first real light that has ever fallen upon that time-honored query. We have records of phantasmal dogs, not very numerous, but as well authenticated as other narratives; the latest a very good one by Mr. Rider Haggard (not, however, in his capacity as a writer of fiction). It will be a question whether the phantasm of a dog is part of the dog's own self, or the projection of some living mind. I hold a view, but its discussion would be irrelevant, as, indeed, the whole introduction of the survival of animals is.

I think Mr. Clodd uses the language of exaggeration when he speaks of "the fundamental identity of the mental apparatus in man and the higher mammals." As a student of mathematics I disapprove of the loose use of the sacred word "identity." He goes on to speak of "unbroken continuity" revealed by "comparative psychology." On the contrary, I believe the continuity to be very much broken—broken at the gap which separates the brain of man from that of his nearest animal relatives. Our brains are five times the size of the largest ape brain, and far more corrugated; the human infant four months before birth has a brain equal to that of the adult baboon. The fact is that ever since man first stood erect his development has been almost wholly cerebral; and on that he has built the family, sympathy, public spirit, conscious effort to aid the creative purpose, education, and all that makes him man. He has superseded the brute law of the survival of the fittest as the engine of improvement, by effort, by co-operation, by mental training, and so has progressed so rapidly as he has. That this great mental construction should be potent enough to survive the separation from its material base is most probable, and should bespeak favorable attention to any available evidence for it.

I am at a loss to know where I "confused the abnormal with the 'supernatural.'" But I believe that it is by studying the abnormal or the supernormal that knowledge grows, as the geologist learns about the earth's crust from the study of cracks and faults, quarries and mines. Meantime, any criticism of the actual evidence will be gladly welcomed. —Yours, &c.,

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

Dalton Hall, Manchester,
December 8th, 1908

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After I had read Mr. Graham's letter on Myers in THE NATION of last Saturday week, I opened Myers' "Wordsworth," and read there Myers' own words that "only when the veil of his personality has lifted from around him can he recognise that he is already in heaven."

Are not these words of his more convincing than the psychical gymnastics of Mr. Piddington and Mrs. Verrall? —Yours, &c.,

EUPHEMIA STEVENS.

Bradfield, near Reading.
December 6th, 1908.

COUNTY COUNCILS AND THE SMALL HOLDING'S ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having toured England during the Autumn of last year and the winter of this year explaining the Small Holdings Act, I can speak of the genuine interest created in, and by, the Act. Men walked miles to attend meetings, and left them with a new hope burning bright in their hearts.

The last few months I have been touring the country again, and I have found, much to my dismay, these same men despondent and hopeless

Why this change? Why have these men lost hope?

Mr. Morrell in his admirable article gave the reasons. I would that I could cross swords with him. I wish I could dispute and disprove his statements and charges. Unfortunately I cannot. They are only too true.

Many of the men that applied have lost, or are losing, hope. They have staked their life on their application, and they know only too well that if they are not successful, if they do not get the land, that they will be in a worse position than they were before. It is difficult to bring definite proof, but yet one knows that some of these men have already suffered because they have made application for land. Petty tyranny and boycott are not unknown even in so-called free England.

The men in a number of villages blame the Board of Agriculture. They never had much hope of their County Councils doing them justice, but they trusted the Board, and placed implicit faith in Lord Carrington. I would not for a moment question the sincerity of Lord Carrington. I know, personally, that his great desire is to make the Act a complete success. But these men do not know him personally, and their trust in him is weakening.

That distinct and direct hostility is being shown to the Act by some of its administrators cannot be denied. Methods of procrastination and needless harassing of applicants, the putting of impertinent questions, and the prying into private affairs, are all indications of this unpatriotic un-British spirit.

The inaction of the Board seems to signify approval of these slow methods of torture. This acquiescence in protracting methods means a baulking of progress and a thwarting of the purpose of the Act. Actions, not words, are a true criterion of the earnestness and sincerity of conviction and resolution. It is sincerely to be hoped that the present uneasiness, and the unsatisfactory impressions created, will be speedily removed by a demonstration on the part of the Board of Agriculture that they intend to bring pressure upon the recalcitrant and phlegmatic County Councils, and by this means prevail over those whose actions are tending to minimise and nullify the possible far-reaching effects of the Act.

Also, it is indispensable if the Act is going to achieve the success hoped for, if the anticipations of its promoters and supporters are to become practical realisations, that not only must we have a wide-awake Board of Agriculture, generous, patriotic, and ingenious County Councils, but also a resolute determination on the part of all interested in the rural regeneration of England to see that the Act becomes a living reality.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT BEAUMONT.

The Central Small Holdings Society,
6, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

[We are compelled to hold over an important letter from "County Councillor," on the above subject, and other communications.]

Poetry.

THE HOLY NIGHT.

(From the German.)

STILL is the night, the holy night;
While all things sleep, their lone watch keep
Holy Joseph, and Mary fair;
Dear little Boy, with the curly silk hair,
Sleep Thou to-night!

Still is the night, the holy night;
The shepherds hear the message clear,
And angels singing in the skies;
Dear little Boy, with the sunny blue eyes,
Sleep Thou to-night!

Still is the night, the holy night;
The longed-for Birth is seen on earth,
Now is striking the world's great hour;
Dear little Boy, with the face like a flower,
Sleep Thou to-night!

R. L. GALES.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE great literary event of the week has been the celebration of the tercentenary of Milton's birth. On Tuesday, Dr. Ward, representing the British Academy, read a paper on "Milton's Life and Work," and this was followed by the recital of a poem specially written for the occasion by Mr. George Meredith and full of sonorous phrasing and of the critical power which all Mr. Meredith's literary poetry possesses. Sir Frederick Bridge delivered an address on "Milton and Music," which was illustrated by the performance of selections from the incidental music written by Henry Lawes for the first performance of "Comus." On Wednesday a special service was held in Bow Church, Cheapside, and a sermon preached by the Bishop of Ripon, while a number of papers on various aspects of Milton's work were read before the British Academy. The proceedings had dignity, and approached in impressiveness the great national literary celebrations which the French nation organises. It is in the management of such celebrations rather than in any attempt to legislate in literary matters, or to mark certain books for special honor, that the British Academy best justifies its existence. In one respect, the Milton tercentenary differs from most celebrations of a like nature. We have had no fresh biography of Milton. But this is not to be regretted, since there is Professor Masson's great work which, despite Lowell's strictures, is a noble monument to the poet's memory, and there is little of value to be gleaned in the fields which Masson has reaped. For those who require a biography of more manageable size, there are Mark Pattison's and Professor Raleigh's books, or the excellent little volume by Dr. Stopford Brooke in the "Classical Writers" series.

* * *

ANOTHER event of importance in the world of books has been the sale of the first portion of Lord Amherst of Hackney's great library. The withdrawal of the Caxtons—which were seventeen in number, eleven perfect—did something to lessen the interest in the sale But the Amherst Collection was so rich in bibliographical treasures that its dispersal must rank among the famous English book-auctions. The prices realised have been good, in many cases showing a great advance upon what was originally paid. While regretting the misfortune—due, we believe, in the main to the dishonesty of a solicitor—that has forced Lord Amherst to dispose of his library, we do not share the lament often uttered when a famous collection of books comes to the hammer. It is a good thing that even treasured copies should go back into circulation from time to time and form part of what Mr. Birrell calls "the great tidal wave of literature which is for ever breaking on Earth's human shores."

* * *

THE first volumes in a new series of critical biographies bearing the title "Les Grands Ecrivains Européens" will be issued in the spring by Messrs. Bloud of Paris. The list of contributors is a strong one, including MM. Mæterlinck, Edouard Rod, Maurice Barrès, Henri Brémond, E. Legouis, Firmin Roz, and Henri Lichtenberger. Both M. Legouis and M. Brémond have done useful work in English literary criticism. "The Early Life of William Wordsworth" by the former is a fresh and authoritative study of the influence of the French Revolution upon Wordsworth's development, while M. Brémond's "The Mystery of Newman" has also appeared in English with a preface by Father Tyrrell. We understand that arrangements have been made for an English edition of some of the volumes in the series.

* * *

MR. J. B. ATLAY, the author of "The Victorian Chancellors," has just finished a "Life of Lord Haliburton," which will be published early next year by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Lord Haliburton was a distinguished civil servant, who became Permanent Under-Secretary for War —and one of the ablest and not the least combative of the civilians who have managed the British Army. He was a staunch Cardwellian, and many readers of the "Times" will recall his exemplary dealings with Mr. Arnold Forster in a series of letters that followed his retirement. A man of considerable wealth, Lord Haliburton was one of the dozen most famous entertainers of his day, and his dinner-parties in the house in Lowndes-square were interesting and distinguished. His father, Chief Justice Haliburton, was the author of "Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick," a book which laid the foundations in America of humorous literature in dialect.

* * *

NEXT week the Cambridge University Press will publish a selection from the sermons of Henry Smith, "the silver-tongued preacher" of Elizabethan days, edited, with an introduction, by Dr. John Brown. Smith was, in his day, reckoned "the prime preacher of the nation," and Anthony Wood calls him "the miracle and wonder of his age." His sermons have been classed as fine specimens of English prose, free "from the besetting vices of the age—vulgarity and quaintness and affected learning."

* * *

THE same publishers will early in the New Year issue a further instalment of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." It is called "The Renascence and Reformation," and, besides the literature of the early Tudor age, it will treat of the changes in the English language from Chaucer to the time of Shakespeare. On January 6th the eleventh volume of "The Cambridge Modern History" will be published. We understand that the sixth volume, "The Eighteenth Century," is also well advanced, and will be issued during the first half of next year.

* * *

MOST readers who are not specialists in ecclesiastical history have but the vaguest notion of the state of the Roman Catholic Church in England during the period between the repeal of the Penal Laws and the beginning of the Oxford Movement. A large tract of this ground is covered by Mr. Bernard Ward in a book called "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England, 1781-1803," which Messrs. Longmans have in the press. Mr. Ward begins by describing the condition of English Catholicism in the years following the death of Bishop Challoner in 1781, a period which he describes as "the low-water mark of English Catholicity, when apathy and helplessness reigned supreme." He then sets out the causes of the unexpected revival in the early nineteenth century, making use for this purpose of the documents preserved in the chief Roman Catholic Colleges and religious houses. The book deals with a deeply interesting epoch in religious history, and is sure to be welcomed by many who do not share Mr. Ward's faith.

* * *

WHILE England is celebrating Milton's tercentenary, a group of French men of letters are attempting to raise funds in order to erect a statue to Barbey d'Aurevilly, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth, which falls due this month. Barbey d'Aurevilly was towards the end of his life one of the most noted and noticeable frequenters of the Parisian boulevards. He expressed his attitude, made up of Catholicism, dandyism, iconoclasm, and what Carlyle, writing of Baudelaire, called "the bright infernal," in a number of works which, though hardly suited for general reading, are often entertaining enough. The Société du Mercure de France has issued a volume of selections, "L'Esprit de Barbey d'Aurevilly," consisting of characteristic thoughts and judgments, arranged in alphabetical order. It is a pity that Barbey d'Aurevilly is chiefly known in this country by such works as the "Diaboliques," which, though full of cleverness, do not represent his real critical power and gift of style.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes." By Richard Spruce. Edited by Alfred Russel Wallace. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"The Ethics of Christian Life." By Dr. Theodor von Haering. Translated by James S. Hill, B.D. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.)

"The Varying Year." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Allen. 5s. net.)

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." By Alfred Baker. (Pitman. 7s. 6d.)

"Joseph Skipsey: His Life and Work." By the Right Hon. Robert Spence Watson. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

"The East End of Europe." By Allen Upward. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"The Poems of Arthur Christopher Benson." (Lane. 5s. net.)

"The Passer-By." By Prince Troubetzkoy. (Cassell. 6s.)

"Le Siècle de la Renaissance." Par Louis Batiffol. (Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.)

Reviews.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY OXFORD.*

There are one or two famous verdicts on eighteenth century Oxford which everybody remembers. Magdalen has paid a heavy price for the honor of counting Gibbon among her sons, and if Adam Smith had never been an undergraduate at Balliol the reputation of that distinguished college would in one sense have stood higher. It is, indeed, a nice question whether a University can claim credit for those of its sons who think they owe her nothing; whether, for example, we are called upon to thank Queen's for Bentham or Christ Church for Wesley, seeing that Bentham himself declared that most tutors or professors of his day were profligate or insipid, and that the University showed very little mercy to the followers of Wesley. There are cases, indeed, like that of Shelley, in which it would be clearly ridiculous to allow such a claim, but Mr. Godley points out in his extremely interesting study that the Oxford which we most of us know through the picture of a Gibbon produced after all a Butler, a Routh, and a Blackstone, and that Berkeley described it as an ideal retreat for learning. And if throughout the century honor schools were unknown, the discipline and *régime* of the seven years' course prescribed by Laud's Statutes were in abeyance and Pass degrees signified even less than they do to-day, there was some attempt made before its close to reform the government and the teaching of the University. From certain important points of view, on which we shall have something to say later, the University took a retrograde step during the century, but from the point of view of efficiency some improvement may be recorded. Honor examinations were invented though not introduced before the end of the century. On the other hand, professorial teaching was at a low ebb and the chair of Moral Philosophy was always held by one of the Proctors.

Mr. Godley gives us a graphic picture of the life and customs of the colleges. By the opening of the century these institutions had drifted very far from the dreams of their founders. Fellows were no longer ascetic and industrious, and endowments designed to open the riches of learning to the poor and the pious were treated as permanent pensions for indolence. Not that Fellowships were in all or very many cases opulent sinecures. Mr. Godley calculates that a Fellow could live fairly well for about £100 a year, and in many cases the direct emoluments of a Fellowship fell short of this figure. But then these emoluments were supplemented by pickings of different kinds, and a Fellowship was a stepping stone, if its holder had anything like the ordinary luck, to a living or livings, or a deanery or Bishopric. At any rate it is clear that a Fellowship was a prize worth a good deal of trouble and intrigue. Probably, as Mr. Godley remarks, if the law forbidding Fellows to marry had not been in existence, Fellowships would have become hereditary. The qualification for candidature for many Fellowships was the place of birth, and this led to some strange developments. "Mr. Elstobb," says Hearne, "when he was of Queen's College appeared a candidate for a Fellowship of All Souls, passing for a South countryman, but, missing this, became a Northern man, and was upon that elected one of Skirlaw's Fellows of University College. The same trick was played by one Dr. Stapleton, who had a Yorkshire scholarship in University College and afterwards a Fellowship of All Souls as born in ye Province of Canterbury. Likewise one Mr. Robert Grey, first a Commoner of Queen's College and afterwards Fellow of All Souls', his Parents and Friends living all in New Castle upon Tine, upon pretence of that he was accidentally dropt in London, obtained a place in Chichele's Foundation." Mr. Godley remarks that though Oxford grew more conscientious about education after the middle of the century, her ideas as to the qualification of candidates and the tenure of Fellowship became less and not more rigorous. And if the preliminaries to obtaining a Fellowship were not exactly a moral education, the enjoyment of the dignity when obtained was very far from being a moral stimulus. The junior Fellow in the eighteenth century had no share in the government of the University. That responsibility was in the hands of a close corporation of the Heads of Houses. There was, indeed, very little for the Fellow to do unless he happened to be a tutor or to pursue research and learning on his own account. In these circumstances the average Fellow settled down to a competence in College with the prospect of a living or a batch of livings in the future. The kind of person he became can be gathered from the contemporary satires which pointed out, for example, that if you wanted to personate a Fellow of Brasenose on the stage you must have a pillow for a stomach; or from Dean Prideaux's remarkable proposal that Fellows of twenty years' standing, who have not qualified themselves for the public service, should be relegated to a kind of almshouse, there to be supported by a pittance from their Colleges. Warton's "Journal of Senior Fellow or Genuine Idler" gives us a hard day's work.

> Monday, 9.—Turned off my bedmaker for waking me at eight. Consulted my weather glass. No hope of a ride before dinner.
> 10.—After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. N.B.—Never to transcribe any more from Calamy: Mrs. Pilcocks, at my Curacy, having one vol. of that author laying in her parlour window.
> 11.—Went down into my cellar.
> 1.—Dined alone in my room on a sole. . . . Sat down to a pint of Madeira. W. H. surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful.
> 6.—Newspaper in the Common Room.
> 7.—Returned to my room, made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine.

Nor were the Fellows the only people in Oxford who were lounging through life waiting for something to turn up outside. Behind them were scholars waiting to drop into the Fellows' own shoes. These unhappy men did not dare to leave Oxford, for by so doing they forfeited their chances of election, so that the Fellowship system as it was administered in eighteenth century Oxford kept two bodies of men in a demoralising idleness—the men who were waiting for an opportunity to become Fellows and those who were waiting for the opportunity to cease to be Fellows. Not, of course, that everybody in Oxford was given up to a life of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Mr. James, of Queen's, who has left some severe strictures on his surroundings, contrived to accomplish a good deal amid "the freezing indifference" of that society, and Lempriere began his classical dictionary while an undergraduate at Pembroke.

The chief social significance of the century was its effect in completing the separation of Oxford from the classes which the founders of the colleges had had especially in mind. This Mr. Godley very frankly admits. By the end of the century Oxford had ceased to be in any sense a national University. She had become, in Mr. Godley's language, a close corporation. In some respects the change which came over Oxford reflected the change that was coming over England with the concentration of power in the hands of a small class. Mr. Godley notes the disappearance of the sons of the "old rusty farmers," and the growth of more extravagant habits in the colleges. The revised statutes of 1770 marked the distinctions of rank within the University. Noblemen had worn felt tufts since 1738, and this custom was now made binding. Baronets were given gold tufts and black gowns; gentlemen commoners silk gowns and velvet caps. Servitors were to wear the square cap without the apex. These ridiculous insignia did not disappear until 1870. But the great illustration of the new spirit in Oxford was shown in the expulsion of the six Methodists from St. Edmund Hall in 1768. These young men had been sent to Oxford by the Countess of Huntingdon. One of the tutors of St. Edmund Hall invited the Vice-Chancellor Durell to hold a "visitation" on these six undergraduates accused of Methodism and of certain dangerous opinions, and further, of being low-born persons. The notes of their trial show that it was complained that one of them was brought up to the trade of a weaver, and that he had kept a tap-house, and that another had been brought up to the trade of a barber. Dr. Nowell, the Public Orator, insists that the legal cause of their expulsion was their attendance at illicit conventions, prohibited by the statutes of the University. But, he adds, "a further aggravation of their crime was that they were most of them illiterate mechanics who had intruded themselves into the University, for which they were neither designed nor quali-

* "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century." By A. D. Godley. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

fied." Boswell said to Johnson of this event, "Was it not hard to expel them, for I am told they were good beings?" "I believe," replied Johnson, "that they might be good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden." When we remember that so late a foundation as Pembroke (Johnson's own college) was endowed in the seventeenth century for the benefit of "pauperes ac indigentes," we can see how far eighteenth century Oxford had travelled from the intentions of the founders of its colleges. The Oxford against which Cobbett thundered, and which Hazlitt could not visit without brooding over the narrow monopolies of which it was the home, had become the close preserve of a class and a sect. At no time in its history was it less of a national institution. And in no institution could be traced quite so clearly the disastrous changes that had impoverished the civilisation and the civic spirit of England.

CAN THERE BE A SCIENCE OF POLITICS?*

In politics, as in business, it is matter of regret that students commonly lack personal experience, and practicians lack scientific interest or capacity. Mr. Graham Wallas has the advantage that he is at once a politician and a political philosopher, and his new book is distinguished alike for its wisdom and its knowledge. It is, to begin with, a treatise on the method of Political Science. Mr. Wallas complains that writers on politics have been ignorant of human nature in politics. They have conceived man as a creature moved by a few simple springs, and proceeding, by a rational method, from premises to conclusions, from a choice of ends to a calculation of means. For this schematic picture Mr. Wallas would substitute the real fact—man as he is beginning to be described by the psychologists and as he has always been known to practical politicians—a creature of irrational impulse, responding without reflection to certain direct stimuli, drawing illogical inferences from erroneous data, passionate, stupid, habitual, anything and everything except a simple and disinterested calculator of the General Good. This curious animal Mr. Wallas knows from long practical experience; and it is one of the most charming qualities of his book that his experience has not discouraged or embittered him. He is profuse of genial anecdotes over which one does not know whether to laugh or cry. And if he has hope for democracy, the most cynical man of the world could not maintain that it is because he is an "idealist." Mr. Wallas has fought many elections, and while fighting them he has observed. Here, for instance, is a description of polling day at a recent election:—

> "At my last contest for the London County Council I had to spend the half-hour before the close of the vote in one of the polling stations of a very poor district. I was watching the proceedings, which in the crush at the end are apt to be rather irregular, and at the same time was thinking of this book. The voters who came in were the results of the 'final rally' of the canvassers on both sides. They entered the room in rapid but irregular succession, as if they were jerked forward by a hurried and inefficient machine. About half of them were women, with broken straw hats, pallid faces, and untidy hair. All were dazed and bewildered, having been snatched away in carriages or motors from the making of match-boxes, or button-holes, or cheap furniture, or from the public-house, or, since it was Saturday evening, from bed. Most of them seemed to be trying, in the unfamiliar surroundings, to be sure of the name for which, as they had been reminded at the door, they were to vote. A few were drunk, and one man, who was apparently a supporter of my own, clung to my neck while he tried to tell me of some vaguely tremendous fact which just eluded his power of speech. I was very anxious to win, and inclined to think that I had won, but my chief feeling was an intense conviction that this could not be accepted as even a decently satisfactory method of creating a government for a city of five million inhabitants, and that nothing short of a conscious and resolute facing of the whole problem of the formation of political opinion would enable us to improve it."

The real political man here vividly depicted must take the place, Mr. Wallas contends, of the imaginary figment of political philosophy. Further, he insists, if there is to be such a thing as political science, quantitative methods must supplement qualitative. It seems doubtful, however, whether this can really be done to any very important extent. It is possible, of course, to estimate the number of persons that will be most useful upon a committee; or the best size for a legislative assembly or a legislative chamber. But such questions, though not unimportant, are among the least important with which political science has to concern itself. And when one comes to consider, for example, such a problem as the land question in Ireland, or the maintenance of the British Empire, the factors that are measurable are negligible in comparison with those that are not. Mr. Wallas, it is true, appears to call any analysis quantitative which takes account of a number of factors at once, and endeavors to balance them one against the other. But it may be suggested that where one weighs and cannot count, one's estimate usually depends upon judgments of value rather than of number. It is easy to say that, since a result is reached, the process of reaching it must be quantitative, but this seems to be a pure assumption. The act of choice, as Professor James has pointed out, is mysterious and unaccountable. We drop the "pros" and "cons" into the magic well of the "subconscious self," and presently there floats up to the surface a decision. What is calculable in human nature is what is least important in it; and a political science that should confine itself to elements that may be quantitatively estimated would exclude from its purview almost everything that matters.

Even, however, if this be disputed, even if it be held that human action is calculable and political science possible, yet such a science would not cover the whole nor the most important part of the field of politics. For politics, whether or no it can be a science, is certainly an art; and whatever science may be possible is subordinate to the art. Mr. Wallas appears fully to recognise this. In his chapter on Political Morality he emphasises the need of creating and propagating true ideals. Progress, he urges, is conditional upon the deliberate adoption and inculcation of new moral and intellectual conceptions—"new ideal entities to which our affections and desires may attach themselves." And this creation, as he sees, must be the work not merely of the intelligence, but of the intelligence informed and illuminated by the imagination. Thus, to take one of his examples, there can never be a right government of London until its citizens feel towards it as Athenians felt towards Athens; and they will not so feel until a poet inspires them. Again, Imperialism, so far as it is a living thing, derives its life from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. A nobler Imperialism is conceivable; but that one at least is real, and real because it is passionate. On the other hand there would be no reality in an empire in which the only tie would be the quantitatively measurable exchange of products. It is this view of politics as the creation and propagation of ideals, which is kept in view in the older, and very likely also in the younger Universities. And Mr. Wallas, with all his geniality, is a little unfair to his Oxford teaching when he describes it as "informal talks on Aristotle, Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau under the name of the Theory of Politics." It was at Oxford that Mr. Wallas read Plato and Aristotle; and it is precisely those thinkers of whom he never fails to speak with respect. An education in pure political science, as expounded in the first part of this book, could hardly produce anything but accomplished young Machiavellians, convinced that what was once held to be the noble art of politics is really nothing but a series of dodges for duping the electorate. Mr. Wallas, of course, intends nothing of the kind. Nor need there be any antagonism between the study of ends and the study of means. On the contrary, each should gain from the other. And teachers and students of politics will understand all the better their Plato and their Aristotle, their Locke and their Bentham, if they will also assimilate the realistic knowledge which is now beginning to find its way into books.

Mr. Wallas's main purpose, then, is to insist upon realistic study of the political man as a basis for what he hopes may become a political science. He attempts, however, also to apply his method to some of the problems of democratic government. He is fully alive to the defects of that government so far as it has been at present developed. He has observed and assisted in the manipulation of opinion. He has watched the genesis, the progress, and the decline of political shibboleths. He knows the inner mind of the wire-puller and of the candidate. He knows the power of a nick-name like "wastrel," of a phrase like "Chinese

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. Constable. 6s.

slavery." He realises to the full the machinations of the Harmsworth Press. But he does not, for all that, abandon faith in democracy, nor advocate a desperate reaction to forms of government that have shown themselves even more disastrous and inefficient. His hope of improvement is based mainly on the broad contention that men can be improved, or improve themselves. With those who assert that human nature does not change he is in apparent agreement. But while affirming, on grounds which are not fully set forth, that in essence there is no distinction between civilised and primitive man, he insists that environment not only physical, but intellectual and moral, selects the psychical elements that shall be operative in practice. To improve environment, if this view be true, is to improve, if not human nature, yet its manifestation in actual life; and that is all a reformer wants as a basis of action. If it be true, as it appears to be, that men do respond to beneficial changes in their circumstances and to higher appeals to their intelligence and imagination, then much may be hoped from an extension of economic and social equality, and from education in all its range, from the learning of arithmetic to the contact with genius. It is on such factors mainly that Mr. Wallas appears to rely. For some political palliatives, such, for example, as that of proportional representation, he has scant respect; and his discussion of this latter point may be recommended to anyone who desires to understand and appraise his method. On the other hand, he attaches great importance to the proper training and selection of civil servants, urging that this is at least as imperative in local as in central government. In a concluding chapter he discusses different conceptions of Imperialism; and it may be remarked that in these most interesting pages, which it is not possible to summarise here, he is influenced at least as much by his own judgment of values as by any such survey of facts as may claim to be "scientific" in the narrower sense. His contention, perhaps, when all is said and done, may be summed up in the dictum that ideals must be formed in contact with facts, and facts studied in relation to ideals. This bare proposition no one would dispute. The merit of Mr. Wallas's book is that it is an object lesson in the application of the principle he advocates.

OLD AND NEW SPAIN.*

Spain—in splendor, in decay, or again, as to-day, in a reawakening—stamps its impression with an indefinable charm upon all unprejudiced visitors. Here are two records of travel separated in time by less than sixty years, separated in change of human affairs by a gulf almost immeasurable. Mr. Cayley is journeying through the old Spain still asleep amid the picturesque ruin of a dead Empire, living amid dust and ruins upon the memory of the great days done. Mr. Marriott is journeying through a Spain almost feverishly alive, amid new industrial cities, the clang and flare of furnaces, and every evidence of a renewed vitality. Upon both the land sets the spell of her attraction. Both return to the North a little regretful that, amid material dominance and a life of vigorous comfort, there is not mingled amongst our more successful peoples some at least of the elements which ennoble and dignify the common life of this poor and remote land.

Those who were friends of Mr. Cayley, and who now honor the memory of a vivid and original mind, have done well to republish his "Bridle Roads in Spain." The story is of the wandering from Seville, *viâ* Gibraltar, Malaga and Granada, to Madrid, and finally out by the north, of two travellers who are journeying for pleasure, regardless of time. They speak the language of the country. They dress in fantastic costume, and are taken sometimes for merchants from Madrid, sometimes for smugglers, sometimes for brigands—rarely, if ever, for English gentlemen. The comparison is at once suggested, with Borrow. In many respects this later work does not suffer by the comparison. Here is the same ready acceptance of the incidents of the road, the same zest for adventure, the same cheerful putting aside of the discomforts of such travelling, and all its dangers. Here is also—and this perhaps in a form a little irritating—the same intermingling of fact and fiction. In a preface to the "second edition" the author confesses which of the many incidents here recorded are purely fictitious, which have a basis in fact. Amongst the former is the sensational slaughter of a brigand who was supposed to have assailed the adventurers a little distance from Seville. Mr. Cayley reproaches his readers with not observing "the many points of extreme improbability" which the most casual of them, he thinks, must detect in the story. Certainly the thing itself looks bald and improbable enough, but a wealth of corroborative detail has been lavished upon it. The author is not merely content with the brigand-slaying itself; he introduces later a crowd of his companions, who are inquiring what has become of their lost comrade. Later, again, his lady love, described with exact and picturesque detail, is being painted by the writer, when the dead body of her sweetheart is borne into the city, amid the mourning of the people. Sundry allusions to the encounter occur at later intervals through the narrative. The most stupid of readers can hardly reproach himself if he is driven to accept this incident as offered—an integral part of a narrative claiming veracity. Fortunately, in this second preface a full confession is made of all the incidents which are purely fictitious. They comprehend, it must be confessed, some of the most diverting, and their exclusion leaves a certain blank in the story. Yet much that is diverting and readable remains. The dirt and squalor of the *ventas* on the road—as full of "living pests" as the interior of Turkey to-day; the kindliness and almost unvarying courtesy of the inhabitants, and the gentlemen of the road; the magic of the ruins of a magnificent past, in crumbling arch or tower; the sense and flavor of the South, of an immemorial and (in essence) unchangeable civilisation, reaching back to beyond the beginnings of history—all these are evident in the story of travel through unfrequented ways. Mr. Cayley attempts few generalisations. He is not at his best when encountering the recognised places of pilgrimage, being disappointed in Seville and the Alhambra, bored by the Escorial, hating Madrid, and scornful of many great churches and pictures. But he can give the impression of an atmosphere—moonlight on the roofs of Tangiers with the cats jumping over the narrow streets; or the sketching of the rock city of Olvera, "a pyramidal group of spires and towers," with fifty or sixty spectators gathered round to witness the performance, and exclaiming, "with wonder and delight, 'There is Juliana's chimney! That is the roof of Pedro's stable!' &c." It is a book of sympathy and enjoyment, recording a life which soon will have altogether vanished from the world.

Mr. Marriott's task is more direct and less ambitious. It is to set down, as in a kind of exact diary, the impressions of a limited tour in Northern Spain. The means of conveyance is the railroad, the route is (for the most part) along the beaten path of commerce or travel. The travellers never venture south of Madrid, and who that has never essayed Andalusia can claim that he has visited Spain? Yet Mr. Marriott, with the cunning of the skilled novelist, knows that almost any record of journey can be made readable if only the narrator will humble himself to register the tiniest incidents which, by most seekers after the picturesque, seem unworthy of description—the furniture of the railway carriages, the quality of the food provided at the stations, the appearance of the passengers who come and go. With such material he is able to build up an exceedingly agreeable testimony to the common life of Spain, a common life which he was prepared to accept without prejudice, at the outset, and at the end to applaud with enthusiasm. The "note" of this experience is struck from the beginning by the confession of a mining engineer in the Madrid express. "I am always glad to get back to the South," he said. "I do not feel well in the North; the people in the North talk about nothing but work." Mr. Marriott shows us the workers of Spain, the hardy Basque peasants, the iron engineers of Bilbao—not the sleepy, contented idlers of Sevilla or Granada. But even amongst these he finds a friendliness, a gaiety, a love of beauty and simple pleasures absent amongst those races which have too fiercely sacrificed to-day for to-morrow, and labor with but little reward in tranquility and innocent enjoyment. "All the people seemed happy," is one experience, "and there were no evidences amongst them of extreme poverty. What im-

* "The Bridle Roads of Spain." By George John Caley. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
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pressed us most of all was the general air of brotherhood. I have never been among people who seemed so bound together by the sense of common humanity." The same impression was fixed firmly in the mind of the present writer, in experience of a *festa* held on the scarred and barren slopes outside Toledo: with the whole population, as one great family party, holding festival with sweetmeats and clear water and the play of children, with that miraculous dream city for background, a festival which put to open shame the muddy merriment of Hampstead Heath or Epping Forest on an English bank holiday. Even in the towns—however smeared by the violence and discontent which is bred of modern industrial life—these travellers found the common people everywhere helpfully courteous, putting themselves out to convenience the travellers, the more wealthy exhibiting the dignity, serenity, and hospitality which is always associated with a nation to whom such things have ever been more essential than material possessions. And outside the towns, here as in all Southern Europe, is a life hard and austere, but filled with an inexplicable charm, the charm of those who know the earth and her seasons, and draw some sustained energies from a communication as yet unsevered with all the ancient magic of her power. Here, as a specimen also of Mr. Marriott's writing, is the experience of a "summer night" in such a remote and hidden centre of enjoyment, labor, and repose:—

> "Dusk had fallen before we reached Algorta: a wonderful violet dusk full of soft odours and the soundless moving of the tamarisk. Behind the mountains which guard the mouth of the river lightning played almost continuously, but without any sound of thunder, and below the golden lamps of Portugalette were doubled in the quiet waters of the bay. We followed winding lanes along the cliff in the direction of a dark headland. Somewhere behind a high wall girls were singing a queer wandering tune. . . . Presently we came to a village of narrow descending streets, rude steps, and little quays, dim lit with angle lamps, filled with the hushing of the sea, the tang of brine, and the scent of hidden gardens. In a courtyard women were seated and children stooped over lighted candles, screening them with their hands, in some celebration which was half a game and half a piece of ritual. The children greeted us in laughing undertones, pressing about us in the dark, affectionately but incuriously, as if we were long expected. They touched us with their little hands, asking to be lifted up, and lisped their flower soft names, Manuela, Asuncion, Dolores, claiming invisible brothers and sisters. . . . It is a memory with the fragile charm, and at the same time the strange reality of a dream, made up of tamarisk, the odour of brine, children's kisses in the dark, and the hands and voices . . . in a place of crooked streets and hidden gardens on the shores of the Bay of Biscay."

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It is a touching book, this record of the life and work of Joseph Skipsey, for it springs out of a long and tender friendship, and has been written whilst the author was in a condition of broken health, brought about by prolonged and strenuous public labor, and by a private sorrow alike keen, deep, and irreparable. Dr. Spence Watson could have no hope of writing on this subject a book that would become popular. A book about Joseph Skipsey could be no more popular than his poems have been. There will be a handful of very mature men, veterans of the last century, who will read this volume eagerly, as a real and intimate appreciation of an extraordinary man whom they knew more or less slightly (for he was something of a recluse), who seemed to have many of the qualities of genius, who was, at any rate, deeply interesting, and was the possessor of gifts that were gladly recognised by men of the highest contemporary eminence in literature and in art. But Skipsey's work made no wide appeal. His biographer says of his poems: "They have never taken possession of what I may call the pit life of the district. I do not think that any of them are set to music." However, there were some, we imagine, that were sung to music already existing. These belonged to the poet's more commonplace work; and however inefficient and unsatisfactory his verse could be in other than moments of inspiration, it seldom had the fault of commonplaceness.

Skipsey was fortunate in his friendship with Dr. Spence Watson, who now pays him the tribute of writing his life, not in a mere spirit of laudation, but in a just temper, and from a sufficient distance in point of time to permit of a critical survey. "As a poet I do not think that I have exaggerated him," the biographer remarks. "He is a poet, a true poet; but not a great one, though with him the poetical faculty is real, not a common thing to find." Not a common thing, indeed, Northumberland might lay some claim to Mr. Swinburne; but, leaving him out of account, no poet quite so genuine as Skipsey has made his appearance in that county from a time long before living memory. And yet he will survive in the minds of others who knew him, as in that of Dr. Spence Watson, chiefly as "a man of thought, of intellectual power, of quite marvellous insight, of strong and wide sympathy." He was a grave-minded man, singularly familiar with much of our best literature, with much more poetry in his nature than power of creation or of utterance. He said some things well, others not so well; and a few—oftenest small things—he said finely, and once for all. It is impossible to deny to him the authentic touch of inspiration; but it was occasional and for brief moments. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, another of his faithful friends, said that the circumstances of his life had left him at a disadvantage in the art of writing poetry, for which nothing could make up. For which reason he thought Skipsey must carry about with him the pain of knowing that all he did could only be judged after allowances made, an observation that is not more than partly true, for, undoubtedly, Joseph Skipsey took himself very seriously as a poet, and, as is the case with most of us, his imperfections were not nearly so clear to himself as to his friends.

But who was Joseph Skipsey? it may be asked. The question cannot be unexpected. Many of the much more eminent men of his time are fading out of recollection. They were "Victorians." Skipsey might even be called an early Victorian, for he was born five years before the late Queen came to the throne, the son of a father who was shot dead by a constable, four months after the child's birth, because he intervened, for the sake of peace, in an affray between a body of miners and some special guardians of the peace. It seems particularly worthy of remark that Joseph Skipsey and Thomas Burt were born within a mile and a-half or two miles of each other, the one in 1832 and the other in 1837. One entered the coal pit at seven years of age and the other at ten, Thomas Burt with little schooling and Joseph Skipsey with none at all. And both these remarkable children were put to the same work, which was to sit, mostly in the dark, in utter solitude, and open a door now and then for "tubs" of coal to pass through. Somehow young Skipsey contrived to procure light enough to enable him to learn to read and write, his educational exercises being carried out on the door which he "minded." He never liked work in the mine. In boyhood or manhood it was simply hateful to him, though he became one of the most expert of miners. He has sung of the pride of going down the pit, he can never have felt it himself. It was some other experience that he recorded in the touching lines which end in this way:—

> "May he," many a gossip cried,
> "Be from peril kept."
> Father hid his face and sighed;
> Mother turned and wept.

The supper after a day's work was often enough nettle broth, with a little bread in it; but nettle broth, it should be said, is a pleasant and wholesome thing when it is made as the country people make it. His first serious and serviceable piece of reading, after the Bible, most of which he knew by heart, was "Paradise Lost," which, says Dr. Spence Watson, "was a revelation to him." At seventeen he found the aspect of the world altered by the reading of Shakespeare. Then came Burns, and so on. Of course, he had begun to make verses of his own. In 1859 his first volume was published, and it was of quality sufficiently remarkable to bring him to the notice of some other poets and of men who were able to help him to other employment

* "Joseph Skipsey: His Life and Work." By the Right Hon. Robert Spence Watson. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

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than that of the pit. It sold, too, and other volumes followed at not very long intervals.

Skipsey was now a married man, and for safety of life and more ease of living he was placed as timekeeper at some engineering works. A little later, no doubt through the good offices of his biographer, he was made sub-librarian at the Newcastle "Lit. and Phil.," and there he made such good use of his opportunities of reading that he was said to give less than a due amount of attention to the supporters of that institution. There was complaint, and hurt feelings drove him back into the coalpit again, where he remained until 1882, when he and his wife were made caretakers at the Armstrong College, Newcastle, then an uncompleted building. Dr. Spence Watson tells how he, Principal Garnett, and the Earl of Carlisle, found him bending beneath the weight of two immense coal-scuttles. "My dear Skipsey, whatever are you doing here?" asked Lord Carlisle. "I saw from that time," says the biographer, "that it was quite impossible to have a College where the scientific men came to see the Principal, and the artistic and literary men came to see the porter." So after a while Joseph Skipsey and his wife were appointed to succeed the Misses Chataway as custodians of the Shakespeare house at Stratford. This was another unfortunate attempt to assist him into independence of the pit. Skipsey was a proud and reserved man, and he had to be showman to all sorts of visitors; he was an honest and discerning man, and he did not believe in the genuineness of the Shakespeare relics. So there was soon another break with circumstance, fortunately not very serious this time, because there had been an increase of the small pension which he received from the Crown.

Joseph Skipsey was a poet, without doubt, as Dr. Spence Watson claims; but he was most of all a striking personality. Even those who were most impressed by his work, like Dante Rossetti, or Burne-Jones, were more impressed by the man himself. He had personal fascination, despite his intense, proud shyness. In appearance he had a not very remote likeness to Tennyson, of which he was aware. He had the gift of eloquent if rather discursive speech, and wide stores of literary knowledge, and great depths of feeling. And so he was welcomed into literary society; and so he made friends who took him about the world—among the fiords of Norway, among the mountains of Cumberland, and elsewhere. He had great powers of enjoyment; but was seldom quite happy. In character he was like his own "Seer":—

> "Too nobly strung of self to brook the mention—
> Too sweetly strung to give another pain—
> Too finely strung for pleasure in contention,
> He seeks within the meed he would obtain."

A NOVEL FOR WOMEN.*

"The Passer-By," in character unusual from the hand of a man, shows much sensitive insight into those emotional shades that were recognised as the women's province till Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells annexed huge slices of the territory and proclaimed it neutral ground.

The heroine, Mrs. Moore, is the wife of a wealthy American financier, who "gives her generously anything that he would not miss himself." For ten years she and his beautiful Louis Seize house, with its picture gallery, have been "very well set off . . . shining as a symbol of his success in business," the business which is his passion and his pastime, absorbing all his thought, time, and energy. His wife has come to understand that her real self is of no value to him, and that he wants to know nothing of her inner feelings. What he requires of her is that she should be on show always as "a conjugal accessory, a social accessory," and she recognises that she is to him what his pictures are—his property. Her early attempts to get close and stay close to him have been rebuffed. He has told her to be "sensible." "He has his work, the markets, but women never understand." She feels, in fact, that her heart has been dried up by the hurrying emptiness of her life—a whirl of dinners and dances and operas, "with a description of her gown in the papers the next day, that was the height at which she could aim." At this stage, when there seems nothing in her life but weariness, Mrs. Moore meets at a dinner party an Englishman, Mr. Sylvian Lore, attached to the Embassy. She has had a vague premonition that this man will be interesting, she has heard of some romantic episode in his past, and his engaging, quiet, and comprehending manner give her a subtle elation, along with a feeling of having to be on her defence. Lore's conversation implies "a previous state of intimacy for which neither of them was censurably responsible." Lore, who is drawn as a type rather than as an individual, is the kind of man who is always spoiled by women, and cultivates a fresh intimacy wherever he goes. But in America Lore feels that the fine shades of his personality are thrown away on the society women who "would rather choose the admiration of the many than the love of one man." And women in society "did not expect to be made love to. . . . This was the country of cold storage." Lore does not mean to go any way in his intimacy with Mrs. Moore, though she is "immensely attractive," but at the opera one night he runs up against an old friend, Serge Kamensky, a cosmopolitan Russian, and Kamensky's enthusiasm over Mrs. Moore's fascinations arouses in him a strong reflection of his friend's feeling. Kamensky is an idealist and dreamer, and is shy and awkward with women, but he sees into the hearts of others, and Lore is receptive enough to catch his friend's ardor, and reproduce his feelings as his own.

The situation that develops is novel, we think, in fiction, though certainly not in life. Lore woes the woman with counterfeited emotion. The woman seeking to realise in her heart the love that has never been offered in life, is as receptive as new ploughed earth at springtime, and Lore, with his engaging grace and delicate fervor of manner, has brought the new atmosphere for which she yearns. But shallow and hollow, he has nothing real to offer her, nothing but a passing "affair," one of the many which are buried quickly and discreetly directly they threaten to give him trouble or to become serious. The husband, however, has taken a special dislike to Lore, and, on the ground that Lore has the reputation of "running after women," he exerts his authority to make his wife forbid him the house. And this step, which produces open alienation between the two, of course, only adds fuel to her feeling for Lore. Kamensky now turns up, and gets into touch with Mrs. Moore, but she can only see him in the light of "a good, kind friend," who is going to give her the inspiring advice she is sorely in need of. There is considerable subtlety in the scene in which Kamensky receives her delicately veiled confidence, as proof of the "mutual affinity" between them, while in reality she is only seeking to gain from his infectious idealism the strength and courage which she needs to take the final plunge, and leave her husband for Lore's sake. The revelation strikes Kamensky in a lightning flash when, on leaving the house, he encounters Lore on the threshold, entering with a triumphant smile. She has been expecting Lore all the time, while he has been preaching spiritual platitudes to her. Kamensky feels savagely jealous when he realises that he has been smoothing Lore's path, and removing her scruples by telling her that one must follow the strongest instinct in one's heart. And this, in fact, is just what Kamensky's talk has done for her. Thrilled with happiness at the new-found spiritual force within her, she tells Lore that she will claim her freedom from her husband and that she will go with Lore wherever he wants to take her. Lore is thunderstruck. A divorce, an open scandal, a shattered career are the last things he desires. He turns cold with fear. "Why should a love affair break up a home? . . . To let them both slip into such a clumsy blunder is impossible, simply impossible." He makes some hurried excuse, and gets away from the house to gain a breathing space.

The moral problem that the novel poses is, in fact, delicately poised. The three men in reality, at this stage, are equally far from her: the husband because he has so long looked on her as his property, a negligible partner in his actual life, Lore because he would use her merely for his pleasure, Kamensky because he is an idealist, in love with his own sentiments, yet Kamensky is the only man who has divined her spiritual loneliness, who is ready to offer her "a worship that doesn't ask for anything

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in return," but when he next calls on her he finds that all his ideas, all his feelings are quoted by her as Lore's. And in trying to lay claim to them subtly he appears in the odious light of Lore's disparager and false friend. He can only stammer ridiculous excuses and withdraw.

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> "Do you want the truth?"
>
> He felt suddenly very uneasy at the ominous glow of her beauty as she stood there, lissom with the suppleness of a feline ready to spring. But he said, "Yes."
>
> "Well," she spoke very calmly, with perfectly restrained violence. "What were the first compliments you payed me? You found that my lips were like kisses blossomed into flowers. Where did you get that from? From Kamensky."
>
> He had turned pale, and made a motion as if to speak.
>
> "Please don't interrupt. How did you phrase your declaration of your love for me? There is a worship that is complete of itself, that doesn't ask for anything—and then about the loneliness crowning my beauty like a diadem—where did you get those things? From Kamensky. And now can you tell me, please, how it ever came into your mind to grow a beard? From Kamensky, too, I suppose."
>
> From white he turned crimson to the roots of his hair. It was a ghastly moment which, in a moment of distress, she repented having provoked. She saw him, changed, disfigured, opening and shutting his mouth again and again, but no sound came out of it. His eyes got lustrous, very lustrous, and vacant, like those of a witty fish in a nightmare. Then he took himself off.

The moral atmosphere of the novel is healthy from both society's and the critic's point of view. The underlying problem is—which man has really need of her? And it is in fact her husband, who, when the crash of his fortunes comes, turns to his wife like a sick child. The figure of this man, Fred, is painted with very clever touches; and the little glimpses of smart American Society and its crude vulgarity are most interesting. The artistic weakness of "The Passer-By" which, as we have hinted, is one that is over subtle for the masculine mind, lies in the shades of love talk in which Lore indulges, being too pronounced in flavor for an Englishman to use. Lore, indeed, is scarcely an Englishman. All the characters, however, reveal that the author has insight into the subtle workings of human motive.

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In "The Russian Conquest of the Caucasus" (Longmans, 21s.) Mr. John F. Baddeley has chosen one of the most picturesque scenes and episodes that could be imagined, but for the most part he keeps to purely military and historic narrative. The book, indeed, is in the main a military treatise, and excellent as the work is within those limits, one had looked for something more from such a theme. The author has turned his attention almost entirely to the great mountain district of Daghestan, towards the east of the central range, and, certainly, it was there that the resistance to Russia's advance was most persistent and prolonged. For full half a-century these gallant Mohammedan tribesmen held their own against the worst that Russia could do by arms, and treachery, and massacre. Shamil, who might be called the De Wet of Daghestan, is, of course, the hero of the volume, for he conducted the defence for over twenty years, and his deeds are still sung throughout the Caucasus, though it is fifty years since his final defeat, and nearly forty since his death in Russian exile, far from his mountains. Mr. Baddeley knows the Caucasus well, and has worked from the best Russian and local authorities. But we wish, while he was about it, he had brought the history down to our own times; for the Russian conquest of the Caucasus is not yet complete, and by the blessing of God will never be completed. Turks, Persians, and Russians have flung themselves against that vast mountain barrier in vain, and still the mountain races show a courageous front and own submission to no conqueror. Else, how was it that three years ago the Western Caucasus rejected the Russian power, and though, a year later, the present writer passed through the blackened ruins of their homes, where Russian devastation had laid waste province after province, he found the ancient and highly civilised peoples undaunted still, and unsubdued?

* * *

Journalist, stockbroker, barrister, playwright and dramatic manager, Mr. J. Comyns Carr has had a full and varied career, and his volume of reminiscences, "Some Eminent Victorians" (Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net), recalls some famous figures in art and letters during the latter half of the nineteenth century. As a schoolboy he had William Terriss and Mr. Selous, the African hunter and explorer, for companions, and Dr. Birkbeck Hill for master. At the bar he came in contact with Holker, Russell, Herschell, Pope. In later years he knew Rossetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, Millais, and Leighton, and, indeed, his most interesting chapters are those in which he deals with the pre-Raphaelite group. Mr. Carr is enthusiastic about Rossetti, claiming that "in some undefinable and yet indisputable quality of genius . he stands pre-eminent among those who influenced his generation." This is not the current view to-day, but Mr. Carr proclaims himself an "impenitent Victorian." Of Whistler he tells us that, though a delightful host, there were some whose appetites "were not always content with the slender material of those delightful breakfasts over which he so perfectly presided." A foreign painter who was asked if he had seen Whistler lately, replied, "Ah no, not so much. He ask me a leetle while ago to breakfast, and I go. My cab fare two shilling, 'arf-crown. I arrive; very nice. Gold fish in bowl, very pretty. But breakfast—one egg, one toast, no more! My cab fare, two shilling, 'arf-crown. For me no more!" There is an amusing, and not uncharacteristic, story of Lord Randolph Churchill's visit to the theatre at Dublin to see Irving in "Hamlet," which belongs to the category of the legend of "those d——d dots." Lord Randolph, who had to leave the theatre before the play ended, went behind the scenes to Irving's dressing-room, and introduced himself to the actor, and begged him to tell how the play ended. At first Irving thought it a joke, but, convinced by his questioner's intent manner, he gave an outline of the plot. A few days later Lord Randolph saw Irving again, and informed him that in the interval he had read for himself, "not only 'Hamlet,' but two or three other plays by the same author." The volume is illustrated from photographs and pictures by Millais and others, including some playful sketches by Burne-Jones.

* * *

The late Mr. Joseph Rodgers' book, "The Scenery of Sherwood Forest, with an Account of some Eminent People once Resident There" (Fisher Unwin, 21s. net), will be welcomed by every lover of forest scenery. Mr. Rodgers took a great delight in the glories of Sherwood Forest, and his descriptions of characteristic bits of scenery, as well as the reproductions from his drawings contained in the volume show how great an enthusiast he was. Unfortunately, he never saw the result of his labors as he died while the work was passing through the press. The famous oaks of Sherwood Forest naturally come in for a great deal of attention, and we are given portraits and brief histories of the noblest of them. The Major Oak, the Simon Foster Oak, the Shambles Oak, the Parliament Oak, and the Pilgrim Oak are all touched upon in Mr. Rodgers's pages. The Pilgrim Oak barely escaped destruction at the hands of the Lord Byron who felled so many trees at Newstead. It was doomed

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to the axe, but the Nottingham people raised a subscription and purchased the tree, which they afterwards presented to the poet when he came to the estate. Mr. Rodgers has made good use of the historical associations connected with the Forest and pleasant accounts of the families who lived in its neighborhood are interwoven with his descriptions. No book on Sherwood Forest would be complete without Robin Hood, and Mr. Rodgers, in a preliminary essay, examines the traditions concerning the outlaw and his literary history. He believed that Robin Hood was a real person—a view not shared by the writer of the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—and inclined to the opinion that he lived in the reign of Edward I. The book is beautifully produced, and is a fine tribute to the glories of Sherwood Forest.

* * *

The projectors of "The English Review" are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their first number. Mr. Hardy's ballad "A Sunday Morning Tragedy," is full of grim power and intensity. Mr. Conrad's "Reminiscences" relate the vicissitudes that befell the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly," while that novel was in progress. But the main feature of the review is "Tono-Bungay," a serial by Mr. Wells, which promises to take its place among that author's most illuminating studies of English social life. This first number compares favorably with any of the older magazines, and has the further advantage of presenting its contents in attractive form. We wish the "English Review" a long and prosperous career.

The Week in the City.

The Movement of Leading Stocks and Shares.

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Considering the time of year, the Stock Exchange may be accounted fortunate in having as much business as daily passes through its doors. Some of the markets are quite active, with prices rising and steady investment demand backing the improvement. Nor is speculation by any means dormant. The wild gamble in West Africans has not done much to tempt the public to risk money in such a dangerous direction; but it seems to have had a tonic-effect upon South Africans, and the American market animation continues to maintain a great part of its wonted elasticity, notwithstanding the high prices which many American railroad shares have now attained.

Inter-Bourse Bonds.

Those who claim that finance has no part or lot in politics would quickly be robbed of their illusion were they to follow the fortunes of foreign Government bonds at a time when European politics loomed largely on the board of inter-Bourse dealings. This week has furnished a good example of the keen attention with which international politics are followed not only by members, but by quotations on the Stock Exchange. Each move is carefully discussed in a manner dispassionate, steady, and far-seeing; finance has little patience for the fiery polemics of the debate amongst professional politicians, when foreign affairs come to be reviewed. But the broad mind of general Stock Exchange opinion has made more than a mental note of the trend of affairs arising out of the Balkans trouble. The Triple Alliance is no mere tripping phrase upon the lips when uttered in the Stock Exchange. It stands for something very real indeed, and the straining at its bonds is observed with feelings that express themselves in better prices for foreign Government securities. Always discounting the future, there are men in the Stock Exchange who foresee Germany and Austria being placed in some danger of isolation amongst the Powers. This hints at peace—at the peace of Europe, as a whole. So, notwithstanding the Balkan nigger in the hedge, there is more disposition to work on the side of confidence; more willingness to buy stock, and to advise clients to do the same; more ready recognition of cheap securities. Hence, the rise in European and foreign bonds, initiated by Paris, is accorded a welcome, and a confirmation that it has sound bases for its structure. Consols joined hands in the advance, other gilt-edged securities are bestirring themselves to see whether way of escape is not opening out of the slough of depression recently endured.

Coming Events.

Maybe the shadows cast by the coming events of new issues have received fully as much, if not more, attention than they deserve. It is no use trying to shut one's eyes to the stream of fresh borrowing which, for the moment, is but pent up through one cause or another. The Brazilian valorisation loan, upon which so much intelligent anticipation, of sorts, has centred, will disturb the market no whit, its advent being long since discounted in the quotations for the existing issues. Russia will be a heavy borrower about the third week in January. That, too, is a coming event for which the market has been thoroughly prepared long since. Home borrowing there may also be; municipal and Colonial loans are anticipated by the Consol market, as likely to prove a feature none too pleasant of January, 1909. Besides these, there must be taken into consideration the usual multitude of new issues which hesitate to risk failure by putting in an appearance just before Christmas and the year-end, when holidays and dearer money conspire to render unavailing all save the most tempting propositions. Appeals for charity usurp the place of appeals for capital, and the human desire to make bank-balances look large on New Year's Eve is a formidable corrective to the appetite for the purchase of securities. With the turn of the year, however, money is released in large quantities for circulation and investment; and, since it is demonstrable that plenty of capital awaits profitable employment, it may be fairly supposed that sound new issues will not suffer from lack of means to support them. At the same time, the fear of such coming events has weighed upon quotations in a manner which suggests that the process of discounting has been carried at least quite far enough, and that a moderate measure of optimism for better prices in the New Year is compatible with the outlook presented, for the time being, amongst the investment markets of the Stock Exchange.

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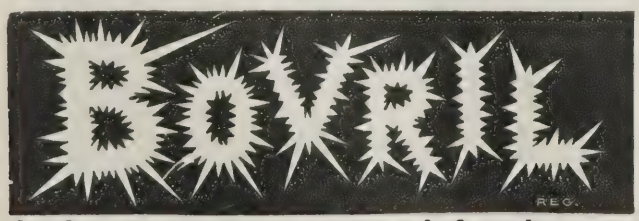

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Diary of the Week.

On Thursday night, in a speech of great power and animation, Lord Morley announced the scheme of conciliation which he has set up as a counter-weight to the coercive policy of the Indian Government. It follows, with some exceptions, our general anticipation of its purport. It contains no scheme of local and municipal self-government, no educational reform, and no provision for simultaneous examinations for the Civil Service in India and in this country. On the other hand, it greatly betters the Simla scheme in its rejection of the Councils of Notables, and in its setting up of a majority of elective members in the Provincial Legislative Councils. Its scheme of representation is large and, on the whole, bold and generous. It admits native Indians both to the Cabinets and to the Parliaments, if Lord Morley will pardon the phrase, on which the fabric of Indian administration rests.

* * *

Thus, it provides for (*a*) an increase in the numbers of the Legislative Councils, both the Viceroy's and the Provincial Councils. (*b*) The setting up of a definitely elective element in the Legislative Councils, with a minority in the Viceroy's Council but a majority in the Provincial Councils. The Governor-General's veto on what Lord Morley called "wild-cat" Bills remains. (*c*) Power on the part of the Councils to move amendments on the Budgets and to divide on them, and to discuss and to come to conclusions on administrative affairs. (*d*) Power for the Secretary of State to nominate one Indian member to the supreme Indian Cabinet, namely, the Viceroy's Executive Council of six, in addition to the two native members who now sit on the Secretary of State's Council. (*e*) Enlargement of the Provincial Executive Councils or Cabinets, with power to admit Indian members.

* * *

Lord Morley indicated the limitations of his scheme in sharply decisive phrasing. It was not to lead up to the creation of a Parliament. He had no ambition to share even in the "beginning of that operation." Indian procedure could not be dressed up in apparel suited to the English or the Irish case. He also defended the coercive policy of the Indian bureaucracy, including both the Summary Jurisdiction Act and the revival of the deportation ordinance. He could not take out of the hands of the Indian Government any weapons that they had got "in circumstances so uncommon, so obscure, and so impenetrable." But anarchists were few, Orientals were not to be met with force alone—did not the Founder of Christianity come from the East?—and the Press, the schools, and literature must be kept open and free. We could not pass an Explosive Books Act. We had ample military and material strength to preserve our authority in India; but we needed moral strength and Indian support as well.

* * *

We profoundly hope that this scheme will succeed. But Lord Macdonnell, one of the ablest of Indian officials, said firmly that its prospects depended on the undoing of the partition of Bengal. And we confess we cannot understand how the "moral force" for which Lord Morley rightly appeals can be secured by the seizure and exile, without trial and without suggestion of specific offence, of the moral leaders of the Indian people. Summary procedure may well be excused. But this is procedure without and against law, used wildly and indiscriminately against reformers and anarchists. Our only consolation is that though it has not been stayed by Lord Morley's speech, it cannot survive his scheme.

* * *

We come now to the grave, and to Liberals incomprehensible, proceedings which have taken place in India. On Friday week the Summary Jurisdiction Bill, providing for the rapid trial of political offences before judges alone, and for the proclamation of associations as illegal by the Governor-General, a provision specially aimed at the "Samitis," or organisations of "volunteers," was passed at a single sitting of the Viceroy's Council. In addition to providing themselves with this arm, the British Government have put in force an Act of 1818, of the British East India Company, which was, we believe, first used for the deporting of objectionable Englishmen. Under this Act, nine Nationalist leaders have been seized and deported, we do not know whither, without trial or specification of offences. Great excitement has been caused in Nationalist India by the disclosure of the names of two of these deported persons—Aswini Kumar Dutt and Krishna Kumar Mitra. Both are men, so far as we know, of blameless character, of great

personal ascendency in India, and, we believe, of moderate tendencies and influence in politics.

* * *

We feel bound in this connection to quote the remarks sent us by Mr. Ratcliffe, the late editor of the Calcutta "Statesman," as to the character of Krishna Kumar Mitra:—

> "From early manhood," says Mr. Ratcliffe, "he has been associated with the Brahmo Somajo, the Theistic Church of which he is an honored minister, and to the service of which he has given years of labor. He has been allied with the Christian missionaries and with reforming bodies of every sort in the furthering of temperance and social purity, the education and liberation of Indian girls and women, the raising of the depressed. For a quarter of a century he has edited the 'Sanjibani,' a vernacular weekly with a large circulation and a broad policy of social reform and constitutional progress, constantly and strongly opposed, as Reuter has acknowledged, to the whole propaganda of violence. After the recent attempt upon the life of Sir Andrew Fraser, Krishna Kumar issued a fervent appeal to his countrymen to employ every possible influence to uproot the evil of terrorism."

What, we wonder, would English opinion say if, during a crisis of unemployment, Mr. Keir Hardie and General Booth were suddenly arrested and exiled, possibly for life, without knowing the crime with which they were charged, or being heard in their own defence?

* * *

On Friday week the Prime Minister made at the National Liberal Club his eagerly awaited deliverance on the House of Lords. It proved to be an acceptance in form of the policy of making the House of Lords the "dominating issue," as Mr. Asquith called it, in Liberalism. But while the Prime Minister accepted the fight, he hardly chose the ground, or definitely marshalled his army. He insisted that the Government's record was, on the whole, one of successful achievement. He justly said that abroad it had greatly enhanced British influence, and he praised Sir Edward Grey's great feat in vindicating European law in the Turkish crisis. In South Africa, it had ended Chinese labor, closed the quarrel between British and Boers, and created a new free Dominion under the Crown. At home it had given the people "statutory access to the land," and had established Old Age Pensions. None the less it met to celebrate a failure. The treatment by the Lords of the Licensing Bill, as compared with the handling of Mr. Balfour's Act, was "a call to arms," for it showed that working through the House of Lords, a Conservative leader, defeated at the polls, could always remain in power. This state of things must be "brought to an end," and he invited Liberals to treat the veto of the Lords as an issue which "overshadowed and absorbed" every other.

* * *

As to tactics, he could not admit the right of the Lords to dictate the time or occasion of dissolution. It would be humiliating to submit next Session merely "a neutral and colorless programme," and neither could the Session be crowded with contentious proposals. His decision was for "simplification of issues," and "concentration of purpose," with the Budget as a "partial solvent" of the Constitutional difficulty. The speech is very variously interpreted. According to Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking to a gathering of Welshmen, the issue would be raised definitely "in the course of the next few years," and the leader of the Welsh Party is said to have obtained from the Prime Minister a pledge that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill shall again be dressed for slaughter, as if it were Welsh mutton, next year. There are further suggestions that even the Session of 1910 will be a full one. All we can say is that this is ploughing the sands with the ploughshare of self-deception.

* * *

The appearance of the Eight Hours Bill for Miners in the House of Lords has caused some rather intricate manœuvring. In the House of Commons it was read for the third time by a majority of 175, with only 89 opponents. They included Mr. Balfour, who, however, took a guarded line, laid down in a very flippant argument. He opposed the Bill largely on the ground that it was irreconcilable with Free Trade. That is to say, it involved pressure upon the Legislature by a special interest, it interfered with production, it sacrificed the consumer to the producer, and it raised the price of a raw material. We deal specifically with this old heresy elsewhere. Mr. Herbert Samuel, in an ingenious, if slightly fallacious, quip, asked if Mr. Balfour's argument was that because the Government opposed protective tariffs they ought also to oppose the Miners' Bill. If that was the case, he who presumably supported a protective tariff was bound to support the Bill.

* * *

In the Upper House, Lord Lansdowne took a somewhat different line, practically identical with that which the Lords assumed towards the Trades Disputes Bill. He fixed on the Government the responsibility for any increase in the price of coal, but deprecated a rejection of the Bill on the ground that its defeat would not close the eight hours agitation, that it was inexpedient for the House to reject a humanitarian Bill, and, above all, that the Government having advised Parliament as to the economic results of the Bill, the Lords must leave the responsibility to them. But he foreshadowed two important amendments, one for giving the Home Secretary a dispensing power over certain mines, and the other permanently exempting the two windings from the eight hours' day. If this form be accepted, the Bill will never be an Eight Hours Bill at all. Under Lord Lansdowne's mild pressure the Second Reading was carried, 121 voting for it and 44 against. The Bill passed Committee with the exemption of the "windings," and a delay of six months.

* * *

On Thursday the Sultan opened the Turkish Parliament in the same palace at Stambul in which the short-lived Parliament of Midhat, whom he probably murdered, held its sittings thirty years ago. The speech from the throne was made by his secretary, Ali Djeved Bey. It expressed the Sultan's pleasure at the restoration of the Constitution. In the passages dealing with foreign affairs regret was expressed for Bulgaria's deviation from the path of loyalty and Austria's illegal action, though it was anticipated that with the assistance of the friendly Powers these questions would be settled peacefully. Attention was called to Turkey's financial needs and the importance of the Chamber grappling with the Budget. The greatest emphasis was laid upon the necessity for reorganising and strengthening the army and the navy, and an extensive programme of domestic reforms was outlined. In conclusion, the Sultan pledged himself to guard the Constitution jealously; and before leaving he himself addressed a few words to the deputies. The speech from the throne was well received.

* * *

The new Turkish Parliament has received the heartiest of greetings from the people of Constantinople and from the Mohammedan communities throughout the

world, while many European Parliaments have sent it messages of cordial welcome. The Chamber consists of about 250 elected members, including representatives of every nationality, and the Senate of 39 nominated members of an equally representative character. Of the deputies, 45 are Arabs of various kinds and some 50 Christians, of whom half are Greeks and all the rest, save for a handful of Bulgars, Armenians. The Committee of Union and Progress controls a majority: all its ten candidates were elected for Constantinople, about 60 per cent. of all the Moslem deputies are its nominees, and it is on excellent terms with the Armenian and Jewish members. The definitely or probably reactionary members are a few from Mesopotamia, though there are many mollahs among the deputies who naturally have conservative tendencies. There is not much likelihood of an early crystallisation of parties, for the first session will most probably be taken up with practical business of a kind to afford little scope for sharp divisions of opinion. The Committee appears to view the present Ministry askance, and some of its members took the indefensible course of making a private appeal to the Sultan to replace the veteran and able, and thoroughly honest, Kiamil by Hilmi.

* * *

We observe that the Prime Minister has replied to a question of Mr. Arthur Lee asking him whether he intended to modify his earlier statement on the two-Power standard, that he had no such intention, and that the views of the Government had not undergone any change, but that he did propose a further statement. We understand that this has been definitely promised to the powerful body of Liberal members who memorialised him. When it is made we have no doubt whatever that the Prime Minister will affirm the two points on which, we believe, the anxieties of the Liberal Party have been set at rest—first, that the two-Power standard applies only to a "reasonably probable combination" of Powers; and, secondly, that it does not bind us to build against America *plus* the next strongest Power, *plus* ten per cent. of their combined strength.

* * *

The Hops Bill has been dropped owing to the opposition of Radical members, who regard it as a measure of Protection. We cannot accept this definition, for the report of the Committee on which the Bill was founded rejected the protective remedy, and it only applies to foreign hops the method of packing and marking applied to home-grown hops. The objection to the Bill is, we think, that it is a kind of blend of the Pure Beer Bill and the Merchandise Marks Act. We always thought that the former measure had been overwhelmed by the avalanche of wit and argument which Sir William Harcourt once directed against it. The second measure has had precisely the opposite effect to that which its authors intended. The marking of foreign merchandise has not restricted the supply of foreign goods at which it was aimed. It has rather extended it. The purpose of the Merchandise Marks Act was no doubt protective, but the machinery was not—it was simple ineffective.

* * *

A powerful letter, signed by many leaders of thought and work in social reform, has been issued on the subject of boy labor, on which we write elsewhere. It complains of the wide-spread demoralisation of boy life especially through street-trading and unskilled work—attended by abrupt dismissal after a period of time—in public and private service. It blames the Government for contributing to this evil by its treatment of its telegraph boys. It might have added a fresh ground of criticism in the way in which the system of boy clerks is being recklessly extended in the Civil Service, to the great prejudice of the Lower Division Clerks. The writers of the letter decide against a revival of apprenticeship, mainly on the ground that changes in the character of industrial work render it impossible. They propose, instead, compulsory attendance at Continuation Schools up to the age of seventeen—a law which already exists in many German States—with the reduction by law of the working hours of young people under that age, the raising of the age for leaving school, the abolition of the "half-timer," the development of a national system of Children's Employment Committees, and the prohibition of street-selling by children under seventeen. Will not the proprietors of halfpenny newspapers co-operate in stopping the evil, or help the Legislature to stop it?

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, who last week published a letter in which he called the Editor of the New York "Sun" a liar, has this week sent a message to inform Congress that Mr. Pulitzer of the "World" if even worse, and deserves to be prosecuted. The "World" is the paper which first said that the purchase of the French-Panama Canal interest for £8,000,000 was a swindle, by which an American ring, including Mr. Roosevelt's brother-in-law and Mr. Taft's brother, had rifled the pockets of the American people, and the charge has greatly embittered the President. Mr. Roosevelt says that it is nothing but a tissue of libels. He may be right, and righteously indignant; but it is universally admitted that the form his protest takes adds nothing to the dignity of the Presidency. The Presidential election figures show that while the Republican vote was only 36,000 larger than in 1904, the Democratic vote went up nearly 1,400,000. All the other parties did badly. The Socialist vote was only 400,000, actually 1,000 lower than in 1904; the Populists almost disappeared, and the Prohibitionists fell below a quarter of a million; while Mr. Hearst's man raised only 82,000 votes. It is curious that the only Party to show a largely increased vote is the one which is supposed to have been smashed, while movements like Socialism and Prohibition, which are admittedly advancing, have made so poor a show.

* * *

The submission to the Duma on Wednesday of a credit of £100,000 for police and prison-warders injured by the revolution provoked a strong debate. The Socialist and Labor deputies pointed out that in the last 11 months there have been 1,691 death sentences and 663 executions, and that the rate of official slaughter was actually increasing after all these months of pacification. Some strong remarks by a Labor member led to a violent attack on the Speaker by the Extreme Right, and M. Homaikoff resigned. The Cadets co-operated in voting the Credit. On the previous Friday the Duma took the plunge in the Agrarian question by passing the first clause in the Government's Agrarian Bill. This clause provides that in communes where there has been no division of the land for the last 24 years individual ownership should be substituted for commercial owner-

ship. Legal sanction is thus given to M. Stolypin's edict of two years ago, and a revolution enacted by the Duma in the conditions of peasant life throughout all the northern and southern provinces. The change will, however, take many years to effect. At the same time as the Duma came to this momentous decision it approved the Bill abolishing the free port of Vladivostok and depriving the Siberian provinces of the advantage of Free Trade.

* * *

President Castro landed in France last Thursday, and, after a few days in Paris, proceeded to Berlin to consult a medical specialist. The French Government appears to have treated him not unamiably, despite the fact that he had expelled a French Minister from Venezuela with the scantiest ceremony. The Dutch have seized the occasion of the President's absence to commence reprisals on the Venezuelan coast, where they have captured two gunboats. The rights of Holland's dispute with Venezuela are by no means entirely on one side, for the expelled Dutch Minister was guilty of writing an attack on President Castro, which was published in the newspapers. But whatever the equities of the original dispute, the Dutch Government is now conducting its operations in a manner not to be justified by international law. It has publicly declared that the reprisals are aimed at President Castro, not at the Venezuelan people, and it is obviously trying to provoke a revolution while he is absent. In the United States such a revolution is expected and hoped for, and already there have been riots at Caracas.

* * *

The Paris Apaches have become so formidable that a Vigilance Society has been formed, which is organising a private campaign of its own against them. The suburb of Neuilly is the first to be favored, and here a brigade of vigilants on foot, supported by a brigade on bicycles, is to operate at night from January 1st. The first section of Paris will be covered next, and this will have a force of eighty foot patrols and twenty cyclists. The prefect of police manages the recruitment of these private police, who are to be counted as regulars and to be under the control of the regular police officers, although specially paid from private funds. The arrangement strikes one as more than curious, and if, as is said, the private patrols are authorised to carry and use revolvers, it has something of the air of the sanctioning of private war. For a parallel one must go to Barcelona or to Pittsburg, where private detectives enjoy the privilege of engaging in bloody pitched battles with strikers.

* * *

The size of the crowd gathered at Queen's Club on Saturday to see the University football match is a sign, we imagine, that Rugby is coming back into favor. The game, which ended in a draw, each side scoring one goal, was finely contested throughout, and though hardly brilliant was at times most exciting. The Cambridge forwards out-played their opponents and gave the Oxford halves few opportunities of making openings for their three-quarters. For this reason the Oxford three-quarters, wonderful players as they were, did not show to advantage, although the movement which ended in Martin's try was a remarkable bit of play. Oxford was on the whole lucky not to be beaten, for the Cambridge forwards did magnificently and dominated the game from start to finish. In the three-quarter line Macleod was the hero of the match, and probably never played a better game.

Politics and Affairs.

SHALL THE "DOMINATING ISSUE" BE DOMINANT?

In all that he said at the National Liberal Club on Friday of last week the Prime Minister spoke the mind of the party. If he had said one word more he would have expressed it yet more faithfully and fully. He recognised fairly and frankly that the veto of the Lords has become the "dominating issue" in politics. He showed that the present state of things is one that cannot continue. He repudiated the suggestion that the Government and the party could sit down to the humdrum work of non-contentious Bills as a confession of "humiliation and impotence." He indicated finance as a weapon of potency and flexibility by which at least a partial solution of some of our difficulties might be sought, and pointed to the Budget as the central work of next Session. In all this his speech was in such close accord with the recommendations that have been urged in these pages that we have nothing to do but repeat and applaud. All that we miss is the final resolve still needed to give force, life, and immediate reality to his proposals. The great gun is loaded and trained and scientifically directed. But the electric spark is still wanting and the shot is not fired. Mr. Asquith takes us to the very brink of the conclusion that the Government will, next Session, introduce a Bill embodying their policy for the suspension of the veto; that they will carry this Bill through the House of Commons contemporaneously with the Budget; that one will follow the other to the Upper House in rapid succession; that if either is rejected an appeal to the country will follow; and that in this appeal the central and dominant issue will be the power of the Lords to frustrate the will of the people. To such a policy every word uttered by Mr. Asquith seems to point, and we cannot suppose him to have had any other policy in his mind. Yet he did not speak the decisive word that would kindle the enthusiasm of his party into a flame, and brace it to such a fighting pitch as it has not reached since the palmiest days of Gladstone.

We confess to a fear that before a fighting policy can be successfully initiated there are people of importance who have to learn what a fighting policy means. There appear to be some very hazy notions upon this point. It seems to be seriously thought that a great challenge can be issued, and the fight delayed for an indefinite period until it suits the challenger to make good his words. Here, for example, is Mr. Lloyd George, of all men, boldly proclaiming that "our interest in the great struggle with the Lords is paramount," and going on to inform us that "IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW YEARS the issue will be raised definitely." It is proved already, Mr. George seems to say, and will go near to be thought shortly, that the present situation is intolerable. Then sound trumpet and beat drums. Summon all the people to witness. Announce that a decisive encounter is to take place, and when they have all gathered together, when the lists are entered, when the hostile arrays are drawn up, when excitement is at its

highest pitch of intensity, proclaim in the boldest tones of defiance that the battle will positively take place "in the course of the next few years." Meanwhile, submit and suffer. Take each repeated blow, and get perfect by practice in the art of eating the leek. The modern St. George will slay the dragon—at a convenient season. Meanwhile, the dragon will rage and ravage at his will, and the knight will go on assuring his admirers of the mighty things which he will do when the time comes.

No one knows better than Mr. Lloyd George that this is not fighting. It is worse. It is not even submitting. It is to threaten without acting. It is to repeat the blunder of two years ago. If the position of the Lords is rightly described as the "dominating issue," we must make up our minds to face the issue, and from the time that this is admitted—and it should have been admitted two years ago—every act of the Government should be directed to dealing with it. But without further powers the present Government cannot deal with it. If they seek to postpone the struggle what are the alternatives? They may continue to send up contentious measures which the Lords would throw out. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking to Welshmen, and dealing with the question which most interests them, of Welsh Disestablishment, admits as much, or rather insists on the fact. He tells them frankly that the Lords would not think of giving such a measure a second reading. But what is the result of going through with a Bill of which the fate is pre-doomed and foreknown? It is merely to waste the time of the House of Commons, and reduce its proceedings to the level of a debating society, while the inevitable end is merely one stroke more in the game to the credit of the unconquered, because unassailed, peers. It is one more discomfiture for the Commons, one more admission of impotence. The alternative is to confine legislative work to non-contentious measures and to Finance. The first of these courses has been justly ruled out by Mr. Asquith, who points out that it is merely to set the seal on the humiliation of the House of Commons, and to acquiesce in the disposing power of the hereditary Chamber. It is also to settle down for two or three years, while great questions remain urging for solution, to fiddling at secondary issues, with which by hypothesis a Unionist administration might deal equally well.

Lastly, it may be urged that at least in Finance a sphere of activity remains. We have all admitted that the next Budget must be in the hands of the present Chancellor, because it is necessary to meet the liabilities incurred by the Old Age Pensions Act, because it is imperative to show that this can be done without infringing the principles of Free Trade finance, and because one part of the Licensing difficulty can be dealt with by taxation. But a Government cannot live by finance alone. It would be an impossible position for a great majority to meet year after year for the discussion of Supply and the passage of the Finance Bill, and for a Liberal Government to do so would be for the party to sink gradually into tacit acquiescence in the new view of the Constitution which the peers have, so far, successfully asserted. Nor do we believe that the measures of social reform for which the country is ripening could be successfully brought within the category either of finance or of non-contentious legislation. The proposed reform of the Poor Law, if conceived on true humanitarian lines, will raise a perfect hornet's nest of controversy. The provision for sickness, invalidity, and unemployment will involve legislation, and, moreover, require time, both for the preparation of opinion and for the financial readjustments which they will demand. They should go hand in hand with other legislation, and not all be rushed through in a lump because the House of Commons has nothing else to do. Finally, the land question, though taxation may make the first approaches, cannot be satisfactorily dealt with except through the medium of bills, which, above all others, the Lords would surely reject.

Thus on every point the avenues to continuous, useful work are closed, while, on the other side, the mere continuance of present conditions plays into the hands of reaction, confirms the Lords in the position which they have adopted, and encourages them to go beyond it. Every year that the conflict is postponed worsens our position in waging it. Yet it cannot be escaped. It is truly called the "dominating issue." As such it must be accepted and faced, and, when faced, the struggle must be entered upon with no paralysing delays

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THE CHANCES OF THE OTTOMAN PARLIAMENT.

The meeting of the Ottoman Parliament is an event which finds public opinion still ready to wonder, but with a disciplined and expectant admiration. Miracle it still is, but it keeps its appointed place in a time-table of miracles; it is the natural end to a chapter of good fortune, and luck has been for some months so consistent, that a disaster would to-day startle us more sharply than a triumph. It is as though we had been watching a performance of "Nathan der Weise" on a colossal stage for the past six months, and we positively expect to see rabbis and mollahs and priests in an unending fraternal embrace. Nor is this confident optimism unreasonable. The new *régime* has run, during the five months that have elapsed since the military revolution broke out in Macedonia, almost every conceivable and calculable risk. It has faced the risk of war, first with Bulgaria and then with Austria, a risk contrived by statesmen who probably intended to wreck the chance of reform amid the chaos of arms. Once, at least, the Sultan attempted to stimulate a counter-revolution by rousing his Pretorian guard. The Kurds did actually embark on a minor civil war, and brought about a rather extensive massacre. The Greeks, ever since the electoral period began, have used every resource of a disciplined community and a responsive Press to damage the new order of things and discredit the Parliament in advance. The Ministry has thrice been remodelled, and it contains even now several members whose record under the old *régime* was far from creditable. Finally, the Committee in whose hands

has lain the real direction of affairs both internal and external, consists of untried men, wholly without diplomatic or official experience, scholars, journalists, soldiers, and doctors, and on them has devolved the real conduct of the most delicate negotiations with expert and probably malevolent European statesmen, and the management at home of the most tremendous and revolutionary experiment in all the annals of Europe. Here, surely, were accumulated every conceivable element of disaster, and all the causes requisite for a catastrophe. The first stage of experiment is over. There has been no failure, still less a disaster. Yet one can hardly exaggerate the difficulties which have been overcome. The election of the first Russian Duma was an achievement. But Russia had been prepared by the experience of a generation in the management of provincial councils and elections, and while the peasants of Russia and Turkey stand on much the same level of civilisation, there is nowhere in Turkey an educated class which can be compared with the Russian "intellectuals." Six months ago the races which met peaceably round the electoral urns were burning each others villages, and murdering each others spies. Yet there has been no fighting, no rioting, and hardly even a disorderly assembly. The Greeks are the only race which complains of unfair treatment.

The first instinct of well-informed Europeans, who knew something of the difficulties in the way of a Turkish Constitution, was to conclude that the leaders and the organisation which have achieved this brilliant success must be possessed of an almost uncanny sagacity. They are certainly men of character and intelligence. But in estimating their achievement it is well to remember that the revolution has not altered the peculiarities of the Turkish character. Now the most interesting fact about the Turks is that for two centuries at least nearly every European who knew them well has been ready to predict their early fall as a governing race. Their entire history has been a succession of buffets and disasters, from which they always have emerged at least alive. They have only once been bankrupt; but have they ever been solvent? They have lived on expedients. and survived, so it seemed at times, merely because they lacked the intelligence to succumb. It is quite a mistake to suppose that it is even so low a quality as astuteness which has saved them. No one who has ever met a typical Hamidian statesman, like Izzet Pasha, would dream of applying to his peculiar sub-human cunning a word so respectable as "astuteness." The central fact about them is that they are a race which can dispense with government. Had Tolstoy known the conditions which prevailed about the year 1904 in European Turkey, he could have drawn from them the most specious illustrations in favor of philosophic anarchism. There was, in any good sense of the word, no government at all. There was, that is to say, no machinery competent to enforce order or honesty. Merchants never dreamed of going to law to enforce contracts, nor countrymen of appealing to the police to assure safety. Yet the immense majority of the crimes which occurred were directly traceable to such government as there was. It was mainly political crime. Of ordinary fraud and robbery there was surprisingly little. Had this government been withdrawn altogether there would have been less crime, rather than more. That was in effect what happened at the revolution. We have seen a letter from a town in the interior which described how the Government buildings were suddenly emptied. The worst officials were driven out; the more prudent fled, and only the official coffee-seller remained to complain of the upheaval, which had destroyed his business. Yet this town, without judges, or prefects, or police, remained tranquil and orderly. We must keep this picture in our minds if we would estimate the exact significance of what the Young Turks have achieved. They have destroyed a Government which was nothing but an incubus and a curse. But, as yet, they have put nothing in its place. The new machinery, such as it is, has bumped along, over obstacles and pitfalls, precisely as the old machinery uesd to do. It has survived, not because it is really more solid than the old, but simply because the spiritual climate of Turkey deals kindly with every species of dilapidation. The Turks endured the old tyranny so long because they are an incredibly inert and passive race. They have survived this brusque and uncompromising revolution for precisely the same reason. No race stands less in need of strong and capable rulers. The Young Turks will succeed if they are even moderately wise, and the less they attempt, the better will they succeed.

In the administrative tasks before them much will depend on their success in choosing capable and honest European advisers. The task in which no foreigner can help them is, however, the management of their discordant subject races, and the control of public opinion among the various strata of the Mohammedan population. In the first of these problems we are inclined to think that the future is likely to go on repeating the conditions which prevail to-day. The races which have before them no separate political future will throw in their lot with the Liberal Turks. The Armenians have already returned to the position which they naturally held before the frenzy of the Hamidian period. Their destiny is to understand the Turks, and to serve them, for the advantage of both, with their talent for business and negotiation. The same thing is true of the Jews, and probably also of the Syrian Christians. These peoples will be permanently amalgamated in the Young Turkish *bloc*. It is even possible that they may heartily embrace the ideal of the reformers, and cultivate an Ottoman patriotism which will in time obliterate the chauvinism of race, and develop a common culture and a true national spirit. But that the Greeks will ever so far abandon their racial pride as to accept this ideal we rather doubt. They are so numerous and so widely diffused that they will always be able to use their power as a separate group in Parliament; and its close relations with Athens will keep it an alien force. The Bulgarians and Albanians, on the other hand, each of them compact and numerous only in a single region, can have no large future in the common life of the Empire, and their interest will always lie in promoting decentralisation, if not disruption.

Of the opinions of the Moslem delegates it is much

too soon to speak. It will be well if half of them are inspired by the aims of the Young Turkish Committee. The members from the far East are said to be consciously reactionary. The remainder are probably country gentlemen, elected because they are "notables," and not at all for their opinions. They will be slow to form party ties, and the first task of the Young Turks will be to educate them. It is not probable that any number of them will desire a return to the old order of things. But they will find themselves confronted by men whom they will hardly recognise as their countrymen, and by ideas which they will fail to understand. Any rash shock to their racial or religious prejudices might convert them into an obstinate and stupid Opposition. What their attitude will be, for example, when they realise that the reformers really propose to open the army to the Christians one does not like to forecast. It will be in dealing with this mass, reinforced, as it may be, by semi-savages from Arabia and Kurdistan, that the real ability of the Young Turkish leaders will be tested. Ahmed Riza Bey, thinker, Positivist, and man of honor, is a singularly sympathetic figure when he talks in French to a European audience about tolerance or peace. But how precisely will he strike a sheikh from the Yemen or a feudal chief from the Kurdish mountains? That, in a sentence, is the new Eastern Question. On the whole, our augury is hopeful. The new era, thanks to the soldiers and the clergy, is firmly established, and it follows that all the Turkish instincts of inertia and acquiescence are therefore enlisted on its side.

THE MINERS' BILL AND FREE TRADE.

We need not be surprised at the formal, but thoroughly insincere, acceptance of the Eight Hours Miners' Bill by the Lords. No one expected that they would find in a Bill backed by the strongest labor organisations in the country a "favorable ground" for conflict with the Commons. It was, therefore, safer for the Peers to convert an eight hours day into eight and a-half by amendment in Committee, the mutilating course which they have adopted, and which, we strongly hope, the Government will not accept. But the chief interest of the Lords' debate lay in the reasons assigned by Lord Lansdowne for his nominal acquiescence in the Bill. The first reason was a reiteration of the constitutional doctrine by which two years ago he defended the adoption of the equally hated Trades Disputes Bill, namely, the existence of a popular mandate. It was inconvenient to resist a measure "constantly pressed for by the coal miners." The Lords must yield to importunity. The second reason was that the Bill had a humanitarian aspect. But the third was that although "serious results" might ensue, they should accept the Bill, "because they felt that his Majesty's Government were ready to assume that responsibility, and to advise Parliament on the strength of it." Now this third reason, if it expresses the considered judgment of Lord Lansdowne, is in effect a concession of the whole claim of the Ministry, *viz.*, that the House of Lords shall exercise a merely advisory function, and shall accept the responsibility of the Government, endorsed by the representative House, for measures sent up for their formal sanction. This is a very different theory of the function of the House of Lords from that which claimed for that House the absolute and indefeasible right of determining whether a particular measure possessed or did not possess the approval of the people. If the Upper House is prepared to concede and consistently to apply this virtual withdrawal of its right of veto upon Acts for which the Government takes responsibility, the pending constitutional crisis may be averted. But have the Lords any such intention? Do they not merely take the first makeshift plea that occurs, because they dare not, in words, defend the deliberate breach of the Constitution which their general attitude towards a Liberal Government involves.

In the debates upon the merits of the Bill a curious sophism was elaborated by Mr. Balfour and Lord Cromer with much confidence and fervor, to the effect that a legal interference with trade that would injure the consumer by raising prices was inconsistent with Free Trade. "Here is an artificial increase of cost forced by the pressure of a single interest upon an industry, which must have the effect of 'taxing' a raw material and raising the price of a necessary of life. Can any clearer contravention of the sacred principles of Free Trade be conceived?" urges the Free Trade leader of our Protectionist Party. It is difficult to suppose that a logician of Mr. Balfour's subtlety was himself deceived by so crude a falsity of syllogistic reasoning as this. "Protection is a legal interference with industry: an Eight Hours Bill is a legal interference with industry: therefore an Eight Hours Bill is Protection." The falsity of this sort of "reasoning" by association was effectively exposed by Mr. Samuel in his crushing rejoinder. Even mid-Victorian Liberalism had come to recognise that it was the business of a civilised State to interfere with the conduct of industry and of particular trades in a score of different ways, that such interference usually proceeded from the pressure of certain aggrieved sections of the people, and that the legal remedies for these grievances sometimes involved an increase of costs of production, with an attendant increase of price.

Every proposition and every implication of Mr. Balfour's argument is false. It is false to say that Free Trade merely concerns itself with the consumer; it is also the best economy of the producer. It is false to represent this measure as the pull of a favored trade upon the public purse. It is the first instalment of a general policy of larger leisure, accorded first to an industry where long hours are most injurious, and where the organised condition of the trade enables the change to be effected with peculiar facility. There is no new principle or policy introduced by such an act; it is merely one step in continuation of the long series of factory and other industrial laws enforcing common rules of safety and humanity upon the organisation of private industry. Protection in one sense, of course, it is, but it differs vitally and essentially from the fiscal impolicy that takes that name, and to use this verbal ambiguity in order to confuse and falsify the issue is a

shallow trick of dialectical effrontery. Fiscal "Protection" confers a power upon chosen groups of capitalists and landowners to make unearned rents and profits by reducing the general productivity of industry and by robbing the people thus impoverished of a portion of their reduced earnings. The "protection" represented by an Eight Hours Miners Act secures to a great section of the workers a fund of health and leisure which will react in a score of advantageous ways upon their standard of life and of efficiency as workers and citizens. By applying the instrument of public law to secure a reform which otherwise would have involved repeated conflicts between capital and labor, with all the waste of war, another important step is taken towards the orderly settlement of industrial disputes.

The only valid issue raised by such a proposal has reference, not to the legitimacy of State action, but to the probable cost and its distribution. History has shown that the terrible predictions made by threatened "interests" have been almost invariably falsified by the course of events. If, indeed, the faintest plausibility attached to the impudent assertions of the Coal Consumers' League that this Act would mean a rise of 5s. per ton of coal, it may at once be conceded that such a burden would outweigh the gain to the million miners and their families. But when all the factors of the situation are fairly assessed, there is no reason to suppose that any permanent increase of price will be fastened on the body of consumers. The crude calculations based on counting the mere reduction of hours may be dismissed as mere bluff. If the shorter hours produce the same effect here as in other trades, they will increase the output of labor-power per hour, and if the workers take off fewer days for "play" than now, and improved adjustments of shifts take place, there is no reason to impute any appreciable reduction of output per man. But even if the expenses of producing coal were slightly raised, at any rate during the process of readjustment, we are not at liberty to assume that the poor consumer will pay the whole or the bulk of such a rise.

The discussion of the issue, indeed, has not taken adequate account of the peculiar economic conditions attending to the production and distribution of coal. It is extremely unlikely that either large or small consumers would bear the anticipated burden. Some of it must fall on mining royalties and dues when new leases are made. Again, as Lord Lansdowne pointed out, mine-owning has been of late years a very lucrative business: a good share of any increased cost could, and, we think, would come out of profits. Finally, the difference in price between the six shillings or so that forms the price at the pit's mouth and the retail price to the consumers is so enormous that it is quite evidently swollen by the profits, not of genuine competition, but of combination in wholesale or retail trade. Royalty owners, mine owners, and coal merchants could afford to pay most of any such rise of price as is likely to result. They would probably do so, for it would not be to their interest to attempt to put any further burden on to the consumer, for coal, though in a sense a necessity of life, is susceptible of various sorts of economy in consumption.

THE HOSTAGE.

Most readers of romantic fiction are familiar with the figure of the Noble Hostage. He is a brilliant being held captive by his foes, popularly regarded as his devoted followers. He rides in their triumphal procession, exquisitely attired, treated with studied courtesy, held up to the crowd as the apple of their eye. But by his side rides a horseman with a cocked pistol and a sabre loosened in its sheath, who has orders, at the first sign of revolt, to finish the Illustrious One on the spot. This pathetic figure has, we are afraid, an analogy in our political life, and he, judging by an article in the current "National Review," entitled "Mr. Balfour's Sum in Subtraction," is no other than the accomplished leader of the Conservative, or, perhaps we should say, the Protectionist Party. The writer modestly signs himself "M.P.," shrinking, it may be, from the cynical suggestion that he who unduly praises the great lays himself open to the charge of courting their favor. Mr. Balfour's acknowledgments to his unknown admirer would doubtless be warm if they could be personally conveyed, if only for the stress which he lays on the simplicity and directness of his leader's character, and the confidence which these attributes inspire in the future architect of Protection. Mr. Balfour is told, for example, that "no halting measure, no half-hearted scheme of Tariff Reform, will suffice. Suppleness will not pay." As for "trifling with a plain mandate" (who ever thought of Mr. Balfour as a "trifler"?), it can only "consign the Unionist Party, and all for which the Unionist Party stands, to practical extinction."

Thus encouraged on his adventurous path, Mr. Balfour is further fortified with some plain directions as to the travelling companions whom he had better choose. On this theme "M.P." is not wanting in directness. Mr. Balfour is warned, if he would avoid the "malady of lost power," to dispense, when he becomes Prime Minister for the second time, with some of the "ordinary domestic furniture" of the late Unionist Government. Two articles of common use—in the shape of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Akers Douglas—are at once "dispensed with," in spite of the fact that both these gentlemen are specified as Mr. Balfour's "devoted friends" and servants. Throwing them Mr. Balfour's brother to keep them company, and also "dispensing with" Mr. Arnold Forster on the ground of "health," and Lord Halsbury on that of "age," this Purge of the State warns Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes to fling away the ambition stirred by his "momentary and giddy elevation," and shuts the gate with a clang on the white hairs of Lord Ashbourne. "At last," he tells us, "the door will be closed on Lord Asbourne." Thus far, indeed, "M.P.'s" and Mr. Balfour's task has been simple. A brother is no great matter; a Whip is easily parted with. But there may be friends possessing "fairly respectable qualifications." On these Mr. Balfour is expected to do his duty like a man. For example, there is Lord Midleton, "possessed with a gift of lucid and occasionally effective speech," but having a dark shadow on this shining gift, in the shape of a "most unhappy genius for producing embarrassing situa-

tions in Parliament," a "tactlessness" which is "proverbial," and a "*mauvaise plaisanterie*" which is nothing less than a "bye-word." Candor compels the judgment that such a statesman has done his work in high politics; but there are compensations to a truly public-spirited soul in the "management" of Irish peers and of the finances of the London County Council. A still deeper well of consolation is reserved for Mr. Wyndham. He has declined of late. He has cultivated "a certain artificiality of mind and manner," not to say an "unmeaning verbosity," which, though comparatively useless in politics, may win him a golden retirement in literature. For Lord Derby an even brighter future is revealed. Having unwittingly offended the House of Commons by speeches which were "a happy mixture of blundering and frank admissions," by generally acting as the "*enfant terrible* of the Treasury Bench," and by other "Bœotian" qualities, he is clearly made for happiness in the less rarified atmosphere of the Court. As for Mr. Walter Long, his case is almost too complicated for words. How balance the gifts and the shortcomings of this remarkable man? Here is a statesman whose speeches are "poor and thin," whose judgment is "alike volatile and infirm," and to whom Cavour and Mazzini may be names as unfamiliar as Taine and De Tocqueville, but who is "beloved of the Market Ordinary and the Agricultural Show." In such a casket, it is evident, lie enshrined qualities essential to Conservative statesmanship, and Mr. Long is therefore encouraged to hope that he may still devote his "considerable ambition and modest abilities to the interests of his party, both in Parliament and the country."

We hope that these counsels will be received by Mr. Balfour in the spirit of affectionate loyalty in which they are tendered. To an outsider they may seem to suggest one or two reflections not visible in the letter of these communications. Why, we may ask, has one genius been taken and another left? Why, for example, is the sun of Mr. Chaplin's intellect still to irradiate Mr. Balfour, when Lord Derby's not less brilliant light is withdrawn? Is Mr. Austen Chamberlain such a pillar of fire, even though Mr. George Wyndham's lively fancy has grown a trifle dim? Has a sudden and universal blight fallen on the intellects of those of Mr. Balfour's colleagues who are not, or were not, "sound" on Tariff Reform, while Protectionist wits only grow sharper with the lapse of time and the approach of office? Well, we think we can guess the reason of these efforts to withdraw one set of friends and colleagues from Mr. Balfour's side and to encompass and surround him, not to say hem him in, with another. With no excessive professions of belief in his sincerity or straightforwardness, the Tariff Reformers have given Mr. Balfour his marching orders. They say to him in effect: "We do not in the least intend that you should play with us the game you played from 1903 to 1906. We will not be fobbed off a second time with a Cabinet of Nobodies. We will have no more delaying sophistries preached to a body of private favorites and tools, not clever enough to counter them, or strong enough to stand up against them in counsel. We mean you to take from the electorate a verdict for Protection, whether you mentally accept it or not, to gather round you men who think as we think, and will take the measures we wish to take for establishing a Protectionist tariff. We are not deceived in you, and we know you well enough to know that, where power lies and is duly manifested and impressed on you, you will swallow your pride and do as you are bid." We know that this is the true relationship of the Tariff Reformers to the man whom they are obliged, against the grain, to select as their leader. It may occur to the average Englishman that there is more than a touch of humiliation, and even a flavor of intellectual dishonor, for the victim of insults like those of the "National Review," and of such weapons as will be directed against Mr. Balfour on the morrow of his return to seeming power. But we are afraid we must add that no statesman of our times has done so much to deserve them.

Life and Letters.

THE IDEA OF BROTHERHOOD.

Workers in every field of social reform are constantly depressed by a certain failing in the spirit of democracy. In the democratic triad little more than lip service is rendered to the idea of brotherhood. Individual liberty, however essential, is a solvent, not a binding force, as the failure of the doctrine of *laissez faire* to furnish a constructive policy for industry and the modern State has proved. A mechanical application of equality has been even more injurious. The endeavor to represent democracy as an exact harmony of the equal rights of separate personalities has had a paralysing effect. For the heart of man refuses to respond to such a doctrine of equality, while his intellect rejects it. Indeed, there is some danger lest the dominion which biological ideas are asserting over politics should carry us to the opposite extreme of neglecting the common character of humanity by excessive attention to individual, sex, and racial differences. Much of this waste and reaction might have been avoided if the social spirit of the revolutionary movement in modern Europe had been enlightened enough to feel the fraternity which it professed. For thus would it have escaped the sterilising individualism in which the early reforming zeal soon lost itself, and have placed its movement in contact with the great currents of human brotherhood which religion has gathered and conserved through all the ages. The mistake was inevitable, and the Churches were, perhaps, more to blame than the revolutionists for the antagonism that arose, for they refused to recognise the human work which the Christian principle of brotherhood demanded of them. Mazzini was, perhaps, the first fully to comprehend and to deplore the great human tragedy of this severance between the forces of social reform and the Churches, how that it had led the revolutionists to dwell upon rights rather than on duties, on liberty rather than on fraternity.

And yet here, too, to understand is to forgive. The political reformers failed to tap the great moral reservoirs for the same reason that the Churches failed to place them freely at the service of the new democracy. For history teaches the sad lesson that one of the functions of an organised Church has ever been to repress, more than to conserve, the true spirit of fraternity. The causes are manifest. They belong to the very psychology of "institutions," with their over-growth of forms, the priestly profession, and the worldly influences of property. The dilemma is by no means peculiar to Christianity. The human reality of every spiritual religion has been kept alive by the rediscovery of the revolutionary doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

For it is this central *motif*, underlying the belief in an All-Father, that has driven all the greatest religious reformers to insist upon the practical interpretation of religion in equality of opportunities on earth. It is not that the conception demands equality of pro-

perty or pay, equality of work, or even equality of voting power. None of these things are essential to the religious conception of fraternity as a basis of democracy. What is essential is that every human grouping, from the tiniest village to the mightiest nation, shall be conceived and felt as a family, bound by that sort of human love which binds a family and requires that equal consideration shall be given to every member, not in virtue of any separate rights or equality of work, but as belonging to the family. This is the great moral contribution which Christianity has struggled to make to the liberative movements of the ages, to the overthrow of slavery in ancient Rome or in modern Angola, to the various risings of agricultural bondsmen in every European country, to the efforts of the proletariat in modern industrial societies to get a modest livelihood.

To reinforce these demands as the plain outcome of the divine and human doctrine of brotherhood has been the significance not, indeed, of the Churches, but of these notable revolts against the "world" inside the Churches, like those associated with St. Francis, John Wesley, or General Booth. A very large part of the ferment which just now is stirring both the Church of England and the chief Nonconformist Churches is due to a new dawning perception that they can only keep alive by such inner reforms as shall enable them to realise the Christian spirit of brotherhood. With pathetic eagerness do speakers at Church Congresses, preachers, and writers express their desire to join heart and hand with modern democracy. Much of their language shows, in its very vagueness, how difficult the task before them is. The great mass of the workers in this, as in other European countries, have no part or interest whatever in the Churches. The ordinary English workman is not an enemy of religion, or even of the Churches. He is simply indifferent; they do not touch him. We are glad to notice that there are not a few ministers of religion who recognise the necessity of descending from fine aspirations for "the amelioration of the condition of the working classes," to confront at closer quarters the sort of action Churches, or their members, must be prepared to take if they really mean to translate the spirit of Christian fraternity into actual democracy. Such a book as that containing the Moorhouse Lectures of Canon Stephen ("Democracy and Character," Williams & Norgate), is a bold and serious endeavour to enforce this duty. Addressing directly an Australian audience, living under fuller conditions of formal democracy than exist here, Canon Stèphen is compelled to admit the same failure of the Church to assume moral leadership in the social movements of the day that is here so manifest. After a really masterly analysis of the nature of the democratic movement, interpreted from the standpoint of Christian brotherhood. he confesses plainly that the Church has shirked its duty. "In the past she has shown herself too timid, too conservative. She has allowed herself, in her government, to become identified with the privileged classes. She has been silent in the face of abuses, unsympathetic in the presence of reforms. She has not been faithful in the preaching of social righteousness. Her leaders have shown a caution which may be called cowardice, and a prudence which hardly differs from worldly expediency."

An outspoken indictment of her past! Are we to conclude that a new change of heart and head will bring forth fruits worthy of repentance? We do not depreciate the deeper spiritual and intellectual forces which are transforming and giving fresh values to many of the older dogmas, and we gladly accept Canon Stephen's assurance that "the study of Greek theology has been one of the main factors in the awaking of the Church to social needs and problems. The Greek Fathers make the Incarnation the central truth of their theology: and the Incarnation involves the consecration and redemption of the social order." But a wide chasm stands open between the intellectual and emotional acceptance of such a social gospel and its translation into a propaganda of effective deed. The real trouble in such a society as ours is that all our powerful stable institutions in Church, as in State, industry, education, and even recreation, are suffused with a traditional spirit of unfraternity, derived ultimately from hard, fixed notions about property, all of which embody a flat denial of fundamental Christianity. It still remains a practical impossibility for the respectable middle-class attendant at the very churches where these enlightened social doctrines are preached to feel towards the corduroyed workman he passes in the street, "This man is my brother," and there arises a grave danger lest the pretence to do this very thing should constitute "the new hypocrisy." Voluntary efforts to generate fraternal sympathy, and to express it by organisation for good works, without changing the whole fabric of class relations, are perhaps the subtlest attempt to avoid the realisation of Christian democracy that can be conceived. The spirit seems good. The works in themselves seem good. But the consequence and the under-motive are a preserving of the very basis of those class relations which are responsible for the degradation of the term designed to express the first of Christian virtues, charity. It is precisely by burying itself in "organisation" that the modern busy Church inhibits itself from contributing to the vital movement of its time. It creates a consecrated Mammom of its own.

If the Church is to spiritualise democracy, its first lack is not sympathy, but understanding. It must learn to comprehend the hard saying in which outspoken workers condense their social criticism: "If the rich want to help the poor, let them get off their backs." Only so far as the Churches of the rich learn to recognise that poverty and riches, together with the vices that they carry, are the concave and the convex of the same fact, will they be able to work effectively towards democracy. Only by assiduous unflinching research into the complicated forms of economic pressure, by which the modern social structure enables the rich to grow rich and the poor to remain poor, will the enthusiasm for social reform be directed into really profitable channels.

THE SUDDEN SPLENDOR.

It was an old assumption of the logicians that man is a reasoning animal, and the faith still holds together, though crumbling. The appeal to reason is still respected, and to call a demand unreasonable closes the pockets of men and nations. Yet it seems as if the true test of personality lay outside reason, and the quality of one who has followed only reason's guide is unproven and unknown both to himself and others.

Everyone was reading the other day of a young woman who sprang from a train after her baby which had fallen out. The baby was unhurt, the woman was killed. Nothing could have been more unreasonable than her act If anything, she had less reason, poor woman! than most mothers to save the child, for she was not married. Her life was of some value to herself. She was a domestic servant going to her parents for a holiday. Doubtless, she enjoyed life as much as most people, and there was not the smallest call for her to throw it away. What good did she hope to do for the baby, who, if it was to die at all, would almost certainly die with the first crash upon the ballast beside the rails? If it was killed, she would be too late; if not, there was no need to jump after it. She had better have stopped the train by pulling the cord. Put the case at its best, and suppose there really was some chance of saving the child's life by the desperate leap; still the sociologist would urge that in the interests of the community a mature young woman with an intelligence cultivated by the church or Board School at considerable expense—a young woman whose food and clothing had cost a good deal of hard-earned money, should never have exposed herself to the uneconomic risk of death on behalf of a pulpy quasi-embryo, whose food had been milk on the cheap, whose clothes were trivial, and whose education had not cost the State a farthing.

Not only individual, but social unreason was here seen at its lowest. Had the action been concerned with anything less than life and death, what exclamations about the stupidity of women and the lower classes we should have heard! "Oh, Susan," her mistress would have cried, "what *are* you doing? Can't you ever stop to think?" And the professor standing by would have remarked how slowly education penetrates the average intellect, or have consoled himself with Mr. Havelock Ellis's scientific deduction: "Poets have racked their brains to express and account for this mixture of heaven and hell. We see that the key is really a very simple one; both the heaven and hell of women are but aspects of the same physiological affectability." As for the wasteful expenditure of a highly developed existence in exchange—and that a needless exchange!—for an inchoate and hardly conscious congeries of protoplasm, we remember the scene after Nevil Beauchamp had cut short his career just at its highest in rescuing a smudge of a boy:—

> "Dr. Shrapnel's eyes and Lord Romfrey's fell on the abashed little creature. The boy struck out both arms to get his fists against his eyelids.
>
> "This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp!
>
> "It was not uttered, but it was visible in the blank stare at one another of the two men who loved Beauchamp, after they had examined the insignificant bit of mudbank life remaining in this world in the place of him."

"Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?" said Lear, and it is the question one always asks when a noble life is thrown away; for the equation of existence never works out right. We ask that question even when there is some excuse for the wastefulness of life—some accepted reasonableness in the call of duty or fame or the praise of onlookers. We ask it when the powder bags were laid at the Cashmir Gate of Delhi; or when Mackworth of the Queen's walks up the bullet-swept edge of Wagon Hill with a penny cane in his hand to encourage the terrified men behind and is killed alone; or when the grey-bearded body of De Villiers, commandant of Harrismith, is found leaning over the British sangar at a range of two yards. History is full of such things, and King Lear's question always rises to the mind. The only person to whom it does not occur is the person most nearly concerned. When the policeman in the House of Commons was quietly carrying out the live bomb that shattered him, he did not say to himself, "Why should a dog, a horse, a Member of Parliament, have life, and *I* no breath at all?"

These actions are beyond reason and calculation, nor does their splendor depend in the least upon success. When Rome's greatest treasure flung himself full-armed into the abyss, he did not know for certain that the earthquake chasm would close above his head as a most fitting burial. When Katherine Douglas became Kate Barlass, she did not know whether her arm shattered in the bolt would save the King; nor did it. When Alice, the Southwark nursemaid, carried the children one by one from the fire, she did not know till she died at which child she should die. The miner whose story came from British Columbia this week, knew it was useless for him to stay with his comrades when the roof fell, but he stayed to die. Some years ago, in one week at Leicester a porter, springing in front of an express to save a baby, was cut to pieces, and a woman was seen carried down the flooded river holding her child with both arms high and dry above her head. In one case the child was saved, in the other the mother was found with her arms still outstretched, but the child's body was miles away, among the reeds. There is no calculation, no possibility of estimate in these things. They are outside the domain of reason and the principles of economics. Successful or unsuccessful, they all rank the same, or if there is any difference, those that can be attributed to the recognised dictates of duty and good conduct, like the soldier's or the policeman's, are esteemed a little lower than the rest.

Does it not seem as though reason had very little to do with the glory of personality? The quick crisis, allowing no second for thought, tests the whole nature to its fibres. It comes suddenly as a shell that scatters the limbs of men before they know there is danger. In a flash the moment arrives and is gone, but by the flash the recesses of the soul are displayed. It is written that the woman who hesitates is lost, but the word is equally true of the man. To hesitate is in itself to be lost, for the moment never comes again, and by that hesitation all the man's commonplace qualities are exposed as in a gallery of stupid idols. But regardless of thought and chance and time, to leap hot-blooded into deed—that sheds a sudden splendor, rejoicing mankind as they grope their way among the visible darkness of systems and philosophies. For the quick illumination reveals a nature that repays the groaning and travailing of creation's pangs, and when Sarah Jane Wood, on her way to Shrewsbury, jumped from a train in the utterly useless and unreasoning attempt to save a baby, her crazy action proves that her spirit was loveable and fine throughout. It was the only kind of spirit that makes man worth the trouble he has caused.

But if we give an honor surpassing all other praise to such deeds as hers, why do we so calmly condemn a man or woman who, in the moment of burning crisis, falls short of her heroism? If we reward these things with exceptional glory, we should surely be lenient to the ordinary behaviour which we may assume would be our own. But we are not lenient. We are savage in our rage and vengeance. Loukeria drove in the sledge between the Russian pines, her children warm against her breast. The padding wolves followed close, and one by one she let her children drop. In reason there was nothing else to do; better that one life be saved than that brood and mother and all be lost together. We must assume that we should have done as she did, for with what divine honor her fame would have been celebrated if she had tucked the babies under the rug and flung herself to the wolves, no matter how vainly! We recognise her action as something beyond ourselves, sometimes almost superhuman. Yet the average man stands quietly by while Ivan Ivanovitch swings his axe and off flies her head, amid general approval. "It had to be: I could no other: God it was bade 'Act for me!'" he says, as he wipes the axe on a bit of bark, and we regard his claim to be God's executioner as quite justified, though it is our own necks that he really severs.

Those who stand so quietly by and exclaim, "Quite right, Ivan! you're the proper sort of man!" have never known what fear is. They have never faced that moment of extremity when fear saps the life-blood, and the throat is dry, and the tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth, and life is so dear, and the horror of annihilation has come within a stride. Till he has faced that moment, let no man breathe a condemnation, or act God's headsman. For no man knows what he may do when the heart fails for very terror, and the secrets of the soul are revealed. Of all the virtues, there is none so treacherous as courage, none so uncertain a possession. Yet we have no mercy on the man or woman whom it fails. Is there then no mean between divine honors for the brave, and that swinging axe for the average mortal? Man is not a reasoning animal, and, to his eternal credit, there is no mean. But the Ivans among us might remember that, if things came to the supreme test, it is the axe that nearly all of us would deserve.

THE HARVEST OF WATERLOO.

Chateaubriand, listening at the gate of Gand to the cannonade of Waterloo, has described himself as torn by conflicting feelings, passionately resenting the defeat of his country, while recognising that her victory meant for him a life-long exile. And the observer to-day, listening across the noise of generations to that same memorable thunder, is also oppressed by conflicting verdicts. On the one side is rejoicing in the national triumph, the removal from British shores of a spectre which had kept men awake at nights—the consummation of the beginnings of Trafalgar. And with that also is a certain vindication of national rights violated, more especially in Spain, by a relentless Imperialism. But

the balance sinks heavily to the other side when one realises that this adventure of a June day meant the return of the Bourbons and the dolorous retinue they brought in their train, the triumph of the old Kings, Austria and the Papal power dominant in Italy, the crushing—as it seemed then for ever—of every generous hope of Freedom and the comfort of the common people which had been born, in fire and blood, in the Revolution. If ever men could have been justified in despair of the future, contemplating the fantastic drama of human history, it would have been during the decade succeeding the fall of Napoleon, with England in the squalid farce of the later Regency, Peterloo massacres, and the famine riots of the rural laborer, the Holy Alliance and Lord Eldon weighing heavily on the world. The fact that hope and resistance could struggle through that time, forward to the raising again of the banner "torn and flying" in 1830, to the great Reform Bill, to the larger enthusiasms of '48, is a fact that guaranteed far more than all its sensational earlier successes, the reality of this New Thing that had been born into the world.

There were a very few in England, and curiously enough, some soldiers, who had passed from the approval of the earlier Revolution as "d—d Whigs," into a recognition of the necessity for the Napoleonic devastations in order that this earlier Revolution should overthrow the stagnant and dusty dominance of Governments fast hastening to decay. The journal of such an one, long hidden in obscurity, has just been published, a document of remarkable interest, as revealing the experience of an eye witness to this triumph of the reaction. In "After Waterloo" (Heinemann) Major Frye, once of the third Ceylon Regiment, at the time of his journal in Europe on half-pay in the third Foot, makes his first appearance as an author, after an interval of nearly a hundred years. He had seen much service in the long wars, had fought against the French in Holland and Egypt, against other foes in many expeditions in the Indies. He had returned from the East three months before Napoleon escaped from Elba. On realising that fighting was again begun, he planned an expedition with a former Ceylon governor, to the scene of war. Like Chateaubriand, he heard the cannonade of Waterloo, and visited the battle-field four days afterwards in all its horrors, with multitudes of corpses still unburied, and "heaps of wounded men, with mangled limbs, unable to move, and perishing from not having their wounds dressed, and from hunger." Thence he journeyed for many months, up the Rhine, to Paris, in Italy, for the most part for the pleasure of scenery and picturesque places, everywhere noting the attitude and temper of the people. It is the testimony of things seen, not without prejudice, on the side of Freedom and against the Government of his own country, but with much in that testimony which bears the mark of truth.

He found a Europe fatigued, but by no means satisfied. If the Empire was bad, the rule of the motley and inglorious crew that succeeded it was very much worse. In Belgium he found the inhabitants angry at being separated from France, and almost entirely on the side of Napoleon. At Gand he discovered the Bourbon Court, which had so ingloriously fled behind the shelter of the British guns without a shot for its defence or a tear for its departure. "Monsieur has all the appearance of a worn-out debauchee," is the unflattering description; "and to see him with a missal in his hand, and the strange contrite face he assumes, is truly ridiculous. These princes, instigated no doubt by the priests, make a great parade of their sanctity, for which, however, those who are acquainted with their character will not give them much credit." At Aix-la-Chapelle he finds Napoleon's memory venerated, the Prussians hated, the "common exclamation": "De nostris liberatoribus, Domine, libera nos." At the French capital, "Louis XVIII. has been hustled into Paris," he drily records, "and now occupies the throne of his ancestors under the protection of a million bayonets." While the pleasures of the occupying soldiery are being bountifully provided at the Palais Royal and elsewhere, while the Allies have parades and reviews two or three times a week, "with the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria and Prussia in constant attendance, and Wellington as their showman," this honest man will weep for freedom slain, and now buried and stamped down in hope that she will never rise again. "France is at the mercy of her enemies, and prostrate at their feet: a melancholy prospect for European liberty." The more he sees what has returned—the apparatus of the Kings who had never learnt either to remember or to forget—the more he is disgusted by the vision. Two months after Waterloo he can write of it—"I have seen and can see no reason whatever to rejoice at this event. I fear it is pregnant with infinite mischief." In Italy, at Milan, in Bologna, everywhere outside Tuscany, he found the rule of Napoleon regretted, the Austrian abhorred. In France, the emigrants demand the obliteration of the very memory of the Revolution. All the glory of the great victories is to be forgotten, because it was acquired by a people which had repudiated its legitimate sovereign: "Il faudrait, pour le bonheur de la France," is the cry, "qu'elle fût placée dans le même état où elle etait avant la Révolution." "The priests are at work everywhere," is a later complaint; "trumping up old legends, forging communications from the Holy Ghost, receiving letters dropped from Heaven by Jesus Christ; and all this is done with the idea of working on fanatical minds, to induce them to commit acts of outrage and violence on those whom the priests designate as enemies to the faith, and on weak ones." It is the Blessed Restoration in England, but with a profound difference, for the return of Charles II. received probably the most popular and universal welcome of any Governmental change in history. The return of Louis XVIII. was the establishment, through menace of foreign bayonets and a great internal weariness of a ruler repudiated by almost the whole nation. Major Frye will not listen to the story that Napoleon's triumph after Elba was merely the work of the soldiers. He stays in Châlons, at the "Hotel du Parc," the hostess of which entertained the Emperor on his way from Lyons to Paris in that return: "She said that such was the *empressement* on the part of the inhabitants to see him, and embrace him by way of testifying their affection, that the Emperor was obliged to say, 'Mais vous m'étouffez, mes enfants.' In fact, had the Army remained neutral, the peasantry alone would have carried the Emperor on their shoulders to Paris." "In their conduct on this occasion," is the conclusion of this vigorous critic, "the French soldiers proved themselves far more constitutional than those of any other army in Europe, let despots, priests, and weak-headed Tories say what they please to the contrary."

So, after having "walked by conflagrations and in the light of burning cities," Europe settled down to the sleep of exhaustion—a sleep of death. It is a vision of profound silence and slumber, untroubled by any sound or vision of the dawn. England, raised by the success of the obstinate policy of subsidies and the crowning service of Waterloo to a position of high prestige, was working out the consequence of that policy of subsidies in staggering taxes upon food and a poverty hitherto unparalleled. The effort of Reform expired like a guttering candle; the education of the aristocracy was bearing fruit. "The system at Eton," is Major Frye's recollection, "was to drill into the heads of the boys strong aristocratic principles and hatred of the democracy, and of the French in particular. We were ordered to write themes against the French Revolution and verses of triumphs over their defeats, with now and then a sly theme on the great advantage of hereditary nobility. In these verses God Almighty was to be represented as closely allied to the British Government and a sleeping partner of the Administration." The lecturer on natural and experimental philosophy was informed "that his visits were no longer agreeable and would be dispensed with in future, as 'Philosophy had done a great deal of harm and had caused the French Revolution.'" To the general, the discipline was extraordinarily efficacious. There were some who rebelled;

one, notably, who passed from illicit experiments in "natural and experimental philosophy" to doubt of the existence of the "sleeping partner in the Administration," and thence to the impeachment of all that dignified maintenance of law and order as a veritable "Masque of Anarchy," revelling heedless of the cries of the last maniac child of Time:—

> "My father, Time, is weak and grey
> With waiting for a better day;
> See how idiot-like he stands,
> Fumbling with his palsied hands.
>
> "He has had child after child,
> And the dust of death is piled
> Over every one but me—
> Misery! oh, Misery!"

Only such a visionary could see behind the people "starved and stabbed in the untilled field," ruled by "an old mad, blind, despised, and dying king," and "princes the dregs of their dulled race," the figure of a "glorious phantom" which would one day burst the prison of its grave. And Shelley himself could not foresee that already walking the earth—a student who went always in black in the streets of Genoa in mourning for his country, a fisherman's child at Nice with the sea-passion already on him, a boy who was shortly to enter that very Eton which inoculated the traditions of the oligarchy were such fighters in "the warfare of humanity" as were destined to "illuminate our tempestuous day."

IN THE RAIN.

Silent, invisible, unromantic, but most drenching drizzle. It comes from the unmoving pall of a white mist that may be piled to the top of our atmosphere or may be only a few yards thick between us and the sun—a question of much moment to those who believe that such a day of all-pervading damp is one of the days that cannot be spent in the open. It only presents us with the trifling problem, whether or no to take a cape or mackintosh to cover the shoulders. And whether the optimistic belief that the cloth of descending moisture is getting threadbare is sound or not, the mackintosh is a good thought in view of the fact that we expect to walk under dripping trees. Every branch holds a shower-bath booby-trap waiting for him who unwittingly touches the spring. The birch trees hold their diamonds best, every twig of that drooping, fountain-like growth having its pendulous globule. No water comes down those silvery or deeply scored trunks. Every drop that falls on an outer branch flows not inward but outward, not from tributary to river, but, so it seems, from river to rivulet, thence to the tiny indivisible twig, to pause and twinkle, as though hesitating to take the long drop to the ground.

Down the vivid green trunks of the beech, on the other hand, dash veritable torrents, that have accumulated from the labyrinth of boughs, the topmost of which are quite lost in the mist. Their trunks are marked by black streaks in the green, black as night till the carefully focussed eye sees in them the white threads of hurrying waves. Some of the would-be tributaries lose their way in the lower reaches, just missing junction with the main stem by reason of some awkward kink that sends them to the lower side of the bough. So they drip in a white cascade from the elbows of the tree, drilling miniature pocket-holes through the loam to the gravel, and churning their contents to a white froth. Below these dripping elbows are the only dry stretches, running into deep and cosy arm-pits, where the delicately over-winged winter moth, or his fat, wingless spouse, may hang in safety and wait for better flying weather. The deeply corrugated oaks offer more frequent, though more risky, havens, as testify the torn wings of the male fluttering from the drenched web of the spider.

Kicking very deeply in the beech leaves, we can see how the rain has added many tones to their red. The dry leaves that come up are pallid, half-painted things by comparison. The bracken which yesterday matched without fault the big red stag, to-day reveals him like a lemon on orange, for if somehow he has not managed to keep dry—his hair does not soak up water like the dead vegetation. The bad weather has soured his temper. Instead of throwing out his maned chest, tossing his head, and pawing the ground to intimate that he will not have his hinds disturbed, he turns his back on the human intruder, and sulkily bullies his wives from the ditch under the fence where they have made some kind of shelter from the falling rain. He does not take their place, but just compels them to stand out there and be thoroughly miserable with their lord and master. As we turn from this picture of four-footed human nature, a wood mouse slips from the open, back into the shelter of a hawthorn. He, too, has all the color of dryness as he passes across the sodden leaves and negotiates the jewelled bush without bringing down a particle of rain. A blackbird passes by with that whistling flirt that thick weather produces from his usually silent wings, and a few birds, known as jackdaws by their voices, though lost to sight in the mist, make a noise with their wings not unlike sawing. Further off, the carrion crow hoarsely laments the days when there were plenty of eggs to be sought and eaten, and from almost under our feet flies a speck of avine anatomy that seems too busy to notice that the day is a wet one. It is a gold-crested wren, and in the next bush we have it at arm's length, as it hangs and reaches this way and that, unmindful of the danger of bringing down a torrent of drops that would surely overwhelm it.

Many of the rabbit holes are wetted through, if not flooded out owing to a defective arrangement of the main entrance or the bolt-hole. Our dog puts their owners out from the bushes, and even finds them in spare, hare-like forms on the open bank, where some of them seem to prefer the regular drizzle to the annoying, unexpected splashing from the twigs. With all its drenching, the bank is dryer under foot than the dead leaves at the bottom of the hedge-row. We find that some of the bunnies that were sitting in the open rain had chosen stones to sit on, and these are dry and warm as toast immediately after their occupants have scuttled reluctantly to cover.

At three in the afternoon the rain ceases, and some sort of sun-glow struggles for a few moments through the mist. It is too late in the day for sunshine however. We get a transient taste of what a full light could do with the damp-heightened color of bracken and beech leaves, and then a whiter mist than we have had yet, the mist of evening, rolls apparently from its hiding-place in the bushes and takes imperceptible possession of the fields and open glades. It softens and glazes the tree-trunks into a sort of charcoal grey, then slips behind them and shuts out all the beyond with such a veil of pearl that they come by contrast blacker than ever. It hangs the drooping bracken fronds with a pearling that trembles on the verge of hoar-frost, which, by morning, it will surely be. It weaves in and out of the bare branches, till it decorates them with a ghostly imitation of their summer foliage, and it makes the red deer loom like gigantic moose, and the jackdaws like eagles.

A thousand wood pigeons are going to roost in this wood. As we pass, company after company leaves its session with a roar like that of an express train. Not as Virgil has it, *subito commota columba . . . plausumque . . . ingentem.* Our doves can clatter like this when the air is clear, but the buffers of the fog reduce their sharpest clamor to a roar. We overtake them again and again, for they flee from us in the line of our advance, and do not care to go far, as though fearful of losing the favorite part of the wood altogether, in the mist and gathering dusk. So we drive them by platoons till, with one great roll of thunder, the whole army at length rises and makes back on both flanks to the place from which they were originally disturbed. The starlings that roost in the hazel rods, we imagine, have not performed this evening their bedtime evolutions. As we pass through the midst of their dormi-

tory, an occasional whistle proclaims the fact that they have not yet quite sunk to sleep. Yet it is well past four, and only owing to the superior refractive power of a damp evening can we see to the south a staining of our woolly nightcap that proclaims that there the sun has set in a splendor that only those that soar above the mist can see.

Present-Day Problems.

THE CHILD TRADER.

Complexity and immensity are the deterrent features of most social problems. Every reformer desires to find a remedy for unemployment, to prevent drunkenness, to abolish pauperism, but the social doctors prescribe inconsistent antidotes for these diseases, and each asserts that the other's medicines will only aggravate the complaint. Every now and then, however, in social as well as in physical pathology, one comes upon some isolated local disorder which a simple operation would completely cure, and one is lost in wonder why the patient has endured suffering for years which the exercise of a little common sense would have removed.

The case of street-trading children is an example of this class of social disease. That it is a disease seems almost too obvious to require proof. No thinking person, passing through the main streets of London and every other big town, hurrying to his railway station in the rain and mud of a bleak winter evening, can bear to consider the present life and the future prospects of the small wizen-faced boys who press him to buy an evening paper or the ragged little girls who offer boxes of matches.

The philosophic doubter who weighs the social consequences of his smallest act may debate within himself whether it is better to refuse encouragement to the street-trader, and to purchase his paper or his matches at the railway station; or, on the other hand, whether his copper is not well bestowed in adding a tiny fraction to the earnings of a hungry child, instead of a tinier item to the profits of a millionaire bookstall proprietor.

Anxious to be spared this perplexity, the modern philanthropist, in face of a social evil obviously susceptible of remedy, consults neither the Church nor the Charity Organisation Society, but his solicitor. What, he enquires, has the law to say about street-trading children? And then he makes a quite astonishing discovery, namely, that the Government of the British Empire, in the third year of the twentieth century, actually passed an Act of Parliament to license little boys and girls of eleven years of age to carry on trade in the streets of our big towns up to nine o'clock at night, in winter as well as summer, and even later if a local authority permits it. It seems incredible, but it is a fact. The six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons, not to speak of the five hundred and ninety-three peers, prompted by scores of Home Office officials, every one of whom would regard with disapproval the nurse or governess who allowed his own children of eleven to sit up round a cosy fire till nine o'clock for two evenings running, solemnly enact that the children of the poor may not trade in the streets under the age of eleven, or (unless the local authority permits) after the hour of nine, and thus authorises such trading after that age and up to that hour. And only a few lines lower down the Act has the impudence—no weaker word will serve—to provide that "A child shall not be employed in any occupation likely to be injurious to his life, limb, health, or education, regard being had to his physical condition"! This is not an example of the little things for which the law does not care. The law has cared, only five years ago, and now the little ragamuffins of our street are traders licensed by Act of Parliament!

The results of this licensed street-trading are deplorable, and that by universal admission. Chief Constables are not exactly sentimentalists, and their opinions on such a question should carry weight. The Chief Constable of Manchester, in a paper read at the Mansion House last May, said that "Street-trading, of all juvenile wage-earning occupations, is productive of a greater amount of evil, morally and physically, than any other occupation followed by children." The boys become "for the most part race-course touts, often travelling thieves and loafers, and as such spend their lives in common lodging-houses . . . .till they end their days in the gaol or the workhouse." The girls as a general rule become prostitutes.

But even if these children do not become criminals, it is clear that they cannot grow up into useful citizens. "They dislike more and more honest work," to quote the Chief Constable again. They are growing into material for the Distress Committees, candidates for Farm Colonies, members of that hopeless class on which Royal Commissions deliberate for years at a stretch. Why is "this hot-bed of vice and crime," as one authority calls it, licensed by the Act of 1903 to rear a crop of criminals, prostitutes, and loafers, for our Charity Organisation Societies and Howard Associations, our Refuges and Reformatories and Rescue Societies to garner.

Apparently the only answer is that the old legal maxim that anything in restraint of trade is unlawful still dominates our statesmen.

No doubt defenders of official inaction will trot out the unfortunate widows, the out-of-work fathers, who are the obstacles to all social reform.

Investigation, of course, demonstrates that the widowhood and the unemployment are imaginary. The respectable widow does not allow her boys to trade in the street; the father of the gutter ragamuffin is not an unemployed artisan but an unemployable, or, perhaps, a skilled craftsman at a trade known chiefly to the police. We do not assert that there are no cases of street-trading children whose parents are poor but respectable. It is certain, however, that they are but a minute fraction of the whole and that the earnings of the great majority of these children are handed over to drunken fathers and dissolute mothers, except when the children are living as well as trading on their own account.

Here, then, are seventeen thousand six hundred and seventeen street-hawking children counted in the Return of Children Working for Wages in 1898, and probably some twenty-five thousand children, according to the official estimate, who are to be licensed to a criminal-producing occupation, because of some old-fashioned notion that parents must be allowed freedom to mar their children's lives (which the community will later vainly seek to mend), or that the children themselves must be left free to do the best for themselves although all grown-up people are aware that in fact they are doing the worst.

As for the remedy, that is so simple and so easy that it seems incredible that Parliament can decline to adopt it.

Street-trading is no great vested interest that any party need fear to attack, though, indeed, a charge of want of this courage could not plausibly be brought against the present Ministry. Street-traders have no votes, and even the daily Press, which is a partaker in the crime, and, therefore, does not freely denounce it, would not attempt to defend its own shortcomings.

Street-trading is now—in most towns—a licensed profession necessarily carried on with complete publicity. It is as easy to forbid as to license. Already the local authorities *may* make by-laws for street-traders under the age of sixteen. At the date of the last return in June, 1907, only one county, besides London, only four urban districts, and sixty-seven boroughs had exercised this right. The law already prohibits street-trading by children under the age of eleven. A line in the Children's Bill would raise that age to fourteen. Already a local authority may prohibit girls under sixteen from street-trading. That "may" could by a phrase be turned into "must."

Why, then, does the Government object? Mr. Gladstone, in answer to a question in the House, replied that the employment of children involved numerous and controversial questions. It would have been equally

relevant to refer to the procession of the equinoxes. The employment of children *is* a complicated matter, but the street-trading by children on their own account is no part of this problem. Mr. Herbert Samuel regretted he must omit the subject as contentious. Does he refer to Mr. Harold Cox? Surely no one else could advocate free trade in the production of criminals! The local authorities are not known to be unfavorable. The Corporation of Glasgow has indeed already approved the proposal.

The Children's Bill contains pages of carefully devised clauses for the regulation of child criminals. Surely it is worth while to add another clause which will put an end to a system which makes children into criminals.

Short Study.

THE GODDESSES OF THE CAMERA.

In the "Reminiscences" of Lady Randolph Churchill and in Mr. Ralph Nevill's "Piccadilly to Pall Mall" (Duckworth & Co.), something is said of that mad worship of the woman's face which swept over the English world in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties of the last century. It was the day of the "Professional Beauty," whether she did actually make a profession of her charms or only used them as an amateur to win applause and admiration. There were some half-dozen, or perhaps half-a-score, of women whose loveliness was a national passion. Two or three were well born and married; others were "actresses," at least, by convention; some did not even make pretence to any social status at all. It mattered not. To only a few were they real beings, who dined out, or played at the halls, or consorted with young men about town. In London people would sometimes stand on chairs to look at them in the Park, or mob them in drawing-rooms and at private views. But most men, I imagine, scarcely thought of them as creatures of flesh and blood, who lived somewhere in houses, and wore clothes and took them off; but rather as fair abstractions, the images of an ideal exquisiteness of physical perfection. To the thousands who gazed upon their portraits in the shop windows, or caught faint glimpses of their features crudely rendered on the lids of chocolate-boxes and in other poor reproductions, they were goddesses revealing their glory from the empyrean to worshippers on this clouded earth.

Commentators then and since have spoken slightingly of this "craze." I do not know that it deserves the term; it was less a craze than a cult, and one not without its elements of nobility and reverence. True, the objects of all this adoration were perhaps (I do not know) only frivolous "society" dames, or sometimes, it may be, light damsels whom our fathers would have called wantons. But in the emotion they created there was little of vulgarity or animalism. The portraits displayed of them were nearly always delicate, and so far as the coarseness of the medium allowed refined. They were fully arrayed in garments that represented to the contemporary eye the type of feminine elegance. Whether they were ladies or not, their habits and demeanor were those associated with aristocratic, luxurious womanhood. They were not to be confused with the half-naked females then just beginning to expose themselves to the camera and now sprawling tumultuously on all sides. We have come to live amid an orgy of nudity, exhibited in the ball-room, at the theatre, on the stage, in the street: every man of us has become a Peeping Tom whether he will or not. Crowds press to the music-halls to gaze on women who cannot dance, who are not even beautiful, whose sole attraction is that they are very nearly undressed; a whole brood of illustrated newspapers, at sixpence for the genteel, at a penny for the multitude, thrives on this art of the baignoire and the alcove. Compared with it our riot of indecent inquisitiveness, the late-Victorian love of lovely faces seems reticent and chaste. To many thousands of clerks in offices, of assistants in shops, soldiers, sailors, settlers far away in the bush and the backwoods, the cheap framed photograph was like the picture of the Virgin or St. Catherine to some Catholics: a type of goodness and purity as well as beauty, a revelation of the ideal womanhood that hovers dimly before most men's minds at some period of their lives.

. . . . . .

Several years ago I was in the log hut of a prospector in the mining district of British Columbia. With two companions I had lost my way, and was compelled to seek refuge for the night in this little cabin. The owner was a good-looking young Canadian from an Ontario farmstead who received us hospitably and did his best to make us comfortable. The furniture and appointments of his one small living-room were as scanty as is customary in those parts. There was the usual miner's equipment—picks, shovels, high boots, a shot-gun, a rough pine table and some stools, a bear-skin robe; for literature, a mining manual, a text-book of mineralogy, several worn paper-covered novels; and for ornament some colored prints from the Christmas numbers of illustrated newspapers on one wall, and on another, above the stove, three photographs. One was of a side-whiskered elderly gentleman, another that of a comfortable middle-aged matron: our host's parents, no doubt. The third was more arresting. It was a reproduction of perhaps the loveliest of all the lovely faces which had been wont to gaze from the shop windows during that era of beauty-worship whereof mention has been made. One could not look at it, familiar and almost hackneyed as it had become, without a start of surprise that Nature had made anything so perfect. The delicate symmetry of the features, the exquisite modelling of the chin, the soft sweetness of the lips, the grace of the smooth hair rippling low over the forehead, were only part of the indefinable charm of a countenance that seemed bathed in an atmosphere of virginal purity. The impression was heightened by a kind of hood suggesting that of a nun which loosely draped the girl's head, and by the rapt eyes turned a little upward as if in prayer. It was the face of a young saint, the index, one might believe, of a soul as beautiful as its outer vestment.

Unfortunately the picture prompted no such reverential thoughts in one of my companions, a gentleman well acquainted with the gossip of the London *coulisses* for long past. "Hallo," he said, taking the portrait from its nail, "there's little ——"; and he mentioned the lady's name with a brief and somewhat indecorous allusion to her career, which had been by no means so edifying as her appearance suggested. As it happened, our host, who had gone into the outlying shed to fetch provisions for us, came into the room at the moment and caught the flippant remark. He dropped the tin pot he was carrying with a clatter; a dark flush surged through the healthy bronze of his cheeks; and with a rough Western oath he strode across to my friend so fiercely that I feared he was about to strike him. The Londoner turned in surprise. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought——" The Canadian controlled himself with an effort. "See here, mister," he said, "I don't want your thoughts and I don't want your words about that—that picture. It's got nothing to do with you."

"Of course not. I only said—but I am sure I apologise if I have hurt your feelings. I didn't know the lady was a friend of yours."

"I guess," said the young fellow slowly, "she *is* a friend of mine in a manner. Anyway, we've got no call to talk about her."

His brow cleared, and he remembered the duties of hospitality. "Just sit down to the table. I reckon you'll be ready for your supper."

He took the portrait quietly from my friend and hung it on the wall again. No more was said on the subject. We gathered round the pine board and fell to on the corned beef and the lake trout with an appetite born of many hours in the open air. Warmed by food and tea and rye whisky and much tobacco, we all grew conversational and expansive. Our Canadian proved a genial entertainer, a wholesome, cheery, sanguine youngster, full of confidence in himself and his pioneering work in this new land, intellectually a little raw, but

with the shrewd colonial instinct for realities. Our talk was of mines and prospects and the local politics and many other things. We smoked and drank and played poker, and the hours sped lightly. It was past midnight when my two friends retired to the other apartment of the shanty, our host's bedroom; the Canadian and I were to sleep in the living-room.

"Well, I suppose we had better turn in, too," said the young man.

But I lingered, and suggested a final pipe. I wanted to hear about the portrait. I got up and looked at it again. The young man's eye followed me, and I thought I would risk something.

"Was she really a friend of yours?" I asked.

He laughed lightly enough. "No, sir, of course she was not; I never saw her. How should I? I guess she doesn't come to Canada, and I have never been in Europe."

"You don't know anything about her but her name?"

"No; and don't want to. I just got that picture because there ain't no face in the whole world like it—no, not one. Well, you look at it; you can see for yourself."

"Certainly," I replied, "it's very beautiful."

"Beautiful! I suppose so. But that ain't it so much. You see, we live a rough sort of life out here, and the men I meet—yes, and the women, too—they can't say things that a chap wants to hear sometimes. Perhaps you don't know what I mean; but when I was a boy at home in the East with them"—he jerked a thumb towards the parental portraits—"I thought a lot of religion and used to go to chapel a good deal. Well, when I came out here somehow it all went away from me; it didn't seem real, and I used to wonder how I could have believed all them queer Bible stories and the flapdoodle the ministers talked. I was down in Revelstoke, and I got about in the saloons and other places with the boys, and had a pretty lively time. But I tired of that, too, after a spell, and was at a sort of loose end, and then one day I saw that picture in a shop window and I bought it and put it in my room. I tell you, sir, I was a bit sorry I had got it at first. I couldn't get away from those eyes of hers. When I came in after a bit of a burst she seemed to be talking to me. 'Dicky Drummond,' I almost heard her say, 'Mr. Richard Drummond, are you doing the sort of thing you think you like? Are you doing the sort of thing you think *I'd* like?' Well, it got on me, and I chucked Revelstoke and came out here."

"A very sensible thing to do," I observed.

"I should say! I am going to make money, you bet. That claim of mine, you know——" and he relapsed suddenly from sentiment to very practical matters, as is the way of healthy youth. But presently he went back to the other theme. "I believe *she* brought me luck. Anyway, she brought me something else. When I come in and out, or after I have been down with the boys and playing euchre and so on, I want to look at her and think there's somebody like that in the world—with those eyes."

"You will be getting married some time, you know, Mr. Drummond," I said. "Haven't you ever thought of it?"

"I *have* thought of it," he said. "There's a girl down here now at the township—she ain't like that one there, but she's a mighty good sort. Well, I dunno." There was a pause. "Say," he broke out suddenly. "You live in London when you are at home, don't you? Yes; well now, I suppose you might see *her*," and he indicated the portrait, "some time. You might tell her from me——"

I laughed. "My dear friend," I said, "do please consider that, in the first place, the photograph from which that one of yours is copied was taken a dozen years ago at least. The original is"—I looked at his face, and my sentence did not end quite as I had intended—"is—married, I daresay, or perhaps she is dead. At any rate, I do not think she is in London. And if she were, there are about ten thousand chances to one that I shall never come within speaking distance of her."

"That so? Well, of course. I guess I have kept you up too late talking nonsense. You have got to make an early start to-morrow, you know."

. . . . . .

It must have been nearly twelve months later that I received a letter in London with the British Columbian postmark outside and something stiff within. I opened the envelope and read:—

> "Dear Sir,—Mr. —— was along here the other day and I took your address from him. Perhaps you recollect that evening you got lost on the trail, when you and me sat up talking after your friends turned in. I thought you might like to know that I got married last fall. Enclosed please find portrait of Mrs. D. I guess you'll think I am a lucky man when you look at it. She is as good as she is pretty, just about as good as they make them. The claim is panning out O.K., too, so you see I'm getting it bully all round. I am sending you another portrait, that one you noticed on my wall. Mrs. D. she don't like it much, and I ain't so fond of it as I was, now I have got Annie to look at, which is better than cardboard anyway. But somehow I didn't care to put it in the stove, and I thought you would not mind if I sent it to you. Excuse me for troubling you. I am building a new house, and when it is done, you can have a better shakedown than I gave you that night; so if ever you are in B.C. again, don't forget to come along here and see me and Mrs. D. and, maybe, a kid or two before long.—With kind regards, I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
>
> "Richard Drummond."

I set the two photographs before me on my writing-desk. "Mrs. D." did not altogether belie her husband's eulogy. She had prettiness of a kind, the trivial prettiness of youth and good nature, a dimple in the cheek, simpering conscious eyes, hair lying in a ringletted "fringe" above an insignificant brow, a suggestion of cheap finery about the neck. The pure and noble face in the nun's drapery seemed to smile with a gracious indulgence on its commonplace rival. So my young pioneer had gone the way of many men before him, and had got his feet upon the comfortable earth after a brief flight into the azure. He had descended upon the Real Woman, and would make her, I daresay, no worse a husband for having conversed for a space with the Ideal.

Sidney Low.

Communications.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

Sir,—The two letters which appeared last week on the subject of Small Holdings present, at least, a remarkable contrast. While "A Liberal" holds up his hands in pious alarm at the damage that may be done to "the prestige of the Government" and "the fortunes of the party" by the criticisms that have appeared, Mr. Beaumont, from an experience which no one will question, is driven to admit the case against the Board. It is, he says emphatically, "only too true." Where last year, touring through villages, up and down the country, on behalf of the Small Holdings Society, he was met by eager interest and hopefulness, this year, on revisiting the same places, he finds the men despondent and even hopeless. The reaction has already set in; petty tyranny and boycott are doing their work; the trust in Lord Carrington is weakening; direct hostility is shown to the Act; the Board is inactive and acquiescent.

Against such evidence as this of Mr. Beaumont's, who has at least the courage to give his name, all this talk of "A Liberal" about the fortunes of the party and the prestige of the Government has a rather hollow sound. It is, after all, by the work they do and not by such considerations as these that the Government in the long run will stand or fall. At a time when new legislation is almost impossible, we have at least the right to ask that they should administer fully and effectively the Acts which they have already passed. In the case of small holdings, I do not believe it is possible for any unprejudiced observer, who takes the trouble to inquire into the facts, to say that they have done so.

The Act, as is well known, begins by directing that "the Commissioners shall ascertain the extent to which there is a demand for Small Holdings in the several counties, or

would be a demand if suitable land were available," and describes, in some detail, how they shall do so. Even in this, their primary duty, the action of the Commissioners has certainly not shown excessive vigor. No complete record of applications has been made; very few independent inquiries instituted; the work has practically been left to the unaided efforts of the Councils. Let us assume, however, as "A Liberal" asserts, that this was really the best thing they could do, that it was unreasonble to expect any more; and that in acting under section 2 (2) of the Act, and calling upon the County Councils "for information and assistance," they have really carried out to the full their duties in this matter.

Very well, then; but what next? What of the Reports which are to follow? For though ascertaining the demand is the beginning of the duty of the Commissioners, it is, obviously, not the whole of it. Let me quote the exact words of the Act, the words which immediately succeed the subsection referred to.

> "The Commissioners *shall report* the information acquired by them respecting any county to the Board, and *shall state* whether it is desirable, in the opinion of the Commissioners, that such a scheme as hereinafter mentioned should be made, and *may indicate* the nature of the proposals which the Commissioners consider ought to be embodied in the scheme."—Section 2 (3).

Now here is a perfectly simple proposition. A plain duty is laid down. It is not contingent upon anything which the County Councils may do or fail to do. There is no discretion given to the Board. The only condition is the acquiring by the Commissioners of certain information, which they are expressly directed to acquire and which it is the duty of every local authority to furnish them, if they ask for it. As soon as they have acquired this information —as presumably they have now done—a new duty arises. They are directed to report it to the Board, and to state whether they think it is desirable that a scheme should be made. That is the only possible interpretation of the words of the Act, and to discuss whether it is desirable to carry out this provision, or whether the time has come to do so, is merely irrelevant. If the information exists, it is the duty of the Commissioners to report it. If they think it desirable that a scheme should be made, it is their duty to say so. In the words of Mr. Corrie Grant, whose book Lord Carrington welcomed as a lantern to light the wayfaring man, and "an admirable exposition of the law in language which he who runs may read,"—though the Act itself is clear enough—"the Commissioners are to make a report to the Board of Agriculture *in respect of each county*, and in any case where they think that there is a demand for small holdings, and that suitable land is to be got, they are to state in their report that a scheme should be made for providing small holdings, and may, if they choose, say in what manner they consider this should be done."

Here, then, is the duty. How has it been fulfilled? Let me quote from Hansard the official reply:—

> Q. *Mr. Morrell.*—To ask the honorable member for South Somerset, as representing the President of the Board of Agriculture, whether any case has yet occurred in which the Commissioners have made a Report to the Board with regard to the demand for small holdings as provided in Section 2 (3) of the Small Holdings Act. [10*th December*, 1908.]
>
> A. *Sir Edward Strachey.*—The reply is in the negative.

The answer is a characteristic one. No reasons whatever are assigned. No unnecessary information is vouchsafed. But, unfortunately, so far as it goes, it is conclusive. After nearly a year's working of the Act, in face of an unprecedented demand—a demand common to every county area—in spite of the fact that some county councils have as yet done nothing at all, beyond making preliminary inquiries, and the majority of them very little, the Commissioners have not even begun to carry out this plain statutory duty. Not only have they not made a report in respect of *each* county, as Mr. Corrie Grant suggests that they are bound to do; they have not made one in respect of any. "The reply is in the negative."

But this is no mere technical requirement, the disregarding of which might be of little consequence. On the contrary, it is the very centre of the machinery of the Act. Without the report no time limit can be set, no default powers exercised, no effective supervision maintained. However urgent may be the case, however backward the council, the Board have no power to intervene. An interval of at least six months must elapse before they can even ensure the preparation of a scheme. Only when the report has been made, and forwarded by the Board to the county council, as they are bound to forward it, if they agree with the Commissioners in thinking that a scheme should be made, does the procedure of the Act take effect. A time limit is then automatically set. For it then becomes the duty of the council to prepare one or more draft schemes "to give effect to the report," having regard to the proposals (if any) of the Commissioners indicated in the report; and if within six months, "or within such extended time as may be allowed by the Board," the county council fail to act, the Board may direct the Commissioners to take action in default. If these reports had been made at once most of the difficulties described by Mr. Beaumont and others would never have occurred. Until they are made, the Board are little better than a piece of stage machinery; able, indeed, to issue circulars and make representations to the councils, which they do with estimable diligence, but unable to secure the provision of a single acre of land.

It is true, of course, that under a succeeding section of clause 3, county councils have the right—though they are under no obligation—to prepare and submit schemes "without receiving any such report"; and many of the councils, as is well known, have already submitted schemes to the Board. For this reason, as "A Liberal" rightly says, it is a perversion of the facts to represent the Act as a failure; and if he had taken the trouble to read the article he was criticising, he would have seen that no such perversion has occurred. On the contrary, it has always been recognised that a few counties have done excellent work, while most of them are doing something. But it is only in a comparatively few places that any considerable progress has been made. Of the 600 applicants who have already obtained land, more than half belong to only three counties. For some thousands of other "approved" applicants no holding at all is yet in sight. Even if much more had already been done, it would not relieve the Commissioners and the Board of the duty which they have still to carry out, or of their real responsibility in this matter. For it is not merely a question of delay. The policy now pursued by the Board of Agriculture is in effect the denial to the applicants of that right of appeal from the Council to a central authority which the Act provides; the refusal of any assurance to these men that, whatever may be the present attitude of the county councils, their case, if it is a sound one, will ultimately be met. They may be threatened with dismissal, they may be deprived of their homes, for making application under an Act of Parliament; and they have, at present, no compensation or redress. In spite of Lord Carrington's pleasant optimism, they are bitterly beginning to see that all the talk about Small Holdings Commissioners, who would be above local prejudices, who would supervise the work of the county councils and be ready at once to take action in default, has been, so far, an empty boast.

The policy of the Board of Agriculture up to now has been simply a policy of not carrying out the provisions of the Act. If Liberalism is to retain its credit in country districts, it is more than time that a change should be made.
—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

House of Commons.
December 15th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH COUNCIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have been asked by several clergymen to make a statement as to the unrepresentative character of the self-entitled Representative Council of the Church of England. They feel, as I do, aggrieved at finding the resolution of this Council taken as the voice of the Church, and themselves thereby committed to opinions and actions from which they in many cases entirely dissent. It seems specially desirable that the truth on this subject should be pointed out when the supposed authority of the Council has been accepted

even by the Ministers of the Crown and thus has led to the destruction of the last Education Bill, and of the religious peace which it would have secured.

1. The Council is primarily a conjunction of the two Convocations, each house of which resolves itself into a Committee for the purpose of meeting in London. But the Convocations do not represent the Church, nor even the clergy. The laity who are added are elected by very loose processes, which are so contrived that, with few exceptions, those elected are sure to be clericalists. But the Church of England is national, not clericalist.

2. No sanction was given by the Crown to the formation of this Council. Yet without this sanction it has no legal position. The few informal words, spoken in courtesy, by the King, in answer to the address of the Convocation of Canterbury in 1906 cannot give such a sanction. The Council is nothing more than a conspiracy, and a conspiracy aiming at a usurpation.

3. No attempt has been made to define the scope and powers of the Council. Is it a legislative, or a judicial, or an administrative body? It can be none of these without usurping the prerogative of the Crown. I tried, before the Council was fully formed, to obtain a declaration of the aims of those who were promoting it; but no answer was vouchsafed, except the statement that the thing was going to be done. It remains, therefore, merely an assembly for discussion, without authority and without responsibility. As such, it cannot be other than a source of misunderstanding and of danger.

4. There is a large body of opinion, I believe that of the majority of Churchmen (if we mean by that word simply English Christians who have no quarrel with our present system of government), who are quite content with the regulation of Church affairs by the national organs—by Parliament for legislation, by the Privy Council as the final Court of Appeal, by the Ecclesiastical Commission for finance. The number of those who would hand over these functions to the "Representative Council" is infinitesimal. Yet this unauthorised body is allowed to create dissatisfaction, to hinder reforms, and gradually to attain a supreme power for mischief.

5. I wish to add one word more. Church opinion must be grounded on religious conviction. Those who have given the Church a bias towards separation and clericalism have taken their stand upon the exaggerated views of the importance of the clerical function, which were introduced by the Tractarians some seventy years ago. These exaggerated views are, as everyone can see, losing their hold on men's convictions, partly through argument and research, partly through fact and experience. What is taking their place is the conviction of the superior importance of the Christian life, that is of justice, truth, and love, not merely as preached, but as lived out, and this not by the individual only but by all social aggregates, and most of all by the nation which includes them all. To those who think thus—and their number is large and increasing—all family life, all municipal, social, and political life, is religious, and such measures as those which tend to good education, to temperance, to the care of children, from whatever quarter they come, are great acts of religion, of the national service of God. That is the meaning to us of what is called the Royal Supremacy over the Church—which is really the National Supremacy over the clergy and the functions administered by them. The nation, not the clergy, is to rule in England. We refuse to allow a body limited by special forms of doctrine or of worship to hinder those great developments of justice and brotherly love which can only be wrought out by the power of the Christian nation.—

Yours, &c.,

W. H. FREMANTLE.

December 17th, 1908.

THE GOVERNMENT AND PUBLIC OPINION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A considerable experience of recent by-elections enables me to supply the following information which may be useful to the Liberal leaders in deciding what course they should adopt in the present political crisis. The more facts they have at their disposal the more likely they should be to come to a wise decision.

Up to and including the Newcastle election, when Tariff Reform as a cure for unemployment was the deciding factor, the opinion was general that the influence on the electors of the militant Suffragist agitation was insignificant. But this certainly was not the fact at Mid-Essex, where the effect of their very energetic propaganda was undoubtedly considerable. In the villages the novelty of their methods and the natural curiosity of the inhabitants rendered simultaneous Liberal meetings utterly impossible. When we were unfortunate enough to be brought into competition with them we had to wait the termination of their eloquence and then address a more or less hostile gathering. The matter of their speeches must also have appealed strongly to the unsophisticated villagers. They painted lurid pictures of the sweating of country girls in London drapery stores, tea shops, &c., who were driven on the streets to supplement their meagre wages of 5s. and 6s. per week. It was stated to be a not unusual practice for managers of business houses where the "living-in" system obtained to supply the girls with latch-keys to enable them by immoral practices to secure the sufficiency of food and clothes their daily labor ought to have provided. These social evils were, of course, to be remedied when women had got votes and, in the meantime, "Vote against the Liberal." Naturally, statements of this character appealed strongly to the average elector, and there can be no doubt that many votes were influenced thereby.

Again the women held dinner-hour meetings at each of the principal works in Chelmsford regularly for some days before the poll, thus effectually blocking the Free Trade speakers who were not allowed by the audiences to compete with the Suffragists, they, by the way, using all their sex privileges on such occasions, the hard-working Free Traders being compelled to seek casual audiences at street corners.

Another point which tells against Liberal candidates is the persistent propaganda being carried on by branches of the Tariff Reform League in almost every English county. Taking Mid-Essex alone, I was credibly informed that Chelmsford had a branch containing at least one hundred active workers, and Brentwood one with five or six times that number, besides smaller groups in several of the villages. There can be no doubt that some form of moral compulsion had been exercised in organising these bodies, but their existence is certainly a factor to be reckoned with. They are well supplied with literature, arrange public meetings and lectures, and canvas energetically all the year round.

The question of the House of Lords has not so far been prominent at by-elections, but I have been enabled to gather that there is a general feeling throughout the country that the Government do not mean business. The peers' contemptuous rejection or mutilation of the Education Bill, 1906, the Plural Voting Bill, the Scottish Land Valuation Bill, and other beneficent measures, without effective protest on the part of the Government has disheartened the more earnest workers in the party. This feeling of doubt must at all costs be dispelled or Liberalism is doomed in England. The situation can only be saved by the Government adopting a bold and definite course. Timidity must be banished. Courage is the keynote of the only policy which will again awaken the enthusiasm which wins. The abolition of the peers' veto must be made a living and vital issue, and all other questions made subordinate to it.

I would suggest the introduction of a drastic Radical Budget concurrently with measures dealing with Land Valuation and Unemployment, as a means of paving the way for an effective appeal to the electorate. Bold tactics only will raise the drooping spirits of the rank and file on whom in the last resort the future of the Liberal Party depends.—

Yours, &c.,

J. E. DOBSON,

Secretary, National Democratic League.

57 and 58, Chancery Lane, W.C.,

December 14th, 1908.

THE GERMANISATION OF THE BALKANS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A copy of THE NATION of November 21st last has come into my hands which contains a letter under the heading, "The Germanisation of the Balkans," dated from Sarajevo, November 6th, at which time I also was in that city on my second visit to Bosnia.

I hold no brief for the Austrians, but I like justice,

therefore, I feel bound to protest against what I know to be untrue. Your correspondent states: "Most of the officials are Austrian (meaning German Austrian), a 'Chef de departement' is nearly always an Austrian with no knowledge of the language, habits, or religion of the people he is appointed to rule. No matter how much a young Serb distinguishes himself in school he has no chance whatever of rising in the Government service."

The best answer to this is my own experience of last summer, when I was one of a picnic party on Mount Trebevic near Sarajevo, and had the opportunity of meeting socially a dozen or more officials holding very responsible positions in the Government, of whom three were "Chefs de departements."

There was only one among them who spoke German as his native tongue. The nationality of the others was Hungarian, Italian, Polish, and Czech (Bohemian of Slav race). and all spoke the native language of Bosnia.

I have travelled all over Bosnia Herzegovina with an open mind towards the race question, and while I do not speak Serb, and could not converse with the people, I was very much attracted by them, and formed a good opinion of their intelligence and capability of development. In this I was confirmed by what Austrian officials in the country districts told me of the people they governed.

"The Bosnians are good people," one "Bezirksvorsteher" (civil head of a district) of thirty years' experience said to me, and he proved his trust in them by going everywhere in most remote districts, even during the recent excitement, alone and unarmed. This, I think, was not the speech or action of a tyrant who oppressed the people under his rule; and this is not an isolated instance.

I trust you will kindly give this letter the same publicity as that of "Your Correspondent in the Balkans."—Yours, &c., MAUDE M. HOLBACH.

Grand Hotel Imperial,
Ragusa (Dalmatien),
December 8th, 1908.

P.S.—Any communications respecting the above can be addressed to me, c/o the Society of Authors, 39, Old Queen Street, S.W., of which I am a member.

LORDS *v.* COMMONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The necessary background for true Democratic government is the right of revolution, and the statesman who fails to carry through a necessary revolution when the time is absolutely clearly ripe for it, is bound to bring an immense disaster down upon a free country and upon himself.

And Mr. Asquith has now in this matter of dealing with the House of Lords the possibility of a great glory or a great shame to himself and his party. When the Court party attempted to interfere with the French States General, Mirabeau thundered forth upon them, "we are here by the will of the people and only by the will of the people shall we go hence." There is an example for Mr. Asquith, and if he comes short of it he will ruin his party and his own political career at the same time.

The political Mephistopheles who sneers at us from the Opposition front bench will sneer and jeer at anything that comes short of this. To do anything less than this is, under present circumstances, to surrender the privileges of the House of Commons, and the rights of the free British people whom they represent. To go to the country on the question of the present action of the House of Lords is an insult to the electors who put a Liberal Government into office for the express purpose of carrying these very measures which are now cast forth in the dirt-heap by a gang of irresponsible persons whose very existence as a Legislative Chamber is and always has been a standing insult to the rights and privileges of a free people.

This wretched Laodiceanism, this want of self-respect on the part of our elected legislature is ruining the Liberal cause. And if the Liberal Government does not at once proceed to assert the inalienable privileges of the People's House, and to declare at once "that the measures passed by the House of Commons shall be made effective during the currency of that Parliament which has passed them," then let us prepare ourselves for another period of the most disgusting tyranny under which any free people has ever suffered. Does anyone say that "this is a proposed revolution?" Then I am not frightened at that. We have had revolutions in Britain far more severe, when kings and queens were driven from their thrones and lost their heads. The only question is this: "Is it a necessary revolution?" And I firmly believe, and many believe with me, that nothing less will save the party and save the country.—Yours, &c., D. K. AUCHTERLONIE.

Craigdam Manse, Aberdeen.
December 10th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of December 5th, you refer to the decision of the Court of Appeal by which "the financial and political basis of the Parliamentary Labor Party has been severely shaken" and you state that those affected "are already pressing for a Bill abolishing the new disability." I am amazed to see that you add: "Such a measure may be difficult to frame, and we cannot conceive that the House of Lords will look at a proposal to enable trade unions to turn themselves into political bodies, with a Socialist basis and policy." Is it in THE NATION, of all organs in the world, that we find it laid down that a "new disability" of the most far-reaching character is to be acquiesced in, not because it is just or politic, but because the House of Lords will probably like it? For my part, I cannot conceive a more abject surrender than is implied in such a suggestion, nor, I may add, a more gratuitous one, for if such a measure were sent up to the Lords, they would either accept it, which would be nothing short of an unconditional surrender to the most progressive party in the House of Commons, or else they would reject it, which would bring the whole progressive forces of the country absolutely into line against them.—Yours, &c., PHILIP H. WICKSTEED

Childrey, near Wantage
December 8th, 1908.

[The Lords reject everything that is distinctively Liberal and nearly everything that is distinctively democratic. If the "whole progressive forces of the country" are not now "absolutely in line" against them, they never will be.—Ed NATION.]

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I fear that your readers may be bored to death by the discussion on the Education question; but, at the risk of being an accomplice in so gruesome a murder, I must ask your leave to emphasise some points which were rather thrown into the background in the late controversy, and to add one suggestion which, I think, may be considered a new, but logical, development of Liberal principles.

First, then, I much regret that the Government has never seen their way to make the restoration of the London School Board a plank in their educational platform. I believe that the *ad hoc* election produces a set of people much more sympathetically interested in both teachers and scholars, and far more likely to choose the right kind of teacher, than can ever be secured by the election of people who have one eye fixed on roads and sewers and steamers, and the other on the schools.

And let me emphasise this second requisite, the *choice of the right kind of teacher*. Given a sympathetic and intelligent teacher, I believe that there need be no "religious difficulty." I have heard several lessons on the Bible, given in the school of which I am a manager; and while all were, and must be, colored by the special religious feeling of the teacher, in each case it seemed to me that the teachers were hampered by the limitations which confined them to teaching *moral* lessons. To write a list of virtues on the blackboard seemed to some of the least daring the safest resource; and, though we have a very high average of teaching ability in our school, the danger of this limitation hindering the play of the teacher's thought is really considerable. I do not think any of the teachers would wish to teach Sectarian formulas; but no honest and intelligent teacher can fail to feel irritated at being given a subject to teach, and forbidden to say what he thinks about it.

And do not let the champions of secular education imagine that, by excluding the Bible from our schools, they

will eliminate the signs of sectarian and ecclesiastical bias in the teachers.

I heard a most intelligent teacher, in giving an ordinary history lesson, discoursing on the Early English Church Council, which finally decided on establishing the connection of the English Church with that of Rome. The teacher put very clearly the advantages of the union with Rome. I might have wished that she had put the side of independence more plainly; but I saw that she interested the children, and led them to think on the subject.

A far more startling story was told me by a friend, of another history lesson in some country school, in which the teacher told the children that John Bunyan was a bad man, who was rightly imprisoned because he preached without leave or licence! Well! How would the secular champions deal with such a case? The friend, who told me the story, wished that a remonstrance should be made to the head teacher. But where would such remonstrances stop? Next day another teacher might be remonstrated with for approving the execution of Laud or Strafford. If once you hamper a teacher in a given subject, you must prepare the way for a lower standard of teaching. The "right of entry" of teachers, who come in avowedly for special propaganda is undoubtedly disturbing to the good management of the school. But freedom of teaching by the regular teachers is, I believe, the only satisfactory way of meeting that cry. Get a Board who will care enough about Education, and understand enough about it, to choose really intelligent and sympathetic teachers, and then give those teachers their fling. I learnt much, as a boy, from my able and excellent head master, Dr. Moberly; but his unconcealed High Church bias has left no mark on me. I was impressed by Dr. Temple's expression of gratitude to the governing Board of Rugby for letting him so much alone. Is not this the key to the situation?—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage,
Gainsboro' Gardens, Hampstead,
December 16th, 1908.

CET ANIMAL EST TRÈS MÉCHANT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It does not surprise, nor does it greatly distress me, that Mr. Archer should prefer Sudermann's twenty-five years old melodrama to "The Last of the De Mullins." The school of Sardou still has its admirers, and anyone who has followed Mr. Archer's more recent excursions in the field of dramatic criticism, who has noted his entire failure to appreciate or to understand Mr. Galsworthy's "Silver Box," Mr. Barker's "Weather Hen," "The Marrying of Ann Leete," or "Voysey Inheritance," or any of the later work of Mr. Shaw must have recognised regretfully that his dramatic clock stopped going in the early 'eighties. To him what my friend Mr. Robert Ross calls the Tottenham Court Road school of drama represents the last word of construction. The mechanism of the third act of Mr. Sutro's "Barrier," Mr. Pinero's "Mouse in Order" (if the jibe be permitted), have won the tribute of his respectful homage. To that I leave him. But I confess that I find it rather lamentable to see Mr. Archer so completely forgetting the great days when he and Mr. Walkley were sowing their Quaker Oats in the first Ibsen Crusade as to resent my Janet's remarks to her father as "tactless." Could anything be more "tactless" than Norah's remarks to her husband in a "Doll's House," or Mrs. Alving's to her clergyman in "Ghosts," in the eyes of contemporary Fleet Street? Yet Mr. Archer and Mr. Walkley were found to defend them

"O quam mutatus ab illo
Hectore!"

Alas that both should now have ratted. This, however, makes it somewhat ludicrous that Mr. Archer's name should have been put forward apparently quite seriously in some quarters as a possible Director for an English Repertory Theatre. It was surely not imagined that we are going to exert ourselves at this time of day to build a theatre and collect subscriptions to bolster up the drama of the 'eighties? If we are to have a Repertory Theatre in England it must be the younger men who will take command. The Ibsen battle has been lost and won. It is the drama of Tchekof and the moderns round whom the battle has now to be fought. For that we need leaders somewhat more abreast of the times than Mr. Archer. I wish I could persuade THE NATION to recognise the fact—as the "Speaker" did before it.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

Savile Club,
December 14th, 1908.

[Mr. Archer requests us to say that if he has been mentioned as "a possible Director for an English Repertory Theatre," it was without his knowledge or consent. He is not, and never will be, a candidate for that position.—Ed NATION.]

MORE MESSAGES FROM MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In thanking Mr. Graham for his courteous reply to my batch of queries, there seems to me only a couple of sentences in his letter which invite comment. But on the soundness of the statements therein rests the fabric of his assumption of a difference of kind between the mental apparatus in man and animal. He says: "I believe the continuity (*i.e.*, between man and the higher mammals) to be very much broken—broken at the gap which separates the brain of man from that of his nearest animal likeness. Our brains are five times the size of the largest ape brain, and far more corrugated; the human infant four months before birth has a brain equal to that of the adult baboon."

A quotation from Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature" supplies refutation of claim to a difference of kind, based upon cerebral structure and volume.

"The smallest cranium observed in any race of man measures 63 cubic inches; while the most capacious gorilla skull measures not more than 34½ cubic inches. Striking as are these differences, their force is somewhat impaired in view of the differences between men themselves. For the largest human skull contained 114 cubic inches, that is to say, had very nearly double the capacity of the smallest, while its preponderance of 51 cubic inches is far greater than that by which the lowest adult male human cranium surpasses the largest of the gorillas" (p. 78). "The structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes" (p. 103). The only well-marked difference between man and the anthropoid apes is in the third frontal convolution of the brain, which is a fundamental part of the apparatus of articulate speech. But the importance of this fades away before the fact that the series of centres in which the "speech zone" is located is undeveloped in the brain of a baby.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CLODD.

Strafford House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
December 14th, 1908.

THE "HELPERS" AND THE C.O.S.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reference to the letter on the "Personal Help," I enclose a reply which came, owing to misdirection, to me about three weeks after I wrote:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of November 19th, the letter you enclose is only one of many sad cases brought to my notice during the last week, but, unfortunately, by the terms of our appeal, we can only deal with cases which are selected and sent us either by the Central (Unemployed) Body or the Charity Organisation Society. Could you not bring the cases in question before the notice of either of these organisations in your district? —Yours faithfully, VIOLET MARKHAM, Hon. Secretary."

"November 21st, 1908."

You will perceive that the "Personal Helpers" are a branch of the C.O.S., and entertain no applications unless made through that Society. That is sufficiently illuminating. —Yours, &c.,

I.D.R.

December 10th, 1908.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Philip Morrell's letter in last week's issue of THE NATION on the administration of the Small Holdings Act very fairly represents a large body of feeling in the country.

Possibly the views of a "County Councillor" who has been actively engaged in the administration of the Act may be of interest.

I think no one who has not been so engaged can realise the vast amount of work that has been thrown upon the county councils by the passing of this Act. The acquisition of land, even between a willing buyer and a willing seller, under an antiquated system of land transference, is always a slow and tedious process, but when one of the parties is a public body, like the county council, the difficulty is increased four-fold.

In this county over 23,000 acres were applied for, and the work of personally interviewing all the applicants, and considering the circumstances of each application, involved an enormous amount of work. Before anything could be done offices had to be found and fitted up and a staff of clerks appointed, and we did not get fairly to work till April. About four months were occupied in holding the inquiries and sifting the applications. During the holiday month of August very little could be done, and it was not till September that any serious progress with the acquisition of land could be made.

Our difficulties are increased owing to this being a county of small farms. There is eager competition for every eligible farm that becomes vacant, and this greatly increases the difficulty of a slow-moving body like the county council acquiring land. The farmers, for the most part, are opposed to the Act, and very little help is to be expected from them.

As illustrating our difficulties I may give one example. A farm of about seventy acres had been offered for sale by auction in October last year, and had been withdrawn owing to the reserve price not being reached. The auctioneer called my attention to it in July; it was found suitable for small holdings, and negotiations for purchase were begun. All went smoothly at first, but when it became known the county council were purchasers, every obstacle seemed to be thrown in our way. The negotiations dragged on for about four months, and I personally have written at least fifty letters to various persons respecting this land. Now, all efforts at a settlement having proved fruitless, the county council has resolved to use compulsory powers, and all the weary work has to be gone through again.

It is all very well to put the blame on county councils, and I grant that many may be half-hearted in the matter, but in face of such difficulties as these it is no wonder the Act moves slowly.

As Chairman of the Small Holdings Sub-Committee for this district, a very large proportion of my time has been taken up this year with its business, and if one who is keenly interested in the work, and most anxious to make the Act a success, finds such difficulty in working it, perhaps it is not surprising that progress has been so slow.

We get very little help from the Board of Agriculture, and I think the Government should have foreseen the onerous nature of the work they were placing on the county councils, and should have provided more efficient help to aid in carrying out the work.

It is a very serious matter for the Liberal Party that such great expectations should have been raised, and the prospects of a general fulfilment should be so indefinite.

Now, on top of all this we have the Old Age Pensions Act to administer. As a valued colleague said to me the other day *apropos* of a shooting party he had been asked to join: "How can I go shooting when I have to be trotting about all day with an Old Age Pension in one hand and a Small Holding in the other?"—Yours, &c.,

COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

The Down, Winscombe, Somerset,
December 3rd, 1908.

THE PASSER-BY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In thanking you for your review of Prince Pierre Troubetskoy's "The Passer-By," may I draw your attention to the fact that the book is published by me and not by Messrs. Cassell?—Yours, &c.,

P. HEMMERDE (GRANT RICHARDS).

7, Carlton Street, Regent Street, S.W.,
December 16th, 1908.

["C. W. T.'s" letter on the House of Lords and Miss Llewelyn Davies's letter on the Suffrage will appear next week.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

JOSEPH AND MARY.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN THE OLD MANNER.

Joseph.

MARY, art thou the little maid
Who plucked me flowers in Spring?
I know thee not: I feel afraid:
Thou'rt strange this evening.

A sweet and rustic girl I won
What time the woods were green:
No woman with deep eyes that shone,
And the pale brows of a Queen.

Mary (not hearing him).

A stranger came with feet of flame
And heralded this thing,
Saying, "Thou'rt but a village maid,
Yet shalt thou bear a King."

Joseph.

A King, dear wife? Whoever knew
Kings in a stable born?

Mary.

Do you hear, in the dark and starlit blue
The clarion and the horn?

Joseph.

Mary, alas! lest grief and joy
Have turned thy mind astray!
But let me look on this my boy,
And take the wraps away.

Mary.

Behold the lad!

Joseph.

I dare not gaze:
Light streams from every limb.

Mary.

The winter sun has stored his rays,
And passed the fire to him.

Look Eastward, look! I hear a sound.
Joseph, O what do you see?

Joseph.

The snow lies quiet on the ground,
And glistens on the tree.

Three crowned apparelled men there are
That softly march along.
I see them clear: there shines a star
So wondrous bright and strong.

O Mary, what do you hear and see,
With your brow toward the West?

Mary.

The snow lies glistening on the tree,
And silent on earth's breast.

And strong and tall, with bright grey eyes,
Seven shepherds walk this way,
And angels crowding through the skies
Do sing to them and play.

Joseph.

I wonder much at these bright Kings,
The shepherds I despise.

Mary.

You know not what the Shepherd sings,
Nor see his shining eyes.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THAT excellent periodical, "The Readers' Review," has been asking a number of distinguished people to give lists of the books they have read during the past year with most interest and pleasure. The lists are even more divergent than one would anticipate, for there is not a single work which receives more than two votes. Three books tie for first place. Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt" is given by Sir William Anson and Mrs. Humphry Ward; Mr. Gosse's "Father and Son" by Mr. A. C. Benson and Dr. B. C. A. Windle; and Mr. A. E. W. Mason's "The Broken Road" by Sir William Anson and the Bishop of London. Mr. Frederic Harrison's list contains four books, "The Government of England," by Professor A. Lawrence Lowell; "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," by Dr. James Gairdner; "Types of Tragic Drama," by Professor C. E. Vaughan, and "Diana Mallory," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Mr. E. V. Lucas is satisfied with two, Dumas's "Memoirs" and "The Life of Albert Pell," edited by Mr. Thomas Mackay. It is worth mentioning that all the contributors confine themselves to books published during the past couple of years.

* * *

THE close of the year finds many people in this retrospective mood, and it is not without value to glance back upon the chief additions made to the world of books during 1908. There cannot fail to be differences of opinion upon any list of best books, and we shall be pleased to insert criticisms. The guiding principle of our selection has been to give books which either from their subject or their treatment seem to us to have significance and vitality—in a word, books which run a fair chance of being read twenty years from to-day. No reprints or translations are included:—

"Justice and Liberty: A Political Dialogue." By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. (Constable. 6s.)

"Social Psychology." By W. M'Dougall. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

"Orthodoxy." By G. K Chesterton. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"First and Last Things." By H. G. Wells. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Age of Shakespeare." By A. C. Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

"Chaucer and His England." By G. G. Coulton. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Brontës: Life and Letters." By Clement Shorter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated." By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Lane. 21s. net.)

"Interludes and Poems." By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"Adam Cast Forth." By Charles M. Doughty. (Duckworth. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars." Part Third. By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Cambridge Modern History." Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Vol. V. "The Age of Louis XIV." (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)

"The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing, 1200-1600." By Alice Stopford Green. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Lollardy and the Reformation in England." By James Gairdner, C.B., LL.D. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Manor and Borough." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

"English Society in the Eleventh Century: Essays in English Mediæval History." By Paul Vinogradoff. (Clarendon Press. 16s. net.)

"The Latins in the Levant." By William Miller. (Murray. 21s. net.)

"The Making of Canada." By A. G. Bradley. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Panmure Papers." Edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart., M.A., and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland." Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. (Longmans. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"The Life of James McNeil Whistler." By E. R. and J. Pennell. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

"The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Government of England." By A. Lawrence Lowell. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 17s. net.)

"The Evolution of Modern Germany." By W. Harbutt Dawson. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

"Man and the Universe." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends." By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. (Dent. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." Vol. II. By E. Westermarck. (Macmillan. 14s. net.)

"The Land's End: A Naturalist's Impressions of West Cornwall." By W. H. Hudson. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A Poor Man's House." By Stephen Reynolds. (Lane. 6s.)

"A Set of Six." By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Fennel and Rue." By W. D. Howells. (Harpers. 6s.)

"A Room with a View." By E. M. Forster. (Arnold. 6s.)

* * *

A BOOK to be called "The Text-Book of the History of the British Empire," will be published next season by the British League of Empire. The work has been prepared under the supervision of an editorial committee of which Professor J. B. Bury is chairman. The editor is Professor A. F. Pollard, who also contributes the section on the United Kingdom, and among the contributors are Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Dr. F. W. Pennefather, Mr. E. I. Carlyle, Mr. R. W. Frazer, and Dr. A. J. Herbertson.

* * *

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT has just finished a novel, the motive of which is the influence of the "yellow press." The theme seems to attract writers of fiction, as we understand that Mr. Ford Maddox Hueffer is at work on a book dealing with the same subject.

* * *

WE learn that a biography of Sir Arthur Sullivan may be expected during the coming year, materials for the work having been placed at the disposal of Mr. Arthur Poyser.

* * *

THE English rights of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's "Materials and Methods of Fiction," a book of which some particulars were given on this page on September 12th, have been purchased by Mr. Grant Richards, and an English edition will be issued shortly. The work has been adopted as a text-book in several American universities.

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THE new volume of the beautiful series issued by the Cuala Press in Dundrum, Co. Dublin, is, as usual, a model of printing, paper, and appearance. It is a slim book of two essays, called "Poetry and Ireland" (7s. 6d.), and its importance is that it contains one of the few essays of Lionel Johnson that can now be recovered. A selected volume of Johnson's poems has just been issued, but the essays of one of the finest critics of our time are still hidden away in the back files of the "Daily Chronicle" and "Academy," and since the lamentable death of their young author in Fleet Street some six or seven years ago, no one has yet taken the trouble to recover them, though from time to time there has been talk of it. The present essay is introduced by another by Mr. William Yeats, describing the efforts of both poets to free the Irish national poetry from the peculiar rhetoric, which was accepted as art because it was patriotic. It contains many references to John O'Leary, that fine old survivor of the Fenians of the 'sixties, who disappeared from Dublin society quite recently and was among the first to recognise the value of the new literary movement in the country. Lionel Johnson's essay is on the same theme, and discusses the connection between nationality and literature with his invariable knowledge and critical assurance. The Cuala Press has also in preparation a volume of poems by Mr. J. M. Synge, and a new work by Mr. W. B. Yeats.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"William Morris." By Alfred Noyes. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

"Letters of James Boswell to the Rev. W. J. Temple." With an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.)

"In the Days of the Councils: A Sketch of the Life and Times of Baldassare Cossa." By E. J. Kitts. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Greek and Eastern Churches." By W. F. Adeney, M.A., D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 12s.)

"Cannes and Its Surroundings." Illustrated and described by A. M. Benecke. (Allen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Emile Zola: Sa Vie—Son Œuvre." Par Edmond Lepelletier. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 7 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THACKERAY.*

It is difficult to say what has remained to Thackeray of the wonderful vogue which he enjoyed thirty years ago. We can measure his rival and contemporary, Dickens, far more easily. The general English passion for Dickens has cooled; but he has survived in the "common heart." Newer writers, like Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Gissing have carried on his tradition or fixed his place in letters, and among modern realists with a humanitarian bias, like Tolstoy, and, with us, Mr. Shaw, there is a tendency to establish him definitely as a classic, a tendency which the recent French cult of him has confirmed. No such re-affirmation of Thackeray has occurred. Dickens, the half-educated, with his creaking, mannered style, survives and grows. Thackeray, the scholar and gentleman, who was ease itself, who seems to have caught everything from his eighteenth century forerunners, and yet to have founded an almost perfect manner of his own, has not gained the European world, and seems to have lost much of his ascendency at home. What is the reason? Is it that, with his incomparable way of saying things, he had not enough to say—that, with all his gifts, he was not great enough, that he produced too much first-rate journalism and not enough literature? Lever said of him at a point of his earlier career, that he was a man who "would write for anything, and about anything." This is hardly the whole truth. An incomparable entertainer he continued to the last. But the old criticism of him that he chose to work for the stalls and the dress circle, rather than for the whole theatre, remains a pertinent view of his place in literature. The fastidious audience to which he appealed has changed its fashion; and he suffers with the general reader because his appeal is not varied enough, his subject matter not rich enough, and because his own feeling for his subjects lacked depth and freshness. Thackeray was certainly intelligible to the middle-class and upper-class English folk of the later Victorian days. It is doubtful whether he is so fully intelligible to the succeeding generation. It may be that he will hardly be understood at all by the generation which is to come.

Yet we are glad to see a new popular edition of him (in seventeen volumes, with some not unskilful introductory work by Mr. Saintsbury) if only to revive the memory of his extreme pleasurableness. Was there ever a more agreeable writer than Thackeray? Or a more sincere and delightful sentimentalist? Or a better man to read "in slippers"? Or a greater writer of little masterpieces? Or a more accomplished colorist and dealer in the picturesque? Do our young men affect Disraeli nowadays, and if they do, have they ever read a more brilliant parody than "Codlingsby"? Or a more uproarious extravaganza than "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan"? Assuredly they will find few better travelling companions than the author of the "Irish Sketch Book," and of the lightly but most happily and truthfully sketched series of Eastern travels called "From Cornhill to Cairo." Since the Mulligan bounded into Mrs. Perkins's drawing-room, and Costigan shocked Colonel Newcome with his song at the Cave of Harmony, there have been no such stage Irishmen. Take him early or take him late, he spreads the same splendidly lavish feast. It is, indeed, possible to maintain that as he refined and elaborated the types on which his bent of mind and observation fixed when he began to write, he did not improve them. The two sketches, "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" and "Our Street," written within a few months of "Vanity Fair," contain almost the whole menagerie of Thackerayan characters, and nearly all the social philosophy of the great novels. Catherine Hayes is largely a cruder and wickeder Becky Sharp; in Lord Methuselah or Lord Crabs appear the sharp foreshadowings of Steyne. Are not the first characters more natural, more lifelike, than the last? There is a savage force about "Barry Lyndon" and "Mr. Deuceace at Paris" which Thackeray never surpassed, or perhaps equalled, in more elaborate work, where his looseness of construction, and his frequent *longueurs* have to be set against the abundant ease and mastery of material that he exhibits in "Vanity Fair" and its successors. "The Diary of Jeames de la Pluche," we suspect, is in the way of being forgotten; but the setting of that admirable farce is of unequalled vivacity.

It is when these themes were set out on an ampler stage that their essential poverty appears, as compared with the most fruitful method of reflective or pictorial writing. Thackeray upbraided Sterne with his sentimentality and Swift with his cruelty. In truth, he could be as sentimental as the one and as cruel as the other. Swift never wrote a more spleenful study of human nature than "The Fatal Boots," or the drawing of Blanche Amory. Sterne's grief over his dead donkey belongs to the same literary school as Thackeray's prolonged wake over the dying Newcome. But where Thackeray fails as a satirist in comparison with Swift, or Balzac, or Dickens, is that his vision of society as a whole was at once less powerful and less serious. His view of modern courts and aristocracies was practically that of the author of "Gulliver"; but where Thackeray only saw the amusing contortions of flunkeys, the antics of fribbles and time-servers, Swift's gloomy and far-glancing intellect divined a distortion of human nature, a wide perversion of the means of happiness and right living. Yet his presentment of it seemed to the superficial Thackeray only proof of Swift's hardness of heart. And as Thackeray wanted depth he wanted calm, and he wanted courage. A gentle and fastidious soul, he could not bring himself to paint the hard world of lust and vanity and falsehood in the strong coloring of the great satirists. Knowing little or nothing of the life of the poor, he could not see the background of modern existence as the author of "The Chimes," or of "Resurrection," could see it, so that instead of painting great pictures of life, much of his work is of the nature of *genre*, almost perfect of its kind, but with a limited and often strictly national or even party appeal. And he was too impatient to obtain the effect of irony. He would not let his work speak for itself, but must continually interpret it, re-paint it, play with it, till sense of reality was lost, and the puppet show stood confessed. Balzac does not lecture and persecute Madame Marneffe as Thackeray lectures and persecutes Becky Sharp, letting loose on her a horde of maxims, on which we should have liked to see the vivacious original exercising her wit. But Balzac makes a much more significant thing of the French courtesan's life than Thackeray makes of Becky's. It is an old complaint of him that he is irritable with his bad characters, as if he were half ashamed of having drawn them, and to the impartial school of modern writers his hatred of red-haired women, George IV., the Old Pretender, High Churchmen, and Irish Nationalists, gives him, in the modern world of letters, a prudish and old-fashioned air. In this respect his mind recalls Motley's description of his face and figure. He was a "colossal infant," fretted about life, rather than nobly or savagely indignant about it, as was Swift, or concerned to examine it in a spirit of detachment, like Montaigne. But if he sometimes talked, and thought, like poor Poll, he also wrote like an angel, with an inimitable brightness and lightness of touch. Who would not exchange a sackful of modern stylists for his dancing pen? And what editor would not give his weight in gold for such a ballad-writer, such a parodist, such a draughtsman, such a traveller, and such a wit?

* "The Oxford Thackeray." Complete in 17 vols. With Introductions by George Saintsbury. Henry Frowde. 2s. per vol.

THE MYSTICAL ELEMENT OF RELIGION.*

Baron Friedrich von Hügel is not known to the public as a writer, save by some two or three brochures on Biblico-critical problems interesting only to specialists. In the present volumes he gives us the fruits of a long life of deep study and reflection in the realms of history, philosophy, science, and Biblical criticism considered in their bearing on the more fundamental aspects of religion. The work

* "The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in S. Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends." By Baron Friedrich von Hügel. 2 vols. Dent. 21s. net.

is crowded—indeed, for the general public, over-crowded—with the riches of his learning and the profundity of his thought. There is much facile writing nowadays on the fashionable subject of mysticism. Here is a book to make such writers pause before the immensity and complication of their task. It is a quarry from which lesser men will quietly deport many a rude block to fashion into neater form. For in its form the hurried reviewer will find a hundred obvious faults to fill a column; nor will he judge it by one of the principles it advocates: that a perfect unification is often a poor one; that the richest character is not the most faultless and orderly. Obviously the central figure, S. Catherine of Genoa, is too slight a peg on which to hang so weighty a treatise. Obviously the author's prolonged and loving study of the Saint has led him to attach value and importance to much that, in other eyes, will seem trivial and accidental. The style, though attractive in its extraordinary vividness and personality, is often labored and full of Germanisms; nor is the writer wholly free from that passion for classification which his philosophy repudiates. Such faults are on the surface. The merits of the work lie below; and will only reveal themselves to hard and patient study. The substance of the book—the theory of mysticism—is to be found in the introduction and in the second volume. In the first, S. Catherine, and two of her disciples, are treated as illustrating that theory, both by the merits and defects of their mysticism. The biographical facts of S. Catherine's life, as well as her literary remains, have been sifted and established by a searching scientific criticism that only a Bollandist will duly appreciate; yet which was plainly necessary in order to avoid erecting a theoretical structure on an imaginary experimental basis.

As religion is but one, albeit a principal, factor of a full and perfect life, so mysticism is but one factor of religion, and can be developed safely and fruitfully only in harmony with its co-factors—the institutional and rational elements. For religion is of and for the whole man. It is at once corrupted by the neglect of any of its factors; it degenerates into mere externalism and superstition, or into a hard, loveless intellectualism, or into a morbid dehumanised unearthliness. This theme is unfolded very powerfully in the light of religious history and philosophy. The purifying self-decentralising effect of science, of occupation with the irresistible law-bound determinism of Nature; the spiritual gain deriving from the effort to unify the scientific with the mystical and institutional tendencies, is one of the most original and daring points of Baron von Hügel's religious philosophy.

If mysticism is, not without all reason, discredited in certain quarters, he makes it abundantly clear that its abuses are due to the neglect of its two co-factors. There is no living problem connected with religion as a whole, or with any one of its three elements, that does not receive careful and patient attention in these pages. In no sense is their treatment apologetic, and if, on the whole, the position established is, in substance, Catholic, we feel that the author does not think thus because he is a Catholic, but is a Catholic because he thinks thus. And, indeed, some of his conclusions will not satisfy that more rigid and rampant sort of orthodoxy which to-day would monopolise the name of Catholic and would find it hard to come to terms with S. Catherine of Genoa or S. John of the Cross.

At times, perhaps, we ask ourselves: If religion is such a complex and difficult affair; if we have always to be herding together its innumerable elements and keeping them in marching order, what is to become of "the man in the street"—of the poor to whom the Gospel is preached?

Baron von Hügel answers, in substance, that the problem is as simple as that of walking, and, in practice, is solved the same way. But analyse that practically simple function in such a way as to explain and guard against its possible perversions, and you will seem to describe something far too complex for any mortal to accomplish.

There always have been, and there still are, thousands of simple Catholics and others who lead this seemingly complex, carefully balanced mystical life even in these days, when the institutional side of Catholicism is trying to exterminate the mystical and rational and bring about the complete triumph of formalism.

A PERSISTENT WOOER.*

Readers of the "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," "The Great Lord Burghley," "Queens of Old Spain," and "Philip II.," will probably feel that they have already made the acquaintance of "Two English Queens and Philip" before, while the suspicious may be led to anticipate new books from Major Hume on "The Year Before the Armada," "The Four Wives of Philip," or, better still, "Three Queens, the Great Conspiracy, and Sir Francis Walsingham." The fiat seems to have gone forth, however, that for foreign marriages (so long as they are not Germanic), as for Mary Queen of Scots, outlawed Stuarts, and the family of Napoleon Bonaparte, the appetite of the reading public of these islands is chronic and insatiable. The material for all these fascinating topics alike seems to be practically illimitable, and Major Hume at any rate knows how to make the most of it. In years gone by Froude was censured for his excessive use of the long-winded despatches of Feria, Quadra, and De Silva—how familiarly the names of these formidable gossips seem to trip off the pen—and, although he gave detailed references, we were solemnly warned not to believe a quarter of the sentiments ascribed to them. Major Hume is far more summary in the annotations to which he treats the inquiring reader. "Brussels Transcripts I.," "Munoz's Narrative, Sociedad de Bibliofilos," or "MSS. Simancas, Estado 808," are the types of reference to which he accustoms us. Granting for the moment that in a book of this kind it is necessary to supply such foot-notes at all, it is open to question whether the particulars given are not still left a little bit sketchy in the improbable case, for instance, of anyone wanting to test the accuracy of some specific transcription from the "Brussels Transcript." We talk of the inexhaustible patience of the readers of "Clarissa," but it is a mere trifle compared with that of the readers who follow the tortuous windings and unfathomable surmises of these Spanish diplomatists. Their intrigues are more than Machiavellian, their omniscience almost superhuman, and yet when things happen there is nothing (unless it be the truth) which seems to surprise them more than the actual course of events:—

> "To the delight of the Imperial envoys, but still, apparently, to their bewildered surprise at the failure of all their predictions, Mary was proclaimed, both in the Tower and the City, amid the frantic joy of the people. Bonfires blazed, feasts were spread, wine ran freely in London, and coins galore were scattered; for the rightful Queen had come into her own at last, whilst the 'nine days' Queen'—the poor fated girl in the grim fortress that had been her only palace—found herself a prisoner instead of a potentate; and the cowardly craven whose tool she had been was basely striving to win mercy, if not favor, from the proud Princess whom he had injured beyond forgiveness."

Here, at any rate, are adjectives "galore"! When once he has got away from these introductory splashes of color, Major Hume settles down to his work and becomes more credible. We always took the stories of Philip's sea-sickness and violent horror of English beer to be merely Froude's fun. There seems little doubt that Mary fell in love with her cousin at first sight, which must have been good news for Charles V., who appears to have had an idea that he himself held the first place in the lady's secret affections. Philip regarded her as a saint, without eyebrows, badly dressed, and, in short, a very nauseous potion, the more so inasmuch as she spoke little or no Spanish. He behaved with commendable tact during his enforced sojourn in England, but when he found himself in Brussels in September, 1555, after his thirteen months' penance, his revenge for his good behaviour alarmed his father, and nearly caused a financial panic.

Few things convey a nicer idea (if that be the word) of Philip's extreme prudence than his relations with Elizabeth. For three years before she came to the throne he worked hard to secure her goodwill, which was almost as essential to him as was his affection to her unfortunate sister—who during the last months of her reign had become as ineffectual as a shadow. The peculiar powerlessness of the very great forms a background, not without pathos, to the whole book.

The first four chapters, on Mary, seem to us by far the best composed. The last five, dealing with Elizabeth, form in some respects an anti-climax, and are so crowded, and, in

* "Two English Queens and Philip." By Martin Hume, M.A Methuen. 15s. net.

some places, hurried, that one is often at a loss to follow the writer's precise train of thought. On page 197, for instance, the sequence of events is so elliptically sketched that the reader might well be excused for thinking that the League, "secretly cemented at Cateau Cambresis" (in itself rather a hazardous expression), was broken up during the reign of Francis II. by the joint efforts of Catharine de Medici and the Guises! The complexity of French history from the Massacre at Vassy right down to the murder of Henri III. is so appalling that these rapid dashes into it are greatly to be deprecated from the point of view of the general reader. The political course of Elizabeth is surely devious enough to occupy the whole attention of the most scrupulous reader without the distraction of the Queen Mother of France. "I am afraid," wrote the Spanish ambassador, characteristically, of Queen Elizabeth, "that one fine day we shall find this woman married, and that I shall be the last man in the country to learn anything about the matter." We can see now, so clearly, that war with Spain was impending, inevitably, for just upon thirty years. The result was marvellous enough. But still more so is the impunity with which Elizabeth went on steadily filling the cup of provocation, while maintaining diplomatic relations almost uninterruptedly down to 1584. To begin with, Philip's hand was politely refused, and the papal nuncio declined admittance into England; Spanish trade was boycotted, and in 1568 Philip's treasure in various English ports was seized and Alva's troops, in consequence, starved; England's frugal but steady aid of the Netherlands thwarted the imminent pacification of Flanders; the shelter afforded to privateers in English ports cut off all communication beween Spain and Antwerp by sea; the depredations of Drake carried havoc into the overseas dominion of Spain, while the asylum given to the Portuguese claimant seriously compromised Philip's hold over Portugal. And the only tangible satisfaction that he got in return for over a quarter of a century's incessant baiting was the delicate tormenting of a few of Salvation Yeo's comrades in the prisons of the Inquisition, until—the Armada!

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.*

It will be something of a disappointment to many readers that the Duke of the Abruzzi has not himself written this story of his climbs among the mountains of the moon in the summer of 1906. Those of us who then saw his photographs and heard him lecture in London cannot but doubt that he was fully capable of writing such a book. He has chosen as his scribe and chronicler Signor Filippo de Filippi, who, though he did not accompany the expedition, accomplishes his task with credit. The splendid photographs taken by that king of mountain photographers, Signor Vittorio Sella, have been largely reproduced in this book, and immensely add to its interest. For here the English reader can see for himself the panoramas of that mysterious region which was known to Herodotus, and seen dimly by Stanley, but never properly explored until the expedition of the great Italian Duke. On the maps of Africa drawn in the time of Ptolemy we can see these mountains sketched far away to the South of the Nile, but it is an extraordinary fact that until quite recent times their very existence was held in doubt. And yet we now know that here in the recesses of these hills are the glaciers from which descend the waters that afterwards form the Nile. Here is that "Source" so long sought for, so often despaired of.

The book is not only a record of climbing. It is also a chronicle of travel in a part of the world which has not before been reached by white men. The Duke of the Abruzzi, of course, had to penetrate across Uganda from the east coast right into the heart of Africa in order to arrive at these mountains. The early chapters are given up to a record of this journey, and contain much that will interest both the scientist and the explorer, as well as the sporting mountaineer. But the part of the book to which most readers will turn will be the brilliant description of the Duke's final achievement in climbing the highest mountain of the range. When all is said and done, we still continue to test the climber's performances by the simple measure of success. If he fails to reach his summit, we may extend our sympathy, but we can hardly give him our applause. The great merit of the Duke of the Abruzzi as a climber is that he always reaches the top, whether it is the summit of a difficult "Aiguille" in Switzerland or of the highest peak in Africa. The Duke of the Abruzzi really reached the top of the chief mountain in the Ruwenzori region. But he did not achieve that victory with ease, or without perils that would have turned back many other men.

Signor Filippi gives us a deeply interesting account of this achievement, doubtless taken from the Duke's own lips. The Duke and his party were forced, after many days of toil, to camp within a short distance of the summit of the final peak. They had with them only sufficient food for one day, and it was certain that if they did not succeed on the morrow they would have to turn back. They rose at dawn and started in grey weather:—

> "They roped together hastily and in silence. Joseph Petigax and Ollier came first, then the Duke, and, lastly, Brocherel. They began the ascent of the glacier along the way traced by the guides on the preceding day. The great ice plain was reached without difficulty in about one hour. It was 6.30 in the morning, and the peaks which they desired to reach stood before them at a very short distance. They were both covered with snow, and the southernmost, which stood nearest to them, showed a rock precipice on the east side, surmounted by a big cornice of snow, and was joined by a rounded ice col to the northern peak, which was somewhat higher, and from which ran down two ridges, one eastward in a straight line towards the valley, the other north-westward, slightly concave, and terminating in a characteristic shoulder. The peak and the ridges are overhung by a gigantic cornice, supported by a colonnade of icicles and aiguilles of ice, which at a distance seem like a fine white lacework."

Then gusts of wind began to blow from the east and great layers of mist ascending from the valley shut in the party completely:—

> "They continued their way in silence. Without the least uncertainty, with a sure intuition of the right direction, Joseph Petigax made his way through the dense mists and ascended the high plain as far as the foot of the south-east ridge of the southernmost peak. The hard snow, which carried them, allowed them to climb swiftly up the wide snowy ridge, cutting only a few steps at the steepest points. By 7.30 a.m. they reached the top of the first peak. A strong wind was blowing from the east. Round about them the dazzling white of the mist was impenetrable to the sight. Everyone had his mind fixed upon the highest summit, which was only a few hundred yards off, but quite invisible, and they stood there waiting and turning their eyes obstinately northward."

Surrounded with this mist they had to approach the top of the mountain up an almost perpendicular ice wall, and through the cornice:—

> "Where the slope commenced to become steep they put down their rucksacks and other unnecessary impedimenta, and Petigax set to work again. They soon stood nearly vertically one above the other, climbing slowly by the steep steps which Petigax cut in the ice wall, showering down a hail of snow and ice upon the others. Below them the wall was almost immediately swallowed up in the mist, so that they seemed suspended over a bottomless abyss.
>
> "In this way they reached the bottom of the cornice, where the pendant icicles, joining the upright ice needles, formed a colonnade as thick as the trees in a forest, upon which rested the heavy snow-dome whose solidity was open to doubt. The effect seen through the mist was strange and weird. In their insecure position, holding fast to the steep slope, they had to climb around the ice columns to reach the point where the cornice jutted out from the ice wall in order to find a passage."

At last they found a passage, and one of the guides, literally standing on the other's head, hoisted himself by his ice-axe on to the snow above the cornice:—

> "In this way he hoisted himself on to the top. It was easy enough for the others to join him. The ridge was now vanquished. In a few minutes H.R.H. set foot upon the highest peak of Ruwenzori.
>
> "They emerged from the mist into splendid clear sunlight. At their feet lay a sea of fog."

From this simple account of how the Duke of the Abruzzi vanquished the highest peak of "Ruwenzori" our readers may gather the spirit of the Duke. It is a record of splendid achievement, and in reading it an Englishman will feel a new kinship between his race and that of Italy. For it is the very spirit of England at its best that is reflected in these pages.

* "Ruwenzori." By Filippo de Filippi, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi. Constable. 31s. 6d.

Needless to say, the book is splendidly produced, and the illustrations are worthy both of the famous photographer who took them and the firm that gives them to the world.

CURRENT FICTION.*

WHATEVER Mrs. Mann writes, she always inspires confidence. Whether she is at her best, as in "Olivia's Summer," of "The Mating of A Dove," or at her second best, as in about a dozen of her books, we can always rely on her giving human nature a fair field and no favor. And this is a golden tribute in days when it seems to be the aim of our popular writers to conceal the bread of self-interest under the butter of virtuous sentiment. The chief business of the novelist, strictly speaking, is to probe human motives, to shake the stuffing out of social conventions, and to show us how character behaves under a variety of shocks to our virtue, slight or severe. The crowd is always on the side of the angels; it is doubtless a healthy reaction from its daily life. The novelist has to show us the distance relatively between the crowd's secret motives and its ideals, which is always a delicate matter. And Mrs. Mann's sympathy for human frailty is based on a true understanding of the sins that cost us much, of the virtues that are self-regarding, and of the instinctive graces that flame and flicker in us, imperishably.

Daphne Snare, the heroine of the tale, the slender and refined girl, comes into the bosom of her wealthy relatives, the Bellams, on false pretences. She pretends that her flabby and good-natured mother, an ex-barmaid, is dead, so that she may win in this luxurious haven of rest respite from her cheap, distasteful, and unremitting life of toil in a milliner's shop in Oxford Street. The inevitable price is exacted from Daphne; she has to play up to her pretences, to support them with lies, and she is soon found out by the astute, reserved, and scrupulously honorable Anglo-Indian, Edward Bellam, on vacation in England. Here Mrs. Mann redresses the balance. The Bellams, opulent through their business as brewers, are a kindly, dull, and unimaginative lot. Their virtues cost them nothing, they live on an endless round of country-house pleasures. The younger generation, represented by the eldest son, Archie, of the bull-dog type, and Penelope, the hoydenish daughter, whose interests are confined to the stables and the kennels, are clearly destined by Providence to dissipate the family fortunes laboriously acquired in malt and hops and tied-houses. But Daphne, the impostor, has suffered. She has fought desperately for her own hand under the heavy hand of the sweater, and she is to be forced into the inhospitable world again by the love of abstract rectitude of the austere Edward Bellam. Many is the slip betwixt cup and lip. Archie falls a victim to the charms of the scheming governess, Miss Potter, to whom he proposes; Penelope is saved, in the nick, from eloping with the handsome chauffeur; Daphne has a hand in the rescue of both son and daughter, and Edward Bellam, the grave, blasé, and disillusioned man, cannot help falling in love with the impostor. The story is handled with Mrs. Mann's refreshing, sound common sense. She does not indulge in the weakness of sparing her own sex, and she loves rapping the knuckles of dull and pretentious men. "The Heart Smiter" is not one of her best, but it is a characteristically clever piece of work.

"Amabel Channice" by no means reaches the artistic level of "Valerie Upton," the novel which won for Mrs. Sedgwick her reputation in England—and this is a pity, for we had hoped to see her work grow in subtlety and insight. The situation treated in the novel—that of a woman who, separated from her husband and living in seclusion with her illegitimate son, has to face the day when she is forced to reveal to the latter the scandal of his birth—is too obviously stage-managed, and the dramatic issue has an artificial flavor through the convenient entrances and exits of the wordly Sir Hugh, who, we learn, had pardoned his wife's fault merely in order to get hold of her money. The fact is that Mrs. Sedgwick's blacks are too black and her whites are too white—the common fault with our Anglo-Saxon novelists. In order to reconcile us to the young wife Amabel's "act of madness" in eloping with Paul Quentin, she is painted with unnaturally saintly coloring, and in her twenty years' seclusion from the world the halo of her virtue is too much insisted upon. It is, of course, a matter of degree. But the same fault may be found with the drawing of the stern and priggishly superior son, Augustine. What are we to say of a young man who can confide to his mother that he would "rather never marry than make a mistake. . . . I don't think it's goodness exactly. It's that I so loathe the other thing, so loathe the animal I know in myself, so loathe the idea of life at the mercy of emotion." This is crude art, for Augustine's ascetic Pharisaism is obviously introduced to make the task of Amabel's confession tragically difficult. The relations of mother and son suffer, in fact, from the author's leaning towards religious idealism. And in the difficult art of painting life, nothing is easier than to exaggerate the claims of the moral instincts. Sir Hugh's lightness and shallowness when he is suddenly smitten with the charms of his wife, after a twenty years' separation, is more delicately indicated; but here, again, the portraiture is lacking in finesse. Much better done is Lady Elliston, the woman of the world, when she breaks to the neglected Amabel that her selfish husband, Sir Hugh, has been her lover for twenty years. Mrs. Sedgwick shows, in fact, considerable power when she is drawing men and women who are not figures of this world, and not palpably incarnations of the laws of the Puritan's spiritual healths.

In "Fishers of the Sea" Mr. J. E. Patterson has written an interesting but somewhat confused novel. So far as the book is a close study of the manners, habits, and attitude to life of North Sea fishermen, from apprentices to smack-owners, we have little but praise for it. The author draws with a firm, incisive touch a variety of characters. Pep, the stubborn hero, Buck Gurney, the "second hand," Bruisy, the smack-owner, Mrs. Bruisy, the termagant, Griff, the curate, Giff, the humorist, &c.—all these are living people, and the rough-and-ready philosophy of these hard-fisted and hard-grained toilers is admirably caught, without the least adulteration of middle-class idealism. So far as veracity can go in painting a working-class atmosphere and everyday scenes from the life, Mr. Patterson does admirably, but his weakness lies in his failure to create an organic whole out of his variety of scenes and sketches. His plot is founded on a doubtful psychological issue: the hero Pep, at the age of twenty, throws his rival Paul overboard in the course of an enraged struggle on a dark night. But the act is manslaughter, not premeditated murder. Pep shortly afterwards marries Helen Bruisy, his rival's sweetheart, and becomes a leading man in his native town. While success attends his domestic affairs and his business enterprises, the ghost of his old misdeed would surely have grown fainter and fainter in the course of his growing activities. But the author shows its sudden resuscitation after a dozen years, when Pep, as an employer, has to face a storm of unpopularity and a strike among his fishing crews. The psychological analysis of his wife Helen's long drawn out suspicions, and Pep's silence and evasions under her reproaches, is unconvincing; and still more doubtful is it that a man of such strong character should have sought oblivion in suicide. Whether or not the author's talent finds its happiest expression in fiction, he undoubtedly shows much power of sympathetic observation, and his style, though unchastened, is full of energy.

Any intelligent man worthy of the name should pass delicious hours, if he surrender himself fearlessly to Miss Beatrice Harraden's "Interplay." The book is a sort of *vade-mecum* to the mild horrors of suburban femininity with all its fluff and feathers and frills of pseudo culture, and the reader, safe by his fireside, can afford to chuckle softly at Mrs. Ermyntrude Bending's literary "at homes," and her aesthetic pretences and intellectual poses. Miss Harraden draws cleverly enough the suffocating atmosphere of falsity

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from which the daughter of the house, Bess, at length revolts; and equally telling is the picture of the terrible old tyrant, Aunt Caroline, in the gloomy Victorian interior in Mecklenburgh Square, with her timid dependent, the much-bullied Miss Sparrow. But the figures of sweetness and light, the emancipated girl, Margaret, and the perfect, queenly heroine, Mrs. Harriet River, who has fled away from her brutal and unfeeling husband, with a kindred soul, and is paying the price at the hands of society generally, are also vehicles for a great deal of feminine falsity. What strikes the reader of the four hundred pages of social "interplay" among Miss Harraden's characters is that the women are genuine in nothing except in their criticisms of one another and in their desire to be loved. They are always posing before others and generally to themselves, and their lofty idealism, like their sham aestheticism, is generated by their having to invent dignified reasons for their superfluous existence. The love affairs of the people in "Interplay" are extraordinarily unreal and amateurish. The men, such as Captain Bending, the Artic explorer, and Dr. Edgar, and Paul Stilling, the half-witted mender of violins, are mere pieces of masculine *bric-à-brac*, invented for the purpose of bringing an appearance of reality into the emotional hollowness of these women's lives. And dearly the men pay for their feminine belongings, for they are patronised and snubbed and chilled and gushed over, and turned into mendacious looking-glasses for the women to view their perfections in. Looking at this picture of life dispassionately, one feels that there is no possible use for the mental and spiritual falsity of the general atmosphere, and that all the women characters, the queenly heroine included, cannot hold a candle to an average hard-working woman who scrubs her own floors and does all the cleaning, cooking, and mending for her husband and children.

In this novel of rustic Norwegian life Mr. Baerlein gives us some vigorous character sketches, and a medley of extremely original observations, reflections, and out of the way chroniclings, with moods strange and whimsical, with scenes sharply etched and sensitively true to the flying moment. It is difficult, one must admit, to get the author's measure, so abruptly does he pass from incisive analysis to general commentary, and so impulsively does he weave into the text of his story wayward musings and dramatic stories that, strictly speaking, are outside the picture. Many of the scenes are admirably painted, such as Berent's wedding and Carl Greding's death. The passages between the women in the tale, too, are marked by much intimate feeling. But we must confess that the thread of the book is too tangled by the author's innumerable digressions for us to see it as a whole. Clarity is wanted, and if the author could learn to select and discard material, we should enjoy his humor and fall under the spell of his picture of life in a manner that "Yrivand" cannot compass for us.

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EVERY loyal "Savoyard" will find something to interest him in "Rutland Barrington," by Himself (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net)—a most entertaining autobiography, to which Sir W. S. Gilbert contributes a suitable preface. It contains many memories of the original "Mikado," of "Iolanthe," of "The Pirates of Penzance," of "Trial by Jury," of the whole tribe of Gilbert-Sullivan creations; much ingenuous revelation, too, of the way the modern "musical comedy" is wrought between the time it leaves its author's hands and that of its actual production by a skilled caterer like Mr. George Edwardes. Mr. Barrington tells us all about himself and a great deal about the "classic" authors with whom he was associated, about the Cartes, and the members of the companies with whom he has played; neither does he forget to be frank about his somewhat disastrous "artistic successes" as an actor-manager. Throughout his pages there runs a rich, bubbling, Pooh-Bah-like humor, and in regard to "stories," he revives at least one of the genuine Gilbertian gems. It is the tale of the lady who professed a vast interest in music, and by way of displaying her knowledge of composers, remarked to Gilbert, "I do so admire Mr. Bach's music. Can you tell me if he is now composing?" "No, madam," was the answer, "he is decomposing." It was worth going through thirty-five years on the stage to hear this, even—as Mr. Barrington confesses—at second-hand.

* * *

MR. T. W. ROLLESTON'S interesting volume, "Parallel Paths" (Duckworth, 5s. net), is an attempt to establish and define the hidden force in evolution, which, in his view, is the moving energy which urges the progress of biology, ethics, and art in parallel paths. In a series of closely reasoned chapters he sets forth the views of modern biologists, rejecting both the Lamarckian view that progress comes from a capacity to transmit acquired variations by inheritance and Weissmann's opposing theory. Mr. Rolleston argues that matter and consciousness must be co-ordinated in some higher synthesis, and that man is an expression of the hidden X force, which is really the invincible "will to live." It is impossible, in a short notice, to give an adequate notion of Mr. Rolleston's theory, or the arguments by which he supports it, but readers who agree with his premise that science has reached a stage when she imperatively needs the aid of metaphysic, will find his book suggestive of fresh lines of thought. His discussion of art, though short, is one of the most interesting sections in the volume. He makes the distinction that literature is strictly neither a presentative nor a representative, but an evocative art, and accepts Tolstoy's statement that infectiousness, the power of moving others, is a primary quality of art. At the same time he rejects Tolstoy's test of the moral quality of a work of art as determining its value, and maintains that "the essential purpose of any art work is to be *expressive of life*—more expressive than the raw facts of life ever can be." In spite of its brevity, the chapter in which this view is developed is a fresh and valuable contribution to æsthetics, and may be read with advantage by those to whom Mr. Rolleston's biological and metaphysical theories may not appeal.

* * *

"TO THE TOP OF A CONTINENT," by Frederick A. Cook, M.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. net), tells the story of the ascent of Mount McKinley, a peak 20,000 feet high, in the heart of Alaska. The mountain first became known in 1898, when the gold-diggers rushed to Klondike, and Dr. Cook made his first attempt to climb it in 1903. It was unsuccessful, but he tried again three years later, and this time he was just able to reach the top. The difficulties were very great as the mountain rises suddenly out of a low plain, and the base can only be reached by posting through thousands of miles of trackless wilderness. Besides Dr. Cook's spirited narrative, the book contains a large number of illustrations, and there are four appendices dealing with the scientific results of the expedition. Unlike most explorers, Dr. Cook believes that the privileges allowed to the sportsman—whom he always calls the nimrod—should be extended rather than diminished, though his reasons are far from convincing. On the other hand, he would closely limit the liberties of both Indians and prospectors in this respect. Mr. Charles Sheldon gives some interesting details in an appendix about the habits of the Cook Inlet aborigines who now number only about three hundred, though when the Russians first came to the Inlet the population of the settlement was estimated at twenty thousand. The rapid decrease is explained by the introduction of diseases such as measles and whooping cough, which simply sweep away the Indian children. The book is a spirited and entertaining account of a brilliant adventure, and a certain exuberance in Dr. Cook's style may be forgiven as springing from a just pride in his achievement.

* * *

THE abnormal is often refreshing; but it is capable of becoming tiresome. It becomes a little tiresome towards the conclusion of Mr. W. R. Titterton's "Studies in Solitary Life" (The New Age Press, 1s. 6d. net), which are nothing if not abnormal; for the author disregards all literary conventions of form and matter, and lets himself go in a style of his own—a style that faintly recalls the literary spasms of certain well-known novelists, without being exactly of the same piece. Mr. Titterton is evidently one of the many modern devotees of the tramp's life and the open road, and the studies in which he pays tribute to this theme are wholesome, if rather ultra-fantastic, and certainly finer in quality than the analyses of human thought expressed under such headings as "A Murder is Reported," "In Praise of Good Eating," or "The Toy-Maker." In these gloomy pictures of crime and poverty the characters hardly ever seem to fit the sentiments they are made to utter, and, penetrative as some of these sentiments are, one is left with a sensation of their incongruity rather than their impressiveness. Neither does Mr. Titterton always discriminate between the subtle and the obscure. Yet the studies contain ideas, and even in the jerky style there is a certain rude vigor, a kind of literary sincerity that promises to bring forth finer fruit in the near future. At present his method of expression suggests too strongly the chaos of a waking dream.

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CHRISTMAS has already begun in the Stock Exchange. Business falling to a minimum in many markets, members have turned to more seasonable occupations. With song, and an occasional dance, with practical joking, perhaps carried too far, the House set to work to celebrate the festive season. Charity is active in all the markets. Each day finds new demands sprung upon the pockets, and never does appeal go unanswered if it is children, hungry, forlorn, neglected children, to whom the money is to be sent. It is a singular trait, many think, this love of the Stock Exchange for little children; a trait, however, none the less lovable because, on the face of it, it appears to be singular.

A BREAK IN AMERICANS.

In the cold rawness of Thursday night came the first pronounced check seen for many a long day in the American market. Wall Street was apparently casting shares overboard at an alarming rate. Standing in Throgmorton Street on Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, and watching a few arbitrageurs shouting offers to sell Americans at the lowered prices, one naturally visioned the scene then being enacted on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. The time there would have been two o'clock in the afternoon, and as members came hurrying back from lunch with orders to sell, the little throngs of Wall Street brokers around each auctioneer's stand could be imagined excitedly engaged in handing in orders to sell shares at what price they would fetch. Rumors by cable reached London to the effect that the banks on the other side were calling in loans on stocks and shares, for the usual end December window-dressing purposes, and money was said to be changing hands at ten per cent. Nor did the report of a speech by Mr. Taft, denunciatory of trusts, help matters, added to which the statement that Venezuela had declared war against the Dutch was another reason advanced for the fall. So prices came down, in a market on this side curiously apathetic to the movement, because it induced little extra business. A break has been anticipated for so long that everyone said to his neighbor, "What did I tell you?" That the expected slump has started in earnest, however, there is considerable doubt. The fear is that the manipulators over the water are possibly trying to induce bears to sell still more shares, in order that the short interest may be rounded up, in true American fashion, later on. But if the wirepullers should lose their grip upon the market—as they might do if money moved against them—little short of a miracle could save prices from a fairly severe fall.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIVIDENDS.

The Kaffir Circus chafes and frets at the continued refusal of the public to take a hand in South African shares in spite of good dividends, good crushings, good labor returns from the mines. Everything the market might be supposed to want in order to attract support to its favorites, is in evidence. One thing only is absent, and, for lack of that, the market remains insipid and savorless. There is no speculation: that is the trouble. A dealer of many years' experience declared that prices and business would be far more active if so large a number of companies had not committed "the unpardonable indiscretion of paying dividends." The epigrammatist, of course, was very right. Than the regular payment of regular dividends there is nothing more fatal to the flourishing of the gambling spirit so necessary if a market is to be active. It is known pretty well in advance what a certain mine will declare by way of dividend at the due time. Quite simple calculations, based on the published monthly and quarterly statements, will enable almost any South African dividend to be forecast within sixpence a share, and thereby is the market robbed of the pleasing excitement of sensational surprises. The fact that such surprises mostly occur in the direction opposite to that hoped for by fond fancy makes small difference to the speculator. All he wants is the chance of a delightful surprise: given that, he will launch his money upon any venture promising to provide the unexpected. But the South African market is no whit the worse for this dearth of animation. The dividends declared this month are good enough to attract the attention of the speculative investor, whose support is of more vital consequence to the market than that of the buyer who gambles for differences, plunges wildly when prices are on the rise, and rushes to sell as soon as the upward movement threatens to turn. Extraneous influences affecting Kaffirs unfavorably are the unrest on the Continent, the Christmas season, the break in De Beers, and the regular end-of-the-year money requirements. In the New Year, a better complexion may appear, though let it be emphatically said that the prospects of a boom are vague and sketchy. A boom is a thing to be deprecated in the true interests of any market, but a steady improvement in prices of the better-class Kaffir Circus shares is by no means outside the pale of practical politics.

LUCELLUM.

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A glance through the Excursion announcements issued by the London and North-Western Railway Company in connection with the Christmas and New Year Holidays shows how complete are the arrangements for those Londoners who are desirous of travelling at cheap fares to spend the vacation with friends in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other Provincial Towns; North, South and Central Wales; Cambrian Coast, Lake District, Blackpool, Scotland and Ireland.

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

Parliament was prorogued on Monday afternoon, the King's Speech being of unusual length. The only reference to the loss of the Licensing and Education Bills was that "notwithstanding the time and labor which have been given to their consideration, no settlement has been attained." On the same evening Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Liverpool, made a rattling attack on the Peers, but indicated no countering policy. He said it was "just possible that Parliament may not run its normal course," suggested that Government by "King Lansdowne and his Royal Consort in the Commons" must come to an end, and hinted that if the Welsh Disestablishment Bill were again presented to the Peers and rejected by them, there would be a national Welsh strike against tithes and education rates. As to generalship, he pleaded for trust in the directors of Liberal policy, without, however, suggesting how it would be redeemed.

* * *

The second part of the Chancellor's speech was a very brilliant exposure of Mr. Wyndham's sadly foolish speech on Protection. One of Mr. Wyndham's discoveries was that under Free Trade the British nation lent too much money and kept too many clerks. Mr. Lloyd George brought this absurdity home to his audience by illustrating it from the example of the private trader:—

> "Supposing you were a friend of one you knew had started a business. Thirty years ago you found him using some commodity and, of course, keeping clerks. You would find him with three clerks keeping his books, sending out bills, attending to his correspondence. In thirty years you come back and find him with a bigger establishment, turning out more goods and keeping more clerks, and you find, instead of having three, he has fifty, and you say to him, 'My good fellow, I am sorry. When I first knew you, you were really in a prosperous way of business. You only kept three clerks, but now you have actually fifty, and I am told when I knew you, you used to borrow money, but I am sorry to hear now that you have so much money that you are actually lending it to your neighbors.'"

On Mr. Wyndham's proposed taxation of the people's bread, meat, and firing, he retorted that his own scheme of taxation would touch no form of "productive industry."

* * *

During the Turco-Greek War a detachment of Greek troops in Epirus found themselves confronted by a body of Turks. The two forces entrenched themselves and began firing at each other. The Turkish artillery was so ineffectual that at last the Greek commander, who at first thought that he was faced by the entire Turkish army, and that there was nothing for it but retreat, ordered a battalion to "advance with caution." As the forward movement developed, the firing from the Turkish entrenchments began to slacken and at last ceased altogether. The battalion, fearing an ambush, advanced with greater caution than ever. But nothing happened, and when the first Turkish entrenchments were reached it was found that they had been abandoned and presented every evidence of a hasty flight. The Turks had been still more afraid of the Greeks than the Greeks of the Turks. It was simply a question of which force would run first.

* * *

We are afraid that this fairly represents last week's situation between the Lords and the Commons, with the Lords as the Greeks and the Commons, we grieve to say, as the Turks. The Lords converted the measure from an Eight Hours to an Eight-and-a-Half Hours Bill, and also postponed its final operation for eighteen months. When it returned to the Commons, Mr. Gladstone, "with great regret," moved to accept the first of these amendments. Mr. Keir Hardie said, we believe with perfect truth, that if the Government had adhered to the five years' limit for the exclusion of the two windings, the Lords would have given way, and that no effective attempt had been made to save the Bill from mutilation. The miners, finding that the Government would not fight, also yielded. Mr. Ponsonby alone struck the true Radical note, complaining that the Liberal Government had begun their campaign against the House of Lords on their knees. Lord Robert Cecil satirically asked Mr. Ponsonby whether he really supposed that the Government were going to fight the House of Lords, or to do anything against them which compromised the term of their own life.

* * *

We rejoice to note the volume of evidence which shows that native Indian opinion warmly accepts Lord

Morley's Indian scheme, and is prepared to work it, and that the Indian Civil Service also approves it. This is by far the most important and welcome news which has reached this country from India since the beginning of the Nationalists' agitation. The Moderate leaders speak of the measure with enthusiasm, and the ex-President of their Congress declares that India may expect no reform so large within the next twenty years. The "Times" correspondent says, indeed, that a discordant note must be expected from Bengal, and adds that leading Bengalese regard it as "a really generous concession of new powers." It is thought that the setting up of an Executive Council for Bengal may lead to a modification of the partition, which the "Manchester Guardian" suggests may come through the raising of Bengal to the status of a Presidency, the subordinate units being governed by members of the Council.

* * *

President Castro's curious retirement to Europe has had its not unexpected result. General Gomez, the Vice-President, formerly a strong partisan, has taken advantage of his discovery of a "plot" against his life, in which he implicates Castro and his brother, to displace all the Castro following from the Cabinet, and practically to proclaim himself President. The basis of the *coup d'état* is, of course, the hostilities with Holland, and the general state of undeclared war with the United States and European Powers. No man but Castro could have sustained a kind of life comparable to that of the Sicilian brigand who retires to his fastness when the powers that be assail him. With Gomez in power, Venezuela's relations with the Powers will become normal.

* * *

In the last hours of the Session the Government accepted at the hands of Lord Robert Cecil a Bill for the Protection of Public Meetings. This measure inflicts a fine of £5, or a month's imprisonment, on any person who disturbs a public meeting with a view to stopping its business, or incites another person to commit this offence. A certain measure of Radical criticism was directed against the Bill, which is, of course, aimed at one side of the "suffragettes'" agitation, and will, if it is ignored, lead to wholesale convictions and imprisonments of disturbers. One member thought it would kill "heckling," another that it would take away the "salt" of public meetings, namely, pointed interruptions and "snapshot" criticisms from the audience. It was also thought that organisers of meetings ought to provide their own plans of dealing with interrupters. But on the whole we think the case for protecting the right of public meeting is a strong one, though we wish a more considered remedy had been provided. As for the suffragettes, they are feeling the accustomed reaction of violence in politics.

* * *

The Government have appointed a strong Royal Commission, with Lord Richard Cavendish as Chairman, and including two able Civil Servants, Sir Courtenay Ilbert and Sir Francis Hopwood, in order to examine the "various schemes which have been adopted or proposed in order to secure a fully representative character for popularly elected bodies." This, no doubt, covers an inquiry into proportional representation, the second ballot, and the alternative vote—all of them methods either for preventing minorities from claiming representation due to majorities, or of giving majorities no more than their proportional value in the representative assembly. We doubt whether proportional representation is quite ripe, or whether the British electorate is educated up to it. But we hope the Commission will be able to report on such comparatively simple changes as the second ballot.

* * *

The Executive of the Preston Liberal Association have decided not to support Mr. Harold Cox as a regular Liberal candidate, but to allow the Liberal organisation to help him as an "independent Free Trade candidate." We are glad to note this sensible decision, and we hope it will secure Mr. Cox's return. Mr. Cox is not a modern Liberal or Radical. He is an exponent of pure *laissez faire*, and from this point of view he is an invaluable critical element in the too thin and sluggish intellectual life of the House of Commons, forcing men to think and the exponents of new ideas to define them with care. It is interesting to see that the hard and fast party system permits the return of so detached a critic, and even gives promise of his re-election.

* * *

The decision to issue a Russian loan of £45,000,000, which the Council of the Empire adopted last week, probably means that there will be no war in the Near East. Europe, as M. Hanotaux cynically suggests, will again "buy her peace," insuring herself against an Austro-Russian war by giving Russia what she wants. Meanwhile, the Austrian terms of settlement with Turkey have been published in the "Neue Freie Presse." They offer concessions in regard to the Customs Duties, concede monopolies, and propose other terms which Austria cannot grant without the consent of the Powers. But they do not contain any direct proposal of compensation for the loss of Bosnia-Herzegovina, still less the £4,000,000 which Turkey wants.

* * *

A group of the leading Persian clerics and notables have addressed a petition to the Parliaments of Europe praying that "the Parliaments which have grown out of the desires of the nations for Liberty will help them to win back that Liberty which has been so treacherously taken from them," and vigorously protesting against the action "organised by violence, and inspired by interested courtiers," which has practically revoked the Constitution. The general situation is critical. The Teheran correspondent of the "Ryech" telegraphs that the Shah is nervous, and is trying to secure his position by lavish presents to his courtiers and body-guard. Refugees in large numbers have fled to the Legations, but soldiers have been posted at the entrances to the Turkish Embassy, where there are 150 refugees, with the object of prohibiting fresh arrivals from entering and also of cutting off supplies. The correspondent of the "Ryech" further states that the contract for the appointment of Russian instructors to the Cossack Brigade, which is on the point of expiring, will be renewed for another twelve years, and the number of Russian officers raised.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The Unified Socialists gained two significant victories in the bye-elections at Charolles and Villefranche last Sunday. At Charolles, where a vacancy was caused by the election to the Senate of M. Sarrien, the predecessor of M. Clémenceau in the premiership, M. Sarrien's son was defeated by a majority of 1,482. At Villefranche, where the seat

had also been previously held by a Radical, the Socialist majority was 550. The constituencies are representative ones. Charolles is an agricultural district in Saône-et-Loire; Villefranche is a mining district in Aveyron. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the tenderness of the Clemenceau Ministry for the Conservative *bourgeoisie* is becoming distasteful both to workmen and to peasant proprietors. Some of the Ministerial organs assert that the Socialist successes are due to reactionary support, and M. Cabrol, the successful candidate, at Villefranche, is accused of having made overtures to the clericals."

* * *

"I AM assured that the latter accusation is entirely without foundation, and the former statement will not hold water when one compares the figures with those of the same constituencies at the General Election of 1906. At Charolles the Socialist vote has increased from 1,837 to 6,841, and the Radical vote has declined from 11,920 to 5,369. At Villefranche the Socialist vote has increased from 1,836 to 7,521, and the Radical vote has declined from 9,980 to 6,971. It is, therefore, clear that the Socialist-Radicals opposed to certain tendencies of the present Government have either voted for the Socialist candidate or abstained, and that they form a large section—at Charolles more than half—of the Radical electorate. These elections confirm the opinion which I expressed in THE NATION that the decisions of the Socialist Congress at Toulouse would have a salutary effect on the fortunes of the party. There can be no doubt that the action of that Congress, in repudiating Hervéism and anarchism, in refusing to excommunicate independent members of the party, and in holding out the olive branch to the Socialist-Radicals, has regained for the Socialist Party the confidence that it was rapidly losing. The manifesto-resolution of the Congress was approved on Sunday by the Socialist Federation of the Seine—one of the most advanced—by 257 votes against 32 and 18 abstentions, although the Federation, rather inconsistently, carried by substantial majorities resolutions regretting the refusal of the Congress to expel M. Marius André from the Executive and Messieurs Brousse, Breton, and Heppenheimer from the party."

* * *

AN epidemic of passionate crimes, more in character with Southern Italy than with our more easily controlled people, seems to be running through the country. At Maldon, a quiet old-fashioned Essex town, a young man named Cole, as the result of a family quarrel with an eccentric father, killed the old man, his brother-in-law, and, finally, himself. Following on the agreed suicide of a couple, a married man and his lover, at a Brighton hotel, we have a similar crime, probably of imitation, in a carriage of the Southampton express. A young married man shot a girl, for whom he had formed an attachment, and then killed himself. Letters in the two last cases showed that these love affairs had aroused a vehemence of feeling in character with their tragic ends.

* * *

DR. PAGET, who exchanges the Suffragan Bishopric of Ipswich for that of Stepney, has served for more than a quarter of a century as a London clergyman, and proved himself a capable organiser and an acceptable, if not quite a brilliant, preacher. He is a High Churchman of the moderate type, and his appointment to succeed Dr. Lang maintains the balance of parties among the London bishops. The position of a Suffragan Bishop is not usually one of weight or leadership, and little fault can be found with Dr. Paget's selection. None the less, Liberal Churchmen will regret that advantage was not taken of the opportunity to select a man who would be something more than a successful chairman and organiser. The canonry at St. Paul's, from which the Bishop of Stepney's salary comes, is in the gift of the Crown, but the advice of the Bishop of London is naturally a weighty factor in selecting the London suffragans, so that a thoroughly progressive appointment could hardly be expected.

* * *

THE report of the Army Qualifying Board on the work of the candidates for the Army examined last September gives a remarkable view of the average intellectual quality of our officers. Here are some of the extracts:—

> English essays . . . mediocre.
>
> Dictation . . . uneven; some of the candidates made the most grotesque mistakes both in orthography and in punctuation; others lost marks by pure carelessness and inattention.
>
> The précis-writing was in most cases unequivocally bad. . . . The vital defects were recklessness in misstatement and an apparent inability of the writers to read a simple narration with any degree of care and intelligence.
>
> The results of the examination in geometry were very poor indeed.
>
> There is still an unduly large proportion of candidate who know practically nothing of geography.
>
> A lamentable ignorance of sound elementary knowledge of French was shown.
>
> Of the ten candidates offering German not one was really good, and some were very bad.
>
> Only a small proportion of the candidates in Latin are safe from making blunders of the most elementary description.
>
> The one candidate in Greek sent up half a dozen words of no value.

We thought that Mr. Haldane and the London School of Economics had introduced a keener intellectual spirit into the Army, but a report of this kind gives a very low view of the educational standards and the personal interests of a section of our governing classes. We are afraid that no European, perhaps no civilised, nation could exhibit such a wide area of sheer indifference to knowledge of all kinds among young men who, after all, have to think out some rather tough mental problems.

* * *

MR. ROBERT HARCOURT has issued a Bill proposing to abolish the censorship of plays, substituting the London County Council for the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Redford, as the licensing and controlling authority, and unifying the supervision of the theatres and of the music halls. We do not see how any moralist or friend and student of the drama can object to these changes, and we cannot but hope that the Government will look favorably upon them. The Lord Chamberlain's authority does not keep the theatre either decent or moral; it does bind it to triviality, frivolousness, the beauty show; it does unduly favor the purely commercial drama; and it does exclude serious criticism of life, suited to our age, as Molière's art was suited to his. All that is wanted is the general sense of the community, with the police at the background, to stop sheer licence. Mr. Harcourt's plan provides these safeguards.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CHARACTER OF PARTIES.

Observers of politics will, we think, feel that with the close of the long Parliamentary year of 1908 we enter on a period of much doubt and perplexity in our public affairs. We deal elsewhere with the special issue of the Lords, and, indeed, it is impossible to separate it from any consideration of the future of British parties. No fair observer will fail to recognise the evidence of zeal and public spirit, of consideration for the evils and disabilities of modern existence, which marks this Administration and its chief, as compared with the coldness of view, the slackness and want of energy, of the declining Unionist Government it replaced. Mr. Balfour, with all his satirical insight into the working of the Parliamentary machine, seemed to see nothing and care for nothing in the larger operations of the national life, economic and social. This is greatly changed. Nearly all the public departments, charged as they have been with the listlessness born of long inertia under Tory rule, have been driven into fresh activity. Both Mr. Asquith and his predecessor have been lavish of their time, as far as the hearing of public grievances has been concerned. Old commercial and administrative problems, such as the re-organisation of Irish Education or the restoration of the Port of London, have been solved. Both to India and to South Africa, the Liberal remedy of representative institutions has been applied, and not in vain. We all know that honest attempts are being made to think out the two riddles of the Sphinx in modern industrialism, unemployment or slack employment, and the penury of old age and premature decay. Goodwill is not wanting to our present governors, nor feeling, nor executive ability; and, on its side, the nation has no interest, like the unhappy African adventure, which competes with the demands of the social question. We grant all this, and yet who can compare the fruits of the Session, with its four first-class measures—the Irish Education Act, the Miners Act, the Pensions Act, the Port of London Act—with the work of Liberalism in its golden prime during the first Gladstonian Administration? Even when we come to the second-rate schemes, and take a measure like the Children's Bill, we see the failure to attack a great problem like child-trading comparing significantly with the triviality of the assault on such evils as child-smoking. Here, no doubt, we come at once on the paralysing effect of the Lords on all the larger and distinctively Liberal activities of the Government. None of these measures, large or small, raised issues which a Chamberlain, as opposed to a Balfour, Administration, could not have closed. Only two of them represent the direct attack of the great reforming engine created in 1906 on the special obstacles to democracy against which it moved. The need of the party, therefore, is to seek afresh the sources of its power: to go to the people who gave it its mandate, to interest them in the great and simple things of politics, to co-ordinate its smaller practical devices with large ideas and principles of action. All the great chiefs of Liberalism of the older school—Cobden, Bright, Gladstone—possessed this gift; and Lord Morley used to cultivate it. For the moment the issue is to create a powerful combative force, and to give it a morally impressive and intellectually persuasive, as well as brilliant, expression. Who will do this? Who is able to do it? And who will initiate the necessary work of setting up the body of sympathetic but clearly and firmly expressed Radical criticism which is wanting to this Parliament, though it never failed the greatest of Liberal Administrations?

This absence of *voice* in our political leaders is not at all confined to the Liberal Party. It is even more conspicuous in the Labor ranks. With the exception of Mr. Keir Hardie, the representatives of the new labor movement are less truly eloquent than the older body of trade unionists, speaking through men like Mr. Burt. And they are not more self-reliant. They hardly seem to think it part of their business to enter fully into the problems of statesmanship. On foreign affairs they follow the Liberal lead, and often do well to take such guidance; and even when a special industrial problem, such as old age pensions, arises, consider themselves absolved from contributing to the discussion of its finance. The Liberals were to find both the scheme and the money; Labor simply made its demand and let the Liberal Government think out its practical application. The impatient section, led by Mr. Grayson and Mr. Blatchford, does not better this attitude of intellectual passivity; on the contrary, it emphasises it by acknowledging no responsibility, even for its rhetoric. Therefore, all the good qualities of the Labor Party, the personal probity of its members, their industry, good feeling, and real moderation, give them only a secondary part even in the shaping of Ministerial policy. Probably the new disability which the law places on their finance will force them to take a more definite position, and to give a more reasoned account of it.

But, after all, the limitations of Labor and Liberalism are less conspicuous than the death-in-life which has overtaken Parliamentary Conservatism. If ideas, and the clear and powerful expression of ideas, are somewhat lacking to the progressive parties, even the desire to think and feel in terms of modern existence seems to have abandoned the Tories under their present chief. Not one contribution, save that of mere ingenuity of mind bent on small victories of tactics, has Mr. Balfour made to the work of the Session. He is a pure critic, dealing in words, the counters of things, rather than in realities. And it is here that we divine the manifest embarrassment of the bolder and more convinced Protectionists, who are determined to form both the *personnel* and the policy of the next Tory Government. How can they give a plausible air of democracy to an Administration captained by the author of the speech on the third reading of the Miners' Act, a speech no more and no less relevant to an Eight Hours Bill than to the Ten Hours Act? How can they hope to get over the initial difficulty that Protection presents to a nation like ours—namely, that it proposes to raise the cost of living to the mass of people

living habitually close to the margin of subsistence—when their chief sets himself against the network of counter-vailing Protection for Labor, which, delusive as it would be against the great robbery of Protection, is their only chance of overcoming its fear of the taxation of food? Such a position is plainly untenable. Bismarckianism without compensations, Conscription, Protection for the capitalist and landlord alone, High Toryism based on the Church and the Bottle, legislative Nihilism in all the departments save the tax-gatherer's—what a prospect is this! Even the foes of Liberalism and Labor admit that they are alive; that they have within themselves the seeds of future activity and development. But Mr. Balfour's Toryism is dead; and what men witness and admire in him on the floor of the House of Commons is not an activity of statesmanship so much as the spirit of caste, an intellectual exclusiveness for which, with all its refinements, the modern State has no use.

A BAD BEGINNING WITH THE LORDS.

We hope that the action of the Government on the Miners Bill is not to be taken as a specimen of their method of conducting a spirited fight with the House of Lords. Here is a Bill which has been promoted by the greatest trade union in the country for, we are afraid to say how many, years. Its principle has been repeatedly affirmed by majorities in the House of Commons. At length it is pushed through, and, emerging from Committee and Report in a very moderate form, is presented to the House of Lords, which, so far as it considers anything so base as coal, condescends to represent the interest of coal owners. It reaches the Lords in the very middle of an alleged crisis. A great battle, we have just been informed, is about to be fought. The power of the House of Lords to defy the representatives of the people has gone unchallenged too long. It has produced grave disorder in the Constitution. It has become the dominant issue, to which everything else must give way. The Lords, having possibly heard something of the same sort before, proceed very deliberately, and without the least consciousness of the crisis, to amend the Bill. Substantially they change it into an 8½ hours Bill, and as such it returns to a House of Commons that is thirsting, if we are to believe political speeches, for the fray. Here, then, we all suppose is the opportunity. Here is another insult, a fresh challenge, a most outspoken reply to the threats of a week ago. Our faithful Commons will doubtless take it up and hurl back the defiance of the Peers in their teeth. We shall hear of great things and see noble doings. So the innocent reader of Mr. Asquith's late speech might have supposed. The more experienced politician would have prophesied the contrary. He knows all about the fight. He has heard before about the dominant issue, and he has come to the conclusion that the more it is talked about the less real it becomes. In vain did Mr. Arthur Ponsonby press for action. In vain did he urge the unanswerable argument that to accept the amendment was to give first blood to the Lords. He has got to inoculate his leaders with something of the fighting spirit. Some of them, we fear, have to be taught the elementary conditions of a fighting policy.

Indeed, a simpler issue, yielding more readily to average management and steadfastness, could not have been imagined. We assert, without any fear of contradiction, that the Lords were actually prepared to give way, and expected the Commons to call on them to do so. They recognised that their leaders had gone too far, and that Lord Lansdowne's astute policy of excepting Labor Bills from the general operations of the war on Liberalism was being compromised. They were, indeed, prepared to evacuate their camp the moment they discovered a forward movement in the enemy's lines. Unfortunately, it was the Commons who fled first, leaving the army in possession which had already shouldered its luggage for the retreat. "We are in a great difficulty," said one of the peers. "The Commons want to force us into rejecting a Bill, which we want to save. It seems to me we shall have to drop our amendments." Why the Government did not even test the fighting capacity of its foe passes our imagination. There was no necessity to drop the Bill. The Lords' amendments could have been knocked out twice, and the Bill sent up to them, and behind such a strong tactical movement would have lain the anger and resolution of a majority bent on vindicating the Constitution and on satisfying a powerful and well-organised body of working-class opinion. But if the Government was weak, what are we to say of the Labor Party? Did the workmen of Great Britain despatch a body of fifty members of Parliament to yield to the House of Lords a point of this magnitude without even a struggle to retain it? All we can say is that a party so spiritless has no ground of quarrel with Liberalism, and no right to complain if in future the House of Lords qualifies its respect for Labor Bills with the shrewd calculation that the party behind them may, with a trifling display of tactics, be "bluffed" into an easy surrender.

In view, therefore, of the untimely weakness shown by the Progressive army in both its divisions it is necessary to ask whether the question of the House of Lords has really become the dominant issue? If not, let us have no more speeches about it. Let us consider Mr. Asquith's speech unspoken; let us settle down to non-contentious business, and accept the House of Lords as the disposing power in legislation. Let this go down to history as the great constitutional achievement of the huge Liberal majority of 1906. This is one alternative. It ensures to Liberal Ministers and to Liberal and, we must add, Labour Members, the secure and peaceful enjoyment of their temporary but very real vested interest in the life of the present Parliament. It is, however, an alternative resented by many Liberal Members, and it would carry with it the end of Liberalism as a vital force in politics. The other alternative is to take Mr. Asquith's speech as it was spoken, to accept the constitutional issue as dominating all others, or rather absorbing them into itself, and to address the whole strategy of the party from this time forth to securing

a victory in the encounter and vindicating anew for the British people the right of self-government in legislation.

Such a struggle is no child's play. It cannot be taken up to-day and laid down to-morrow. It is to be a long encounter, waged under many circumstances of difficulty, with a strongly entrenched foe. It is not to be won by distracting interests, but by concentrating them. It is not to be won by a series of innocent non-contentious measures. The Lords will let these lambkins of legislation prance through their dread portals unharmed. They will merely serve to distract attention from the fight, to allay indignation, and allow the champions of the Peers to point out how reasonable they are when anything really pretty and well-meaning is put before them. Nor, again, will the raising of cross issues that divide opinion and cause fresh cleavages help us in this case. The country would witness with impatience and ridicule the spectacle of the House of Commons gravely sitting down to the academic discussion of a Welsh Disestablishment Bill. How could Ministers introducing such a measure keep their countenance when inviting the House of Commons to play the part of an amateur Parliament for six months? The ultimate fate of such a measure is foreseen from the moment it figures in the King's Speech. Not a debate on it but will be unreal. Not an amendment but will be an added touch to a solemn farce. He who wills the end wills the means. The Welshman who sincerely wants Disestablishment must not dally with a hopeless Bill, but must attack the Lords. The Bills introduced next Session should, in our opinion, be limited to those which strike directly at the political and economic power of the Peers. The Housing Bill, which deals mildly enough with one side of the question, will be re-introduced and passed through the House of Commons under the guillotine. The Scottish Land Bills can be revived, and we would gladly see not only a Land Valuation Bill for England, but an attempt, even at the eleventh hour, to render the Small Holdings Act a more effectual measure than it has yet been. With these measures, a strong Budget, and a Bill dealing directly with the question of the Constitution, our attack will be made in full force.

Thus concentrated it is an attack which will not be altogether easy to meet. We can judge fairly of our potential strength from the attitude of the opposite party. Well aware that the position of the House of Lords once definitely challenged cannot be defended in argument, they begin already to make dispositions for a retreat. The Peers themselves talk of reform. Unionist newspapers mention the Referendum. They have no confidence in their present defenders, and are well aware that the battle will be decided not by the strength of the defences, but according to the measure of resoluteness and sagacity in the attack. For us, unfortunately, it is precisely the question whether these qualities are to animate the counsels of our leaders that remains most uncertain. We are forced for the time to criticise, not the House of Lords itself, but our own champions who hesitate to deliver the attack on it which they have so often announced. A concentration of the issue will convey with it a concentration of Liberal and Radical forces and a revival of life in the party, which counts for more in the winning of battles than all the prudence in "choosing your own ground" and "biding your own time." The Government have abundantly proved their discretion. The time has come for a touch of valor.

LAND VALUES AND THE BUDGET.

During the Parliamentary recess it may be well for politically-minded persons to concentrate attention on the sole piece of constructive work left to this Government, the Budget, as to which Mr. George gave at Liverpool the negative re-assurance that it would not be based on the taxation of the people's food. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals must, from the very nature of the financial situation, be bold, innovating, and productive. Though the position is not so desperate as might appear from the terrifying Christmas card just issued by that faithful guardian of financial virtue, Mr. Gibson Bowles, the necessity of finding many millions of fresh revenue is undeniable. Even Mr. Bowles could not seriously contend that the most stringent enemies of administration, with the strictest methods of accountancy, would enable the Government to conduct the business of the nation without a considerable increase of taxation. Liberal principles demand that this taxation shall be direct, and shall be imposed on forms of property and income that have ability to bear it. It is idle to argue, as does Mr. Bowles, that high graduation will so increase the temptations to evasion among the rich as to make the graded taxes unproductive. This has not in fact resulted from the application of the principle to Death Duties. The weight of evidence does not support his contention that "the number of rich men who divest themselves, in favor of their children, and even of others, of a notable portion of their estates is already great." But if this were the case, it is only another strong argument in favor of grading the income-tax so as to secure in this manner to the Treasury the public revenue which has been surreptitiously withdrawn from the operation of the Estate Duty. Income-Tax and Estate Duty are, in effect, two complementary taxes, and the method of graduation found feasible and productive in the one should be extended to the other, even were needs of revenue less urgent than they are.

While it is, of course, undeniable that graduation has some necessary limits, and that a transgression of these limits would be alike a fruitless fiscal policy and injurious to industry, so long as income and property are known to contain large elements of unearned increment in the shape of rents, high profits, and dividends, there is no reason for such apprehension. No Englishman will remove his capital or his ability from any employment in this country which enables him to obtain a high rate of profit, on account of any sort of tax within the contemplation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But while general incomes and property must be expected to contribute more largely to the necessities of revenue, we have always urged the separate assessment for taxation of such values as are directly and measurably due to natural scarcity or legal privilege. The income from liquor licenses is an instance upon

which we need not dwell, for it may be assumed that a substantial contribution to the public purse from this publicly created revenue is determined. A more difficult issue arises on the policy of an Imperial tax upon land values. While we are not of the school which thinks that the Almighty created the earth with the special purpose of furnishing economic rent as revenue for modern States, the logical case for imposing a specific tax on land values is invincible. Such values are evidently the product of natural scarcity and public needs, and they have complete ability to bear a tax in that taxation will not cause their owners to withdraw the land from use. On the contrary, one of the most urgent pleas for taxing land is that the effect of such a tax, especially if it be accompanied by remission of taxation on improvements, will compel a more socially advantageous use of land. Nor do we find much force in the contention that a tax upon land values is an unjust discrimination against a particular form of investment. Every form of tax is open to the same objection. Its burden falls exclusively and predominantly upon some special property, trade, or class. Moreover, if, as is not unlikely, an Imperial tax on land values is compassed by a reformed use of Schedule A in the existing income-tax, and incomes taxed as land value are not a second time subjected to income-tax, the charge of discrimination loses any sting it might otherwise possess. Finally, it should be borne in mind that the probability of land values being subjected to special taxation has been a matter of so much notoriety that it must be deemed to have been discounted, to some extent, in recent purchases of land and leases.

The real issue, however, is less one of economic theory, or of abstract justice than of immediate policy. Though land values means for practical purposes site values, and these have been earmarked for municipal rather than for imperial revenue, there is much to say at the present time in favor of the priority of taxation over rating. The former can be compassed through the Finance Bill, and a national instrument of land valuation requiring no sanction of the House of Lords will be afterwards available for municipal purposes. For an imperial tax on land values is no poaching upon the municipal preserve. It is simply a step towards that readjustment between national and local finance which is one of the important reforms of the near future.

But, in contemplating a provision of new national income from this source, it is wise to avoid too sanguine expectations. Though landlords often exercise a most oppressive power alike in town and in country, and dramatic instances of enormous rises of ground values can be cited, annual land values in the aggregate constitute a small percentage of the total income of this nation. One of the serious difficulties of the situation is that no even approximate estimate of land values exists. If, however, we take for our best evidence the separate site valuation of London, made fifteen years ago, with due allowance for its recent growth, and apply it with a reasonable deduction to other towns, the annual site values for the United Kingdom would, perhaps, amount to eighty million pounds. As for agricultural land, its "unimproved" value must, during the last thirty years, have sunk to a low figure, and even if recent capital expended on structural improvements were alone taken into account for deduction, the land values remaining for taxation could not amount to many millions. After other items, such as mining and sporting lands, are taken into consideration, it is unlikely that the annual value susceptible to taxation would exceed one hundred and twenty millions, as a somewhat generous estimate. A tax levied either upon this annual value, or upon the capitalised sum it represents, could hardly be imposed so as to make a net yield of more than two or three millions, after allowance was made for existing Imperial burdens upon land. More drastic taxation, though theoretically sound, would be impolitic in view of the wide distribution of tiny landed interests involved in the modern system of investments. The taxation of land values will impart a stiffening to the Budget, and will be an earnest of the new radical finance which shall, in the future, gather for the nation its proper share of the net increase of land values, estimated in the case of the Metropolis alone to amount to a million and a-half per annum. But for the moment the yield of this tax affecting existing values will doubtless be supplementary to the main policy of an extended graduation in the taxation of general income and inheritance.

THE END OF THE MIR.

When the history of the present reaction in Russia is written in the light of the freedom which must ultimately come, it is probable that posterity will judge M. Stolypin's agrarian "reforms" even more severely than his measures of repression. Exile without trial, imprisonment in pestiferous gaols, the anarchy of martial law, even such excesses as the sentencing of 1,600 persons to death by summary military courts in the past eleven months—these things may, in the end, leave behind them as their only permanent legacy a memory and a hatred of despotism which will be the strongest bulwark of freedom. Exiles may return, prisoners may be liberated, and even the dead leave spiritual heirs who will not forget the lesson of their devotion. But an institution once ruined cannot be restored. The destruction of the village community, which can be only a question of time if the Bill now before the Duma should pass into law, deserves to rank among the most wasteful acts of vandalism in history. Other venerable institutions like the medieval guilds have perished partly from internal decay, partly under the pressure of changing economic conditions. But the Russian Mir will have been deliberately and consciously destroyed by the irreverent hand of a bureaucrat with the aid of a packed Chamber of landlords. Nothing marks more clearly the decadence of Russian Nationalism. A generation ago it was, at least, a party of ideas. Its leaders were thinkers who had adapted to their own uses the more reactionary of Hegel's theses. They believed in some special destiny for the Slav races, who were to carry in the face of the industrial and unbelieving West, the three principles of autocracy, ortho-

doxy, and the village community. This party has on its conscience wars and repressions and persecutions, but it brought about the emancipation of the serfs, and, at its best, it opposed the selfishness of the great landowners and the encroachments of the new bureaucracy. Above all, it kept alive a romantic and idealistic view of life, which was as superior to the brutal materialism of the present bureaucracy, as the humanitarian and Christian Toryism of Mid-Victorian England was superior to the state of a mind of a contemporary London Moderate. This mystical Russian Nationalism has degenerated to-day into the epileptic violence of the Black Hundreds. The ruling classes, on the other hand, are fighting not for ideas at all, but simply for the preservation of their great estates and their arbitrary power.

A vast deal of romantic history and fanciful ethnography went to the making of the Slavophil legend of the Mir. It was hailed as a prehistoric institution, an original possession of the Slav races, if not, indeed, of the whole Indo-European group. Its survival unchanged was held to prove at once the conservatism and the brotherly social instincts of the Slavs. Exacter inquiry has proved it to be something much more interesting than a survival. It is a growth which has arisen as a solution of certain problems, and the action of the external forces which produced it can be traced so late as the fourteenth, and even eighteenth, centuries. The State helped to create it because it was more convenient in collecting taxes to deal with a single community than with individual peasants. The landowner also played his part. As it exists to-day the Mir is a democratic organism with elected chiefs, which administers its own customary law, assesses the share of each family in the collective tax imposed on the village as a whole, and controls the common land in the interests of every native of the village, absent or present. The pasture land is held and used in common. The arable land is commonly redistributed every twelve years among the families of the village. The principle of distribution is to allot to each a proportion suited to the number of its workers and their needs. The widow and the orphan can never lose their share, and even the laborer who emigrates to a town retains his rights and his duties in the Mir. It is a system which prevents the growth of a landless proletariat, and dispenses with the need of a poor-law. If these villages do not thrive there is no need to turn to the Mir for an explanation. It has not land enough to make for each family an economic holding, and at the emancipation the nobles usually contrived to keep the best fields for themselves. The State has done little for education, and the peasants are too primitive and too ignorant to understand any but the modest and most wasteful culture. The rural prefects created in 1890 have revived some of the grosser evils of serfdom, though they are nominally bureaucrats rather than landlords. The destruction of forests and the absence of irrigation has made famine chronic. The tax-gatherer and the usurer between them have crushed and enslaved the peasants. But there are undoubtedly blots on the system on which an economist can fasten. He complains, with some reason, that it does not encourage private initiative, and it is probably true that a peasant tends to neglect his fields as the period of redistribution approaches. With absolute ownership he would have security for his improvements. On the other hand, the Constitutional Democrats point out that the real obstacle to private enterprise is rather the difficulty of renting additional land, for which the landlords, under the pressure of an ever-growing demand, exact grotesquely uneconomic rents. Hence their policy of expropriating the great landlords, a policy which probably did more to set the landed and official classes against them than all their demands for civil liberties and ministerial responsibilty.

The Bill on which M. Stolypin is staking his position, in face of a divided and reluctant Duma, is much overdue. Its essential provisions were promulgated by ukase after the dissolution of the first Duma in November, 1906. In accordance with the constitution—if we may speak of a constitution in Russia—it ought to have been accepted within three months by the Duma. But such minor irregularities are trifling in comparison with the larger irregularities which M. Stolypin has perpetrated. The Bill authorises any member of a Mir to claim the lot which he cultivates as his personal property, and by so doing to leave the Mir of which he is a member. The intention of this measure is to destroy an institution in which one school of Russian Socialists has always seen a nucleus of communism, and at the same time to create a class of peasant owners who will be a barrier against revolution. In practice it will probably have a quite contrary effect. The peasant who claims his allotment will usually do so under the pressure of debt, and it is the local usurer or drink-seller who will be its eventual proprietor. The peasant will become a landless laborer, and whether he remains on the soil or drifts permanently to the factories and the towns, he will lose his "stake in the country." It is not at all surprising that the Marxist Social Democrats regard the destruction of the Mir as a preparation for a class war and a proletarian revolution. To the foreign observer, above all to an English observer, this proposal to destroy an institution which kept the peasant on the land, and provided for the orphan and widow, seems merely an insensate wrecking of a system rich in latent possibilities. It is folly to destroy a habit of co-operation and a social sense which have been the slow growth of centuries. Under favorable conditions with the aid of an enlightened teacher the Mir becomes nothing less than a co-operative community, which owns machines jointly and even attempts intensive culture. If such instances are rare, it is only because the Government has persecuted the men who would naturally be the leaders and the teachers of the pesantry. The system lends itself to endless experiments and reforms. To destroy it is to create all the miseries of exploitation by usurers and petty landlords. More land, more education, and, above all, more liberty, are the real remedies for the poverty of the Russian village. To throw the peasant on his own resources, to rob him of an institution which has been his providence for generations, is simply to expose him to helpless dependence, and to carry into the villages the class-war which rages already in the towns.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE SESSION.

Most Sessions of Parliament have a way of concluding with some undesigned piece of symbolism, and it will have been observed by the discerning in such matters that on what was supposed to be the last effective day of the Session of 1908 Mr. Crooks, playing the part of a propitious deity, contrived to bring down the curtain on a mock motion for the abolition of the hereditary principle. Unfortunately, the effect was rehearsed, whereas it happens to be of the essence of this occult art that its manifestations should be accidental. Sure enough, we had the real thing in the epilogue of last Monday, when the last spontaneous word addressed to a Minister took the form of a question abruptly truncated by a summons to the other House. Thus, with singular appropriateness, the Session ended, after all, on a half-formulated note of interrogation, with the House of Lords blindly thrusting itself into the ellipsis.

In some interim notes on the progress of the Session, written last August, I ventured to catalogue among the traits of this Parliament a habit of living in the future. It is a habit that persists. "Man never is but always to be blest," and so also with many politicians, the destined goal is certain to be reached next Session, or the Session after that, or at any rate in the last Session of all. Nevertheless it has to be noted as a fresh and general tendency of recent months that the opposing camps have at last begun to concentrate within their fighting lines. Half-way through the Session it was said of the Unionists that their divisions remained unhealed and that apart from some new developments in reaction no change had occurred in their political basis. If the process may be so described the reaction has continued to advance. With a steadily gathering momentum the Opposition have kept swinging round from the democratised Toryism of the Chamberlain school to the cherished Balfourian ideal of a mixed oligarchy of wealth, territorial power, and high clericalism. Strange to say, although the party becomes more, rather than less, infatuated with the one surviving article of Mr. Chamberlain's later creed, much of this general retrogression—the hostility to temperance reform, to the Eight Hours Bill, to Old Age Pensions, and so forth—has been inspired by the fighting tactics of its diminishing Free Trade group, notably by Lord Robert Cecil. Under such unexpected auspices is Toryism in Parliament retracing its steps towards a precarious reunion!

While Unionism is thus drawing together as with an instinctive sense of the coming clash of battle, the Progressive forces, too, appear to be getting ready to cast down the more artificial of their partitions. Of course, different impressions are produced on different minds by the same set of phenomena. For instance, the "Times" detects in the increased co-operation between Labor and Liberal-Labor members a sign of widening divergence between Labor and Liberalism generally. For my part, I should say, from the evidence of the last few months, that if the closer association of the two groups has had any influence at all on the more extended relationship of parties, the effect has rather been to re-create a connecting link of sympathy between Labor and Liberalism, to give the strengthened group a higher sense of responsibility, and to transform it from a merely or mainly critical and rather crotchety human apparatus into an instrument with a practical and clearly defined constructive aim. After all, when we have a Labor member, in the name of practical politics, standing up for the Government in a bargain with the House of Lords, and this, too, against the censure of a Ministerialist, the true inference would seem to be that the events of the Session have tended not to widen but to narrow differences between the two wings. Again, Mr. Snowden's recent tribute to the political honesty of Mr. Asquith, or, indeed, to any Liberal statesman, would have been almost inconceivable down to as late a period as six months ago.

Are these incidents and tendencies, one asks, the signs merely of an awakening instinct of political self-preservation? Ought we to discern in them the shadow of some imminent event? Or are they the fruits of a wise and prosperous generalship? I think it would be unjust and short-sighted not to concede to both leaders—to Mr. Balfour as well as to Mr. Asquith—a very considerable share of credit for the increased cohesion of their respective forces. Naturally, Mr. Balfour's has been the easier task. On his own side he is a Triton among the minnows, so sure either of his superior intellectual suppleness, or of the mental poverty of most of those by whom he is surrounded, that he can successfully challenge their obedient applause, even in flouting their convictions. The truth is that, in one sense, Mr. Balfour and his party now thoroughly understand, even though they may still distrust, each other. At the present moment Toryism in the Commons has no possible alternative leader, not even a possible deputy leader, and everybody knows it—especially, let it be owned, Mr. Balfour and his sorely criticised lieutenants

In Mr. Asquith's case, on the other hand, such successes as have been achieved by his leadership, notably the remarkable solidarity of the Progressive forces throughout the storm and stress of the Licensing Bill controversy, have been due to the self-possession and force with which he has led and won the confidence of men with talents scarcely less brilliant than his own, and with views of policy certainly not less strongly held. For the rest the session closes with all eyes fixed in expectant hope on the statesman whose opportunity, it is felt, must either be grasped in the session to come, or lost for ever. At any rate that is one of the impressions left by the session, and indeed by the Prime Minister's virile management of the bulk of its affairs. Most Members believe, with Mr. Snowden, that "he means business and has ideas and plans."

James Drysdale.

Life and Letters.

CHRISTMAS AND CHARITY.

The ideal picture of an English Christmas besets the imagination with a force that defies all contrary experience. The snow-covered roofs, the laden trees where the red holly-berries shine amid the dazzling white, the robin fluttering about the window-sill for the crumbs that the children throw out, the keen frosty air, the skating, and the return to the blazing fire and good cheer—the bright picture still holds its own in the stories and the Christmas cards, and in the phrase "an old-fashioned Christmas." It survives the recurrence of one mild and muggy December after another, and is quite sufficiently nourished, if it requires nourishment at all, by a single Christmas snowstorm in ten years. In the teeth of experience, we still believe that the typical Christmas is of the kind which Mr. Pickwick enjoyed at Dingley Dell, when the party were glad to gather round the blazing log-fire, and draw closer and more cosily together as they heard the wind rumble in the chimney, and knew that the snow was growing into deep drifts round the house. We feel a vested right in the Dickensian Christmas, and, in spite of meteorology, feel ourselves regularly defrauded as the season comes round, and we wake to grey, leaden skies, or to mild, spring-like sunshine.

All the parts of the old Christmas tradition hang together. The driving snow or the cold, sharp frost made the fire seem brighter and the welcome warmer to benumbed and weary travellers rejoining the family circle. Good cheer within was all the better for the sense of cold and storm defied and overcome, and the cream of it all was the stimulated sense of sharing with the poor and needy which belonged to the sentiment of the season. The old-fashioned charity was, and still in a measure is, an integral part of the old-fashioned Christmas. For charity, too, has fallen on evil days. The "waits" and mummers and carol singers that were a real charm in the monotony of the old village life have become under

conditions of town and suburb little better than an organised nuisance, and the gifts that they demand and generally receive are a compound of the charity of the season with a mild but pervasive form of blackmail. Policemen, postmen, dustmen, railway signalmen, platelayers, choir boys, unemployed, tradesmen's men, all in turn appear at the door with pencilled lists in which it is proved to Mrs. Brown that she must give 2s. 6d. from the fact that Mrs. Jones has already given 2s. Concert tickets, entertainments, various charitable objects afford a pretext, but Mrs. Brown does not go into nice questions of the precise destination of her money. All she asks is for how little she can close the transaction without appearing mean. Meanwhile she has also her really spontaneous charities to consider, the sick woman, or the out-of-work, the once comfortable home where for the moment the most poignant grief of the mother is that she has not only no Christmas dinner, but not a penny or a toy to put into the children's stocking. In defiance of the Charity Organisation Society and of all considerations of wise and properly adjusted philanthropy, Mrs. Brown was determined to supply a pudding for their dinner and a toy for the stockings, and the half-a-crown exaction annoys her all the more.

Perhaps after all she is right. It is only once a year, and as many primitive peoples let go the rigid standard of early social custom and relapsed into the orgies of a general saturnalia at times of high festival, so the impulse to give may be allowed for one week in the year to run riot, and the stern disciplinarians of the poor may be content with their supremacy in the remaining fifty-one. For, after all, this impulse to share the good things of life lies very close to the root of all that goes to make life, we will not say better, but merely endurable. If it were never indulged save with all the restraints with which wisdom would hedge it round, perhaps it would be simply atrophied for want of use. The Lady Bountiful and Mr. Scrooge are like abstractions, and rather thin abstractions too, but if one type is to disappear completely, we had rather it were that of Scrooge. The defect of the Christmas spirit is not so much that it gushes unchecked for one day in a year as that it is not diffused over the dealings of the other 364. It needs not to be dammed up for ever, but to be canalised and distributed in an irrigating stream of a genuine sense of fellowship pervading all the social relations, and losing in its more even flow the dross of patronage and self-satisfaction that it washes down with it from above.

The impulse to give, to succour and relieve is no high product of civilisation. It lies deep down in the fundamental instincts of humanity. It is found widespread in the savage world, and is incorporated as a religious duty in his most ancient religions. Two thousand years and more before the time of Christ the soul of the deceased Egyptian, when he stood up for judgment before the tribunal of Osiris in the Hall of Maati, was made to plead: "I have given food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsting, and clothing to the naked." Benevolence was then, as it was thousands of years later in Europe, a means of acquiring merit and ensuring salvation. It was but too cheap a means. To give is the easiest of the virtues. Apparently an exercise of pure benevolence, it is sometimes palpably and sometimes more subtly linked with the egotism of the giver; and though we no longer expect to purchase eternal immunities by a charitable disposal of worldly goods, we still find in the part of the dispenser of charity sympathy, and advice, refuge from our troubles and escape from the emptiness or meaningless isolation of our own lives, an easy exercise of power, and sometimes a direct ministration to our own vanity. The fashionable woman who puts on her gorgeous attire to go to "her" ward or "her" slum exhibits the blend of feelings in a way to appeal to the humorist. She is so sure that it is a real pleasure to the poor things to see a pretty dress for once, so clear, if anyone were impolite enough to raise the suggestion, that the gaping admiration of such negligible personalities could not minister in the slightest to her own vanity, so unaffected by the poignancy of the contrast between rags and furs that strikes the satirist himself dumb with the sense of pathos.

There has been some discussion in our correspondence columns of late on the function of charity and "personal service." To us it is abundantly clear, first, that the realities of these virtues and duties are to be found not where superiors unbend and condescend to them of low estate, but in the interchange of service and the play of kindly feeling among friends and neighbors and equals. True charity was something added to "brotherly kindness," a spirit which makes receiving and giving alike intrinsically beautiful and desirable. Mrs. Brown does quite right to fill the poor child's stocking, but she accumulates more merit if she accepts a little gift, say, from one of her "foes-in-law," in the spirit of the season. We recognise, further, that it must needs be that gifts should be made and services done to those who cannot return them, that the rich owe a personal duty to the poor, and that care of system and personal trouble are required of them to make their gifts of value. It must needs be that "charity" and its dread "organisation" should remain in a world which repudiates justice. We do not understand anyone to dispute these platitudes. But what many people do realise is that beneficence is not justice, and may be made a fatal enemy to justice. Refusing men their rights of gold, we may dole them out silver from our purses, and bid them be thankful, and count it all as free gifts. We may make our own generosity a plea for the postponement of large organic social changes which would destroy our position as benefactors and turn us into fellow-citizens. This is the gist of the complaint against modern philanthropy, and it is not always without justification. The last and most delicate service that the poor do to the rich is to serve as objects of their beneficence. When they have made the great financier's pile, the "widows and orphans" will serve him doubly, as a political argument against the legislation that would restrict his pile-making, and as a practical object on which to exercise his social virtues. From these refinements of philanthropy we return with relief to Mrs. Brown carrying off her plum pudding and her toy to the back street, and hastily crossing the road when she sees the secretary of the local C.O.S. approaching. But Mrs. Brown herself when Christmas week is over must admit that her philanthrophy must be "organised," and that if she really wants to relieve suffering she must, as in other matters, adapt means to ends. May she have all success! But should she in the coming year realise her ambition and obtain a vote, we hope that, as a citizen, she will place justice before philanthropy, that she will estimate her own efforts at their true worth as personal, individual attempts to undo little items of suffering, and that she will realise that the greatest act of beneficence is to help in making this particular kind of beneficence unnecessary.

WHAT THE AGE LOOKS LIKE.

What will the future make of the present? That is a question which offers a wide field for speculation. There is difficulty in two directions: the imperfection of to-day's record, in its distortions or exaggerations of the life of to-day; and the inadequacy of the life of to-day, even if accurately delineated, to picture its own experience, when set in historic background. The reconstruction of the past has been largely effected through the testimony of contemporary documents: yet with all the material at our disposal, the vision of it is still fluctuating and changing; varying in the estimate of individuals and from decade to decade. To some the days of declining Rome represented a period of tranquillity and human enjoyment; to others they appear as a tremendous warning of the triumph of the deadly sins. The Middle Age stands for one set of historians as a period of gold and innocence; with stately purposes, solemn processions, and widely diffused if frugal comfort, the whole illuminated by great dreams of adventure and aspiration. To others it presents itself as a prolonged delirium in which men wrestled in the darkness with fear and torment. We,

perhaps too complacently, assume to-day that history will sharply distinguish our particular period of security from such troublous upheavals of Birth or of Death. We see ourselves painted as a civilisation in the vigor of early manhood, with contentment still charged with ambition, a race in England and Europe full of energy and of purpose, in which life, for the general, has become more tolerable then ever before. We would confess that we had not been able to "still the old sob of the sea," or compel Time to stand still in his courses, or abolish altogether those "two black birds of night," sighing and sorrow. But we would show a people laboring and enjoying, more secure from plague, pestilence, and famine than in former days, so accustomed to carry out unimpeded the labors of the day as almost to have forgotten the experience of a time when life itself was precarious and hazardous, and every morning an adventure into the unknown. We would exhibit our Literature, our Art, our Architecture, if not indubitably inspired, yet respectable as judged by all but the highest standards; with an intelligence ever more widely diffused, much reading, some thought, even an original or, at least, a courageous outlook towards the bigger problems of human existence and human destiny. Exhibit our poverty, we confront it with our charity; show the ravages of disease, cancer, appendicitis, complaints of the brain, nerves, and stomach, we retort with the revelation of our warfare against disease, maintained with a devotion and a determination unparalleled in all past ages. If we have Atheisms, here are all our Churches; if Social Maladies, our Social Reformers. That any future estimate should associate us even in thought with the dying days of Rome or the nightmare of the medieval twilight seems to us a proposition obviously unthinkable.

We have to remember, however, in such an estimate, that each generation appears in the roll book of the centuries, not as it appears to itself, but as it appears to observers gazing, as from a distance, over a gulf of time. What records survive, what remains available, when all the little pleasantnesses and amenities of little, comfortable, satisfied people have vanished over the limits of the world? Imagine, for example, the twentieth century interpreted in the twenty-fifth by its popular newspapers: to-day, more certainly than its popular drama, the abstract and mirror of the time. England seen through the medium of its Sunday press—the press which to seven out of ten of its present inhabitants represents their sole connection with the world outside their local lives—takes upon itself an appearance of violence and madness. Men and women knife each other in the dark; children are foully butchered by unknown assailants; suicides sprinkle every page—now that a girl may die with another woman's husband; now that a family may escape from the hell of unemployment; now simply for life weariness, because the whole effort of life has lost significance and crumbled into dust and ashes. The most insistent noise which reverberates through their pages is the clicking of the huge machine of English justice, as couples once married in affection are torn apart, or a long procession of murderers, thieves, absconding solicitors, fraudulent company promoters, are swept away into the cold silence of the penal prison. The supply seems never to run dry. The various Courts are in continuous sitting, and yet never overtake the work so bountifully provided. Itinerant justices are even compelled to journey round the countryside, arresting their courses at the principal towns, in order more speedily to deal with the continuous parade of violence, outrage and unnatural crimes. Is it possible, one can imagine the future historian demanding, that anyone could have been in those days altogether sane? as he pictures the decent wayfarer stealing furtively through labyrinthine ways lest ruffians should spring upon him in the dark, clutching his difficult savings for fear that they should be snatched from him, with terror or poverty yawning before him, against which no prudence can guard, in a city visibly given up to the dominion of lust and greed. All this is in England: with a Sunday press, if liberally providing the salt and color which so many colorless lives demand, yet on the whole committed to some standard of accuracy, some reflection of the fact in the record. In America, where such limitations are voted tiresome, the vision becomes gigantic, monstrous, like the sky-scrapers of its distorted cities. The observer who, in a future civilisation which may arise there, should attempt reconstruction of the barbaric past from a file of the New York Sunday editions would find himself plunged into a region grotesque and hideous, like evil dreams.

But the survival of this peculiar literature is too impossible—perhaps too dreadful—an assumption. Let us assume that the great works will endure—the poetry, the fiction, the social studies and declamations of the representative people of the age. Are we in any better plight? Select ten, say, of the greatest writers of the Victorian era, and attempt from them a reconstruction of the Victorian age. The product is a human society so remote from all benignant and kindly ways as to demand nothing so much as the advent of a kindly comet which will sweep the whole affair away. Our fathers led their decent, austere lives in that Victorian age which now seems so remote from us, making their money, carrying out their business and boisterous pleasure, inspired by their vigorous, if limited, creeds. They wrangled about politics and theology; they feasted at Christmas, and in the summer visited the seaside; they gave alms to the poor, and rejoiced that they lived in nineteenth century England. But to the prophets of their age they were unclean from crown of head to sole of foot, a people who had exhausted the patience of God. You may choose your verdict where you please—in Carlyle's "torpid, gluttonous, sooty, swollen, and squalid England," given up to the "deaf stupidities and to the fatalities that follow, likewise deaf"; or, in Ruskin's interpretation of the "storm cloud" as "a symbol of the moral darkness of a nation that has blasphemed the name of God deliberately and openly, and has done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother as it was in his power to do." You may accept the condemnation kindly, as in Meredith's "folly perpetually sliding into new shapes in a society possessed of wealth and leisure, with many whims, many strange ailments, and strange fancies"; the condemnation plaintive, as in Arnold's "brazen prison," in which most men, with "heads bent o'er their toil," languidly "their lives to some unmeaning task-work give"; the condemnation defiant and rejoicing, as in Morris: "Civilisation which I *know* now is destined to perish; what a joy to think of." You may find it rising to a rather shrill shriek in the later Tennyson, with his protest against the city children—who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime"—with his calling upon vastness and silence to swallow up the hateful noises of his clamorous, intolerable day. You may hear it sinking to a deep note of strong repudiation in that vision of a city, "perchance of death but certainly of night," in the heart of which from the pulpit of a great cathedral a strange preacher proclaims the triumph of night and its despairs. One observer looking to the future will see "the whole life of the immense majority of its inhabitants, from infancy to the grave, a dreary routine of soulless, mechanical labor." Another will call for a cosmic cataclysm to quickly make an end. Another in a more chilling indifference will turn away from the unlovely sight as a society irrelevant, impossible. Literature has no tolerance for the life of comfort and security which to so many of its people seemed the last word of human welfare. And no reconstruction from the work of genius, of the vanishing present, could provide any judgment much more satisfying to our pride than the judgment of summarised adultery and violence which is the weekly enjoyment of so many million readers.

We turn for vindication to those few writers who have attempted the difficult task of describing the present, reading the vision, even if they cannot provide the interpretation. Such work must of necessity be largely autobiographical. It demands a fearlessness in confession which very few men will exhibit, an absence of reticence and the fear of "giving oneself

away," which, in an England clouded with class prejudices and the survivals of dying prohibitions, necessitates an unusual boldness, an unusual honesty. Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, stands amongst the first of such contemporary realists. He never grimaces to show his cleverness, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, nor exercises intellectual agility in extravagance like Mr. G. K. Chesterton. He has set down the world as he found it: it is to the advantage of English literature that he has lived through the world of the lower Middle Class, and endured the retail draper's emporium and the bleak life of the aspiring schoolmaster who studies "science" for inadequate reward. And the result is that "Kipps" and "Mr. Lewisham" and the hero of "Tono-Bungay" will come to stand as a vivid and not unsympathetic interpretation of certain phases of English life in one of its great periods of change—change none the less compelling because for the most part resident in the kingdom of the soul. Mr. Arnold Bennett, again, in "The Old Wives' Tale," has provided a middle-class manufacturing England for future wonder and judgment: in a pitiless picture, told with little sympathy, but with detachment and insight. Mr. Bullock has nearly, if not quite, succeeded with the suburban clerk: and an amalgam of many lesser but sincere writers—the optimism and cheery humor of Mr. Pett Ridge, the gloom and revolt of George Gissing, the sociological studies of mean streets, and all the ways of the Abyss, might help to reconstruct the chequered experiences of the London laborer in his incalculable multitude.

Yet the "human comedy" still remains unwritten. Most of these writers we have mentioned are deliberately distorting, in excess of darkness or sunshine. We know nothing of to-day's experience. We are uncertain whether civilisation is about to blossom into flower or wither in ruined tangle of dead leaves and faded gold. We can find no answer to the question, at the end of a dying year, whether we are about to plunge into a new time of tumult and upheaval, whether we are destined to an indefinite prolongation of the present twilight world, whether, as we sometimes try to hope, a door is to be suddenly opened, revealing unimaginable glories.

THE REALITY OF JESUS.

The story of the Gospels in the first three centuries or so shows that Christians every now and then were nervous about what they found there. For example, where Luke tells us that Mary said to Jesus "Thy father and I," some copyists quietly wrote "Joseph and I," as a safer phrase. The study of Matthew and Luke alongside of Mark will often reveal the editor's caution. Thus, when the Pharisees watched Jesus to see if he would heal the withered hand in the synagogue on the Sabbath, Mark says he "looked round about on them with anger." Luke, with Mark's narrative, or something like it, before him, copies the statement that Jesus "looked round about upon them all," but he quietly drops the words "with anger." Both he and Matthew had to compress Mark, but sometimes this compression meant more loss than gain, and certainly here, where it is at the cost of an intensely characteristic touch.

"With anger," says Mark. But Jesus had no anger for the woman taken in adultery—indeed, nervous moralists have felt he might have been clearer on the subject of her sin. He had no anger for any of what we call the grosser sins. Contemporary critics were baffled by this contrast. Here was a man, professedly holy, who was the "friend of publicans and sinners," consorted with them, and ate with them, while there was nothing too bad for him to say of the conscientious keepers of the law. Of course, for us the Pharisees have a bad name, though not a worse, we should remember, than deacons and parsons have in some quarters to-day. Labor people talk of "Liberal Nonconformist sweaters." In America to "deacon" a man means, in some places, to overreach him without actually getting within the clutches of the law.

Matthew is apt to mass the sayings of Jesus according to their subject without reference to time or place, and his twenty-third chapter is a collection of what Jesus said of the Pharisees, with the refrain: "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." As "Pharisee" and "hypocrite" are virtually synonyms to-day, this does not tell us much. The Greek word means "actors," and perhaps if we say "Scribes and Pharisees, actors!" we may catch the tone with which Jesus spoke, and the sense which he meant to convey. Men tell lies and act lies to deceive others, or to deceive God, if they can, but there is a worse habit of mind, which is reached when a man tries to take himself in, and succeeds in confusing his own sense of right and wrong. The Pharisee sometimes consciously tried to deceive others, but his chief victim was himself, and this Jesus saw—"blind Pharisee!" And here lies the gravamen of Jesus' attack. The Pharisee was an actor—if nowhere else, at least "in the theatre he carried under his hat." He enjoyed play-acting—audience or none. Some men cannot help posing, even when they are alone, and the Pharisee was of this class, an instinctive *poseur*, a man not interested in realities—and this was to Jesus, of all sins, the most intolerable. Sensualist and money-lover were at least occupied with a sort of reality; pleasure and money in their ways are real, and the pursuit of them brings a man, sooner or later, into contact with realities genuine enough. This is the attraction, perhaps, which artists have found in sin—they undoubtedly reach a sort of reality, of which men of conventions are ignorant, though they reach it at great cost. At any rate, the world looked after the illusions of publican and harlot, and they did not last long. The danger with these people was that they might be disillusionised overmuch. The Pharisee, on the other hand, lived in a mist of illusion, and realised nothing.

Jesus had been bred in a school of realities. When he said, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of Heaven," his words are the record of experience—otherwise they would have been absurd and heartless mockery. If we may re-construct his own home life from his parables of home life, piecing them into the bare framework given us by the scanty hints of the evangelists, we find a story of hardship and poverty. A mother, who seems to have been a widow, with five sons and at least three daughters, a carpenter's shop, a ministry begun about the age of thirty—such is the framework, and Jesus tells us about old coats being patched till they will stand it no more, widows with adversaries, women who have to sweep diligently till they find a lost coin, little houses where the children share the father's bed, and brothers who may need to be forgiven till seventy times seven.

If such a life did not bring a man into touch with some realities, King Lear prayed in vain, when, after hours in storm, he said he would "pray" and come in, and his prayer was this:—

> "Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
> From seasons such as these? Oh! I have ta'en
> Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp,
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

Jesus had been exposed "to feel what wretches feel"; he knew what others talked about—hunger, cold, "the rich man's scorn, the proud man's contumely." He was the poor man, for whom the facts of life are naked, and the edges of things hard and sharp—realisable enough. He learnt the habit of looking at things as they were, till he saw through them. If we may build on his use of the eighth Psalm, he, like, George Fox, had felt "the elements and stars come over him," and had, whether by "sitting still and letting it alone" or methods of his own, to wait or struggle till he came over them and touched "the living God who made all things." Poverty was, perhaps, even for him, the key which opened his first door into the kingdom of Heaven. At all events, he always emphasises the advantage of dis-

advantages—they make a man in earnest with himself. The Church has cherished one of his characteristic words in *Amen*: "Verily, verily."

There is a revelation of the seriousness of his whole mind and nature in his reply to the follower who would go away and then come back to follow. "No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "*Hoc age*," said the Roman. If a man is ploughing, he must think of his ploughing and leave other things alone—anyone who has driven a furrow knows this; and all men of action know only too well that the man whom Jesus describes is fit for no kind of Kingdom—none, at least, of which we should care to have experience. It is only in the Kingdom of Heaven that we suppose the flabby-minded to be at home. But Jesus did not think so.

The same energy of mind is seen in the parables. The unjust steward was, no doubt, a rascal, but he was in earnest with himself. The man who found the treasure in the field was, perhaps, not quite honest, but the point is that he concentrated himself on the matter in hand. Even the unjust judge took the shortest and most direct road to quiet. The pearl merchant let everything go to gain the one pearl of great price. Mary, we know, chose the one thing needful, and was praised for it. We may be sure from all this that there was one carpenter shop in Nazareth where benches were made to stand on four feet at once and doors to open and shut.

When so clear an eye for reality is turned upon religion, it is apt to see pretty far into religion also. There, too, it will reach the central thing. The notions of the day are looked through, and the essentials are seen with an unusual distinctness. Men of this habit of mind shock their contemporaries by the abrupt nakedness of their religious conceptions. God, righteousness, eternity, heaven and hell, are to such men realities. God does not surprise them as He does the rich fool, with His sudden tap on the shoulder. He is *the* great reality, never absent from their minds. Thus to Jesus, God is the great heart of the universe, builder of starry skies, lover of birds, father of men, concerned with everything that is real, with no interest in shams and conventions. Righteousness and the kingdom of Heaven are the expressions of God and man in unison; hell is man dissociating himself from God—unspeakable realities, all of them.

Other men round him talked of God and righteousness, heaven and hell. Righteousness was with them the tithing of mint, the keeping of the Sabbath, the ritual of the temple—"Acting!" said Jesus, with the clear incisiveness of genius. What was a handful of mint to God, or the seventh day to Him who made the sun rise on all days? Was God a Levite? "What, in the name of God, *do* you believe God to be?" And hell—what help had mint for a man here? "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" What a thing it would be to reach life, even at the cost of a hand, a foot, an eye! No, their righteousness was casuistry—pretty, like a whited sepulchre, but what lay beneath it? What of the widows' houses? the starving children of Abraham?

We read sayings of Jesus, on the fulfilment of the law and the keeping of the commandments to the last and least. The instinctive "higher criticism" of the Christian world has left these sayings in the gospel, but excised them in practice by forgetfulness or allegory. It is in any case quite evident that they could not mean from the lips of Jesus, if he spoke them at all, what they would have meant from a Pharisee's. The whole Jewish law was abolished once and for all by Jesus, though Christians have been sedulous in restoring it. But Jesus anticipated modern anthropology and folklore, and cut away every vestige of "primitive" and "savage" survival from religion—all the taboos, helpful perhaps to primitive man and the savage, but confusing to men on a higher plane—or else mere play-acting and the "damnation of hell." Paul called Jesus the "Yes" of all the promises of God—a splendid name for the vindicator and exponent of all God's realities. It is such a man as this who liberates mankind.

When the Christian world grows nervous, as it periodically does, lest the bases of the Christian faith are being sapped, when this and the other thing is questioned which we have always believed, it is a strength and a consolation to study the character of Jesus, who was not nervous. He moved among people as orthodox and as fidgety as ourselves, and he laughed at them, sometimes with a tone of pity, sometimes of anger. The great thing is to remember that he at least faced the facts of life, saw them naked, and felt their hard edges. Nothing angered him except make-believe, and he was the friend of the candid, however scandalous their record.

THE SEASONABLE WITCH.

One would have thought that man, being in any case the unhappiest of animals, might have contented himself with his misery rather than invent imaginary woes. In all conscience, this poor, thin-skinned creature, destitute of fur, has a nipping time of it against the frost, and what are his level little teeth compared to a crocodile's, or even to a wolf's? His horn-tipped hand is a feeble instrument beside the sheathed scimitars of a lion's paw. The cold racks him with cramps, the sun withers him with fever, the water drowns him, and if he falls from a precipice, instead of extending his wings upon the bed of air, he splits his skull like a pea. The porpoise beats him in breathing, and the midge in flight. He not only suffers the plague of hunger, to which all creation is exposed, but must further plague himself for clothes. Wherever he wanders through the world, he finds himself superfluous. He is crushed out by the numbers of his kind. Other animals kill their enemies for food, protection, or just to make room for themselves. Man alone kills his species, and still he seems too many. He eats everything, and still he starves.

Besides these miseries, mankind has tormented itself with illusory hopes. However comfortable he may be at any moment, he is always fretting for some greater comfort still. He is befooled by visions of beauty never to be realised, and the more virtuous he is, the more fervently he condemns himself as a miserable sinner. There is some excuse for this discontent. It springs from solid ground, for certainly it would be pleasant to live at ease in body and mind; one would much rather dwell in beautiful cities like the Acropolis than in Blackwall streets or Tooting suburbs; and as to virtue, no saint is so good but he must envy the unruffled self-esteem of tigers and other cats. The desire for better things is reasonable enough, though it is none the less on that account unhappy, and if the philosopher was right in saying that man's unhappiness comes of his greatness, man should be very great to carry it off.

But so far from being satisfied with this natural, though overwhelming, wretchedness of body and mind, man has never ceased to conjure up unreal and unnecessary torments of soul. With a desire for unhappiness, not to be appeased by the multitudinous forms of evil within himself, he has set to work and invented thousands on thousands of devils, imps, demons, ghosts, Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras, that never had an existence of any kind, except in the perturbed and melancholic imagination of the great self-torturer. It goes so far that all men and women among the hordes of Central and Southern Africa acknowledge innumerable evil spirits, but hardly one beneficent; and in like manner our fathers, not so long ago, though boasting themselves but a little lower than the angels, had less familiar acquaintance with angels than with fiends. To them, as to the African, the powers of evil lurked in every corner, lay in wait beside the path, and squatted upon the pillow. Till quite lately, the whole of mankind, except for a handful of Greeks and Romans, has passed a haunted and ghost-ridden life, crowded with vague terrors and hideous apprehensions, from which all the others of earth's children are free. Strangely varied as the races of mankind may be, incredible as it is that they could all have sprung from one human stock, here is

a point in which they all agree, and we shall as soon find human beings without heads as without devils.

Even so the end of man's reckless chase after pain and terror is not reached. He proceeds to fix upon certain people to whom he ascribes peculiar intimacy with the evil powers which he has himself invented, and at once he surrounds them with a frightened awe. Among savages the man to whom these occult influences are attributed generally uses them in beneficent defence against the malignant spirits, though he may reverse his practice, since the science of opposites is the same. But among highly civilised people like ourselves, the workings of witch or wizard have nearly always been evil, and their powers destructive or misleading. It is true that the home of a wizard, or less frequently of a witch (owing to the more obvious malignancy of woman's nature), was sometimes visited in the hope of assistance, but it was usually for assistance in evil-doing—for some philtre, spell, or incantation to blast a rival or an enemy. These instruments of evil were endowed with the same kind of powers as bring woe upon us whenever we spill the salt, or walk under a ladder, or cross the knives, or fall upstairs before breakfast; but the powers were immeasurably heightened by the mysterious attributes of a human soul. To complete the irony of mankind's delight in his own terrors, both wizards and witches believed in their own dark traffic, they enjoyed the distinction of a wickedness which others had invented for them, and many a poor old woman was burnt to a cinder for Satanic acquaintanceship that she could not honorably deny.

The skinny witch as we know her—the witch of the Brocken, the Wrekin, and the domestic chimney—is a recent growth—only three or four centuries old. To the ancients the witch was not necessarily withered and hideous, but often of excellent beauty. Circe was bewitchingly lovable, and so was Medea; even Canidia had her charm. We have no exact description of the witch of Endor. But what we may call the broomstick type was developed only at the end of the Middle Ages, or later. The history of the whole matter has just been told with equal wit and knowledge by Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer in his "Book of Witches" (Eveleigh Nash), and it makes admirable reading for Christmas Eve, all the more because to-night the perusal will be safe and free from fear. For, as is well known:—

> "Ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Almost the only king of our time who has produced a book (for which reason he was also called Solomon as possessing an intelligence beyond his class) devoted his intellectual powers mainly to the study of witchcraft; and, if we remember right, one of his earliest and most subtle chapters treats of the question why witches are commoner than wizards. He concludes that this peculiarity was due to the greater frailty of the feminine nature, more exposed to the wiles of Satan, as indeed was established in the case of Eve. Without questioning the authority of James I. or any other monarch upon the frailty of women thus exposed to wiles, we may venture without disloyalty to suggest that other reasons may have combined with this.

The old women of a village are usually poorer, more lonely, and uglier than the old men. The knowledge of simples and other drugs is a motherly thing and generally descends in the female line. Women have more natural affection for domestic animals, especially for cats, which have always been regarded as peculiarly subject to demoniac possession. Women are also known to come nearer to the open secret of nature, being themselves instinct with her primal powers. But, above all, as is daily proved, it is both easier and more enjoyable to persecute a woman than a man, and it was quite natural that the forefathers of our present population should experience a far keener pleasure in witnessing the burning of a witch than of a wizard.

It was a pleasure that they did not deny themselves. Sixteenth-century people had most opportunity of enjoying it, and Mr. Hueffer tells us that in 1524 over a thousand burnings of witches delighted the population of Como alone. It must have been quite a dull day when three women were not burnt in the square. As has often been proved, witchcraft flourishes most in times of religious decline or chaos, and it is noticeable that the one point on which Catholics and Protestants agreed was the holy joy of burning wiches. "I have no compassion on them," cried Martin Luther, always a downright man, whose words were battles: "I would burn them all." And throughout the seventeenth century, when the Protestant feeling in England was at its highest, more witches than usual afforded the sport of a public burning to a people that otherwise were taking their pleasures rather sadly. One of our best descriptions of the witch is Elizabethan in date, but is written by a disciple of John Knox:—

> "Witches be commonly old, lame, blear-eyed, pale, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, and Papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowsy minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as, what mischief, mischance, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily persuaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds earnest and constant imagination hereof."

All have gone now. They have vanished in the fog and filthy air, with their broomsticks smeared in child's liver, their eggshell boats, their Satanic dances, devilish Sabbaths, black masses, tailless rats, interchangeable cats, calling paddocks, and unholy herbs, slivered in the moon's eclipse. Redcap and Mother Shipton stand as the shadows of great names where tram meets tram, but the magic women whom our fathers knew and burnt have gone without a trace, unless we find it in the palmistry and crystal gazing of suburban bazaars. Mr. Hueffer thinks we rather regret their going. It may be so, for the picturesque mind regrets everything that is past, and there is nothing that mankind would not be rather than happy. But perhaps in our search for picturesque misery we might take a moment's consideration for the old village women who are now speculating on their chances of five shillings a week rather than on their probable death in flames.

Present-Day Problems.

THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA.

After sitting for rather less than a month at Durban, the South African Convention for the closer union of the different Colonies adjourned, and met again at Cape Town after an interval of a fortnight. The adjournment was necessitated by the heat in Durban, which is a charming winter resort, but becomes uncomfortably warm in the South African summer, and by the health of Sir Henry De Villiers and Mr. Steyn, both of whom have felt the effects of assiduous work in the increasing heat. The adjournment was regretted by those who hoped for a complete settlement to be arrived at in a few days or weeks. Considering the magnitude and complexity of the problems involved, it would seem that an adjournment might be an advantage in itself, apart from the causes which necessitate it. If there were serious difficulties in the Convention, a fortnight's reflection might have facilitated solution by giving time for diverting attention from the narrow points of opposition to alternative courses generally acceptable. If the path of the Convention has been smooth, delay may have done much towards clearing up minor points, and so enabling the Convention to produce a finished and considered work.

The position in South Africa requires equal vigilance and sympathy on the part of onlookers in England. Some who criticise for the sake of criticising have objected to the Convention's carrying on its deliberations with closed doors. This is wholly unreasonable, for it would obviously be a gratuitous addition to the difficulties of the delegates to invite a running commentary of irresponsible criticism during the progress of the negotiations;

and, indeed, had it been decided that the proceedings of the Convention must be in public, the probable result would have been that the Convention would have been a formality, and that the real work would have had to be done in advance by informal and unsatisfactory, because imperfectly representative, committees. The decision of the Convention to close its doors was plainly wise, and it is not a little remarkable that its secrets have been so well kept that few, if any, except the delegates themselves, appear to have any real information of the situation in the Convention. But this means that until the Convention announces its resolutions no one else, either in South Africa or in England, can begin to consider questions of great intricacy and importance which may call for prompt decision. For it is now said—and it is known that this was all along intended by the leaders in South Africa—that an attempt is to be made to pass the new Constitution through the South African and Imperial Parliaments next year. This would mean that the South African Parliaments would be called upon to give their decisions not later than April, and that if a decisive opinion in favor of a definite scheme can be obtained in South Africa, the Constitution Bill may be before the House of Commons next June. It is clearly desirable, to say the least, that the Bill as sent from South Africa to London should be such as to command the whole-hearted assent of Parliament, and the Australian precedent proves that it will be difficult to introduce alterations when once the scheme has been adopted by the Colonial Legislatures. It therefore follows that if the voice of England is to be heard effectively, it ought, if possible, to speak before the scheme comes before the South African Parliaments. That is to say, we may have a scheme published early in next year, and then find that we ought to make up our minds about its main features before April. If this is so, it must be admitted that we should do well to prepare ourselves for the consideration of this great problem at once.

It must not be supposed that in saying so much we mean that the South African Constitution should be moulded in accordance with the wishes of quidnuncs in London. There are, however, one or two general questions in which South Africa is not alone concerned. Apart from such questions as were regarded as Imperial questions when the Australian Commonwealth Constitution was under discussion, and the lingering racial questions which appear to burn mainly in the minds of a few irreconcilables in England, there is the native question, in which the House of Commons has a direct interest, not only because it is bound to regard all classes of South Africans with impartial good-will, whatever their view, race or color, but also because the three protectorates—Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland—are at present administered by the High Commissioner, who is an Imperial officer, and are not immediately represented at the Conference, though they are likely to be much affected by its decisions. Here, again, we must enter a caveat. It does not follow from what has been said that any action or representations on the part of the people or government of the United Kingdom will be necessary after the completion of the negotiations in South Africa, or even after the closing of the Convention. On the contrary, it is much to be hoped that when the Convention has completed its labors, it will be found that its decisions are such as to commend themselves to the favorable judgment both of South Africa and of the United Kingdom. We are very far indeed from distrusting South Africa, and, while we shall continue to deprecate interference in the purely domestic concerns which ought to be left to the decision of the South Africans, we wish to insist that on those matters about which it is reasonable and right for England to speak, she should be prepared to speak, not, indeed, hastily, but promptly and considerately, and we add an expression of our earnest hope that when the time for speaking comes, it may only be necessary to recognise that the decisions of the Convention are reasonable, just, and adequate.

There are good reasons for hopefulness in this respect. When the Convention met it was suggested in some influential quarters that difficult questions should be left over for the decision of the Parliament about to be created. That that Parliament will have difficult questions to deal with goes without saying; but it appeared that there was an intention to leave over not only questions of legislative and administrative difficulty, but also some questions which would most naturally be decided in the Constitution Act. On the other hand, there were many of the wisest men in South Africa who recognised the difficulty and danger of this course, and Dr. Jameson, on leaving Cape Town for the Convention, said that the Convention was likely to last for a considerable time, "one of the main objects being to settle, as far as possible, all outstanding difficulties before an actual Union is consummated, so that the new Union Parliament can have a fair start to deal with the general progress of the country." It appears that this aim has been kept before the Convention. Apart from the rumors which have been circulated in South Africa, there is the fact that the sittings have already been prolonged, and that they are still some way from being ended. Had there been any hopeless diversity of opinion, it could hardly have been kept secret so long. On the whole, then, there is good reason for hoping that questions which ought to be faced now are being faced, and that there is at least a fair chance of arriving at a generally acceptable settlement.

There are, as we have said, two general questions which attract attention and excite active interest in England. There are some who fear that the English-speaking section of the community will suffer at the hands of the Dutch-speaking section. There are others who fear that the rights of the natives may not be sufficiently safeguarded in the new Constitution for it to be possible for the Imperial authorities to view the new instrument of government with real satisfaction, or to part with the direct control of the protectorates. As to the first point, it seems clear that racial feeling no longer runs very high in South Africa itself. We have had an energetic and interesting debate on the diplomatic history of the South African war in the Press of Europe, but though in Europe some of the chief personages of the time have taken part in the discussion, in South Africa hardly any interest has been aroused. It seems evident that these people are too much interested in the present and future to be greatly disturbed by the ghosts of the past. One or two fanatical busybodies have a string of grievances which they produce in Parliament, but investigation has plainly shown that, though Lord Milner showed racial bias in his management of the Civil Service and of the settlers in the Transvaal and Orange Colony, General Botha and Mr. Fischer have scrupulously avoided anything of the kind. Occasional appeals to racial suspicion are, no doubt, to be heard in South Africa, but, on the whole, more attention seems to be given to men like General Smuts, who insist that there is no reason for it. A correspondent of the "Times" has seen Mr. Steyn, who put the case to him with equal candour and force. The Boers, he said, cannot at present be expected to display enthusiasm about being British subjects, but they gave their word when the war ended, and instead of enthusiasm, which is often effervescent, they offer the more solid and stable surety of a whole people's honor. About the same time General De Wet protested against continuing the sittings of the Convention on the King's birthday, urging that it would be unseemly to do so. Some may question the sincerity of this. To us it appears to be exactly in keeping with the whole temper of the Boers. They do not simulate enthusiasm, but they have a keen sense of what they have undertaken, and of what is fitting in men who have promised and received what they have. Respect for English forms and susceptibilities follows, and is inconsistent with a policy of racial exclusiveness. Could the most exacting Imperialist desire a more satisfactory frame of mind for a people so recently and so unwillingly brought into the Empire?

The native question is more difficult. In Cape

Colony the best men of both races recognise the importance of not excluding anyone from the franchise merely on account of his color. In the other South African Colonies the native franchise has not been judged by experience, but signs of the spread of just and reasonable views are not wanting. Cordial messages have been exchanged between the Griquas of Kokstad and the South African Convention, and only the other day Mr. Lionel Phillips was able to make a speech to the Rand Pioneers, probably the least pro-native body in South Africa, advocating the admission of duly qualified natives to the franchise. It would be unwise to hope too much, but it is not impossible to hope that an equitable arrangement may be arrived at on this point also. In the Cape Colony a native policy at once humane, just, progressive, and prudent has resulted from the native franchise. There is no reason to doubt that the same cause would produce the same effect in South Africa as a whole. The white population of South Africa owes much, and recognises that it owes much, to the grant of freedom and representative government. It surely is not to be thought of that it will miss the moral in its dealings with the colored races.

The Drama.

MR. TREE AND THE FAIRIES.

In the Municipal Art Gallery in Dublin, there hangs a drawing by "Max" wherein we see Mr. W. B. Yeats introducing Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies. There is now a fine opportunity for a companion picture, in which the same artist should show Mr. Graham Robertson performing the same office for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The introduction has been most happily effected, and Mr. Tree is already on excellent terms with Her miniature Majesty. In other words, "Pinkie and the Fairies" is a capital Christmas entertainment for children. It is what we have all been clamoring for this many a year—a graceful fairy-play without any vulgarity, and really written for children, not for grown-ups who have learnt to seek their fairy-land in the music-halls. On the evening when I saw it, many children around me were enjoying it hugely; and no doubt many thousands of other children will follow their example before the holidays are over. I am, by profession, one of the naughty, discontented children who always cry for more; and I shall presently make some suggestions to Mr. Tree as to the further development of his relations with the Fairy Queen. But first I wish to bear emphatic witness to the pleasantness, the beauty, and the refinement of the spectacle he has actually provided.

Certainly there never was a children's play more brilliantly cast. It was a happy idea to engage Miss Ellen Terry for the part of Aunt Imogen. Fifty, nay sixty, years hence, when the century is on the wane, old fogeys will wag their heads and say: "Ah! I remember Ellen Terry in the days of Edward the Seventh! She was in the first play I ever saw, and her grace and charm, her shimmering, half-tearful gaiety, are as clear as daylight in my memory. Begad, sir, in her most ordinary movements she reminded you of the phrase of that Irish poet fellow—she 'danced like a wave of the sea'!" Then, in point of beauty and distinction, nothing could be better than Miss Stella Campbell's Molly, or Miss Marie Löhr's Cinderella. Miss Viola Tree, as the Sleeping Beauty, makes up, by means of her fine and well-trained voice, for the rather slender musical gifts of some of her companions. Master Philip Tonge is a capital schoolboy, playing with unforced humor, and without shrillness or obtrusiveness. The anonymous little lady who plays the Queen of the Fairies is a marvel of prettiness and of diminutive dignity. She is also a highly trained dancer; but I cannot conscientiously say that it gives me much pleasure to see so young a child pirouetting in a ballet-skirt. On the other hand, for simple childlike naturalness, nothing could have been better than Miss Iris Hawkins's Pinkie. It was throughout a model of alert intelligence and unstudied grace—one of the most delightful child-performances I ever saw. To dilate on the beauty of the scenery and mounting would be manifestly superfluous—the best warranty for that is the line in the playbill: "Produced by Herbert Beerhohm Tree." Several of the effects in the fairy woodland of the second act (painted by Mr. Joseph Harker) are even more exquisite than anything we have hitherto seen on His Majesty's stage.

All this one can say for the production with the utmost sincerity—where, then, is there any possible room for discontent? What more can the most exacting of critics desire? Well, I do not think it would be quite unreasonable to ask for a little story. Mr. Graham Robertson is an ingenious and accomplished writer; he has humor, he has fancy, he has metrical skill, he has even imagination; but as yet he is not the least little bit of a dramatist. His characters (the human ones, I mean) are vague and uninteresting; and "story, God bless you, he has none to tell, sir." Tommy and Pinkie, indeed, are drawn with sufficient spirit. They are the typical boy and girl of the better sort of modern child's story. But when we come to Molly, what a queer shadow of a part it is! There is absolutely no color or consistency in it—nothing for Miss Stella Campbell to take hold of. We do not know whether she is sympathetic or not—she is simply dull. Her relations with her unseen lover are never for a moment interesting, and, save at one trifling point, are wholly unconnected with the main business of the play—that is to say, the fairy scenes. Mr. Robertson might have taken a hint from Shakespeare in the interweaving of mortal fortunes with fairy influences. Still more shadowy, if possible, are the two Aunts and the Uncle. In the entrance of the Aunts, and the whole conception of the garden scene, there are distinct reminiscences of "Prunella"; but Lawrence Housman and Granville Barker, with all their quaintness of fancy and delicacy of touch, made their three old maids real to us. Aunt Caroline and Aunt Imogen, on the other hand, have no tangible or consistent characteristics. It is surely essential in a children's play, if in no other, that we should know whether we like or dislike the personages; but here the author gives us no materials for forming a judgment. Aunt Imogen, no doubt, is amiable, because she is Miss Ellen Terry; but never, assuredly, was so great an actress allotted so insignificant, so non-existent, a part. To look for character in fairies would perhaps be unreasonable; but at least there might have been some plot, some coherent action, to bind the incidents together, and give the play a beginning, middle and end. There is, in fact, nothing of the sort. The ingenuity which Mr. Robertson shows in minor details deserts him when it comes to invention and construction. He stipples skilfully, but he is no hand at design.

Now, it is assuredly very difficult to invent a good fairy tale; and that is one among many reasons for the suggestion I have to make to Mr. Tree. Why seek to invent? Why impose this almost impossible task upon the Christmas playwright? Why not draw upon the inexhaustible fund of fairy-lore which the children love, and give us, quite frankly, a renewed, a refined, a glorified pantomime? I have for years preached the doctrine that pantomime is an invaluable art-form; well worth freeing from the vulgarities, and imbecilities, and corruptions which have overgrown it. Within its admirably elastic framework there is room for humor, for poetry, for fantasy, for satire, for "everything by turns and nothing long." Why should not Mr. Tree be the man to bring to perfection this delightful and truly national form of fairy extravaganza—to shows us what pantomime might be and ought to be? A great deal would depend, no doubt, on finding the right librettist or librettists; but this ought not to be an insuperable difficulty. How about a collaboration between Mr. Graham Robertson (for the lyrics and details of dialogue) and that Universal Provider for children of this favored generation, Mr. E. V. Lucas? It seems to me that Mr. Lucas has a rare combination of the requisites

for such work, in his understanding of children and his vein of airy, facile, allusive persiflage. One thing I would strongly urge on the regenerator of pantomime, and that is a return to the free use of selected music, of familiar airs. It is the greatest possible mistake to give the children nothing but new music, however good its quality. And, finally, Mr. Tree should by no means disdain to take a personal share, occasionally at any rate, in the Christmas revels at his theatre. His fantasy would find admirable scope in such a part as the Robber Chief or the Wicked Magician; and think what an attraction it would be! The Queen of the Christmas Fairies is a potentate to whom an artist of Mr. Tree's humane and genial spirit need never blush to do ungrudging homage.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art.

THE PLACE OF JACOB JORDAENS.

NOBODY who has visited the big galleries at Antwerp, Brussels, and Dresden, can have failed to carry away a vivid impression of the pictures of Jacob Jordaens. His work stands apart from that of the contemporary Antwerp school; if, indeed, a strong individuality were the sole test of greatness, then Jordaens would be the greatest master that Flanders ever produced. As it is, he takes the third place in the famous seventeenth-century triumvirate, consisting of Rubens, Van Dyck, and himself; yielding, in the eyes of the modern connoisseur of Flemish art, only to the two world-famed artists whose names are given. Granted his inferiority to these, the only matter to be decided is by how much he is inferior. Does he approach nearly to Rubens, who may be said to have sealed the reputation of the Antwerp School as a school of colorists? And does he provoke a just comparison with Van Dyck, who grafted on to the vigor of Flemish painting an alien grace of style? The answers to these questions are partly given in M. Max Rooses' magnificently illustrated "Life and Work" of Jacob Jordaens, translated by Miss E. C. Broers, wherein the art of Jordaens is analysed with affectionate thoroughness. As conservator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum in Antwerp, as an acknowledged authority on Flemish art, and as one who has a particularly sympathetic appreciation of all that is good in the painting of Jordaens, M. Rooses is more than qualified to express an opinion, and this fine volume will be the more appreciated for the reason that Jordaens has had but few modern biographers, and, so far as this country is concerned, has only recently begun to be understood by the wider public.

Whatever may be the latter-day inclination to dismiss Jordaens simply as a follower of Rubens, he was ranked far higher both by the public and the artists of his own time. If it is necessary to place him in any school, it must be the school of Rubens, since he was undeniably influenced by that master, especially in the work of his second period; but it is equally evident that he retained his individuality through all the stages of his art life, and that contemporary opinion was fully aware of the essential differences between the two men. Again, touching the Rubens influence, it is clear from certain religious pictures, notably the several renderings of the "Adoration of the Kings," that he leaned on Rubens for guidance in composition. At the same time one should not forget that, as M. Rooses points out, in at least one work of Rubens, the Madrid "Disciples at Emmaus," the master followed the example set by Jordaens in his picture of the same subject in the Brunswick Gallery. Briefly, the relationship between the two artists was never that of master and humble pupil. The utmost that can be said is that their art developed along parallel lines. If similarities are observable in their respective works, there are also radical differences—differences that go deep beneath the surface, differences of temperament, of outlook upon life, of artistic conviction. The actualities of their two lives would alone have sufficed to render these differences inevitable. Rubens was a traveller, a diplomatist; Jordaens a stay-at-home burgher. Rubens went to Italy, absorbed Italian art, took what he required for his purpose, and returned home to graft it on to a native talent without destroying—as so many of his Flemish predecessors had done—the native talent. Jordaens was never in Italy, and owed nothing to her. The one ennobled and enriched Flemish painting both by what was in himself and what he acquired elsewhere, while the other gave it only what was his own to give. Both painted the Flemish people; but whereas Rubens saw in his models the figures of heroes and heroines, Jordaens saw them merely as they were. One bond of union, that of a common love of strong color, sometimes makes their works similar to the superficial eye. But in every other quality, and more often than not in color also, they are separated by a very wide gulf. Rubens, with his taste for the heroic, his relish for the sumptuous in line and color, his strong subjectiveness, was an aristocrat among the Flemish painters of his generation. Jordaens, with an equal eye for color, but with less poetic imagination, with his greater interest in the world immediately around him and his objective standpoint, was emphatically the Commoner.

It is useless to seek in his art for the more strictly imaginative qualities belonging to his great compatriot. In one or two of his altar-pieces he could rise to strange heights of impressiveness, but they are in no sense typical of what was best in him; and one is conscious that what he achieved therein was largely borrowed. But in his own sphere, the sphere of the burgher life around him, he was unequalled. Out of the quaint custom of the Epiphany feast, or a town marriage, or birth, or other celebration, he could evolve a picture that radiated the truth of the life he saw; his power of deft snapshot characterisation, as shown in the oft-repeated subject of "The King Drinks," is equal to that of Hals. He had some knowledge of mythology, which he turned with sufficient inventiveness to the glorification of the jollier side of burgher life. Out of mythology "he chose neither the tragic nor the epic episodes, but only the homely ones"—the episodes, in a word, that allowed him to introduce his fellow-countrymen, as the characters, engaged in the ordinary social pursuits of his own country. In another favorite subject, "The Peasant and the Satyr," the *personæ* are Flemings, even the satyr being but thinly disguised. Being a Commoner, intent on truth alone, he often painted the truth that was coarse, and painted it coarsely; while in rendering a biblical story, such as that of "Susanna and the Elders," he indulged in humor that the modern mind might consider offensive. In this respect he is nearer to the Dutch School than to that of the South Netherlands, to Brouwer rather than to Rubens; though it should be borne in mind that it was the middle-class burgher, not the boorish peasant, that Jordaens delighted in painting. He did not, like Rembrandt or Millet, ennoble the plain and prosaic with his brush. He did not paint either to ennoble or debase. Coarseness and refinement had no place in his ambition, nor reverence and irreverence in his aim. He loved to represent his own ring of humanity, in happy mood if occasion offered, always, at any rate, as it appeared to him, never as it might be. If the quality of his painting is not consistent throughout, his single-minded devotion to the immortalising of his own people never faltered. Artists have been called great history painters for much less.

M. Rooses has had no easy task in collecting materials for a life of Jordaens. Beyond what the civic records tell one, there are but few data available. It is established, however, that he was born in 1593 and died in 1678; that he was blessed with a private competence and enjoyed a more or less peaceful existence, at any rate until he came under the observation of the ecclesiastical authorities as the writer of certain

*"Jacob Jordaens: His Life and Work." By Max Rooses. Translated from the Dutch by Elizabeth C. Broers. J. M. Dent & Co. £2 2s. net.

heretical tracts. His conversion to Calvinism late in life throws a rather curious sidelight on the character both of the man and of his age; for, although he was no lukewarm adherent of the new faith, and actually suffered a heavy fine for upholding its principles, it was after his conversion that he painted the "Last Judgment," now in the Louvre, with Calvin among the Damned falling into the abyss! Many another commission was as openly accepted by him for Catholic Churches as it was openly given by Catholic ecclesiastics; from which it is obvious that, in the eyes both of Jordaens and his patrons, the claims of art over-ruled those of Mother Church. Other work of a public character, known to have been executed by him, proves the important position he occupied in the art world of his own time. When Rubens died he was appointed—without challenge—to execute the pictures for Greenwich Palace, and a similar commission from Queen Christina of Sweden is on record; neither of the latter work, however, nor of the Greenwich decorations is there now any trace. He collaborated with Rubens in the decorations for the State entry of the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand into Antwerp in the year 1634. He was employed on decorative work at Amsterdam, at Hulst, at Antwerp; while in the ornamentation of the Orange Hall at the House in the Wood he was singularly honored in being the only Flemish artist invited. Like Rubens, he was nominally responsible for an enormous output, only a fraction of which was wholly by his hand. He stands, perhaps, alone in his circle, in not having made preliminary sketches for his big works. Yet, in addition to his oil pictures, endless drawings, done for their own sakes, have remained to witness his activity; he was an etcher of no mean merit, and he was recognised by the Guild of St. Luke as a "water painter." One cannot read this volume without realising that, if he derived from no school and founded none, if he produced almost as many failures as successes, he was, nevertheless, a profoundly impressive force in Flemish art.

Communications.

THE SORROWS OF AN AUSTRIAN LIBERAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I crave from you space for the enclosed letter from my friend, Professor Leon Kellner, of Vienna University, who, as you will see, has penned it as an appeal to English Liberals? I make the request "without prejudice." As my friend knows, I have no great faith in the alleged "mission" of my own country to manage other peoples; and I have the same constitutional difficulty in ascribing to any other Empire a single-hearted concern for others' welfare when it forcibly extends its boundaries. But on the primary principles of fair play, to say nothing of hospitality, we owe, I think, a hearing to a good Austrian Liberal in a case that has been tried by our journals without much concern to look at both sides. Professor Kellner knows England as few foreigners do; he is actually one of our first philosophical authorities on early English; and every English Liberal will listen to him, I feel sure, with courteous attention.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

December 17th, 1908.

MY DEAR ROBERTSON,—Really, this is more than I can bear—in silence. Mine is a most deplorable position. Till within a few weeks ago I was an Anglomaniac, and gloried in the title; to-day I am an Anglomaniac still, but have to hide my head in shame.

"What do you think of the English now?" is a question I hear from my colleagues every day.

"If I were you I should give the English a bit of my mind," is an exhortation my friends hurl at me morning, noon, and night.

"What's come over the English Press?" asks a former student of mine who, following my lead, subscribes to several London Liberal papers, THE NATION among the number, and thinks the English Liberal periodicals the most enlightened in the world.

Considering that to everyone who gives expression to his thoughts, there are dozens and dozens who look silent reproaches at me, my life as an interpreter of English culture in Austria is anything but easy.

And why do I say this to you of all people, you who have got nothing whatever to do with the English campaign against my country, who, all your life, have pleaded for international understanding against blind instincts of race and creed?

The answer is this: it is people like you who have made me an Anglomaniac, who have made me believe that England, in the midst of the world's strife and turmoil, is a haven of peaceful deliberation, a refuge from the sanguinary conflicts of primeval passions that are lacerating the Eastern nations of Europe. I have listened more than once to parliamentary speeches on foreign affairs, and have trained myself to believe that, as the outcome of unlimited freedom of speech, England enjoys more than any other nation the privilege of detachment and balance in dealing with the intricate policies of the European States. That is why I appeal to you to help me to justify myself in my own eyes. Give a poor Austrian Anglomaniac a chance of explaining what the Austrians at large think and feel about the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, just listen for a few moments to what we have got to say for ourselves against the incriminations of Servians and Turks who have been besieging your ears for months and months. As you well know, I do not belong to the inner circle; I belong neither to the diplomatic service, nor am I in the secrets of our Foreign Office. But I have been following Austrian events as a thoughtful member of the community, and may be safely considered an exponent of the feelings of the Austrian public at large.

1. *Austria has got a mission in the Near East.* England seems to have forgotten this fact or deliberately to ignore it. It is a fact all the same. It is we Austrians who have wrested Hungary, Transylvania, and other wide provinces from the clutches of barbarism, it is we who, for centuries and centuries, have borne the brunt of the battle against Asiatic predatory raids, it is we who have spread order and civilisation, banishing chaos, and anarch despotism. Austria, whom the English Press preposterously accuses of oppressing race, nationality, and creed, actually stands for freedom of race, nationality, and creed in the East of Europe, and we boast, rightly boast, that we have done for the conflicting interests of the manifold and variegated national fragments that have taken shelter under the wing of the Austrian eagle, something similar to what you English have achieved further afield. Austria has been, and is still, the battleground where Poles and Ruthenians, Germans and Czechs, Magyars and Croatians fight it out, not in the old fashion, popular still in Servia and Turkey, by barbarous bloodshed, and devastation, but according to the English method by ballot and parliamentary debate. I am aware that a large section of the English public takes its notions of Austria from the literature of the 'fifties and 'sixties of the last century, when mid-Victorian literature rang with indignation against Austrian oppression in Italy. As well might an Austrian derive his ideas of British rule in the Colonies from Longfellow's "Evangeline," not to mention other and more direct incriminations of American origin. All this is over and done with. Austria of to-day no more resembles the Austria of that time than your present England resembles Great Britain at the time of the Chartist riots. I do not think there is a spot on God's earth where conflicting races enjoy as much freedom as do the Poles, Ruthenians, Czechs, Roumanians, Croatians, Armenians, in the Austrian Empire. In fact, thoughtful Austrians consider this mission the chief *raison d'être* of our much-tried Austrian Empire; leave the welter of Austrian nationalities to themselves, and the world will be set aflame by the news of fierce struggles surpassing in extent and barbarity the atrocities of the Armenian type.

2. *It is a preposterous delusion to consider Austria an agency of Pan-German aspiration.* The deep distrust of German expansion which I noticed last summer in all the sections of the English population seems to be at the root of the present English campaign against Austria, the vast majority of the English mistaking Austria for a German de-

pendency, and thus extending their antagonism to our country. Against this delusion I most emphatically protest. We have got no more to do with Pan-German aspirations than you, my dear Robertson, with the Celtic movement in England, and we are no more the cat's-paw of German expansion in the near East than you are the bottleholder of Japan in the United States. We claim to be an independent political unit whose interests are in more than one respect directly opposed to those of Germany and whose mission in the East of Europe precludes German methods and German aspirations. What you have heard of Germanising tendencies in Bosnia and Herzegovina is, not to put too fine a point on it, lies, lies, and lies again. Our administration in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which is admitted by both French and English observers to have done marvels in such a short time, is carried out by a select staff of officials of every race, German, Slavonic, Magyar, Roumanian, by people who have been trained in the old school of rigorous impartiality and justice. Their only aspiration is the welfare of the country, the control of which has been entrusted to Austria by the Treaty of 1887, and the only advantage we derive from this administration is an addition to our army, and a market for our goods. This market we are prepared to defend against all comers, it being the only outlet left to our industry and enterprise. Are the English so blinded by their distrust of Germany, that they do not see the blunder of setting all the world against Austria in her present crisis? In ordinary circumstances the Austrians, whether German or Slav, are extremely jealous of Austria's independent position, and the close alliance between her and Germany is being looked at askance by the majority of our population. Now, is it the deliberate aim of the present English campaign against Austria to drive her into the arms of Germany, to draw the bonds of alliance closer and closer? Deliberate or not, this is what your English campaign makes for. I do not pretend to understand the English mind. I cannot account for the English forgetfulness any more than I can puzzle out your grievance against my country. It sounds rather ungracious to remind you of the trying winter when the European Press swarmed with obscene caricatures of the English sovereign, and Austria was the only country that did not join in the chorus of hate and rejoicing over English defeats; but I cannot help reminding the English, that it was the Emperor Francis Joseph who, on more than one occasion, went out of his way to voice his sympathies with the English against their enemies of all kinds. If the English Press were what it is not, the mouthpiece of official wisdom, I should not be surprised, but the English Press being what it is, a popular institution, giving expression to popular feeling, there is only one course left to me, how to account for your acerbity against my country. The English, it seems, are never happy, unless they have got something or somebody to worry. I do hope you have had enough of worrying us; it's quite time to worry somebody else. You won't be at a loss for a convenient object at hand.—Yours, my dear Robertson, sincerely,

LEON KELLNER.

Vienna, December 17th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE IDEA OF BROTHERHOOD."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The severance between the forces of social reform and the churches, mentioned in the article on "The Idea of Brotherhood" in last week's NATION, is surely a disturbing portent. May I emphasise the causes, and, at the same time, point out how I think the democracy of to-day, like the democracy of Christ's day, is keeping alive the spirit of brotherhood in spite of the churches?

As a class, workpeople have well-nigh ceased to believe in what passes to-day as the religion of the churches. How often do you hear them call the church a capitalistic organisation! They will not attend because, they say, only employers, trades people, property owners, and usurers go to church. Mr. Charles Booth had to end his minute survey of the religious life of London with this admission—"The general conclusion is that the great mass of the people remain apart from all forms of religious opinion."

Your contributor puts down the causes rightly enough as belonging to the very psychology of "institutions," with their over-growth of forms, the priestly profession, and the worldly influences of property. It is a fact that nothing puts off workpeople sooner than the institutionalism of the church. In other words, ecclesiasticism. Workpeople themselves often call it churchianity. The thoughtful workman has learnt that officialism, institutionalism, and tradition have put a dead hand upon the church as upon other organisations. In the church, as in the army, these things make for caste and snobbery and inefficiency. "Officialism is the dry-rot of all the churches," Dr. A. Maclaren maintains, "and is found as rampant among democratic Nonconformists as amongst the more hierarchical communities."

Lately there has been a curious revival of church institutionalism. I saw an example only half an hour before I picked up THE NATION. In the last issue of the "New Age" Mr. Belloc rejoices in being a "Catholic," but pretends not to know what is meant by the word "Christianity." Thus Mr. Belloc reveals himself as the fine flower of church institutionalism. I can picture Mr. Belloc going gleefully to the stake for Catholicism. I can picture him just as gleefully committing other people to the stake for Christianity.

Now the Founder of the very religion that Mr. Belloc's institutionalism has several times well-nigh swept out of Europe during the last two thousand years, found church institutionalism His greatest enemy. It overcame Him at last, and the priests put Him to death. But if Christ found the church of His day steeped in institutionalism and tradition, we cannot forget that He refounded the church upon the democracy. He sought neither priest nor elder, but working men and working women very much like the workpeople outside the churches to-day.

What was done then has had to be done several times since. The common people have always saved the church from paralysis. If the church has not always come to the aid of the people, the people have always saved the church.

They are doing it in modern England. Since they have seen the church cold, unhelping, and often in opposition during the great Reform movements, they have turned their backs upon it. The church has no place in their lives. It is an alien institution, too often talking in an alien tongue. But when they ceased to believe in the church they did not cease to believe in Christianity. They gave it expression in idea of Brotherhood. It appeared sometimes as a Labor Church, sometimes as a Socialist Fellowship; but its more vital forms are seen in the Adult School movement and the P.S.A. movement.

These working-class movements have kept alive the spirit of brotherhood. They have helped to save the churches. Only in recent years have the churches awakened to any real sense of their influence. In London alone, the P.S.A. movement has, during its seventeen years' existence, established some one hundred and thirty societies, with about forty thousand members. Throughout the whole country the membership runs into hundreds of thousands; far greater than the total membership of some of the smaller churches. As regards the adult schools, nearly all of which are held early on Sunday mornings, these number close on one thousand, with about 70,000 members. Women's adult schools, with a membership of about 20,000, and schools for youths, with about 3,000 members, have sprung from the same movement.

Inspired by these examples, the Wesleyan Church has promoted Sunday Afternoon Men's Brotherhoods with much success all over the country. The Church of England is following with men's Sunday afternoon meetings. Thus the churches have had to turn from their institutionalism in order to get into touch with the people. The people, in their turn, have breathed new life into the churches.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HAW.

34, Linzee Road, Hornsey, N
December 20th, 1908.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are told that everyone is tired of the "Education Question," and, I am sure that no one can be more tired of the fruitless political wrangling of the last few years than those who are immersed in the practical work of school management. Three years have passed since the general election, but we have not yet got away from the superficial aspect of the Education Question which serves for the electoral platform. All this sectarian squabbling about two half-hours a week touches but two or three details of the great work of national education, important details, no doubt, especially on the political platform, but still only details. The other details are much more important to the children, but not as interesting as ecclesiastical fights or ecclesiastical bargains and "heroic" measures.

National education is mainly an administrative matter, and the administration, both national and local, was thoroughly demoralised by the late Tory Government. A Liberal Government, in three years, might have made many drastic reforms at Whitehall, and might have firmly introduced a more liberal spirit into local administration; but they were too busy. May we hope that something will be done before they leave office?

Let me give a few illustrations. The first and elementary duty of the administrators is to provide sufficient school accommodation; "a school-place for every child, and every child in its place," as Mr. Forster said. And for fifty years, or more, before 1906, each Education Minister annually boasted of the steady increase in available accommodation and the steady increase in the number of scholars; but now for three years the number has been steadily diminishing! Owing to the growth or movement of the population, a new school is required, the local authority hesitates to build one, the Board of Education does not press them, but sanctions all kinds of intolerable expedients for overcrowding the existing schools, and for getting rid of scholars claiming education. Despite the increase in population, there has been an enormous decrease in the younger scholars, owing to the many thousands refused admission; there is a decrease in the elder scholars, owing to the many hurried prematurely from the overcrowded class rooms in order to make room for those who are in the street. If the normal rate of increase had continued, there would have been 400,000 more children in the schools to-day. The physical suffering and educational loss of this over-crowding and exclusion are disastrous.

Given a suitable building, the next duty of the administration is to staff it with suitable teachers. Many retrograde steps might be noted under this head; when, after a long dark Tory *régime*, we look for a step forward. For years we have clamored against the wholesale employment of unqualified teachers, known as "article 68." With characteristic slyness, the Board of Education has got rid of "Miss article 68" by giving her another name, and so a grievance which, by means of thousands of speeches by Dr. Macnamara and others, was just coming to be understood by the public, is relegated to that gloom of abhorrent technicality and wilfully created obscurity in which our educational administration is now worked. But under her new name of "Supplementary," the "article 68" grows in numbers, and now men are recognised as well as women. Failure to pass an examination has with cynical humor been added as another passport to the school staff. Amongst many which might be quoted one figure is quite simple, it is "in 368 schools, the head teacher is not certificated." As one step along the road to the distant goal when every teacher in the schools will be properly trained, a rule was made long, long ago, that at least the head teacher should be certificated. During the last three years the number of schools with non-certificated head teachers has increased by nearly one-fourth; meantime the market is glutted with certificated teachers seeking employment and finding none.

Given a suitable building and suitable teachers, the next elementary step is to gather and hold a constituency of suitable scholars. What signs of progress do we find here? I have already noted the hundreds of thousands of children squeezed into the streets in the congested districts; what of the principles of popular education which past generations of Liberals fought for? The Annual Report of the Board of Education shows that the number of departments containing half-timers have increased by nearly one-half in the last three years; that higher elementary schools make no progress; that evening schools are neglected and "urgently demand attention."

These are only a few simple examples of many that might be given showing that the great Liberal victory of 1906 has not penetrated the real mechanism of national education.

I must not occupy more of your space, but I could say much on the great subject of finance—expenditure with little to show for it going up by leaps and bounds. This is nominally under the control of the House of Commons, but for three years the Education Estimates have never been really discussed in the House of Commons; or I could say much about legislation, the main points of the Government Bills, those dealing with the "religious difficulty," have no doubt been considered by Ministers and Cabinets, and did embody what are supposed to be Liberal principles; but in the schedules and minor clauses where "mere details" are settled by minor officials, we find lurking all kinds of reactionary proposals; whilst such small Bills as have scrambled through the House of Commons, such as the Education (Local Authorities) Bill, the Local Authorities (admission of the Press) Bill, the Education (administrative provisions) Bill were all mauled behind the scenes by the Board of Education officials.

We even sigh for the days when Sir William Hart Dyke was Minister for Education. There was nothing "heroic" then, but there was plain, honest, straightforward administration, loyalty to traditions, clean statistics and reports, and slow but certain progress. The last ten years of Tory rule broke through nearly all the established traditions and methods, both in local and central administration, and three years of Liberal Government have barely left a mark upon it.

May we still hope?—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA,

December 21st, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those of us who favor the Secular, or, as I prefer to call it "the Civic," solution, will not be shaken in our view by the facts related by my friend Mr. C. E. Maurice in his letter to you of the 16th inst. What do they all amount to? That, by excluding theological teaching from the compulsory subjects in the schools, to which the children are compelled by law to go, we shall not "eliminate the signs of sectarian and ecclesiastical bias of the teachers."

Who but Mr. Maurice thought we should? Our aim is not to stifle the expression of honest thought in teacher, child or parent, but, on the contrary, to minimise the temptation which, under existing conditions, leads the teacher to suppress or disguise his true opinions for fear of losing his chance of promotion.

"No test for teachers," say the Government, and they forthwith require them to teach Cowper-Templeism. Why was Dr. Temple grateful for being left "so much alone"? Surely, because he objected to being subjected to religious tests! Therein *is* the key to the situation.—Yours, &c.,

W. WESTBURY PRESTON,

6, Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead.

December 20th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—An outstanding feature of the history of elementary education in this country is the loss which has accrued to the Church of England from the compromise of 1870. Mr. Gladstone stated in Parliament that it was unjust for Church people to have to pay rates to maintain Board Schools, and in addition to have to maintain their own schools. Instead, however, of taking his stand upon principle, he based his action upon compromise; and the fruit we see to-day in the millions of Church children in the late Board and present Council schools who have been denied their birthright to be taught their faith.

The experience of the past should be a guide for the present. No arrangement based upon expediency will be a permanent settlement. Circumstances change, and what may be thought expedient now may prove to be inexpedient a few years hence. On the other hand, principles which are just do not change. The diminishing number of Church schools, much as it may be deplored, does not affect the main issue. The Church's demand for justice is based not upon the number of her existing schools, but upon (1) the principle that parents, being compelled to send their children to school, have the inherent right to determine the character of the religious instruction, and (2) the principle that as all equally contribute to the taxes and rates all are entitled to equal treatment. —Yours, &c.,

S. E. Dymott.

St. Bridget's Vicarage, Liverpool,

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Many aspects of the Education question will come up before we get a settlement.

The Irish Church requires a great deal, it does not follow that Irish parents and Irish scholars require the same thing. For example, I was driving out with an Irish priest in the West of Ireland,—he was very candid. We began talking of the miserable condition of the children, and he said, and seemed to mean it, "Ah, Mr. Southern, we must get among the children, or we'll never mend the parents." He was not dressed in the uniform of his calling, and, if I met him casually, I should not have known him for a priest. At the moment, we were driving past a small loch, which looked promising for sport. We pulled up, and I threw out a few experimental casts. Whilst so engaged, a gossoon, about ten or eleven years old, approached us, wading the dangerous margins of the Tarn with frequent pullings of the forelock—he was very kind in pointing out good places, "Now, Sorr, just cast over behind that bush, I have seen a great big trout there the other day." Meanwhile, my companion, forgetting the absence of his clerical garb, said, "Phelim, how old are you?" "Ten, yer honor." "What school do you go to?" "The Convent school, but I don't lose much by not being there, for they teach you nothing but masses and prayers."

This, however, is merely a question of money, the property which now supplies the emoluments of the Dean and Chapter of Manchester was violently wrested from the Roman Catholic Church, although two Royal Decrees had affirmed their rightful possession, and many similar violations have occurred elsewhere. We can afford to be generous in respect of minor matters.

It seems to me that the example of Canada shows a way out of the difficulty, where the ratepayer is charged with all the rates due from the hereditament, and there is then a column on his rate note for any allowances, one of which would be the school rate, which would be handed over to the Catholic official body, to spend as they like; the same would be done with other denominations. What is wrong with this system? Why should it not work with us? I had a letter a short time ago from a member of the Canadian Ministry—with whom I have occasional correspondence—relating to the working of the system, and asking his opinion, which opinion greatly impressed me. I further discussed with him the difficulty of dealing with small denominations, and his reply was: "There were no difficulties." If there were not sufficient members of a denomination to warrant them having a school of their own, they went to the municipal schools, and in a big city like Quebec, they would have large schools, the one side Protestant, and the other side Catholic, and thus ensure the religious teaching of each particular sect, whilst at the same time a friendly feeling manifests itself in the playground, where the children mingle.

Doubtless among your many readers, there will be some who could tell us what are the arguments of objectors; objectors there must be—"What is the use of us appointing you to go to the Synod, Donald, you are no speaker, you know." "Ah, mon, but I can objeck."—Yours, &c.,

James W. Southern.

Beechwood, Marple, Cheshire,
December 18th, 1908.

"THE ISSUE FOR LIBERALISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your leading article of last week, "The Issue for Liberalism," you state, "the question is whether the Liberal Party is prepared to fight the battle of the Constitution, or to encounter dissolution in a far more complete and final sense." With this there are probably few Liberals who will not agree; but, surely, it is in the highest degree necessary that the Liberal Party should "choose the ground" on which the struggle with the House of Lords is to be fought. If the party goes to the country, as you recommend, after next year's budget, on this question, practical men will consider in giving their vote that they are passing judgment on the House of Lords for the rejection of the Licensing, Education and Scottish Land Bills, and in England the verdict will probably be one of acquittal, in Scotland of condemnation. It can hardly be contended, in view of recent by-elections, that the Licensing Bill is popular. Is it not rather the case that as the Local Veto Bill was largely the cause of our undoing in 1895, so now the Licensing Bill of this year would occasion our downfall? Scotland surely affords proof of my contention that the issues, on which the House of Lords are to be fought, must be carefully chosen: there is no Licensing Bill to alienate public support; on the other hand there are the Land Bills which appeal strongly to popular sentiment, and the result is seen in the practically undiminished strength of the Liberal Party at the polls.

There are, therefore, I venture to submit, strong grounds why the Government should continue in office for another two sessions Assuming that in next year's Budget Mr. Lloyd George will reduce the Sinking Fund by four millions, he will, in all probability, only have to find, to finance the Old Age Pensions scheme and provide for the falling off in revenue, a sum of four or five millions in fresh taxation. With a graduated income-tax and high licence duties, it is not unreasonable to assume that an additional eight millions might be raised; there would thus be a balance of three or four millions, which might be devoted to State insurance against unemployment. Supposing the Government in 1909 to rest content with a Budget of such importance, and with the introduction of a Poor Law Reform Bill, which might also be protected from the Lords' action by being made a money bill, I contend that that year's session would greatly strengthen the hold of the Government upon the mass of the electorate. With no Autumn Session in 1909, full time could be given to the preparation of a far-reaching scheme of Land Reform, and a really democratic Reform Bill.

The House of Lords would, without a doubt, reject or mutilate both these measures, and the Constitutional issue could then be submitted to the country on questions commanding a large amount of public support.

There are other advantages to be gained from this policy from the electioneering point of view; adequate time would be allowed for the proper administration of the Small Holdings Act, while the removal of the Chinamen from South Africa would have been completed.

If, however, the Government stays on, and devotes its time to measures such as Welsh Disestablishment, which, like the Licensing Bill, appeal only to a section of the electorate, while stimulating prejudice and arousing opposition of the fiercest kind among great masses of voters, then, indeed, the Liberal Party can only face a General Election with the certain foreknowledge of defeat. Not only will the battle with the House of Lords be lost, but a Protectionist Party will be in power, and our Free Trade system on the way to destruction.—Yours, &c.,

C. W. T.

17, Bolton Street, W

SUFFRAGIST TACTICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The paragraphs in last week's Nation on Woman's Suffrage are disheartening reading, if they are to be taken as an expression of the general attitude of thoughtful and democratic men. It would, no doubt, be unreasonable to

expect the majority of men to understand the militant suffrage movement, or to rate it at its true value, but one would have hoped that a newspaper which sympathises with struggles for freedom by nationalities and native races, and by victims of industrial oppression, would realise that women's enfranchisement belongs to the same category of questions, and should, therefore, receive the same unswerving and energetic support. When crimes are committed in India, you, sir, do not express calmly the belief that such occurrence will wreck India's hopes, but, on the contrary, urge reforms; nor, when riots by the unemployed take place, or when strikes issue in free fights, do you say that labor questions are put back fifty years. What are women to think when you fear that a democratic House of Commons will not now support a Suffrage amendment, while at the same time you do not make any scornful comment on the weakness of conviction and character which M.P.'s would show by such a betrayal of our cause?

Irritated resentment on the part of politicians cannot stand against unlimited self-surrender, determination, enthusiastic comradeship, and a noble appeal. The underlying motive of the whole suffrage movement is the desire for freedom—the same kind of freedom which has always appealed to the best men. We look anxiously for an answering response to women's aspirations to awake amongst men, not only out of a chivalrous understanding, but because they recognise that their own freedom and power are bound up with women's.

One realises more and more how strangely unconscious men are of the galling position of subordination, tacitly accepted, which has been assigned to women. The legal and customary dependence of women on husbands or fathers for money is demoralising and stunting to the character of women of all classes. In addition, amongst the wage-earners, it leads to an amount of suffering unknown to the outside world. Equally damaging is the mental subordination, which affects nearly all women's activities. It is always assumed that the views of a wife should be those of her husband. The other day a married woman said to me it would be the end of all peace at home if she took up the suffrage question. An apparent peace is continually gained at the price of killing the woman's mental life.

In public work we see that women are welcomed, if its object is to advance their husbands' positions or the causes their husbands' support. The claim women are now making is that they should have the right to enter public life not as appendages, but as independent individuals. They also claim that they should be as much welcomed in serious and important work as in their present occupations of acting as hostesses in Liberal social parties, or tea-makers at co-operative and labor gatherings, or stall-holders at Church or Nonconformist bazaars.

While innumerable women are patiently enduring the "authoritative methods" of men, others are beginning to break down restrictions. Such remarkable though little known pieces of work as Miss Hobhouse's among the Boer women, or Miss Mona Wilson's legal presentment of the case for the Pottery workers at the inquiry before Lord James, show that it is only opportunities that women need to excel in unusual fields.

The Suffrage movement creates and gathers up the daily growing demand for freedom in every direction, and concentrates it on the fundamental question of the vote. We appeal to men to appreciate and respond to the spirit of freedom and progress which is moving women. The forces of long-inherited prejudices and inertia are so tremendous that it is no wonder such suppressed force should vent itself in temporary action outside ordinary standards. It rests with men to decide whether this reform—so great because of the aims it represents and because of the direct and indirect results to be achieved by the vote—will be gained without more of those terribly painful scenes that have already occurred. The Liberal Government has a glorious opportunity. Is it possible it can be untrue to all its professed principles, and ingloriously let it pass?—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

11, Hampstead Square, N.W.,
December 15th, 1908.

[Miss Davies seems to us to confuse two questions. She argues with us as to the desirability of the suffrage. The only point to which we addressed ourselves was the effect on the average male politician of a special form of tactics adopted by a section of women suffragists, mainly based on intimidation. As an illustration of the working of these tactics we quoted not our opinion but that of the most distinguished friend of the suffrage in this country. Is not such an opinion of some significance as a test of the general working of the suffragette methods?—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely Mrs. Vaughan Nash takes rather a narrow view of the demand for the vote "on the same terms as men." Since marriage is not a disqualification for men, no form of franchise under which women were disqualified by marriage would really be the same thing as the present franchise for men. This fact has been recognised in the Bill read a second time in the present House of Commons and passed by a large majority. The only thing which women can logically *demand* is to be enfranchised "on the same terms as men," but since men vote after marriage, as well as before, that demand implicitly carries a claim that women should do the same.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Hampstead,
December 16th, 1908.

WOMEN'S WAGES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not an economist, and like most people who are not specialists, I have to take my data at second hand. To support my statement about the decline of women's wages, I believe I might appeal to Mr. Sidney Webb's histories of labor. But I founded it on passages like the following, from Miss Clementina Black's "Women in Industry" (Duckworth, 1908, p. 33):—

> "Wages are not only inadequate, they are actually falling in many industries, yet so great is the pressure of necessity that workers dare not resist reduction, since there are always competitors ready to 'do it for less.' In a series of interesting examples of reduction furnished in the chapter on 'Employment and Wages,' in Mr. Howarth and Miss Wilson's admirable social study of West Ham, we find a jacket maker who used to get 17s. 6d. a dozen fifteen years ago now gets 5s. 6d. a dozen for exactly the same work. Another tailoress, who has worked for forty years at her trade, is receiving 2s. 6d. a dozen for her coats and 2s. 6d. for reefers, where ten years ago she received 5s. a dozen from middle men for exactly the same kind of garment, and yet another, who has worked for over thirty years for one firm, is being paid 6½d. and 7½d. for waistcoats which used to bring her in 1s. 4d. each."

Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

December 9th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. H. W. Nevinson, in a letter published in your issue of November 21st, spoke of a law recently passed in Finland which equalised the wages of men and women. This desirable consummation has not quite been attained yet, but he was probably thinking of the regulation of 1907, touching the pay of school-teachers under Government. By this, in all country schools, unmarried male teachers and female teachers receive equal pay; town schools, being managed by their Communes, are variously regulated.

There is a strong movement here in favor of equal wages for men and women, which is, naturally, greatly assisted by the presence of women in the Landtdag. Your readers may be interested to hear that just such "practical uses" as those enumerated by Mr. Nevinson, *e.g.*, the improvement of laws concerning paternity, marriage, and the custody and protection of children, formed part of the programme for the past autumn Session of the Landtdag in Finland.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

Helsingfors,
December 10th, 1908.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVINCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that those who have written to you on this subject have omitted to notice that there is—or, perhaps I should say, was—a very clear rule as to the sounding or not sounding of initial *h*. It was silent in words directly derived from the French. We still omit it in "hour," "heir," "honor," "humor" (though in this there is a growing tendency to sound it). My grandfather (1780-1871) never sounded the first letter in "herb," "hospital," and other words of the same class. This is, of course, only a rough and ready rule; but it will generally work out. In the sixteenth century the *h* in such a word as "inheritor" was not sounded; I have seen it written "inerter" in a letter of the time.

The fortune of the initial *h* has been various. Italian has now dropped it; but continued to write it for long after it had ceased to sound it. French has ceased to sound it—for even the so-called aspirated *h* only serves to affect the *liaison*—but writes it still. Spanish has partially ceased to write it, but does not sound it. With us, on the contrary, the tendency is, as has been said, to sound it more and more.

I daresay some philologist has gone into the whole story; but I do not know where to look for it.—Yours, &c.,

December 14th, 1908. A. J. B.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to send a few words of reply to Mr. John Sargeaunt's remarks on such usages as "an harmonium"? I think the subject opens up an important question which is usually ignored. The usage is, of course, historical; but it is not so very long since "an" was used before all words beginning with *h*, such as "an hundred," &c., and there seems no doubt whatever that the only reason why the *n* should linger in "an harmonium" with some speakers is the phonetic incapacity of the Southerner to tackle the *h* in an unaccented syllable.

What is "classical pronunciation," or the usage of "the best people," would be difficult to define, but the rule given by Mr. Sargeaunt is disregarded by a very great many good speakers and writers, some of them Londoners. Two examples may suffice: I have always noticed the contrary usage in the speech and writing of one of our best pulpit orators, born in London and educated at Oxford. Tennyson does not countenance the "an"; for example "and we roar'd a hurrah." There are about two hundred words in English that would be doomed to irregularity by the old-fashioned (?) rule, and I would ask Mr. Sargeaunt if he actually says "an humane action," "an humiliating answer," or "an hyena."

But, as I have already remarked, this small matter opens up a far larger question, which ought not to be ignored by any who love our noble and simple English tongue, namely: Is it desirable and is it possible to control or direct the growth of our language? I for one think that it is extremely desirable that all phonetic developments should be curbed which tend to introduce arbitrary rules or irregularities, or to cause loss of precision in our simple grammar and our rich vocabulary, and that we should foster any tendency which would make our grammar more regular, or add precision to our words. One instance will illustrate my point. The decay of the final *r* in Southern English has brought into our language the enclitic *r*, like the *liaison* which is such a blemish in French, and we have to say "fa(r) from him," but "far away"; by analogy many people go further and say "idear of," and even "drawring"—all a clear loss to the grammar of our language, which rarely modifies the form of a word without a good logical reason. Unchecked phonetic decay of this sort may gradually bring down a language to the condition of modern Irish, in which the article and other qualifying words cause mutation of the initial letters of following words in an arbitrary and entirely useless way, much to the detriment of the language. But however desirable it would be to control or direct the phonetic decay of our language, I repeat that it is quite useless to attempt to do so until we follow the advice of our philologists and adopt a simplified spelling.—Yours, &c.

ALBERT CAMPBELL.

Teddington, December 14th, 1908.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is permissible not to know that there is in existence a play called "Ingomar, the Barbarian," by Maria Lovell.

Parthenia has given herself, as hostage for her father, into the power of the barbarian, to whose questionings as to how love comes and what it is, she replies in flamboyantly romantic language, which he finds beautiful but understands not.

She then recalls a song her mother sang, "an ancient song," and repeats the first two verses, which run thus:—

"What love is, if thou would'st be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone,—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

"And whence comes love? Like morning's light,
It comes without thy call;—
And how dies love? A spirit bright,
Love never dies at all!"

She begins the first line of the third verse:—

And when——

but memory fails her and she can go no further.

Those who are learned in the by-ways of literature will probably be able to assign its proper place to the above version at the same time that they settle the chronology of the German, and of the French, versions, printed respectively in your issue, of the 28th November last, and of the 5th instant.—Yours, &c.,

D. N. SAMSON.

74, Grosvenor Road, Highbury,
London, N.
December 8th, 1908.

Poetry.

PROLOGUE

Spoken before a performance of "Samson Agonistes," by Mr. Poel's company, at the University of Manchester, on December 19th.

"Is it indeed, O Milton, to profane
Thy art, and merit thy austere disdain,
If we have dared once more to disarray
The shadows of the Limbo, where he lay—
The ghostly Limbo of the Upper Shelf,
Thy Warrior Samson, half a ghost himself—
And into the broad day to lead him forth?

Not to afford a pagan people mirth
We loose him from his bondage; but to call
Into the very presence of us all
Thy spirit whom we honor, Poet dread!
But to become the voice thro' which, being dead,
Thou speakest, and before our very gaze
To stand, the Titan fall'n on evil days;
On whom the soul of England in her hour
Of need first calls; who, vanquisht, bringest power;
Whose ruin builds us, and whose bonds set free!

And what tho' grey, and bare, and rugged be
This last great chant of thy austere old age;
Tho' rare the purple splendor on the page;
Tho' the young magic of thy Dorian flute,
And thy consummate organ-peel, be mute;
Thy autumn has its music too! The roar
Of waves that heave and tumble on the shore
Sounds in thy giant pacing; and across
That deep ground-tone in tumult surge and toss
Scorns, exultations, agonies, despairs,
Undying angers, unavailing prayers,
Clash of vain arms, and shriek of shunless doom,
Defiance hurled undaunted from the tomb;
Then one heaven-rending shout, and one dread cry,
And Samson glorious in his agony!

Poet, who in thy autumn days couldst still,
Eyeless, with slaves, in Gaza, at the mill—
Thy hero so heroically sing,
Was it indeed thy autumn—or thy spring?"

C. H. HERFORD.

Reviews.

MIRABEAU.*

Mr. Tallentyre's "Life of Mirabeau" is an interesting account of a career on which it would, perhaps, be difficult to write a book that was not interesting. There is nothing very profound or new in its analysis, and the only criticism we have to offer on its historical side is that we think it a little underrates Mirabeau's debt to the men whose brains he used, Dumont, Lamourette, Pellenc, and the rest. The style of the book, however, is more open to complaint, for the excitement of the subject seems more than once to have destroyed the self-control of the writer. Some pages are composed almost entirely of sentences broken up with dashes into little jerky parentheses, and some of the sentences get into a skein which it is quite difficult to unravel. "That in the present instance the Government rewarded him by nothing but refunding the expenses of the publication by the promise of a post, is most likely true, but is not the question. That both now and hereafter, turns, not on if Mirabeau was paid, but if he was paid for lying or for speaking the truth." A few sentences like that give the strongest intellect a headache. Another irritating and favorite trick of style is illustrated in this sentence, "For flowers he had ever a bizarre love—or rather, a love which was not bizarre at all, but considering his passionate reverence for anything lovely and simple that his own character most lacked, was natural." This particular construction, which is useful enough in its own time and place, occurs no less than three times on the page from which this sentence is taken.

Mr. Morley has contrasted Burke's good sense in overlooking Fox's private irregularities with Lafayette's reluctance to see France saved by a debauchee. The comparison between Fox and Mirabeau is inevitable in any discussion of the period. They were born in the same year. In both of them great powers, commanding views, and generous sympathies were largely spoilt by personal escapades that scandalised contemporary society. Mr. Morse Stephens finds a close likeness in their oratory. But there was one respect in which their careers offer not a similarity but a contrast. Fox had a father who did not know how to say a stern word to his son, and Mirabeau had a father who did not know how to say a kind one. Of the quarrels of the Mirabeau family, which filled France with their echoes, the noisiest were the quarrels of father and son. The family itself was never at peace. "These people will have to have a Secretary of State to themselves," said Maurepas on one occasion, and, as Mr Tallentyre points out, a family which had taken out sixty *lettres de cachet* necessarily occupied a good deal of the time of the Government. There was, indeed, one moment when the old Marquis had every single member of his family under lock and key. If the central power had destroyed the government of the nobles in France, it was exceedingly obliging in attending to their domestic quarrels; and it is easy to understand from the history of the Mirabeaus how it happened that little villages had to wait for many years to get the Government sanction for the restoration of a crumbling church tower.

Mirabeau himself learnt much from his boyhood of imprisonment and disgrace, and, among other things, he learnt his belief and skill in artifice and stratagem. It was not to be expected that a boy of genius and high spirit should be very scrupulous about his method of dealing with a father whose chief anxiety for his son was that he might be hanged under somebody else's name rather than live to be broken on the wheel under his own. Mirabeau became a most accomplished intriguer. Some of his tricks, like the anonymous letters he wrote about himself, recall Pope's labyrinthine ingenuity. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that he really took his father in, when, in the hope of escaping from his prison, he affected a sudden admiration for his tedious book on political economy. In some ways he was singularly ingenuous, as in the ostentatious display of wealth and splendor which followed his subsidies from the Court. But the main effects of his youth were two. He learnt a duplicity which in the end often overreached itself, and he acquired a habit of reckless self-indulgence of which he was the slave to the end of his life. He was not a drunkard, but his brother, Tonneau, remarked apologetically that drunkenness was the only vice Gabriel had left for him. If Mirabeau had been able, like Fox, to free himself from his dissolute passions, he might have survived the overwhelming strain of his double life and his gigantic intrigue. As it was, he was called upon to face a physical ordeal that would have taxed a constitution of iron, and he could not check for one moment the profligate courses that were destroying his strength. His life was not, in point of fact, more disorderly than the lives of certain other Revolutionary politicians with whom some of the nice natures that shrank from Mirabeau co-operated readily enough, but there was no man whose ambitions could so ill afford his vices.

Mr. Tallentyre remarks that Voltaire and Mirabeau were the two great representative Frenchmen of the eighteenth century, and that Voltaire was the last great man of the old order, and Mirabeau the first great man of the new order. In the *mêlée* of the Revolution, old France and new France were both represented, and the most powerful combination the world has even seen was that of Talleyrand, the finished product of the old order, with Napoleon, the portentous product of the new. Mirabeau belonged in reality to both. His training was in the curious civilisation which, if it left men of public spirit and ambition as Julie de L'Espinasse said, fretting and chafing like caged animals, developed the enlightened propaganda of the Encyclopædists and a certain humanitarian zeal that was common to the finer minds of England and France. In Romilly's amusing description of the encounter in 1785 between Mirabeau and Wilkes on the English criminal law, it is the French rake, who was out of politics, and not the English rake, who was in them, that came off the better. Men of genius and energy excluded from the use of power were driven to use their minds in other ways, and Mirabeau's political career began with the pamphlets he wrote to beguile the tedium of his prison. His great gifts of phrase-making, of dramatising a situation, of borrowing and plagiarising, as Romilly said, from avarice and not from poverty, his clear and long-sighted views owed something to the circumstances that had forbidden him the practice and shut him up in the contemplation of politics. Those circumstances had made him fight with his pen, and at the very beginning of the Revolution he seized the importance of the Press. It was his prompt brain that gave the deputies of the Third Estate their organ, and when the Government suppressed the "Journal of the States General," he simply changed the title to "Letters of the Comte de Mirabeau to his constituents." He conducted his newspaper as he had conducted his love-letter writing, on the principle that, if somebody else had said something that was good or striking, it was merely false shame to refuse to borrow it, and unnecessary to make acknowledgments.

What, of course, distinguished Mirabeau from the philosophers and economists of the old order was his belief in the efficacy and importance of popular institutions. He clung to the monarchy, and would have gone almost any lengths to save it, but he wanted also to see France in possession of a great governing assembly. He never fell, like some of his frends, under the spell of the English oligarchy. In the most desperate crisis he never thought his own order could save France. He summed up the problem in 1790 as the problem of reconciling public liberty with royal authority. The monarchy he believed in, not on sentimental grounds, but simply because it had been so long the centre of the French system that he thought it was easier to adapt it to the new conditions of France than to find any other. It was not till 1792 that Danton, who had grasped no less clearly than Mirabeau himself the importance of setting up a centre somewhere in the midst of a chaos of magnificent abstractions, resolved that the monarchy was hopeless. The fate of Mirabeau's own experiment was settled when Mirabeau died. Could it have answered if he had lived? His ideal was sketched in his "Forty-seventh Note for the Court." Hereditary monarchy with a representative

* "The Life of Mirabeau." By S. G. Tallentyre. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

government that was to take the place of the National Assembly and to preserve to France all the free institutions which the National Assembly had given her. But the means to be taken to obtain this end showed how desperate the prospects of success were become by the winter of 1790. The King and Queen were to act with discretion; the National Assembly was to be made to discredit itself and to be lured to its ruin, and all France was to be honeycombed with secret agents and clever mercenaries. The plan which Defoe submitted to Harley in the pamphlet discovered a year or two ago was to be employed on the most lavish scale. The corruption which Walpole applied to a Parliament was to be distributed over a nation. Mirabeau himself might have carried out that part of the programme which concerned the National Assembly; means might have been found to establish a system of universal corruption and espionage. It would not have been a very happy foundation for the system of free government that Mirabeau desired, and its capital weakness was that in a moment when the nation was at its best, braced and inspired by the solemn ideals and religious hopes of the Revolution, Mirabeau proposed deliberately to poison its soul. That was a crime against the light which can only be called diabolical. But formidable as was that part of the scheme, the other was scarcely less difficult, for if Mirabeau could have succeeded in teaching the National Assembly to be foolish, we may doubt whether even with his consummate arts he could ever have succeeded in teaching the Court to be wise.

THE HISTORY OF HODGE.*

The annals of the poor at work on English soil are neither short nor simple, and no writer of our own has yet had the courage to grapple comprehensively with them. The omission, as Mr. Sidney Webb here reminds us, is only one more instance of our national neglect of that scientific study of past developments without which our statesmanship must continue to be, as it has been, an affair of short-sighted makeshifts and leaps in the dark. In default of native effort, the author and translator of the present volume have done good service in amplifying and completing Professor Hasbach's history and rescuing it from the twilight of its original German. Dr. Hasbach is brought thereby well into the circle of those distinguished foreign writers—Professor Vinogradoff, Dr. Redlich, and the rest—on whom we are compelled to rely currently for a good deal of our best information about English matters. In some respects his foreign outlook is a help. He is always so acutely alive to the strangeness of English agricultural ways. As Mr. Webb puts it: "Though other communities may have, here and there, landowners who are agriculturists only as rent receivers, farmers who are nothing but capitalist *entrepreneurs*, and proletarian agricultural laborers, no other nation but our own has left practically the whole of its agriculture to the pecuniary self-interests of such a combination of classes. Nor has it always been so in England." Nowadays we have come to take Hodge for granted. Dr. Hasbach makes no such mistake; he approaches him as a wonder-compelling phenomenon, the explanations for which must be carefully sought and tested.

English society as it sprang from the Dark Ages resembled that of Western Europe at large. There were slaves, serfs, farmers, nobles, and a king. No exact point can be marked at which slavery disappeared; the great transformation in the status of the serfs or villeins flowed mainly from the Black Death in the middle of the fourteenth century. Till then they were peasant smallholders, a self-supporting and not a wage-earning class, but bound to render servile services to the lords of the manors. Amid the social changes following the great pestilence these services became impossible to exact, and servile labor gave place to wage-labor. Yet even wage-labor was rather the exception, and a large proportion of the wage-earners did not live by wages alone. Much of the arable land was cultivated in common fields; much of the pasture was common also; while the gap between the cottager and the nobleman was bridged by an infinite gradation of small and large "yeomen" and independent farmers. What put an end to this system were the two movements, parallel but distinct, called "enclosure" and "engrossing"—*i.e.*, the conversion of common land into individually owned land, and the rolling together of small farms into large. This process began under the Tudors, soon after the obsolescence of villeinage. The proletarianisation of the rural workers which then resulted is attested by the sermons of Latimer and by the poor-law of Elizabeth. Next comes a sort of pause, during which their material prosperity partly recovers itself, and reaches a sort of climax under Walpole. Following that comes the period of the "new enclosures," roughly coincident with the long reign of George III., when enclosing and engrossing both proceeded at full gallop, with the economists who believed in modernising production hallooing them on; with a steady rise in rents and a rise (till Waterloo) in the cost of provisions and the profits of large-scale farming; with the headlong proletarianising of the laborers, driven from their soil by the farming interest and driven from their cottages by the landlords, crowding into the towns to be fuel for the new manufacturing industry or festering in the "open" villages, the victims of typhus, cholera, and an insanely maladministered poor-law.

English agriculture, then, differs historically from that of West Europe, in that, first, the laboring elements shook off serfdom much earlier, and that, later, this emancipation from the servile burdens of the manorial system was followed by a loss of those material advantages of which it gave a share to all. In short, the English rural workers were the first to become free, and the first to become proletarians; and they became the latter with a completeness not elsewhere attained. In the eyes of Arthur Young (at least in his earlier period) and of the Georgian economists generally, the change was justified by increased national production. It might be painful, as transitions are, but it was a movement upward. Dr. Hasbach denies the increased production. With arguments similar to those ably marshalled by Dr. Slater in his "English Peasantry and the Enclosure of the Common Fields," he attacks Young in front, and tries to show that though the new system got more rents and profits out of the soil (and was therefore pushed by landlords and capitalist farmers), it got a far lower yield of products, besides supporting far fewer people in comfort. It is at least clear that so far as Young's argument rested on facts and figures, his statistics were such as would not pass muster to-day. But statistics for the old production are still harder to get. We are told, for instance, that in many districts most poor families kept at least one cow. They did not sell the milk, and so no figures exist of its sales; but the children had it, and had plenty. Whereas under the new system, for the past century, milk is almost unprocurable by the village poor; few poor children, either in town or country, have any of it worth mentioning; and admittedly the fibre of our nation is seriously weakened thereby. Such a reflection suggests how much, after all, may be urged on behalf even of a clumsy and antiquated system of "production for use" against our accepted system of production for profit.

Dr. Hasbach gives about half his book to the nineteenth century. We begin with the pauperisation of the laborer, the fall in prices after the Napoleonic wars, the unavailing attempt to stem the fall by Protection. Then comes the new poor-law; and the period of its extreme rigors, coinciding with a high corn tax and the increasing substitution of women's and boys' labor for men's, is one of nethermost misery. In the middle of the century we get, especially in the Eastern counties, the "gang" system, against whose worst evils philanthropic legislation had to be passed. From 1842 onwards the atrocious housing conditions in the villages (so fiercely exposed in Kingsley's "Yeast") began to be studied, reported on, and in some degree mitigated in the name of public health. In the last thirty years of the century came the great agricultural depression, against which the large-scale farmers in England fought so much less successfully than the small-scale farmers abroad. Yet in spite of it the laborers' wages rose, simply because their exodus from the country out-distanced the diminution in

* "A History of the English Agricultural Labourer." By Dr. W. Hasbach, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Kiel. Newly Edited by the Author, and Translated by Ruth Kenyon; with Preface by Sidney Webb. P. S. King. 7s. 6d. net.

demand for their services. The exodus was powerfully stimulated by two new factors—elementary education and the deliberate emigration policy of the agricultural unions. The rapid rise, zenith, and fall of these unions is very fairly described by Dr. Hasbach; and he ends by tracing the movement which succeeded them and which is still on trial, the movement for small holdings. With this last he has very deep sympathy—a sympathy which probably colors some of his views, though in the main his book gives one a favorable impression, not only of its careful learning and skilled digestion of facts, but also of its impartiality.

HERCULANEUM.*

Excavation is not a word that commends itself very warmly to the interest of the public at large. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means a work undertaken by specialists for specialists, not a work that has any very discernible connection with modern life and modern thought. The digging up of a Babylonian city out of its mound of mud may cast, as we excitedly say, "a flood of light" on the fiscal regulations of Khammurabi, or the disinterring of a Nile temple may, in a similar way, illuminate for us the reign of Amunurcit-Thor. It is the fashion when these old records are brought to light to talk and write as if we had all been waiting with bated breath for their resurrection, but the truth is that as the life they refer to has no bearing whatever upon the present they cannot have a very real hold upon our regard, and our first rapturous greeting quickly subsides into indifference. With one, however, among ancient races the case is quite different. Directly the archaeologist or excavator touches anything Greek he touches what is for us a living object. It is no question of our transporting ourselves back into a long dead period and working up, by concentrated study, an interest in an entirely alien race of people; our answer to the Greek appeal is spontaneous and instinctive. We recognise it instantly as having a claim upon our natural sympathies, as bearing a message which we can receive and assimilate. Between Greek civilisation and our own there exists the powerful bond of a similarity of intellectual ideas. The Greek point of view is our point of view and all the Greeks said and did interests us not as students, but as living men and women. Moreover, this interest is enormously enhanced by the further fact that Greek intellectualism was able, from its very clearness and simplicity of aim, to express itself with a wonderful power and completeness in terms of art. In short, the Greek not only has something to say that comes home to all of us, but he is able to say it with a beauty and vivacity which always insure on our part a delighted attention.

Therefore the word excavation has, or should have, a quite different meaning when applied to Greek things, from what it has when applied to other people's things. Instead of being a matter which concerns students, it is a matter which concerns everyone. This is one chief cause of the importance of Professor Waldstein's book on "Herculaneum." Its subject, the remains which lie hidden there under the mud and ashes of Vesuvius, is of genuine concern to civilised society. It is, in truth, a real buried treasure, a treasure of which the specimens already extracted prove the value, though we have no means as yet of determining their number and extent. On this point, Professor Waldstein, without pretending to dogmatise, has some very suggestive remarks. He advances reasons for believing that "the artistic treasure to be found, and the intellectual harvest to be reaped, in the thorough excavation of Herculaneum will be greater and more valuable than in any ancient site," including such sites as Athens, Rome, Alexandria, and all those of Asia Minor, Italy, and Sicily. His reasons for holding this opinion are briefly as follows: In the first place the inundation which overwhelmed Herculaneum was sudden and complete. Time for flight there was, but there was no time (nor thought probably in that scene of blackness and terror) for the removal of furniture and possessions. Just as they were, in all their completeness of detail, knicknacks, and art treasures, the houses were hermetically sealed up, and that by a substance not violent to shatter and break, but semi-liquid, that entered and rose quickly and clasped with almost intentional carefulness each object in turn. Thus, so far as has been discovered, each object remains in its place undisturbed, and the busts and statues still stand balanced on their pedestals in the embrace of the solidified composition which was once liquid mud. Yet this strange substance, so delicate in its handling, has been the most stubborn of guardians. The depth to which Herculaneum was covered has insured that no light and pilfering hand can force an entrance. Its rival, Pompeii, scarcely concealed, and that with ashes, has been ransacked repeatedly. Its own inhabitants, there is every reason to believe, returned immediately the catastrophe was over and removed their own household effects, and almost every house, since those days and long before our time, has, it would appear, been visited and looted. But with Herculaneum it was different. What the mud took the mud kept. The tentative experiments which from time to time have been made in excavation allow us, perhaps, to judge of the quality of the buried treasure, but the body and bulk of it remain in all respects as it was on that fatal day, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine years ago last twenty-fourth of August, when the city was originally entombed.

We can scarcely, then, fix any limits in our imagination to the stores of classic remains which, in all human probability, are here awaiting disinterment. Not only may we expect to find treasures of art but of literature also. "All the great Greek tragedians or writers of comedy (including Menander) may be there waiting for us in their completeness. The works of the early Greek philosophers, Heracleitus, Parmenides, Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, and all the treasures of thought only known to us from fragmentary lines in later writers; the missing works of Plato and Aristotle (what would one not give to see a complete "Poetics"?); the whole of Roman literature, the lost books of Livy—one hardly dares to allow one's imagination to roam in these dazzling fields of classical light. Nor is it impossible that we may find contemporary records, letters referring to the rise and early years of Christianity. All this seems to await us." But if the harvest is of such extent, the labor and expense of reaping it are on a similar scale. No one nation could be expected to provide the funds, the labor, and the expert knowledge necessary to the carrying out of so gigantic a task. Probably the reader is familiar, in outline at least, with the solution of the difficulty proposed by Professor Waldstein. With the able assistance of Mr. Leonard Shoobridge, he had elaborated a vast scheme for the excavation of Herculaneum on international lines. For a time all went well with this scheme. Kings, Presidents, statesmen, ambassadors, scholars, professors, and artists of all nations were infected by his eloquence, energy, and knowledge of his subject. The plan he had in view, framed with great tact to avoid in any degree wounding the *amour propre* of Italy, and insuring to her the control of all operations and the retention in perpetuity of all objects discovered, secured apparently the full approbation of the Italian Government. The King of Italy was to be head of the International Committee. Professor Waldstein visited Germany, France, America. The French and American Presidents consented to preside over the French and American Committees. The German Emperor undertook the same office in his own country. All difficulties appeared to be overcome. Promises of help and co-operation poured in from all sides. It is not too much to say that the imagination of the civilised world was deeply and genuinely touched by a scheme of such real import to civilisation's best interests. On December 5th, 1906, a dinner at which the representatives of the chief Powers were present, was given to the Italian Ambassador in London to celebrate the triumph of the international undertaking.

We have not space here to deal with the petty and regrettable causes which, for a time at least, have brought these fair promises to nothing. They seem to have been due to a certain irritability of Italian patriotic sentiment, really unreasonable under the circumstances, since Italy's dominant and proprietary rights were carefully guarded in the provisions of the contemplated arrangement. On these misunderstandings Professor Waldstein forbears to enlarge. His tone is of the most perfect courtesy and good temper throughout. Evidently it is his conviction that sooner or

* "Herculaneum: Past, Present, and Future." By Charles Waldstein and Leonard Shoobridge. Macmillan. 21s.

ENGLISH REVIEW

No. I. Ready Now. Vol. I.

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ENGLISH REVIEW

No. II. Ready Dec. 30th. Vol. I.

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later the international plan will be reverted to and he is careful to say not a word that can delay that hoped-for end. In the meantime Italy has declared her intention of setting about the business herself, and has set apart a sum of £600 for the work of excavation which Professor Waldstein had estimated could not be effectively carried on for less than £40,000 a year. It is evident that no very great results can be looked for from operations on so insignificant a scale, and we must all of us share Professor Waldstein's hope that by and by Italy will come to view the matter in a less prejudiced light, and, in the prosecution of a work of such great and universal interest, will welcome, under her own superintendence, the assistance of other nations.

JOHN RUSKIN'S IRISH FRIENDS.*

We opened this book with keenest expectancy; we have closed it after careful reading with profound disappointment. We knew the name of La Touche mainly in connection with that of John Ruskin; we expected this book to be largely concerned with his delightful personality, providing, perhaps, fresh passages in that pathetic but always interesting love story, a love story which Mr. Ruskin did not hesitate to discuss with us himself. Alas; the less congenial field of politics takes our attention in this collection of letters, to the blurring of any other impression.

Miss Margaret Young, who gives us these "Letters," was governess to Mrs. La Touche's grandchildren for some years, and became one of her most intimate friends and correspondents. Mrs. La Touche and her husband belonged to the landed class in Ireland. They had an estate at Harristown, Co. Kildare, and from the marriage of Maria Price to John La Touche, in 1843, until the death of the latter, in 1904, the pair lived largely the life of a county family in Ireland, varied only by holidays in Dublin, London, and Mentone.

It was in London, in 1858, that Ruskin became acquainted with Mrs. La Touche and her two daughters, one of whom, Emily, married Major Ward in 1866, and died two years later, while Rose died unmarried in 1875. Here is Miss Young's view of the Ruskin love episode. It is not borne out by Mr. E. T. Cook's account in the thirty-fifth volume of the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works. She says:—

> "Rose's friendship with Ruskin has been so much discussed and written about—giving much pain to those members of her family who survive—that very little need be said here. Ruskin was ever an educationalist, and even in that *rôle* he made mistakes. The idea that he cared for her in any other way than that of a master for a pupil, does not appear to have dawned on anyone's mind—least of all on her father and mother—till matters had gone far. Rose did not want to marry Ruskin, but her parents could not bring her to see that continuing her friendship with him was encouraging his misplaced hopes."

Mr. Cook makes it clear that Rose was not, at times, disinclined to marry Ruskin, and that she wrote him many, many love letters; the evidence that he brings forward shows plainly, we think, that any irresolution that the girl of eighteen may have felt towards uniting her life with a man of forty-seven, even when that man was her much revered teacher, must have been fanned and intensified by the attitude of her parents, and particularly of her father, who was under the domination of Mr. Spurgeon, and saw everything through the medium of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. In that world Mr. Ruskin was an "unbeliever"; he who, more stalworthy than any other, had kept aloft a spiritual banner in an age of materialsim. The La Touche romance ended tragically by the girl falling more and more into a morbid religiosity which killed her in 1875. It says much for Mr. Ruskin's greatness of mind that in later years, he renewed his friendship with Rose's mother, and we have here some very human correspondence between Mrs. La Touche and Ruskin in the 'eighties. We quote one sentence, referring to his articles in the "Nineteenth Century.":—

> "I was writing to Knowles yesterday about some more fiction he wants; and told him I should rather like to say a little more, soon, because now that George Eliot was in heaven, I could write her epitaph without any chance of meeting her afterwards."

But there is all too little about Mr. Ruskin in this book, and all too much about the writer's views on Ireland and Irish questions. To call Mrs. La Touche a noble woman is to misuse words. True nobility implies a capacity for seeing and feeling beyond and above one's environment. The lady whose letters are given here was simply a good woman of the conventional type, with the ideals of her circle. She was a cousin of the late Judge O'Connor Morris, and shared his views. She believed with him that the Land League was an atrocious institution, and that:

> "the truest and 'rightest' reports about Ireland, and the wisest opinions, are to be found in the 'Times.' We in Ireland are so thankful to that paper for its honest and faithful work in showing England the bare truth."

Many pages are devoted to diatribes against Irish Nationalism and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Ruskin might have taught Mrs. La Touche a finer outlook on the Irish question had she not had too great a contempt for any English view. In 1886 Ruskin wrote to the "Pall Mall Gazette"—

> "In your recent articles on the Irish question you have taken no notice of certain peculiarities of the Irish race which I imagine you know as well as I do, and yet, by unlucky chance, you hitherto ignore them! Would it not be well to take some account of these following ineradicable virtues of theirs in our schemes for their management? First, they are an artistic people, and can design beautiful things and execute them with indefatigable industry. Secondly, they are a witty people, and can by no means be governed by witless ones. Thirdly, they are an affectionate people, and can by no means be governed on scientific principles, by heartless persons."

* "The Letters of a Noble Woman, Mrs. La Touche of Harristown." Edited by Margaret Ferrier Young. With Illustrations. George Allen & Sons. 10s. 6d.

NOVELS OF THE HOUR.

The familiar proverb about the fool and the angel would be truer if we put the young in the place of the fool: "Youth rushes in, where angels fear to tread." Thus amended, the proverb is exemplified in the case of Miss Dorothy Senior, whom internal evidence seems to proclaim young, and whose novel, "The Clutch of Circumstance" (A. & C. Black, 6s.), is greatly daring. Her personages belong to the period of the Round Table, her story closely resembles that of Tristram and Iseult, and she has boldly introduced one of the most attractive figures of Malory. Dinadan, that delightful knight, who not only thought but said that "two or three" adversaries were enough for one man at a time, and who continually scouted the follies of men in love, has in Miss Senior's pages given his name to an ordinary young gentleman. Our dear old friend, Dinadan, was, as we are all sure, a lean man, of no great stature, dark haired, with a lively, observant, dark eye. Miss Senior's Dinadan is fair, freckled, blue eyed, and long in the leg. He is also noticeably youthful, which the real Dinadan can never have been, even in boyhood. The fair Dinadan falls in love—as *he* might do—with a perfectly empty, kittenish, apple-blossom girl. Our Dinadan, like Benedick, who was certainly of his race, would never have fallen in love till he met a Beatrice, his equal in wit and in character. No; this rosy youth is a mere changeling. But so, for that matter, is the refining and moralising Finola, who from a sense of duty returns to the brutal husband who has insulted and ill-treated her. A woman on the level of the legends might kill herself, or fly with her lover, or retire into a convent; she might emphatically not return voluntarily to a degrading bondage. Miss Senior has failed where probably not the greatest writer living could have succeeded. But then, the great writer would have known better than to try.

* * *

Mr. Max Pemberton has no doubt a public ready to accept his spasmodic style, his mechanical puppets, and his total lack of simplicity. To read his latest novel, "Sir Richard Escombe" (Cassell, 6s.), which, as posters on many hoardings have informed us, appeared originally as a serial in a Sunday paper, is a penance for any person who cares for literature; and there are moments when such a reader becomes hopelessly disturbed by the trick of invariably coupling certain epithets with certain names. If any provocation could excuse the crimes of underlining and of marginal vituperation it would be that given by the writer who hangs a label round the neck of his personage, and persists in reading it aloud in our ears. We long to say: "Yes, yes, Mr. Pemberton, we know that already. This is the sixth time you have said 'the

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fat fop, Cunningham.'" It is depressing to think that there is a market for such shoddy melodrama as "Sir Richard Escombe," more depressing still to think that a man of ability, who once might perhaps have become a literary artist, should live by producing wares for it.

* * *

Of the real, breathing, and incognisable Ireland that lies obscured from English eyes behind the mists of the "Irish question," there have been no interpreters so shrewd, so understanding, and so revealing as the ladies who write under the names of E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. They are as indispensable to the study of Ireland as is Mr. Dooley to the study of America, and their earliest, or one of their earliest, books, "The Real Charlotte," stays in the mind as the most pitiless picture of Irish rural life that has yet been drawn. Their later and better-known volumes, such as "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," "Some Irish Yesterdays," and "All on the Irish Shore," fall in artistic seriousness considerably below the level of that remarkable effort. In them the authors are rather playing with their subject than analysing it; but their play is so deft and nimble, their touch so sure and light, that it seems churlish to complain if their feet no longer choose the ruggeder paths. And even when the range they have imposed upon themselves seems most limited, even when it hardly goes beyond the kennels and the hunting field, it is impossible for them to resist the happy, illuminating side-light. They know Ireland and her people and the strange, unimaginable impulses that sway them both too thoroughly to make their stories, for the English reader, nothing but stories—to be able, that is, to exclude from them the touches that lay bare the verities of local life and character and instinctive ways of looking at things. Merely as tales their clean, crisp workmanship and flowing humor are a delight, but the uninitiated Saxon may find something more than pleasure in the glimpses they allow him of the intimacies of the Irish mind and nature. In their latest volume, "Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Longmans, 6s.), their skill is as buoyant and engaging as ever. We meet a number of old friends, the R.M., Flurry the omniscient, Philippa still untamed, the indisputable Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Cadogan, most Irish of Irish cooks, Slipper, that appealing reprobate, and many others, whose company has lost none of its beguiling relish; and we make some new acquaintances in the McRorys, Gweeneen the Sprat, and the Brickleys, who step at once into our cherished regard. Their adventures and friction, plots and counter-plots, form a series of stories and sketches worked out with a finish and freshness and in a vein of visualising humor of which these authors alone among the Irish writers of to-day seem to know the secret. They can be recommended as excellently amusing reading. They can be still more highly recommended for the light they throw on much that makes Ireland so peculiarly Irish.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The literature of our cathedrals and abbeys has claimed many followers. Mr. Thomas Scott Holmes, however, who has written a volume on Wells and Glastonbury for Messrs. Methuen's "Ancient Cities" series (4s. 6d. net), can hardly be said to belong to their ranks, though his work deals, to a great extent, with the ecclesiastical establishments for which Wells and Glastonbury are famous. It is less the story of the cathedrals that he passes in review than that of the cathedrals in their relationship to the towns that derived their beginnings from them. The interdependence of church and city is plainly shown in these pages. In its origin the city of Wells was entirely ecclesiastical. The Anglo-Saxon church there was raised to cathedral rank as early as 909, which is to say more than two centuries before the nucleus even of a town was formed, and for a long time after that the townsmen were but dependents of the bishops who owned the soil. It was not till 1559 that the town obtained its charter of independence from Queen Elizabeth, and thereby finally threw off the shackles of ecclesiastical domination. Glastonbury Abbey derives much of its interest from an antiquity unequalled by any other place in England, and from the Celtic legends that impart a peculiarly romantic mystery to its ruins. The real history of the town, however, does not begin till the eighteenth century, the charter of its incorporation being granted by Queen Anne in 1705. As a town, therefore, it is of less interest than Wells, though the fascination of its Abbey is quite unique. An excellent feature of this book is the itineraries, and Mr. E. H. New's drawings in the manner of old woodcuts add to its usefulness and make its embellishments.

* * *

In a "suggestive" little volume, "Ruined and Deserted Churches" (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.), Mrs. Beedham opens a page of ecclesiastical history which we trust she or some pious antiquarian may treat, at some future time, at greater length. Her ten chapters dealing with Destroyed Churches, Early Christian Oratories, Ruined Churches in Norfolk, Guild, Wayside and Chantry Chapels, &c., are filled with records of departed greatness, of social vicissitudes, of the encroachments of changing fashions, and of human neglect, records the more romantic in their appeal to us because all are attested and duly authenticated. We read of fonts turned into pig troughs, of towers pulled down to mend the roads with their flints, of Priories of the twelfth century now used as barns, of chancels now deep in turf, of elder bushes in fruit on the site of Communion tables, of the floors of naves and isles covered with growths of ivy, rose of Sharon, snowberry and ribes bushes. Every page contributes some curious illustration of parish history. Thus it is known to few that the waters of St. Katharine's Docks flow over the site of an ancient Collegiate Church and of St. Katharine's Hospital, founded by Queen Matilda in 1148, and that as late as 1825 the church, the residence of the Chapter and houses accommodating 2,550 people were in existence. Mrs. Beedham writes in a pleasant and unpretentious style, and her thoughtful little volume should find its way into the hands of the large public that is interested in Church history.

* * *

"Folk-Lore in Lowland Scotland," by Miss Eve Simpson (Dent, 3s. 6d. net), covers a very wide field of research in an eloquent, if somewhat precious, style of writing. In the two first chapters, dealing respectively with the custom of Beltane and the Water Wells, supposed to be endowed with special properties, we have the proofs of the early recognition and deification of the two elements of fire and water; while succeeding chapters treat of kelpies, pixies, and other off-shoots of the fairy tribe, with the superstitions relating to fishermen, flowers, and birds, with some notorious witches and wizards, and with the ancient ordering of "Fairs, Festivals, and Funerals." Much of our folk-lore, like our other sorts of wisdom, came from the East. The Romans and Scandinavians enriched it; Christianity helped to perpetuate it by adapting many pagan beliefs to the purposes of the new creed, the process of these astute compromises offering a most tempting field for inquiry. Some of the superstitions related in this volume—such as that of the "first foot" on New Year morn—are not now associated exclusively with Lowland Scotland, since they survive for some distance south of the Tweed; but one must make allowances for the change that has taken place in the geographical boundary, and the Lowlanders can, at any rate, claim two festivals, those of Hogmanay and Hansel Monday, that are peculiar to themselves. The book contains many quaint and curious oddments.

* * *

We cannot wonder that there is something perennially interesting about our great administrators and soldiers in India. It so happens that the qualities most admired by English people were conspicuously displayed by nearly all of them. We mean the qualities of courage, honesty, and condescension to inferiors. The heroes of our Empire in India have been our ordinary squires and our ordinary officers, raised to an almost preternatural "power." They were the healthy, well-bred Englishman, as it were, transfigured, and it was especially the intense crisis of the Mutiny which called out our best essential qualities; often our worst as well, but certainly our best. That is why the British tourist in India may see nothing whatever of Indian life, but never fails to mourn or exult over the poor, crumbling relics of Lucknow and Cawnpore. The familiar story has now been told again, first by Mr. Frederick Gibbon ("The Lawrences of the Punjab," (Dent, 4s. 6d.), and then by

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Diary of the Week.

IN the space of less than a minute, at 5.20 on Monday morning, a slight shaking of the earth-crust in the earthquake zone of Southern, and particularly South-Western, Italy sufficed to slay more than 100,000, some accounts say 240,000, people, and to shatter scores of towns and hundreds of households in irretrievable ruin. The shock seems to have passed from Catanzaro, in Mid-Calabria, down to the southern coasts of the province, laying low towns and villages as it went. It crossed the Straits of Messina into Sicily, almost wiping out two lovely and famous towns, Reggio and Messina, on either side. The still more beautiful Taormina, which looks down on one of the most exquisite pictures of coast and sea in the world, though shaken, has been spared. The sea-floor of the straits was altered, and huge waves were flung on to either shore. Messina and Reggio have been reduced to heaps of tumbled and blazing ruins, beneath which lie buried the greater number of their citizens and the luckless strangers within their gates. Between them the forces of earth and water, having wrecked these habitations of men, isolated them, cutting off railway and telegraphic communication, and destroying or deforming roads and harbors. Reggio seems to have been deprived for two days of any human succor. In Messina only the Archbishop's Palace and two banks have been left intact. Cathedrals, churches, hotels, barracks, town halls, have shared the general ruin, and priests, monks, generals, governors, doctors, foreign officials, have been buried with them. Whole families have disappeared, but no accurate tale of loss can as yet be disentangled from the heaps of corpses. Frenzies of despair and superstition seized on the people. Some ran thirty or even fifty miles from the scene of the ruin. Others went mad, and rescuers were shocked by the wild, strained faces and bleeding wounds of the survivors.

* * *

CONSIDERING how near and how awful the catastrophe has been, and that the loss of life exceeds that of any recorded earthquake—in the Calabria earthquake of 1783 only 30,000 people perished, and at Lisbon only 60,000—the newspaper reports have been singularly scanty. The King of Italy, at once sympathetic and personally brave, broke up a shooting party as soon as he heard of the disaster, and hastened to the stricken cities. Both at Messina and Reggio he aided the work of rescue. The monarchs and peoples of the civilised world have united in sympathy and material help, and with us a Mansion House Fund has very properly been opened, to which the King has subscribed 500 guineas and the Queen 250. But the life of the whole province has been disorganised, and years must elapse before even the very modest well-being of Southern Italy can be restored. As we write, we hear the appalling news that the Lipari Islands, the volcanic group lying to the north of Sicily, of which Stromboli, an active volcano, is a part, have disappeared with all their inhabitants. The rumor comes through an Italian newspaper, and is supplied by a Marconi message.

* * *

THE scheme for giving a modest measure of help with honor to humble old age came into force yesterday, January 1st. The percentage of applicants for pensions to the whole population of people over seventy was 54 in England, 56 in Wales, 60 in Scotland, and 128 in Ireland, where there was obvious fraud—these figures showing a very large body of dependent poverty. The total number of claims received was, in round figures, 690,000: that of persons recommended for pension 490,000. The number of people excluded after investigation was 42,000, and over 100,000 claims are still under consideration. London has sent in 41,000 claims, 32,000 of which have been admitted, and £8,000 was paid out on the first day of the new year. In Manchester and Salford over 6,700 people made good their claims.

* * *

THE Indian National Congress meeting at Madras, on Monday, relieved of the extremist element which disturbed the Congress of 1907, has passed a unanimous vote of confidence in the Morley scheme, its "dominating note," says Reuter, being "unbroken gratitude" to its author. The tone was strongly loyal, the President, Dr. Behari Ghose, insisting that the scheme reconciled order with progress, while Mr. Bannerjee, who moved the resolution, claimed that all sections of Nationalists, as well as all the provinces and nationalities represented at the Congress, accepted and acclaimed it. On the other hand, the Congress asked for the repeal of the deporting Ordinance of 1818, approved of the Swadeshi movement, cheered the names of the deported Bengalis, and specially pressed for an undoing of the partition of Bengal as the condition of a successful career for the

reform movement. The Mohammedans, through the All-Indian Mohammedan Conference and League, while they accept and welcome the principle of self-government, are asking for a purely Mohammedan register of electors for the colleges, and will probably want more representation on the Councils than the scheme gives them. The Anglo-Indian Press is generally favorable, and it is noteworthy that the "Times," which has hitherto ignored or satirised the National Congress, now speaks approvingly of it.

* * *

M. Isvolsky has made his speech to the Duma, and Russia has published her Circular Note to the Powers, and both leave no doubt that Russia must share with Austria responsibility for the prolongation of the Balkan squabble. Russia prevented a direct settlement between Austria and Turkey by insisting that the whole question should come before a Conference, and now she has compelled Austria to assent to a general discussion between all the Powers, which puts off both a settlement and the meeting of a Conference to the Greek Kalends. Yet M. Isvolsky had to admit that Russia, of all Powers, was least qualified to put a spoke in Austria's wheel, seeing that she long ago pledged herself by treaty to give Austria a free hand in Bosnia. Russia's purpose is not the defence of Turkish interests nor, except in so far as it will strengthen her own influence, the securing of "compensation" for Servia and Montenegro. Her objects are twofold—to get compensation for herself and to entrench her hegemony among the Slav States of the Balkans. The Turkish Cabinet will not, we hope, stiffen its demands. Bulgaria has offered Turkey between three and four millions sterling. It is quite certain that the Turkish finances cannot be reorganised except on the basis of a higher tariff, and that Bulgaria cannot afford to give more than she has offered. But so far Turkey has not made even a motion of agreement. After all these months of negotiations a settlement is as far off as ever, though time presses and delay is most dangerous. The "Temps" may well write bitterly of this melancholy failure of European diplomacy.

* * *

The Turkish Parliament is getting through the inevitable preliminary work with speed and discretion. The Chamber has elected Ahmed Riza, the veteran Reformer who spent twenty years in working for a Constitutional Turkey, President, Talaat Bey, another Young Turk, first Vice-President, and Aristidi Pasha, a Greek, second Vice-President. The Sultan, who has theoretical liberty to select from among three nominees for each of these posts, has accepted the plain choice of the Chamber, and, to demonstrate his cordiality, has invited the whole Assembly to dinner, and undertakes to build a more worthy Parliament House. The majority, in testing the elections of members, have prudently refrained from pushing their powers to the extreme against unpopular representatives. Both Houses have passed an Address in reply to the Sultan's Speech. The Senate lays emphasis upon foreign policy, but the most significant passage in the Chamber's message insists upon the responsibility of the Cabinet to the Chamber, and the necessity for it to possess the Chamber's confidence. Both Addresses were passed practically without discussion outside Committee, and we shall see revealed their inner meaning and the true attitude of the Parliament towards the Ministry when the Government's foreign and home policy is discussed. This important discussion will probably be begun before the end of the week.

The weather in the British Isles broke abruptly after Christmas, and a sharp frost was followed by one of the heaviest falls of snow ever known in an English December. London has rarely been so enveloped with snow. Aberdeen and other Scottish towns were cut off from the South from Monday night till Wednesday afternoon, and the Scotch express was embedded in the snow for twenty-eight hours. Tuesday was the coldest December day ever known in London during the fifty-one years for which meteorological records have been kept. The maximum temperature was 23·7 degrees and the minimum 18 degrees.

* * *

There is not the slightest attempt to conceal the wires which moved the puppets in the Venezuelan revolution. The United States tells the world that it appointed a Special Commissioner and sent warships at the request of General Gomez, and this before that gentleman had discovered Castro's plot against his life, or disclosed publicly his own plot against Castro's presidency. Holland, too, has got "satisfaction," and withdrawn her ships; the native monopolies are being abolished, and the foreign monopolies, which Castro had driven out in a sufficiently lawless and arbitrary fashion, are reopening their offices. The statement, however, that the revolution had been bloodless, was made too hastily, for on Tuesday a severe fight took place at Macaro, between the supporters of Castro and General Gomez's forces, in which the latter came off worse. All the news that comes to Europe is, of course, "doctored," and it is quite possible that Gomez's troubles with his own people are only beginning at the moment at which his troubles with the foreigner are ending.

* * *

A waiter named Mathis celebrated Christmas by taking President Fallières by his beard and knocking him down while he was out walking. Mathis turns out to be probably half-witted, a member of M. Biétry's yellow syndicate of blacklegs, and a fine flower of French Royalist culture. He looks upon his assault upon an old man as the accomplishment of his "mission," and the Royalist organ hails him as a hero, while the young gallants of the cause have seized the occasion for proclaiming their eagerness to put a bullet into every good Republican. They and Royalism have not for many years had so favorable an opportunity of getting into the newspapers, for even as Conservative a journal as the "Débats" had given up mentioning them. Every reputable person has condemned this blackguardism as heartily as it deserved, but plain men would like to know how far the Seine jury should be held responsible which acquitted the man Grégori, who shot Major Dreyfus at the Panthéon. If respectable shopkeepers could publicly proclaim such an outrage innocent, one can understand a pervert like Mathis persuading himself that it is a fine thing to assault the French President. Mathis's crime has probably suggested the firing of revolver shots at the windows of the room in the Place Beauveau, where M. Clemenceau was sitting. The assailant was a Corsican named Benedetti, who alleges a trifling personal grievance against the authorities. M. Clemenceau was not injured, and the attempt will probably improve the Prime Minister's political position.

* * *

The revenue returns for the nine months of the year exhibit results rather less discouraging than was anticipated. The last quarter shows a distinct slackening in the rate of decrease as compared with the returns for 1907—stamps, estate duties, and income tax all looking

up. The net decrease for the nine months, allowing for the reduction of the sugar duties, is £2,842,000. The main source of shrinkage lies on the Excise, which has already fallen to the extent of £1,170,000. Mr. Asquith's estimate was that the returns for the whole year would only go down £220,000. The decrease is, of course, temporary; it will disappear as soon as trade revives.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The difficulties occasioned to the French Church by the policy of Pius X. are by no means at an end. Since the Pope has refused to allow the Church any legal status, and has even refused to allow Catholics to become tenants of the churches, their position in regard to the fabrics is very precarious. This fact has just been illustrated by the action of the Municipal Council of Châteaudun, which has refused to undertake the structural repairs of more than one of the three churches in the town. M. Briand, who has been appealed to, has declared the Council to be within its rights, as, indeed, is obvious. For Clause 5 of the Law of April 13th, 1908, while permitting the public authorities to provide for the structural repairs of the churches, does not compel them to do so. As the Law of January, 1907, which places the churches at the free disposal of Catholics, omits to require them to keep the churches in repair, it follows that this duty is imposed on nobody."

* * *

"This is a serious state of affairs, when the churches are (as in the case of Châteaudun) buildings of artistic value scheduled as historical monuments. It cannot be tolerated that such buildings should be allowed to fall into decay, but it is certain that, if the public authorities are called upon to keep them in repair, they will claim the right to use them as they please. Nor is it reasonable to ask that public money should be expended on the maintenance of buildings for the exclusive use of what is, in many cases, a very small minority of the population. At Châteaudun one church would probably be more than sufficient for the practising Catholics in the town; the Municipal Council naturally does not see why it should provide them with three at the public expense. There are hundreds of villages where the church-goers number from half a dozen to a score of the inhabitants. It is too much to ask the rest of the community to keep up a building for their benefit."

* * *

The American Amateur Athletic Union has suspended three American Olympic winners—Sheppard, who won the 800 metres and the 1,500 metres at the Stadium, Bacon, who won the 400 metres hurdles, and Porter, who won the high jump—on charges of professionalism. They are accused of taking exorbitant expenses. Hayes, the Marathon race winner, has, of course become a professional of his own will, so that four out of the 11 American winners at the Stadium have already lost their amateur status, while a fifth, Carpenter, has been suspended by the English Amateur Athletic Union. This sort of thing suggests uncomfortable reflections as to the purity of American amateurism in sport. Perhaps it would be more just to say that in every country where athletics is a popular amusement, and therefore a possible source of profit and temptation, the line of demarcation between amateur and professional tends to become very shadowy. One has even heard of athletic exhibitions at the older universities. The more immediate moral, however, is that international competitions like the Olympic Games which give the winner so excellent an advertisement must, whatever else they do, accelerate the transformation of the amateur into the professional.

* * *

The Christmas season has been brightened by a plausible, though fairly explicable, ghost story. On December 26th Mr. Brock, who was acting as *locum tenens* for Dr. Astley, the Vicar of East Rudham, in Norfolk, received a letter stating that the Vicar and his wife had been injured in a railway accident in Algeria. In the afternoon of the same day the housekeeper, a lady of seventy, reported to Mr. Brock that on going to close the shutters, she had seen reflected through the glass door of the study on to a wall outside the picture, not only of the study and its furniture, but of Dr. Astley himself. Mr. Brock then accompanied the housekeeper to the study, looked out at the reflected picture, and saw, as he said, the seated figure of Dr. Astley in clerical dress. The housekeeper described him as walking and vanishing into the outside wall. Mr. Brock stated that the vision was repeated on the following evening. A young maid also said that the figure of the absent Vicar was visible to her.

* * *

The "Times," hearing this story, sent a representative to East Rudham Vicarage. He was taken to the study and saw through the glass door the natural reflection of the study and its furniture, but no picture of Dr. Astley. The housekeeper, however, insisted that she saw her absent master quite plainly, while Mr. Brock was "not so positive, though inclined to think that the figure was there." It will be observed that the vision appeared most clearly to an old lady, who states that she was accustomed to see visions, particularly the form of her dead mother. But the clergyman's account was less positive, while the journalist, with the scepticism of his class, saw nothing at all. The subjective character of the experience is, therefore, very strongly marked. The housekeeper was predisposed to see ghosts. Her vision at seventy could not have been good, and her mind had recently been excited by lively fear for her master's life. These impressions threw themselves on the screen which nature had prepared, were transmitted, less strongly, to Mr. Brock and the maid, and not at all to the journalist.

* * *

Meanwhile, a final touch of discredit, so far as the suggestion of any non-natural or telepathic communications between Dr. Astley's personality and that of the inmates of East Rudham Vicarage is supplied by a telegram received by the "Times" from Mr. Muriel, the British Chaplain at Algiers, who communicated the news of Dr. Astley's accident. Mrs. Hartley's and Mr. Brock's account of Dr. Astley's appearance was that he was dressed in clerical garb, and that he wore a big gold chain across his vest, and that he was walking or sitting at a desk. All these points are negatived in Mr. Muriel's telegram. "Dr. Astley," it says, "is very much amused. At the precise moment of the alleged astral appearance, allowing for the difference of Greenwich time, Dr. Astley was not in clerical garb, wearing a gold chain, at a book-laden desk, but was quietly resting in bed in the hospital, conversing with me about his lost luggage." So that even Dr. Astley's thoughts were not turned to the people at the vicarage at the moment when they had their rather theatrical vision of him.

Politics and Affairs.

LORD MORLEY'S SUCCESS.

The news from India speaks, we hope and believe conclusively, of a success for Lord Morley's scheme comparable to that which Liberalism has achieved in South Africa. Here and there a detail of the plan may fail. It may be necessary, for example, as the "Spectator" suggests, to satisfy the leaders of the Mohammedans by adding a Mohammedan, as well as a Hindu, to the Governor-General's Council, and in that case Lord Morley's plan of nominating only one Indian to a vacancy will have to be modified. But, on the whole, it seems clear that a fairly representative body of Indian opinion has already decided to accept the plan mainly as it stands, and that our own Civil Service is prepared to work it. This intelligence largely outweighs the expected news that some of the extremists are in opposition. The reforms were hardly meant for them. Having thrown over the idea of British control of Indian destinies, they cannot welcome a proposal which aims at broadening and popularising the basis of that power. But few observers can have hoped that in the disturbed atmosphere of the last few years we should at once have struck so large an area of calm. Storm centres there still will be, for reform, while it satisfies some activities, violently disturbs others, and it is not in the character of the revolutionist to be content. And it is to be noted that even the purged National Congress at Madras, which opened with "God Save the King," and closed with cheers for the Monarch and Lord Morley, condemned the deportations, asked for the undoing of the partition of Bengal, and formally supported the Swadeshi movement. But, on the whole, we take it that two highly significant changes have come over Indian society as the direct and immediate results of the reforms. The first is that Anglo-Indian opinion has for the first time ranged itself alongside a moderate section of Indian politicians, and pledged itself to a large modification of provincial government and to a not inconsiderable infusion of Indian ideas into the central power. The second is that the Indian reform movement has become markedly constitutional and that we can henceforth treat it as we treat Liberals and Conservatives in Canada, or Deakinites and Laborites in the Australian Commonwealth.

Thus, we may fairly say, is wisdom justified of her children, and the great political difficulty, thrown upon Liberalism by the Renaissance of the East, and by our own support of the Turkish and Persian Parliaments on the one hand, and our refusal of the Parliamentary form to Egypt and India on the other, has been sensibly modified. For our own part, we do not follow Lord Morley's reservations as to the extension of the representative system to the peoples of the East. The despotic forms, which one Oriental country after another is now sweeping away, grew not so much from the political incapacity of the Eastern peoples as from the fact of an arrested development. Even to-day life in Constantinople seems to resemble the authentic pictures of life in London three hundred years ago. But it is clear that when we have placed the mechanism of Western civilisation at the disposal of Eastern peoples, they sooner or later decide to adopt our political institutions as well. It is no longer possible to maintain either the color-line or the geographical line in intellect. What Western State has ever undergone so quick a process of mental assimilation as modern Japan? Lord Morley himself, we are sure, would feel no sense of inequality of mind or temper in discussing Indian or Turkish politics with men of the type of Mr. Gokhale or Ahmed Riza, the Speaker of the Turkish Parliament. Even if the principle of self-government obtained a very moderate degree of success in its new spheres of influence, we, with our own tempered view of the value of pure democracy, will have no ground of reproach. In India we even have to confess that we have something to learn from the adaptive faculty of Oriental races. To this day the majority of the Indian Civil Service feels a nervous shiver when it parts with a fraction of its power and gives it into the hands of Indian officials. But long before his Liberal period the Turk had been willing to seek statesmen, diplomatists, and administrators from among Armenians and Greeks. At this moment the first Vizier under the Turkish Constitution is a Jew.

We shall, of course, be told that the Indian case stands by itself, and that we cannot substitute for the present system of undivided British control a sharing of power with native India. That is, we think, a rather question-begging statement. So far as external policy is concerned, we may never be called on to surrender our headship of India. But in regard to inner government, we give away something continually, and in native States like Mysore, planted in the very centre of our power, English subjects, with very large commercial rights and ambitions, have long been content to live under the rule of Indian statesmen and administrators. It is clear that a considerable system of provincial Home Rule will spring up under Lord Morley's plan, and one day we may find India prepared for a scheme of federation which would solve almost every political difficulty save that which the conservatism of a powerful governing corporation suggests. Would that be a bad solution for this country? Have we ever been so confident of our present tenure of power that we would not exchange it for a relationship with the home population comparable, though not identical, with that which unites the Mother Country to the self-governing Colonies?

But the question presents itself under another aspect than that of deliberate choice. Lord Morley, with great skill, has persuaded the Indian Civil Service that he is their friend, and at the same time has induced them to become the executants, we hope the willing executants, of a large devolution of functions to native India. But it is clear that no other policy was possible. Absolutism is sinking all the world over; the great anti-absolutist Power cannot retain it. All parties agree that the agitation for self-government is the fruit of our own educational system, and of the special ideas of polity which England taught at a time when her most persuasive thinkers were

clearer about the value of liberty than they are to-day. To this intellectual stimulant has been added the visible success of Japan and the general revival in the East of which it was the signal. These forces will not diminish; they will be continually recruited and encouraged. But the great fact which makes for the concession of self-government to India is that while we are continually training candidates for a business the upper branches of which lie mainly in our hands, our own supply of specially skilled agents tends to fall off. Recent observers of the Indian Civil Service agree that we no longer send to India an adequate number of administrators, lawyers, engineers, of the ablest types. The demands of the home country and the rest of the Empire increase, and an Indian career no longer offers the special prizes which dazzled the eyes of young men of the mid-Victorian period. Young India has access to the best educational machinery that we can provide; and it seems doubtful whether, taking our University and public-school system for what it is, it now turns out enough governing ability to maintain the Indian Civil Service at its old standard of intellectual strength. What we yield, we yield to necessity, and we have no more reason than older Empires to quarrel with the law of politics that limits the possibility of governing great and widely separated dominions from the centre. We have rather to adapt gratefully and generously to the Indian case the lessons in devolution which our own experience in the Colonies fortifies, and to qualify race-pride with a more intelligent and a more profitable doctrine.

WHAT IS A FAIR WAGE?

THE latest official attempt to realise the admitted obligation of the Government to be a "model," or at any rate a "fair" employer, as regards the wages and other conditions of work in the contracts it gives out, cannot be described as satisfactory. A few months ago a Select Committee, sitting to consider the feasibility of securing a minimum wage in sweated trades, made a gallant endeavor to formulate a machinery of Wage Boards with legal authority to secure definite improvement in pay for whole classes of ill-paid home workers. The Report just issued is at once wider and narrower in its survey and its treatment. Confined to the subject of Government contracts, its reference extends alike to skilled and unskilled, organised and unorganised, factory and home workers. Since the five Departments taken into consideration give out contracts amounting to twenty-five million pounds a year, the labor issue that is involved cannot be regarded as a trifling one, concerning, as it must, the welfare of some hundreds of thousands of workpeople. If the Committee had been able to evolve any moderately reasonable definition of fair wages, or to recommend any method of ascertaining, assessing, and enforcing them for work done under public supervision and control, an important step towards the solution of the gravest labor problem would have been taken. It has, however, completely failed to do any of these things, and, in our judgment, the failure was foreshadowed from the nature of its reference.

Instead of being invited to re-open the whole principle and policy of the "fair wage," the Committee was fastened to the working of the slippery Fair Wages Resolution of 1891, which reads as follows: "That in the opinion of this House it is the duty of the Government in all Government contracts to make provision against the evils recently disclosed before the Sweating Committee, to insert such conditions as may prevent the abuse arising from sub-letting, and to make every effort to secure the payment of such wages as are generally accepted as current in each trade for competent workmen." Now, in well-organised trades where a strong trade union and a well-recognised standard wage exist, no great difficulty arises. There the trade union rate is usually the current rate, though even here the Committee objects to any formal recognition of the Union conditions. But in organised trades, where the Union, though existing, is not able to enforce its rate in practice, what is a "fair wage" to mean? As we understand the Report, the Committee finds that it is "the ordinary market rate." But this finding is, to our mind, a formal abandonment of all attempt to discover and secure a fair wage or to protect the workers against any other abuses in the conditions of employment. We agree that where the Union rate does not prevail in practice it cannot be taken as the criterion of fairness. But surely that does not involve the acceptance of a "market rate" which in the case of many male and nearly all female workers is, in effect, a sweating wage.

Equally unsatisfactory is the treatment of wages in unorganised trades. Here, after enumerating four widely differing methods of fixing wages, the Report merely recommends that "one or other" should be adopted, without designating any preference. The whole of the confusion and futility of the Report is attributable to two defects of procedure; first, the oscillation between the endeavour to find a "fair" wage and a "current" wage, with a latent assumption that the two are identical; secondly, the lack of the acceptance of any sort of test for "fairness." A fair wage may mean one of several things. For instance, it may mean a time or piece rate sufficient to provide a weekly wage of "subsistence" to a competent worker getting an average amount of employment. It may mean such a piece or time wage as the ordinary competitive employer can afford to pay, having regard to the normal rate of profit and to competition in the market. There are other principles, more or less defensible, for determining a "fair wage," upon any one of which some practical policy might have been based. But where no attempt is made to lay down a principle of fairness, it is impossible to expect a useful result to a discussion of rival modes of fixing wages. As the Committee rejects the trade union wage, without substituting any other intelligible standard, so, in regarding general conditions of labor, it rejects the trade union "fair house," without indicating what method it would employ to secure that only "good employers" shall be placed upon the list of contractors.

On the important question of women's wages we cannot affect surprise that the Committee still leaves unsolved an issue which has always bothered trade unionists, and upon which women themselves speak with

divided voices, the issue of "equal pay for equal work." To many first approaching the question it seems as if it could be settled by a simple maxim of obvious equity. Why should a woman get less than a man for the same work, sex being thus made a ground for differentiation? This is the argument which first leaps from the lips of the advancing woman who wants absolute economic equality. But then comes the discovery that the rigid application of the doctrine may mean that, instead of women entering more freely into employments hitherto held as masculine preserves, they may lose a good deal of the employment which their acceptance of lower rates of wages has hitherto enabled them to get. For even in those few trades in which their average skill seems equal to or superior to that of men, as in those of teaching, type-setting, and certain sorts of commercial or clerical work, their attendance is less regular, and some other incidental disqualifications based on physical weakness lessen the net value of their labor. Though certain exceptional trades exist where male monopoly or prejudice is the excluding cause, it is certain that the rigorous application of the doctrine of "equal pay" would greatly reduce the field of employment for women wage-earners. Moreover, the equity of "equal pay" is not so obvious as at first sight it appears. For reforms in the distribution of wealth generally aim at payments based on needs rather than on mere output. Now, even if it be admitted that a woman has on her own account as many legitimate needs as a man, the actual normal situation of our family life throws upon the adult male a far larger share of the burden of supporting a family. So long as a man's wage is the chief basis of a family income and a woman's wage merely supplementary, it remains socially desirable that the man should earn the larger income.

If, however, the growing participation and aptitude of women for wage-work should materially alter the present economic structure of the family, this ground for differentiation may be modified. Even as matters stand, we hold that any wage-court or other Governmental tribunal for determining wages ought to be endowed with a discretion to make "equal payments" for the woman employees, wherever positive evidence is brought, that she does in point of fact act as the chief wage-earner in the support of a family. Some such discretion is essential to any really valid determination of a "fair" wage. But any such recommendation must have seemed Utopian to a body which took so mechanical a view of its functions as this Fair Wages Committee.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S OPPORTUNITY.

It is only a very buoyant optimism which could watch the interminable prolongation of the Balkan crisis without anxiety and foreboding. Five months of speech-making and negotiation and military preparation have brought us no nearer a solution, and the Conference to which European statesmen turned instinctively after the Austro-Bulgarian *coup* seems indefinitely remote. If it meets at all, it will only be to register results already reached by private bargaining among the Powers. The wish for reasonable conciliation which would make a bargain possible has nowhere as yet declared its presence. Neither between Turkey and Bulgaria, nor between Turkey and Austria, is there even a preliminary basis for agreement, and the Servians are still cultivating an irritable despair tempered by armaments and varied by explosive incidents. The most disquieting aspect of this situation is the mediocrity, not to say incompetence, of the diplomacy of nearly all the Powers, great and small. Baron von Aerenthal apparently cannot combine adroitness with vigor. The Turks, if they have displayed dignity and steadfastness, have also committed two capital mistakes—first in challenging Bulgaria through the Gueshoff incident, and then in reviving that original soreness by the stiff wording of the recent speech from the throne. As for the Bulgarians and the Servians, it is useless to criticise them, for it would be rash to assume that they really desire a peaceful solution—if they do, their means are ill-adapted to their ends. Russia and Italy stand together in a rather equivocal plight. M. Isvolsky and Signor Tittoni have not succeeded in freeing themselves from the suspicion that they were in some degree the accomplices of Baron von Aerenthal. They are nowhere trusted, least of all in their own Parliaments, and their present endeavour is to draw some incidental advantage from the crisis, while retaining their shaken positions at home and yet avoiding an open breach with Austria. Germany is manifestly anxious, tongue-tied and inert. She is embarrassed by the consequences of Austria's adventure, and supports Vienna rather from duty than from choice. The French, as usual, are nervous in a crisis which might develop into war. They are annoyed by M. Isvolsky's failure to share with them his guilty pre-knowledge of the coming crash, and embarrassed by the ardor and decisiveness of English sympathies. Popular opinion in France is with the Turks, but official opinion is dragged in other directions. It does not wish to offend Austria, for Austria might be useful in a second Moroccan conference; it regards Tsar Ferdinand, who is, on the maternal side, an Orleanist prince, as a *protégé*, and it is conscious that its financial aims have weakened its prestige at Constantinople. As for this country, our attitude has been, from the first, as frank as it is simple—we whole-heartedly second the Young Turks in the foreign difficulties which have been forced upon them, at a moment when the whole civilised world ought to have conspired to facilitate their task of reconstruction and reform. There is, in short, no Europe at this crisis, and there can be no effective concert.

Among the personalities who control this situation Sir Edward Grey is the only commanding figure. Baron von Aerenthal is masterful, theatrical, and fundamentally clumsy; Tewfik Pasha is a mere relic of the old *régime* of doubtful honesty; M. Isvolsky and Signor Tittoni are universally suspect; M. Pichon is a nullity; and Prince Bülow a witty and adroit balancer, involved in more absorbing preoccupations at home. Sir Edward Grey, enigmatic on the surface, merely because he is really so direct and simple beneath it, has undoubtedly achieved one-half of his purpose. He has made his protest on behalf of the idea of public law in Europe; he

has also secured a future to Young Turkey by standing by her at the moment of her first shock and trial. The test of his statesmanship lies now in his ability to evolve from this chaos a constructive solution which will avert war. Without some legal settlement the unrest in Eastern Europe will know no end, and must ultimately seek relief in a war from which Turkey could hardly emerge intact, and in which her new Constitution would be put to an intolerably severe test. In the end it is, we believe, on Sir Edward Grey that the future depends. He alone can speak at Vienna with a single and fearless voice. M. Isvolsky must always hedge between a wish to respect secret treaties and to keep his position against a hostile public opinion. Sir Edward Grey alone is trusted and respected at Constantinople. From the very opening of the crisis the popular imagination envisaged it as a moral struggle between Britain and Austria, and in its crude way popular imagination was right.

Unhappily this country is handicapped by faults of temper which are habitual, and also by suspicions of more recent growth. The violence of some of our newspapers, more particularly the "Times," has needlessly envenomed the dispute. Our past relations with Bulgaria should have enabled us to exert a powerful restraining influence in Sofia; that asset was squandered by the brutality of a few leading articles. Nor is it wise or true to suggest that Austria is now acting as the tool of Germany. Some of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein's proceedings in Constantinople may have lent color to this belief. But it is contrary to the plain facts to suggest that Germany's attempts to manage the crisis have contained any provocative or Machiavellian element. This anti-German suspicion in London, the mere expression of an habitual jealousy, has now been answered in Berlin and Vienna by the counter-charge that we on our side are simply working out one of our now familiar manœuvres for the "isolation" of Germany. We aided, if we did not promote, the Turkish revolution, it is said, merely in order to cut off Germany from a promising market in the East, and to check her penetration of Turkey. We are, accordingly, striking at her through Austria. The legend has been embroidered with much ingenuity. Its latest shape is the really farcical suggestion of Professor Vambéry that it was the Balkan Committee which organised the anti-Austrian boycott in Turkey. Not a member of the Balkan Committee was in Constantinople when the boycott of Austrian ships and vessels sprang up spontaneously among the porters and politicians of Stamboul. An instructed foreigner might criticise the Balkan Committee and its kindred organisations in England on the ground that they are recklessly disinterested idealists, and that they tend at times, by their extreme independence, to embarrass our diplomacy. But no one who knew anything of their membership and temperament could suspect them of acting as the tools of the Foreign Office, still less of plotting to further the interests of British trade. They represent a purely British tradition of disinterested humanitarianism.

The real basis of the English opposition to Austrian policy has no relation whatever to high politics. We think that the success of the Young Turks may mean much for civilisation, and the manœuvres of Baron von Aerenthal and Prince Ferdinand seemed to threaten this promising development. So far as Bosnia is concerned, we cannot ignore the fact that for a generation Austria has ruled it by military law, and that there is nothing in the shape of liberty and intellectual advancement for the Bosnians to correspond with the good military roads for the troops and the comfortable hotels for the tourists. But such considerations apart, the problem is now to contrive a settlement and to avert a war. The payment of a money indemnity by Austria and Bulgaria seems to us at once the easiest and the most equitable solution. Concessions which would give to Servia and Montenegro better communications and a free outlet on the Adriatic would also be necessary to complete such a settlement. It is tempting to ask for autonomy for Bosnia and Herzegovina. But to this we see two objections. In the first place, the unlucky history of Croatia goes to prove that a theoretical autonomy may, in practice, be easily over-ridden, and produce much friction and little real liberty. In the second place, if Europe will only have the good sense to leave Bosnia alone, its annexation may soon lead to the creation of a new Servia or Illyria within the Austro-Hungarian system. Our duty to Europe will not be completed by serving Turkey and vindicating the ideal of public law. To promote a durable peace should be our paramount endeavor.

SAVING AND CHARACTER.

Although, like every lover of the English tongue, Lord Rosebery, in his address on thrift at Edinburgh, showed some sense of the degradation that fine and serviceable word has suffered by subjection to the narrow business spirit of the age, we do not think that he succeeded in restoring its right meaning. Where John Ruskin failed it was hardly to be expected that Lord Rosebery should succeed. Yet the opportunity was a great one, for it is, perhaps, true that the whole social question is contained in a realisation of individual and national "thrift," and in a just comprehension of the relation which "saving" has to it. It is not difficult for a student of modern industry to understand how "saving" has come to swallow up the other elements of thrift. For though an individual or a nation "thrives" more by wise spending than by saving, a conspiracy of modern forces has brought into strong relief the use of accumulation as the instrument of material prosperity. Until comparatively recent times the arts of industry, even among civilised peoples, left no great margin of surplus wealth beyond the provision of the necessaries and prime conveniences of life, and little scope for the profitable employment of capital. The industrial revolution was a trumpet-call for capital, and, as Lord Rosebery recognised, the Scot was among the first to respond to the call. With multitudinous zeal throughout the British dominions he has set himself to save, and to collect and administer the savings of others. The latter is by far the more profitable function. For though the beginning of the fortunes of our modern millionaires may be traced

to a nucleus of personal thrift, it takes what Lord Rosebery rather euphemistically styled "a genius for speculation" to amass these enormous properties. To this process goes the painful and involuntary thrift of countless thousands of workers and of small investors, whose efforts seldom fructify to their own advantage.

For when this "genius for speculation" is closely analysed, what does it signify? Take the case cited by Lord Rosebery himself, that of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, or of "a lad who landed in South Carolina 63 years ago with 12s. in his pocket, and died leaving ten millions sterling yesterday." It is not the personal self-sacrifice of millionaires that works these modern marvels, as Mr. Carnegie, in his singularly frank discussion of the origins of wealth, admits. It lies largely in the great capitalist's power to buy cheap the capital and labor of others, and to sell the product as dear as it can be profitably made, by "cornering" natural sources of supply, repressing competition, securing preferences on railroads, extracting tariffs from governments, and utilising every weapon of economic force which comes within his reach. To suggest to the simple working man who puts some savings in the Edinburgh Savings Bank that he is fairly on his way to become a Rockefeller, is to ignore all the most salient features in our modern economy.

For the rest, we are by no means blind to the fine qualities of personal character which have made the Scottish a ruling race. Nor do we grudge the note of triumph in the rhymed caricature of the Scottish invaders of the 18th century:

> "The savage's breeks are on his shoulders,
> So plainly seen by all beholders,
> Half starved, half naked, but one shoe;
> Yet by and by he'll ride o'er you."

But after all there is some limit to the commendation of qualities which enable a man to get the better of his neighbor and to trade upon his weaknesses. If the English and the Irish had been less improvident, more industrious, and keener witted in business, would the Scot have ridden over them so successfully? In one passage, indeed, Lord Rosebery rightly designates thrift as the antithesis of waste. Had he pointed his sermon more directly from this text it would have made more for edification. For he might then have shown individual saving in its proper place. Instead of lending his authority to the entirely false suggestion that saving for old age or other distant purposes is always profitable even for the poorest, he might have urged the right application of thrift in wise expenditure. It is idle for men, drawing their thousands a year from rents and interest upon the savings of others, to urge laborers whose wage is insufficient to provide the elements of healthy subsistence for their families, to put aside money for distant contingencies. For the ordinary laborer with a family to keep cannot afford to save, and such little savings as he does effect are taken out of their very lives.

This unpalatable truth is not to be shirked by allusions to the workman's expenditure on drink. Most, or, to some of us, the whole, of this expenditure is waste. But a true economy would absorb the whole of it and more in furnishing the current requirements for an efficient life. No one who faithfully considers the way in which the poorer workers live, and must live with wages and rents as they stand now, dare tell the ordinary unskilled worker that he ought to save or to postpone the current expenditure of any of his income. But what about his "character," the splendid stimulus such effort of saving will apply? Well, our answer is that just now he cannot afford this character. It is a plain truth that the ordinary agricultural worker in the South of England, in Wales or Ireland, the unskilled laborer in the towns, and the vast majority of women workers, skilled or unskilled, cannot afford to save for any distant object whatever, if they understand what "thrift" really means. Saving should be confined to those who can afford to save: it emerges as an individual duty in its several shapes as the family income reaches and passes certain levels. It is one of the worst burdens of poverty that it forbids any considerable practice of providence. The workman born with a gift for providence may possibly succeed in translating it into adequate provision; but in most cases he is driven to despair.

It is in fact the slow trickling of these truths into the general mind that is at work in all civilised states, converting insurance for various important contingencies, such as illness, accident, unemployment, old age, from private into public provisions. This does not mean that the ordinary workman will no longer practice thrift, but that his thrift will be confined to nearer objects of expenditure, the improvement of his home, more leisure, education, and recreation, and other elements of a higher standard of life. The "saving" will still be done, and done by the people. But it will be more largely a collective than an individual effort. This for two reasons. Saving for sickness, old age, unemployment, &c., involves less effort and expense when done by the wholesale method of taxation than by a retail collection of small weekly sums from door to door—the collective effort is apportioned according to ability to save.

Again, individual working-class saving is a wasteful way of doing it; it is costly, troublesome, and insecure. It is not merely that now and again a slate club fails by the fraud of some official; the whole annals of working-class saving are riddled with stories of wasteful and largely futile effort. The structure of successful joint stock capitalism is very ill-adapted to the needs or the intelligence of tiny working-class investors. Even where it is directed to some early and tangible results, such as the possession or occupation of a house, it is hazardous. But where it involves long, continuous contribution to some far-off or speculative end, it is either a financial instrument for fleecing the workers, or else a clumsy way of doing insecurely what organised society can do better and more securely. It is as important to the character of a nation that it shall collectively practise "thrift" as to that of an individual. The Old Age Pensions scheme which came into operation yesterday is a new and profitable recognition of this public duty. Every growth of such public thrift must tend to banish some baser or more wasteful use of the public resources. It is part of the eternal warfare between productive and unproductive expenditure, between constructive and destructive finance.

Life and Letters.

"SECURITY" AND CHANGE.

The challenge of the present to the future—the insistence of hard, tangible things in a region of dreams and speculations—is a challenge too often forgotten by those who are impatient of the slow processes of change. They see visible evil to be overcome, visions of clearer horizons and a fairer dawn. They cannot understand why mankind round them—equally intelligent, equally compassionate—do not also find their feet marching to the tune of a militant melody. They fail to apprehend rightly the crushing effect of the present, especially as embodied in hard, material realities, upon the minds of the majority of mankind. To these, history is but a misty panorama of uncertain meaning, geography a story of things wonderful and strange, but remote and negligible. Here is the real world: the houses of commerce, four-square, of solid stone, ample Government offices, law courts, police stations, secure private dwellings. "Let him change it who can," their innermost souls declare, in a declaration which actually signifies, "It never will be changed at all." By the many, of all classes, the affirmation of the Psalmist would be readily re-echoed, that "He has held the round world so fast, that it cannot be moved at any time." Inhabitants of the earthquake zones, as has been mournfully demonstrated in this week's cosmic catastrophe, are always convinced that each successive earth tremor will be the last earth tremor, that now, at length, the old earth, after a final shaking, has settled down to sleep. And the same is true of the shaking of the children of earth—the call which has sounded over the nations in succeeding centuries, which has shattered custom, convention, and security, and all the accepted ways. Each revolution is always the last revolution, the final effort of a violence which has expired in this ultimate convulsion.

It is not only that the inhabitants of London cannot picture what London was when the Abbey of Westminster stood up white from green gardens, and over the river the roads ran on causeways through sullen marshes lit by will-of-the-wisps and fever fires. It is that they are unable even to imagine a time when Cadogan Square was a huddle of slum tenements, and Islington an expanse of meadow land, and the places they now occupy long, quiet fields. Lacking such imagination, it is impossible for them to stand up and face the domination of the present with the naked vision of the future. Mr. Wells, at the end of his voyage into Utopia, has described the traveller returning, standing, after so adventurous a journey, at the familiar spot where the Strand debouches into Trafalgar Square. Here everything is the same—the railway stations, the tall buildings with winking sky signs, the column and the lions of the Square, the long, low, brooding ugliness of the National Gallery. Amongst them moves the busy people, hurrying, to-day as yesterday, to and from their sedentary occupations and their comfortable surburban homes. It all appears "so fast" that "it cannot be moved at any time." Utopia, before this intrusive reality—to be seen, touched, handled—rises from the earth and joins the other cloud cities "built in Heaven." An ironical touch may be given by the sight of a squalid, tiny crowd gathered round one of these pillars, with banners demanding the speedy coming of "the Social Revolution," mocked at alike by the solid architecture, the indulgent policemen, the indifferent multitudes who pass by. Mr. Lowes Dickinson, in a dialogue recently published, has confronted a banker, of enlightened views, with the protest of an idealist and reformer against present social injustices. The reformer—from a University common room—has much the best of the argument. Looking out, from those pleasant paths and gardens, not only over the monstrous inequalities of present fortune, but also over all time and all existence, he can reveal to the man of business the impossibility of the present, the urgent necessity for change. The banker has but one argument, but with that he can overwhelm his antagonist, the existence of the present, in solid, appreciable reality. He can hurl at the reformer not acute and ready phrases, but steamships and factories, Lombard Street, Pimlico, Manchester, against which the random Socialist, academic or anarchical, can make no more impression than a rat attempting to gnaw through the granite stones of the Bank of England. Here is partly the insistence of things against ideas, the dominance of the material, "the things," which, according to Emerson, are "in the saddle and ride mankind." Samuel Butler once pictured the revolt of the machine against its master, a kind of universal Frankenstein monster come to life and striking blindly in the dark, like the furious rebellion of some slave race which in the past has occasionally wiped out a civilisation in hideous ruin. But apart from the possibility of such revolt, no first visitor to the newer industrial centres but is aware of a certain shrivelling up of man's importance before the aggregation and elaboration of material construction. The sense of proportion is dwarfed by the mere contrast in size and stability, the puny, weak, unprotected human body contrasted with the vast levers and furnaces which at any moment could crack him like an eggshell, or shrivel him up like sawdust. Human life and mechanical life comes to be pictured in permanence like those gaunt and sullen streets of East London, where tiny cottages crouch beneath tall encompassing walls so high that between them men scarcely can see the sun. But behind the weight laid upon the imagination by mass and matter is the, perhaps, rather more oppressive weight of custom and convention. "Every body"—so commences Newton's famous law—"continues in its state of rest or motion in a straight line." More than of any projectiles careering through limitless space is this true of the mind of man—continuing always, unless forcibly and sometimes brutally wrested away by impacting forces, in its motion in a straight line. Bagehot tells a story of the "very conservative" people of Fiji. "A chief was one day going over a mountain-path, followed by a long string of his people, when he happened to stumble and fall; all the rest of the people immediately did the same except one man, who was set upon by the rest to know whether he considered himself better than the chief." Fiji is too remote a dwelling place for such a leader. He resides to-day in Dulwich, in Poplar, in Eaton Square.

Not only is the Present in its resistance to the future secure in its own armies and entrenchments. It is continually trafficking—and successfully—with the forces of the invader, purchasing them in single spies and in battalions. Every reform, successfully effected, transfers whole divisions and army corps from the attacking to the defending army. The giving of old age pensions, for example, at one stroke swings half a million aged persons passionately on the side of the *status quo*, passionately against any upheaval which would jeopardise, or might be thought to jeopardise, the regular reckonable dole of two half-crowns per week. And as individuals, nine out of ten at least of the men who would be competent to lead the movement towards change are to-day immediately caught up in the huge machine and provided outlet for their ambitions within a tangible and realisable Present. How many potential Labor leaders and Socialists are at present in London, through the operation of the huge sieve-net of the new scholarship system, pathetically ordered by Mr. Webb, a Socialist, being swept into secondary schools, from working-class homes, and thence, as clerks in great businesses, through University training, in subsequent Government or private employment, destined to be firmly cemented into the fabric of the present social order? Even the Labor leader, if successful, tends to become Conservative, to despise the material he once organised, the masses of unskilled labor, as scattered dust or crumbling snow.

But the great majority of the nation are being intercepted before the opportunity of becoming "Labor leaders" will arise. Their energies are being deflected from politics into individual commercial or industrial enterprise. Socialism seems destined to be left to the idealist and the economic failure, to the man with ready tongue and little stable capacity for work, like the "Masterman" so cruelly portrayed in Mr. Wells's "Kipps," to the re-

former who revolts from the harsh operation of present law, but finds no allies but a proletariat from which the intelligence has been steadily drained in early boyhood. It will pass from the antithesis of the class war—the rich against the poor—to the antithesis which Nietszche foresaw many years ago—the Many against the Few, the demands of incapacity to share in the benefits created by the competent. It is under such circumstances that the very buildings and sombre architecture of the present seem to smile down derisive indulgence at the vaporings and pleadings of those who still hope to change the world a little. The infant, says Mr. Whiteing in "The Yellow Van," was blowing lustily upon a tin whistle as the van of the land reformers passed under the walls of Allonby Castle. "Nothing happened to the walls."

Yet against this tyranny of the Present the reformer, after all, has sufficient stores of satisfaction. "He laughs best who laughs the last": and the longest laugh is always on the side of the forces of change. The hills are nothing and flow from form to form: the mountains smoke at the touch of His hand: "He washeth away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth and destroyest the hope of man." Researches in the great canyon of Arizona have revealed not only an eating through miles of solid rock by the flow of a quiet stream of water in a gulf created through almost limitless time, but behind this, in incalculable space of years, a succession of previous operations, formation and upheaval of continents and their overthrow, swinging back the plummets of the mind into abysses beyond the powers of that mind ever to comprehend. The sun and rain and delicate air are wasting away, not only the backbone of the mountains, but also the granite stones of the Bank of England. The Future has great allies. For all the momentary insistence of the material in factory and furnace, the mind can find tranquillity in realisation that this is merely the Idea, clothing itself for a season, and in a temporary habitation: the Idea which can make the rocks dance to its music and the solid ground tremble at its advent. "Cities and Thrones and Powers," to the poet, "stand in Time's eye, almost as long as flowers that daily die." And as of Nineveh there remains but a heap, and of Tyrus a spit of sandy shore, and of Sagesta but one solemn temple looking down the valley to the sea, so the imagination of the seer can triumphantly fling off the yoke of the Present to see in solid England dynamic instead of static forces, and all the cities in motion and flow towards some unknown ends. This may not provide any peculiar satisfaction for present endeavor, There is no guarantee, because change is inevitable, that change will come along desirable ways. Nor does any consolation reside in the knowledge that one day, without a shadow of uncertainty, great London itself will become but a vast tomb for all its busy peoples, and of its splendor and pride not one stone be left upon another. But it does release from the tyranny of a Present which sees no change possible. If change must come, then it may well be deflected along desirable ways. The direction of forces is so much easier than the initiation of them. "Yet it moves" is the eternal affirmation, as much over societies which appear stationary as over societies which appear reckless in progress, over each successive solid Present, crowning itself with flowers and holding itself immortal. For over each, with its ample Government offices, its law courts, its police stations, its secure private dwellings, there has been written an epitaph, the inexorable law of a Universe, not of Being, but of Becoming—a law frightfully illustrated in the terrific catastrophe which has just passed over Calabria and Sicily—"A wind passeth over it: it is gone: the place thereof shall know it no more."

THE GLEAM

It may have been in reality or only in a picture that we once saw a vision of Hell receiving its New Year consignment of paving stones. Thousands of black demons were unloading and laying them down with much ado, and we noticed that on a large number of the slabs were inscribed the words of Merlin to the Young Mariner:—

> "After it, follow it,
> Follow the Gleam!"

So it is evident that the Gleam is very prominent in men's minds at this season, and that, in hewing out their good intentions for the coming year, they, like true pavement artists, illuminate them with the familiar motto.

Certainly, it is impossible to choose a finer text for decorative purposes. We all admire the man who sees his Gleam clear ahead of him and follows it over wilderness and woodland, among the rolling of dragons and the cataract music of falling torrents, past silent rivers and through enchanted cities, onward into the valley of the shadow, till it hovers all but in Heaven. We admire and envy, for we recognise that this is quite the proper thing to do. Nor does it appear so very difficult. He for whom the Gleam shines as a guide must feel the solid assurance of the hymn beginning "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." Confidence is easy where there is no further reason for doubt, and who would shrink from toil, privation, or danger, when a star leads him forward, with promise of glories yet to be revealed? "Whom thou dost not forsake, O Genius," sang Goethe in his youth, "into his heart no rain, no storm can breathe a fear. Whom thou dost not forsake, O Genius, confronting clouds of deluge and tempests of hail he will sing as the lark high up in heaven."

It is all very enviable. We know there are men who have followed their star through poverty and danger and bitter persecution. We do not count among them Tennyson, who told of the Gleam, nor Goethe, who sang of genius, for they were favored by fortune from birth. But we remember Cervantes in his prison, Bunyan in his prison, Milton smitten by every curse of fate, Blake in his poverty, and even Burns, though people have said he sold his Gleam for a competency of gauging beer and tallow. We recognise such men as of fine nobility, and happy besides, no matter what disasters buffeted them. But there are not very many whose justification has been so conspicuous, and if we descend to a plane just below the highest, we may find ourselves faced with shrewd questions about that Gleam.

Take, for instance, the case of John Clare, once called the Peasant Poet by the half-dozen people in London who met him. If ever man followed his Gleam, John Clare did. Born a premature, wizened, and illegitimate imp in fenny gloom near Peterborough, he tended geese and sheep, he gardened for a lord, he ploughed badly, he wandered with gypsies, and lay out drunk of nights, he lived equally in love and in debt, he starved in dirt, he produced seven children, he went mad, and spent the last twenty years of his life alone in Northampton madhouse. Yet two doctors signed his lunacy certificate on the ground of his having passed his years "addicted to poetical prosings," and in the asylum he produced his best work. Undoubtedly, through every fortune he followed the Gleam, and, perhaps, we may count him happy, for he was a better poet than peasant. He wrote a few verses of strange and personal beauty—innocency touched with a fond and lingering observation—as in the madhouse lyric, called "The Dying Child," which contains the characteristic lines:—

> "His eyes glanced at the white-nosed bee;
> He knew those children of the Spring;
> When he was well and on the lea
> He held one in his hands to sing,
> Which filled his heart with glee."

We may count him happy in his following of the Gleam, and Mr. Arthur Symons has just collected some of his best work (Clarendon Press). But in the introduction, the latest piece of Mr. Symons's beautiful criticism, we read:—

> "Clare's poetry begins by having something clogging in it; substance, and poetical substance, is there, but the poetry has hardly worked its way out to freedom. That it should have got so far on the way there is one of the most astonishing things in literature."

Shall one follow the Gleam from fen to madhouse only to be an astonishment in the end, like a dog's dancing—

"not well done, but the wonder is it should be done at all"?

Or there is Clare's contemporary, Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, of whom Carlyle wrote in his zeal for labor:—

> "It used to be said that lions do not paint, that poor men do not write; but the case is altering now. Here is a voice coming from the deep Cyclopian forges, where Labor, in real soot and sweat, beats with his thousand hammers the red son of the furnace. . . . There are unhappy times in the world's history, when he that is the least educated will chiefly have to say that he is the least perverted."

It may be so. Certainly, the Corn Law Rhymer followed the Gleam among the furnaces of Sheffield, and perhaps we may count him happy, for a few of his sayings ring like beaten brass. Yet, in the last fifty years how many have looked at his works? His vogue has long been limited, we believe, to the Cobden Club.

Take Joseph Skipsey, another contemporary—take the miner poet whose record by Dr. Spence Watson we noticed two or three weeks ago. In the coal pits he, too, followed the Gleam and found a reward not to be despised. Yet how nearly the verdict of Burne-Jones on him agrees with the verdict of Mr. Arthur Symons on Clare, or of Dr. Johnson on the dancing dog:—

> "Burne-Jones said the circumstances of Skipsey's life had left him at a disadvantage in the art of writing poetry for which nothing could make up. He thought Skipsey must carry about with him the pain of knowing that all he did could only be judged after allowances made."

The boy went to the pit at seven years old, and taught himself to read by the light of a miner's gleam. Did all that heroic purpose end in carrying about with him the pain of that depressing knowledge?

Yet another of their contemporaries died some days ago in Leicester at a good old age. Her name was Ruth Wills, poetess, and she also began to work at seven, on eighteenpence a week. She learnt to read in a Sunday school, worked at hosiery in the same mill for sixty years, and was a regular contributor to the "Leicester Chronicle." We read that "she published two small volumes, called 'Lays of Lowly Life,' which had a circulation in the Midlands and are now forgotten. As a strong Nonconformist she also enjoyed the friendship of the late Dr. Legge and Mr. Allanson Picton, late M.P. for Leicester." To this end she followed the Gleam.

"Res angusta domi"—"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed"—the texts are worn very thin. But the real tragedy is, not that worth rises slowly, but that it is not so worthy to rise. We grant that the low-born poets we have mentioned had a reward. They won an edition by Mr. Arthur Symons, an essay by Carlyle, a biography by Dr. Spence Watson, or the friendship of the late Dr. Legge. Two of them, at least, had a real touch of poetry and a power of showing it besides. But just because they were bred in poverty, they remained as dancing dogs in the ranks of literature, and the first thought in reading them is the wonder that it should be done at all.

And what shall we say of the thousands who do not get so far even as a dancing dog? In that same essay on the Corn Law Rhymer, Carlyle has the comfortable sentence: "Where a genius has been given, a possibility, a certainty of its growing is also given." The thought is characteristic of his unshaken belief in the triumph of good. But it is profoundly untrue. The genius that wins distinction in the modern world is almost invariably sprung from the well-educated classes. They have the monopoly of opportunity, but we need not suppose they have a monopoly of genius. Over the heads of the million children now sitting in our Board Schools is there no beckoning Gleam? The present writer has known boys among them who were born to be generals, explorers, mighty engineers, artists, and humorists. But what could Merlin say to them? Could he say: "After it, follow it, follow the Gleam!" when their mothers were waiting for their six shillings a week? Could he honestly say it when he knew that their very accent alone cut them off for ever from any chance of becoming generals, explorers, or any of the other distinguished persons which the Gleam lured them to become? In all the wastefulness of nature there is no such pitiful waste, but it is thus she lavishes away her riches by the hundred thousand a year, and to talk here of following the Gleam is but a mockery.

Others there are beside who suffer more subtle frustration: spirits so fastidious as to hide themselves in commonplace lest they should degrade their high and secret calling; spirits of so tender a sympathy that the claim of pity or family or public service drags them irresistibly aside. One of the finest imaginative writers is now inditing Civil Service reports for fear of writing badly. One of the finest essayists devotes his passing years to a hopeless cause because he cannot endure the pity of it. Byron's Gleam was plain enough, but he won his highest honor by turning from it to fling away his life. Mr. A. E. Housman teaches Latin, Mr. Birrell is in the Cabinet. After all, it is not so easy as it seems to follow that Gleam whose motto annually illuminates the pavement of Hell.

THE BROKEN ALABASTER.

The story of the woman with the alabaster box is recorded in all the Gospels, but with remarkable variations. The fourfold record, and the large margin of fluctuation, point to one thing—the episode had made a deep impress on the minds of the Christian community. It was repeated over and over again, till, like stories often told, it gathered variants, and the precise form of the original version is lost.

If we take St. Mark's dating of the episode, and borrow one or two points from the other synoptists, we get a singularly vivid story. It is near the end of the life of Jesus, at the time when the tension that preceded his betrayal was at its highest. He had "set his face" for Jerusalem, with a keen sense that all the forces working against him would be focussed there. His disciples in some measure shared his mood, but with mingled feelings. They foresaw some strong risk of disaster; Judas perhaps prophesied it in his shrewd way; and no one of them was easy. Their Master's life was at stake; their friendship with this strange, original man, and all that it meant, seemed only too likely to be ended; and, if He were gone, what became of all He had taught them about the Heavenly Father and His Kingdom? Was it still possible to avert ruin for all their hopes, and, above all, to save the man they loved from destruction? At this juncture, a Pharisee asked them to his house.

It would be interesting to know the mind of this man. His courtesy, according to some of the accounts, had limits soon reached, and his critical attitude toward his guest was easily read. What did he mean? Was it candor that impelled him to the questionable step of association with a marked man—or curiosity—or was he a foe in disguise? Whatever the host was, the guest, who spoke as never man spoke, whose words of charm had won so many, might perhaps influence him, with or against his will. Some slight ray of hope flickered here. It was speedily extinguished. A woman appeared and threw herself at the feet of Jesus. Every one saw what she was—"except the Prophet," the host murmured to himself. She finally disposed of any chance that the Pharisee would take up the cause of his guest, if there had been any at the beginnning. It was the very moment when one of the deplorable people, who always appealed to Jesus, could best have been spared. Yet Jesus was the one person unembarrassed.

How the meal went on we can barely imagine. Suddenly, if we can trust a participle of St. Mark's, there was a sharp crack, and the room was filled with the fragrance of a rich unguent. The woman had broken an alabaster box of spikenard, worth, as someone instantly computed, three hundred pence—a year's wages for an honest workman. Let us, however, look at St Mark's word, an aorist participle. The Greek verb itself means "to smash"—the box was broken in such a way that it was box no more, nothing but broken pieces. The aorist, as the grammarians put it, implies

a momentary action. It looks as if the breaking was a sudden resolve. How did it come about?

This, perhaps, is the explanation. She came, drawn to the one man for whom she was not unclean, whose eyes, as they rested on her, saw her better self, and brought it again into being, till she could think of herself as God's child, loved, lost, and found again. She brought the ointment, which hints clearly enough at the extravagance of her life, for it was luxury of a prodigal kind. Perhaps she meant to pour some of it upon Jesus. Even a little would have been an entertainment for a prince. And then—perhaps the lid, or the cover, or whatever it was, stuck and could not be moved. So that it came to this: she must take it away as she brought it, and Jesus would have none of it, or—there was one alternative. A sandal loosened, a sharp crack, and he had it all. It was All or Nothing.

The effect on the company is in our records—money calculations and annoyance. What Jesus felt is to be divined from His words. Death looked Him in the face, hourly drawing nearer; and here was a devotion, a love, and a surrender, of the most astounding whole-heartedness, exactly at the moment when failure and betrayal were most evident. Here was a spirit after His own heart—All or Nothing.

For, if we consider His position, it was determined by the same thought—All or Nothing. From the first He had been the idealist. Satan might offer the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them for the price of a little tact; a price which Jesus interpreted as a change of God. The saddest thing in the history of the world's progress is the record of idealists who have compromised, and here was one who would not. If He was right in His view of God, if He really knew His Heavenly Father, there was nothing to be done but to do His will and accept it. If God wished to see Him carry His message through, God would see to it; but He would accept no other aid. It was God's affair. He did not half-believe, as so many men do, using the arts learnt of old from the enemy to promote the new cause of God. He believed *quite*—all or nothing. All for God and all from God—or nothing. It was the supreme venture of faith, with issues for mankind of the most awful, and Jesus was prepared to lose all, to see everything for which He stood, wrecked, ruined, and abolished, sooner than waive the least point. "Thy will be done," He said, and He knew to whom He said it. And here was a woman who would do the same for Him. The disciples had left all to follow Him, but she was more definitely disinterested, for she had no hope of a throne in the Kingdom. She was, perhaps, the first to achieve the Master's spirit in this direction.

This "breaking the box" has been the crux in all movements of progress and reformation, political or religious. From Paul, who shipwrecked a career, and gave up learning, wealth, dignity, family, friends and fellow-students—"I have suffered the loss of all things"—to the men of Marseilles, who marched to Paris "prepared to die," and gave France her national hymn, and, in some measure, her national existence, all the movements have depended on the "all-or-nothing" people. "They," said Mr. By-Ends, pointing along the road to Christian and Hopeful, "are for hazarding all for God at a clap . . . but I am for Religion in what, and so far as the times and my safety will bear it." The question is really a very old one. What is that you praise? asked Plato; is it the thing or the thing *plus*? the rewards of righteousness along with it, or "the actual naked thing in itself, righteousness"? That is where and why men split, for unless the latter is their choice, they dare not hazard all at a clap.

But, of course, to hazard all at a clap may undo everything. How little after all Jesus actually did! Think of His gifts of insight and expression, His grasp of reality, His passion for God, and His power of capturing men—all snuffed out, before more than a dozen or two, and those quite common people, had a chance of knowing what He was! What a mistake! But Prudence cannot quite say that. Yet will Prudence here and now admit that a man, who "does things quite," will achieve more by being snuffed out than the most glorious and successful "half-and-half" manages in the longest life of ingenious contrivance? Not readily, and yet God's preference seems fairly clear. The real difficulty is in unstrapping the sandal for the one crack that will break the box past mending.

THE SLEEPERS.

In the attic, where a half-finished piece of cabinet-making has awaited us several months, there is something hanging on the wall that looks like a faded black glove. It is a bat, called by our people here "leather'ing bat." It is still and cold—not merely negatively cold, but positively so, and when we have with difficulty unhooked it from its ledge it lies on the hand like lead. Only a fortnight ago it was flittering round the house and the cypress trees after rare insects. In less than a month, an isolated mild day may bring it forth again on a still more hopeless quest, for the majority of insects are past waking now, except in the immortal sequence of their eggs. They who moved a load of bricks last week found in the internal dry chinks a queen wasp in her motionless, brittle-limbed sleep from which she would have almost infallibly wakened about the time of gooseberry blossoms. But they found also many flies, spiders, earwigs, moths, beetles, undoubtedly dead and most of them representing species of which not one individual now remains alive. Perhaps there is more that calls for wonder in the egg that can be cased in ice, sodden with winter slush, parched, frozen, broiled, and yet retain its spark of vitality and keep appointment with its caterpillar for a given week in May, than in the furred animal that sleeps like the dead in a dry attic. It is hibernation, though, that most readily wins our admiration—the care of an apparently sapient individual for its own skin, the mechanism of a grown and intricate organism that allows an apparently total abeyance of the vital functions and an ensuing resurrection.

In our temperate climate hibernation is very slightly and fitfully practised. When the globe has swung down, down in its northern trend till it stops for a day or two at the lowest point as though every year there was some doubt whether it would ever face the sun again, many things are asleep—badger, squirrel, dormouse, vole, shrew, and in a real cold winter several other considerable animals. But there is probably not one calendar month in which any one of them has not been seen abroad. The mildness of our winter is often their bane. It would be better for them to sleep soundly till the whole world was ready to waken at once; honeyed flowers for the bees; insects and herbage as food for hedgehog and vole; frogs, mice and eggs in the nest for those of grosser appetites. The fat accumulated at the autumn feast would serve a sleeping animal as well for four months as for two, while it is very trying and often fatal to awaken in the middle of a foodless night under the impression that warmth and plenty have come again. The tragedy presents itself every year in the shape of slow-worms cut off by sudden frost from the return to their hibernaculum, of dormouse or squirrel dead beside the emptied store that should not have been attacked till March, of thousands of caterpillars that have bored up through the snow which falling on a warm earth has given them the sensation of spring sunshine. The winter butterfly is a more marked phenomenon, the small tortoiseshell coming forth on any fine day after January has opened, but whether to perish or to go to bed again and appear again later we cannot say. Probably it is only the best sleepers that make that braver spring show when the nettles are up for the grubs to feed upon, and there will be no more relapse into frost and snow. The peacock and the red admiral, on the other hand, are more thorough hibernators, the latter waking so late that there are not a few naturalists who declare that it does not hibernate at all but is blown here from earlier countries in May after the first spring brood.

And what is happening in the hive whence comes the soul of the garden as soon as the golden crocus

chalices are full of pollen? Scarcely a week ago, there passed in and out the narrowed door a few of the workers flying in a forlorn world for exercise or from sheer restlessness. There were even one or two that made a half-hearted attempt to respond to the untimely invitation of the wallflowers. But now the hive is like a city of the dead by comparison with the summer throng that we saw with Shakespeare's eyes:—

> "Stake boot upon the summer's velvet buds.
> Which pillage they with merry march bring home
> To the tent-royal of their emperor."

He who has the somewhat cruel curiosity to take off the roof and lift the quilts shall see a silent throng of bees hooked together and hanging between the warmest central combs. The queen, her season of egg-laying over, is no more regarded than the humblest worker (if there were among these Socialists degrees of humbleness). Those who have their feet on the honey-cells hand down the social sweet to others who pass it on and on, till every unit is fed and thus able to contribute to the warmth on which the whole mass depends. They are all unemployed. No work can by any means be found for them. So they live on the capital they produced in happier times. The sun still shines for them from the thousand hexagonal cells in which they had the prudence to store it while they might. Very soon now, the empty cells in the middle of their cluster-comb will inspire the queen with the idea of laying a score or so of eggs, and the old bees that disdain such work in summer will feed the young nurses of the next generation but one. A cold snap may give them a Malthus scare and provoke the hasty destruction of the brood; but the first excuse for renewed optimism will be seized, and again tiny grubs will come in the drowsy hive. The willow catkins of March will not lack their musical myriads.

Yet the solstice is not mid-winter. Our almanacks, founded on the irrefutable testimony of the thermometer and we know not what other instruments, declare that on Christmas Day winter begins. The big frosts of the year, the snow and the biting winds come in January, February, March, and even April, and rarely, as in this week, in November or December. The townsman shivers at the thought of a country ramble on February 14, Midwinter Day, when nevertheless the skylark is singing, the partridge is paired, the celandine, dog's mercury and hazel are in bloom. There is a difference of forty-five days between the calendar mid-winter and the solstice. On glancing through a record of first and last appearances we find that the bee's mid-winter is January 5, the pipistrelle bat's January 30, the swallow's January 7, the chiffchaff's January 3, and the wasp's January 8. Optimists all. The lengthening day is a fact and a hope that outweighs the cold inertia of the earth. Even the earth things feel the turning again towards the sun, for from Christmas Day forth the herbs one after another put out leaves and blossom. The helebore begins to shoot up baby green; the spurge laurel is visibly preparing its pale flowers, to be followed by the bright pink of its near relative, the mezereon; the snowdrops are up and the crocuses have nearly an inch of leaves tied in a sheaf for the protection of the glory that they enfold. Perhaps these precocious blossoms are responsible for the early rising of the bee; perhaps they are due to the bee's industrious gardening. In the end there is no caller-up but the sun, and every spring (or must we say winter?) proves that quite a small whisper suffices for many of the sleepers.

Present-Day Problems.

THE BREAKDOWN OF SCHOOL FEEDING.

It is not merely the delay in placing the cost of school feeding upon the rates that has brought upon the Moderate party in the County Council the disapproval of all London and the contempt of the provinces. The delay has certainly been a mistake, and has hampered their administration; but, irrespective of that, their methods have been chaotic, demoralising and unscientific.

From the beginning it was clear to everyone else that, no matter how often the Mayoral hat went round, the amount thrown in would be insufficient. For years voluntary funds have been raised for feeding school-children, and these, which have been small in better times, could not possibly meet the needs of this winter. Altogether the action of the Sub-Committee on Underfed Children seems to have been strangely short-sighted. On December 7th there was a sum of £1,400 in the Council poor-box, and the Sub-Committee declared that it would need £4,000 by the end of January. A week later, at an emergency meeting, this same Committee gave up all hope of sufficient voluntary contributions and demanded £10,000 from the rates to last till the end of January! No sooner had the Council agreed to this than another abortive appeal was made through the Lord Mayor for further doles. Already about £5,000 has been paid from the rates for equipment, rent, cooking and service at feeding centres, and in salaries for the Council's own organisers, of whom there are fourteen. This sum almost equals the amount subscribed during the year by the charitable millionaires of London. Yet still thousands of hungry children go unfed, meals are irregularly given, much of the food is unsuitable, and is served under insanitary and uncivilised conditions.

It cannot for a moment be imagined that the 38,000 children now declared to be necessitous include all the underfed children in the schools. At the beginning of December there were already 39,000 men registered under the Distress Committees of London. Is it rash to estimate that at least 50,000 of their children are in the schools? Then there are some 8,000 girls and boys of school age (nearly all the children of widows) whose parents are in receipt of outdoor relief. In a better year than this it has been estimated that more than half of these must be underfed simply from lack of income. Finally, there are the thousands of children dependent on casual laborers, unemployed workmen not registered, struggling homeworkers, sick or disabled or vicious parents, all unable to provide sufficient maintenance. At its very lowest, the number of necessitous children can be little less than 80,000.

Yet the last return presented to the Council gave the total number reported as necessitous at 38,381, and of these nearly 600 were not being fed. Every week there has been this discrepancy, happily growing less, so that the figures of the unfed since the beginning of November run as follows:—

For the week ending	November	6th	...	1,274
,, ,,	,,	13th	...	2,723
,, ,,	,,	20th	...	1,262
,, ,,	,,	27th	...	1,026
,, ,,	December	4th	...	826
,, ,,	,,	11th	...	588

There can be no excuse for this delay in preparing for a continuously increasing number, which must have been foreseen. Any Sunday-school superintendent used to holding a yearly treat would have coped with the problem more speedily.

But, in any event, the number of those who actually are fed is still small. Out of the 917 public elementary schools in London only 553 are reporting necessitous children. There are thus 364 schools which are not feeding any of their scholars. Some of them are in poor neighborhoods, and it may almost certainly be said that not one is really without any necessitous families. In such cases it often happens that the parents of children who are in need of food do not ask for it. They say simply, "Oh, there aren't any meals being given at that school"—not knowing that if they asked it must be given. Nor is any effort made to enlighten them. In all the schools the decision as to whether or no children are necessitous is left to the Care Committees, voluntary bodies appointed by the school managers, and increased by co-option. But no rule has been laid down by which

they are to judge "necessity." The Act directs that it shall be based on the physical condition of the child. In practice it is based on that or any other consideration which may appeal to a particular Committee, varying not only from school to school, but even in the same school from day to day. At School A. a boy may get a dinner if his teacher thinks he needs it; at School B. he may not get one because he played truant last week. Even in the same school children of the same family may not both get meals, because, for example, one is in the infants' department, where the mistress "believes in" school feeding, and one in the boys' department, where the master is against it. In one case, little Polly Smith, a mite of five years old, got no dinner, but Johnny, two years older, and in the boys' department, had 4·2 dinners a week (for that is the Moderate average). He was given a ticket for an eating-house, and he pleaded with the waiter-gentleman to let Polly in and give her half his pennyworth of bread and pudding. So the two shared their chair, their plate, and doubtless their spoon.

Of the enormous irregularities in administration between schools there is ample proof. To take a few examples only: In one very poor district it is found that of three schools one feeds 33 per cent., the next 20 per cent., the third less than 3 per cent. In another case, a school which had no Care Committee last year then fed 280, and this year, in a time of far greater distress, feeds only 90. There are two methods by which numbers may be reduced in this fashion, and both are freely used throughout London. One is to discourage applications, the other to deny the necessity of the children after investigation.

The first is often very successfully carried out by charitable busybodies, who go the rounds in a poor district persuading mothers that the meals are meant for the unemployed only, or that it is a disgrace to have their children fed by what they are pleased to call charity. The Council, however, has found a still better method. They have compelled the Care Committees, under threat of doing it themselves, to issue to all parents applying for meals a stern circular demanding payment therefor and threatening legal proceedings to recover it if the parents turn out not to be necessitous. Though the circular contains this "if," and may be explained away by a kindly visitor, the paragraph from the Act at the bottom of the page seems to leave no way out, and the distracted parent, terrified by the legal phraseology, is sure that payment will be demanded, that it cannot be met, that prison will result, and, therefore, that the children's application must be at once withdrawn. The deterrent effect of Circular 91 is not visionary; it is a fact that parents have, under its influence, refused to apply for the meals their children needed. And yet already the Council contemplate a more ferocious document!

Some Care Committees have gone further along the path of deterrent treatment, and one at least has refused to put any child on the list until its parent has made an application in person to the Committee. The meetings are in the afternoon, so that children with only one parent, and that parent at work, are barred from the school meals. So, also, are those with sick parents, or, in still more pathetic cases, those whose mothers have neither boots nor clothes in which to appear before this little inquisition. For such, indeed, they feel it to be, and so must all who realise the pain of that cross-questioning, the shame of telling to that listening group of well-fed, warmly-dressed men and women all the squalid details of poverty, the pitiful little shifts, the selling and pawning of furniture and clothes. It is an audience, too, which is seeking an excuse to deny the necessity—to refuse to grant help. "The women," it was said of one of these meetings, "often cry." It is hideous to think that we cannot believe that children are hungry—children with thin little bodies, pale, anæmic faces, dull, spiritless eyes—unless their mothers with their tears attest it.

The general method, however, only allows a deterrent "test" at a later stage. The children are, in the first instance, selected by teachers or managers or members of Care Committees; sometimes they or their parents ask for meals. By the former method it is obvious that some children may be overlooked. "I think it was my new boots," said one boy. "He called me up, but he didn't give me a ticket, and he had a good look at my boots." "It's because I send her to school too tidy," said a mother. "If she had a torn pinny and no stockings she'd get dinners fast enough."

And if the teachers, with all their experience of the children in their care, cannot always judge the question of underfeeding—really a matter of medical or at least hygienic training—what are we to say of the hundreds of voluntary investigators now being let loose over London to decide the question? The majority know nothing of the household economics of the working class. Used themselves to a solid breakfast, a lunch of at least a meat and pudding course, a tea at four or five o'clock, and a three or four course dinner after that, they employ for the poor a completely new standard. A few kippers, some potatoes, and bread seem to some of them a good dinner for a family which has only three meals a day. They solace their souls with the thought that the poor are used to little. "You must try and save something now," said one such visitor to a widow with two children and 10s. a week. "If it's only a shilling a week, it's something." The Care Committees are little better. A visitor reported that a family occupied two rooms, but had sold nearly all the furniture. All the bedclothes had gone save one coverlet for the children; yet they were refused meals because when visited they were having a good dinner! Another Committee refused because the parents were not married. Perhaps the crowning injustice to the children, however, is done by those Committees which actually declare that they give no dinners to any children whose parents are in receipt of outdoor relief. It is admitted that they may be necessitous, and that the income may be insufficient, but simply because they do receive relief their children must continue to starve. By what right are these Committees setting aside the Act and creating a new disqualification?

It may be true that hundreds of parents are undeserving but will they be the more deserving because their children are still further punished? The Act was passed that children need no longer lose the value of the education which we had determined must be given them, through their being hungry and unfit. Let us, if we can, save the children's bodies and the parents' souls by feeding the hungry and punishing the neglectful, but do not let us leave the children starving and let the parents go scot-free. And do not let us adopt the cruel deterrent methods of making application painful and uncertain. If we are going to exclude children from the school dinners, we must do so on clear and uniform principles known to everyone, and must take prompt action to enforce them. At present the particular school, or even department of a school, the particular locality, the fact of being north or south of the Thames, constitute more important factors than simply being hungry.

Now that the citizens of London are having to pay the whole cost, are they going to let children still go hungry at the caprice of the parents, the teachers, the Care Committees, or the Moderate majority at Spring Gardens?

Science.

THE REIGN OF THE ELECTRON.

Thirty years ago Sir William Crookes showed a series of astonishing experiments on what he called "the fourth state of matter," or "radiant matter." Almost everyone is now familiar with the "Crookes tube," by means of which the Röntgen, or X, rays are produced—a glass globe into opposite ends of which are sealed two platinum wires, one terminating in a small flat plate of platinum, and the other in a slightly cup-shaped plate of aluminium, inside the tube. When these wires have been fixed, the air is almost completely withdrawn from the tube. If then an electric discharge is sent through it from the plate to the cup, there is

shot off from the latter towards the opposite end of the tube a stream of *something* which possesses very extraordinary properties. Crookes showed that this stream was able to move little wheels placed inside the tube, and to produce many other striking results. The nature of this stream was a subject for conjecture: Crookes called it "radiant matter"; others thought that it was a wave motion of the ether, as light is; but it was soon found that by holding a magnet close to the tube the stream was deflected out of its course, so that it could not be light. This "radiant matter," although it makes the glass phosphorescent, cannot come through it; and it gives rise to the well-known Röntgen rays, which, however, are quite different from the stream itself. Lenard, a German experimenter, showed that this "radiant matter" could be brought through the tube into the outside air by removing the portion of the glass wall of the tube, and fixing a very thin "window" of aluminium at the place where the stream struck the glass, this window being, of course, perfectly air-tight. Further, it was shown that this stream of radiant matter consists of a crowd of inconceivably minute particles, each of which carries a charge of *negative electricity*, and the speed with which it travels inside the tube was calculated to be something like sixty thousand miles per second

These particles are called *electrons;* and when we say that they have been found to be *negatively* electrified, we do not mean to imply any such slur on their condition as may be contained in the word negative: we mean that the kind of electrical effect which they produce is the same as that produced by a stick of sealing-wax after it has been rubbed by a piece of flannel, the terms positive and negative, as applied to electricity, being arbitrary. The electrons are sometimes called particles of negative electricity; they are the very smallest bodies of which we have at present any knowledge. We have described them in some detail for the reason that the whole trend of Physics during the last thirty years—accelerated very much during the last ten—is to regard them as the most important things in the Universe. They are (partly, at least) the "stuff" of which the atoms of all bodies are made; and they are always the same, from whatever kind of body they are obtained.

Let us consider for a moment their relation to an atom of a body. An atom of hydrogen is an inconceivably small thing (as are the atoms of all bodies), and within it are contained about one thousand electrons, each of them whirling round in a path or orbit, and completing this path with inconceivably great speed. The space occupied by the atom is, however, almost a *vacant space,* notwithstanding that there are a thousand electrons contained in it, the size of these electrons being so extremely small. Sir Oliver Lodge gives us a picture of the interior of the hydrogen atom as follows: Imagine the atom to be magnified to the size of an average church, and the electrons and their distances apart to be magnified on the same scale; the electrons would then be each of about the size of a full stop on this page. However incredible all this may be seem, it is absolutely certain that these electrons exist. Indeed, any objection that we may feel disposed to urge must be weakened by the consideration that if we admit the existence of any space, however small, we are compelled to admit that an infinitely smaller one must exist also.

But the hydrogen atom does not consist solely of these thousand electrons. What about the space within the atom which they do not occupy? Is it vacant or filled with something? The answer to this has not yet been satisfactorily found. When we knock off one or more of the electrons from the atom—as can be done in various ways—what remains is found to act as a *positively* charged electric body. In addition, then, to the negative electrons, there must be something else in the atom possessing the nature of positive electricity; but whether this positive thing is a single nucleus, or several such, or some medium in which the electrons move, we do not yet know.

Science indicates that these amazingly small electrons play many, and most important, parts in nature. An electric current is simply a current, or procession, of electrons. When a body of any kind is heated to incandescence, the speeds with which the electrons revolve in their paths within the atom which contains them far transcend all imagination. Some perform in one second about four hundred billions of revolutions; others seven hundred billions, and others even more. It is to these prodigious revolutions, disturbing the ether of space, that what we call *light* is due—red light corresponding to the four hundred and violet to the seven hundred billions of oscillations per second. Not merely light, but also magnetism is explained by the whirlings of these electrons within the atoms of bodies; and it is believed that the earth is being perpetually bombarded with streams of them from the sun, resulting probably in such phenomena as the Aurora Borealis.

One great mystery still baffles both mathematicians and physicists—namely, gravitation; but it is probable that it, too, results from some action of electrons on the universal ether. Closely also connected with these particles of negative electricity are the wonderful radiations sent forth so markedly by radium, uranium, and, indeed, to some small extent by all bodies. These radiations, of course invisible to the unaided eye, can be made manifest by allowing them to fall on a photographic plate or some kind of prepared screen which can be rendered phosphorescent by their impact; and they always take place when electrons have been removed from the atoms of the bodies concerned.

All such phenomena are subjects of daily investigation, controlled by exact scientific processes, and subjected to mathematical calculation by several physicists, foremost among whom in England are J. J. Thomson, Townsend, Ramsay, and Rutherford.

In the present state of the subject we are often called upon to make new suppositions in order to explain observed facts; and new facts are being discovered at such a rate that we sometimes feel as if we were being overwhelmed by a mob of hypotheses. But, in spite of this, the transformation that has been effected in modern science by the discovery that the "atoms" of a past generation are far from being either simple or indestructible, is one that will endure; and it is strange that our modern discoveries should in some ways rehabilitate some ancient notions. In view of streams of "radiant matter," Newton's theory that light is due to the emission of corpuscles does not now seem so far removed from fact as it did a few years ago.

It is impossible to do more in the space at our disposal than to call the attention of the reader who is interested in science, without being a specialist, to the ideas which are to-day predominant. Two or three books giving a popular, and, at the same time, accurate, account of modern science have been recently sent to us. A short time ago we dealt with M. Lucien Poincaré's "The New Physics," in which an ample account of the new ideas is given. This work has been succeeded by the same author's "Electricity, Present and Future,"* which differs from the former in dealing with the practical applications of electricity and magnetism to electric traction, lighting, and other commercial uses. With the historical order in which our knowledge of electricity and magnetism has actually been developed, beginning with the lodestone and the rubbing of amber, most educated people are, to some extent, familiar; but in this, as in other subjects, the logician delights in imagining another order in which phenomena *might* have been presented, with greater simplicity, perhaps, and more striking effect. Thus, M. Poincaré shows how, by merely causing a coil of wire, or a nearly closed loop, to move rapidly in the neighborhood of a magnet, all the phenomena of electric currents and sparks which were a generation ago produced for us by machines which we now regard as fossil, and which lie in our laboratories covered with dust or have become mere toys, can be produced. Indeed, this inversion of the chronological order of knowledge is to a great extent adopted in many text-books, and in the teaching of our schools, so that teachers of the old *régime* find occasionally some difficulty in falling into line with the newer methods.

Another recent work, by Mr. Charles R. Gibson,† gives a complete account of the new scientific developments. Indeed, we have seen no book of such great value to the general reader, and even the scientific student will find it a most helpful epitome of what is at present known on all the subjects of which it treats.

* "Electricity, Present and Future." By Lucien Poincaré. Translated by Jasper Kemmis. Sisley.

† "Scientific Ideas of To-Day: A Popular Account of the Nature of Matter, Electricity, Light, Heat, &c., &c., in Non-Technical Language." By Charles R. Gibson. Seeley & Co.

Letters from Abroad.

THE REVIVAL OF FRENCH RADICALISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Government of M. Clemenceau has for once justified a proverb. When M. Clemenceau became President of the Council after the general election of 1906 the political prophets gave him a very short tenure of office and, with every new meeting of Parliament, we have been told that the Ministry could not last. But here it is, after two and a half years, about to enter on its third Session.

As I have more than once said in these columns, the Clemenceau Ministry has lasted because there has been no other combination ready to replace it. Once there was such a combination; but it was headed by M. Millerand, and it was easily killed by Mr. Clemenceau's ridicule. The Chamber may not be profoundly attached to M. Clemenceau, but it has no desire to exchange him for M. Millerand and M. Doumer, both of whom (whether justifiably or not) possess to a remarkable degree the faculty of inspiring distrust. The Government has several times been in far greater danger than on the occasion of M. Millerand's famous assault, but it has always been saved by M. Clemenceau's marvellous resource and consummate ability in playing off his adversaries against one another. Each attack has ended in an overwhelming majority for the Government, obtained by a combination of those who fear a more advanced Ministry and those who fear a less advanced one.

As a leader of the House from a purely party point of view M. Clemenceau has had few, if any, equals in French politics. He has in a remarkable degree that quality which goes so far in France—wit. No living politician is such an adept at making his opponents look absurd. And it is fatal in France to be made to look absurd. The French do not like people that "pontificate"; the habit of pontificating is one of M. Jaurès' chief drawbacks, and his influence, great as it is, would be greater still if he could completely cure himself of it. M. Clemenceau never pontificates; his tone is always "je m'enfichiste." He gives it to be understood that he does not care a straw whether he stays in office or not, and, therefore, he stays. A party leader of the type of Gladstone would be an utter failure in France; it is just when the French are the most serious that they like to appear the least so.

Whether M. Clemenceau has been so successful in legislation and administration as in debate is another question, as to which there are two opinions on that side of the House where alone he has declared that he will look for a majority. Discontent with the present Ministry has been steadily growing in volume for some time past in the Radical, and still more the Socialist-Radical, group. Recent incidnts have brought it to a head, and, as I said here some little time ago, there are signs of the formation of a powerful combination with the object of effecting a change of Government. Moreover, it is an open secret that there are two parties in the Government itself, which are not on the best of terms. The relations between M. Clemenceau and M. Briand, which for some time past have not been extremely cordial, are now very strained. So much is this the case that it is even said that M. Briand is the candidate of the malcontents for the Premiership, and it is certainly the fact that the newspapers representing the "Combistes," as the dissentients are called with more or less justification, combine their attacks on M. Clemenceau with a more than tenderness for M. Briand, M. Viviani, and certain other Ministers. This is even true of the Socialist organ, the "Humanité," which for a long time past has treated M. Briand with marked respect, and carefully excepted him from its criticisms of the Government which are not of the mildest. I have not the least idea whether M. Briand entertains the ambitions with which he is credited. If so, his position is rather an anomalous one, and there is something in the opinion expressed in certain quarters that he ought to have resigned long ago.

In any case the present political situation is curious and interesting. Who would have thought that M. Clemenceau would have lived to be the hope of the Centre and the "Temps"? Yet so it is. The lugubrious forecasts of ruin and revolution which the leading organ of the *haute bourgeoisie* serves up to its readers every afternoon are relieved only by a tempered confidence in the ability of M. Clemenceau to stem the torrent. It is but a tempered confidence, for the "Temps" cannot wholly approve of M. Clemenceau. On the one hand he is committed to the Income Tax, that hated innovation which will bring the revolution to our very doors and force millionaires to declare the amount of their incomes in order to facilitate spoliation. On the other hand, he does not come up to the ideal of the "Temps" in regard to administration. The "Temps" and the party which it represents are in favor of absolute liberty for capitalists and clericals, and wish to restrict the functions of the State almost entirely to the protection of the life and property of the *bourgeoisie*; they regard old age pensions as demoralising, and the nationalisation of railways as oppression. But they are eager for the repression of trade unionists and anti-militarists, and the desire of school teachers and other public officials to combine for the protection of their interests is to them a crime against the State. As there are still anti-militarists and trade union leaders at large, and as the Government has not expelled from the service every teacher who dares to join a union, the "Temps" is not satisfied with M. Clemenceau.

On the other hand, there is a strong feeling in the Radical Party that M. Clemenceau has gone much too far in the direction of satisfying the "Temps" and its friends. One may disapprove—most sensible people do—of the vagaries of the wirepullers of the Confédération Générale du Travail, who owe their position to a preposterous system of representation, or rather of non-representation. But one does not like to see men kept in prison without a trial for eight months when there is no serious evidence against them. That was the case of the leaders of the Confédération arrested in connection with the riots at Villeneuve, Saint George's, and Draveil, who, it is said, were finally released only because M. Briand and M. Viviani threatened to resign if they were not. When M. Ribot was Foreign Minister and France was almost governed by the Russian Secret Police, it was a common thing for innocent persons to be imprisoned for weeks and months without a trial. But the antecedents of M. Clemenceau did not lead one to expect that he would take M. Ribot as a model.

Again, the frequent Press prosecutions have caused surprise and irritation. I do not share the views of M. Hervé and the staff of the "Guerre Sociale," and they are certainly not shared by the vast majority of the French people. But five years' imprisonment for an article, however objectionable, is a little strong. That was the sentence passed the other day on two of the staff of the "Guerre Sociale" as the result of a Government prosecution, for the crime of attacking General Amade.

The critics of the severity shown towards the extremists of the Left contrast it with the leniency shown towards the Royalists and Clericals, whose papers have for months carried on a campaign of open sedition and unscrupulous slander. We have had a revival of the *affaire*, accompanied by incitements to the assassination of Major Dreyfus, which Grégori tried to translate into action; we have had the Félix Faure legend dished up, and the credulous readers of the Clerical Press have been told that that "solennel nigaud," as M. Marcel Sembat cruelly called him, was murdered by Dreyfusards, and died a martyr to the faith, like Henry and Syveton, while the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, Mgr. Baudrillart, has publicly declared that "en Félix Faure fut incarné tout l'honneur national"; we have seen the son of the President of the Republic accused in two daily papers of murdering a man with whom he had scarcely a bowing acquaintance, in order to possess himself of the victim's wife, whom he had never met.

It may be wise to treat these last desperate efforts

of a discredited faction with silent contempt, but in that case why not treat in the same way the vaporings of fanatics on the other side, who have even fewer followers? If a writer on the "Guerre Sociale" gets five years for a seditious article, why should that eminent Academician, M. Jules Lemâitre, go scot free when he explicitly advocates in the "Action Française" a resort to violence in order to restore the Monarchy?

The tenderness of M. Clemenceau even for the susceptibilities of the Pope is quite astonishing. He it is who has prevented up to the present the publication of the remainder of the Montagnini papers, which are far more compromising for the Vatican and its agents in France than the small selection that has been given to the world. It can hardly be wondered that there is discontent in the Radical Party. The dissentients declare that the Clemenciste policy has led to a recrudescence of Nationalism and Militarism, to the complete disorganisation of the Left, and to the paralysis of the great majority pledged to social reform which was sent to Parliament in 1906.

I will not repeat the mistake of prophesying the fall of the Government. It may be that the factors which have hitherto kept M. Clemenceau in power will keep him in power for some time to come. But it is certain that the elements opposed to the Ministry have recently been consolidated, and have greatly increased in strength. Since the Socialist Congress at Toulouse there has been an implicit understanding between the Socialists and the "Combistes," the first fruits of which were the bye-elections on December 20th at Charolles and Villefranche. The unexpected results of those elections have dealt a severe blow to the prestige of the Ministry, the effects of which will be felt in the Chamber. Perhaps, indeed, they have been felt already, for just before the close of the Session a motion demanding the release of all the persons arrested in connection with the Draveil riots, though opposed by the Government, was defeated by a majority of only eight. The "rectifications" which the curious practice of voting by proxy in the French Chamber always produces, show that there was in reality a majority for the motion, although, of course, the practical result is not affected. Naturally the Right, which has demanded more severe measures against the rioters, voted for their release, but whether or not a defeat of the Government were brought about by the help of the Right, it would be the Left that would gain by it.

Another important factor in the situation is the reconstitution of the "Délégation des Gauches," that is of the old organisation of the *bloc*, which had ceased to exist during the present Parliament. It is denied that the reconstitution has been undertaken in a spirit of hostility to the Government, and, as all the groups of the Left (except, of course, the Unified Socialists) are sending delegates to the Executive, this must be believed. But it is certain that the most active promoters of the reconstitution are not too friendly to the Ministry, and equally certain that the Délégation will be a check on the power which M. Clemenceau has hitherto wielded in the Chamber. Should there be on any question widespread disapproval of the Ministerial policy, the existence of the Délégation will enable that disapproval to be concentrated.

During the holidays two events have occurred which may strengthen the hands of the Anti-Ministerialist Radicals. One is the assault on the President, the other the condemnation by the Dijon Court of Appeal of a teacher named Morizot, prosecuted by a clerical parent for some remarks made by him in class. Some of M. Morizot's remarks were unpleasing enough, but the judgment of the Court implies that no teacher may speak disrespectfully of the soldiers of the First Empire without exposing himself to penalties. Such a decision is more worthy of the Roman Curia than of a law court of a Republic. The Government is not, of course, responsible for the judgment, but it is blamed for not having pushed forward the promised legislation for preventing such prosecutions, and for having encouraged the spirit which makes such judgments possible. As for the assault on the President, it is regarded as the climax of a campaign towards which the Government has been too complacent. It must be admitted that the freedom of the Press does not require that newspapers should be allowed to accuse every executive official and his relations of murder. A Radical Deputy has already given notice of an interpellation on this subject as soon as Parliament meets.

Nevertheless, as I have already said, M. Clemenceau may once more weather the storm. It is not certain that the advanced party which alone could replace the present Ministry would have a sufficient majority, even with the support of the Socialists. A more moderate Ministry than the present one could not possibly hold office, except as a stop-gap. Therefore, the present Ministry may be retained *faute de mieux*.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, December 29th, 1908.

Letters to the Editor.

GREETING THE CONSTITUTION AT BEYROUT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You may be interested in the following extracts from my diary at Beyrout:—

December 17th.—About 1.30 I strolled up to the great open square known as the Burge. A large and animated crowd had gathered, and the scene in its color scheme wore the brilliance and diversity which in these Eastern cities cannot fail to impress a Western onlooker. The red fez prevailed everywhere, but the European coats of Constantinople were largely replaced by the flowing shawls of Bedouins. The crowd soon became densely packed. An unusual number of Moslem women, with veil and headdress, turned out to see the show. People, carriages, animals, jostled each other indiscriminately. At times the horses of the cavalry lined up in front, backed in amongst the motley throng, on one occasion knocking a woman down, but no one appeared to be damaged seriously.

Various processions of students or schoolboys passed, notably one of Armenians dressed in white, with red bands over the shoulder, somewhat resembling English choir-boys. The Syrians feel very kindly to the Armenians, because having suffered much they are yet thoroughly patriotic. At the proclamation of the Constitution Turkish soldiers and Armenians fraternised and wept together! Some Armenians, finely dressed and mounted, let fly a number of pure white pigeons with blood marks on their wings, denoting the contrast between the former massacres and the present peace. In the procession three young Armenian girls, dressed to represent Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, also released white pigeons at intervals.

When the time came for speeches the speakers did not secure much of a hearing, owing to the continual pistol firing which went on. All the cartridges, as far as I could ascertain, contained ball. It was not obvious at the time, but a boy and a woman are said to have been wounded, and an officer killed on the spot. The officer was an Austrian who had entered the Turkish service and become a Moslem. Natives do not disturb themselves about an incident of this kind; they simply say, "It was his fate"!

Public gatherings of this kind are so new here it would be too much to expect a high degree of order and organisation. On the other hand, the crowd was thoroughly good-tempered; no disputing or quarrelling anywhere. Moslems, Greeks, Maronites, &c., all joined in the general rejoicings. Even the smugglers contributed their quota (a decidedly picturesque item) in the shape of a camel carrying paniers, bedecked with flags. One panier held a man and a girl; the other two girls, one with a tambourine. A small boy was perched up on the top of the animal. The smugglers here are described as rich people, very good-natured and polite, the only drawback being the way in which they earn their living.

A large wooden platform had been erected in the square and decorated with floral festoons. Some of the planking soon gave way, but this was not allowed to make any dif-

ference. People swarmed up every roof, balcony, scaffolding, and tree available. Outside, sellers of fruits and sweetmeats busily plied their trades. Near the head of the procession a gap was continually being made and re-made whenever any relaxation of the pressure of the crowd permitted. In this gap two or three men, one quite a youth, maintained a sword dance. The way in which they succeeded amidst all the swaying throng in not chopping anybody's head off was a marvel. Two of the men would crouch down at the ends of the open space, then leap up, shower each other with blows, clashing their blades, and then retreat again to the furthest limits. Besides these, brilliantly dressed men, bearing lances and scimitars, held mock tournaments in Arab style. But perhaps the strangest performance was given by a group of boatmen, who joined hands in a ring, singing the while a peculiar, mournful-sounding song. Two in the centre uttered a strange wailing noise, whereupon one was immediately lifted shoulder high and carried along, gesticulating both with a gun and his hands. He sang a curious jingle with seven beats, which the others took up, clapping their hands to the jingle. When one bearer tired, the man was handed over to another. As he beat time he would revolve all round, like a conductor leading his orchestra. The native mind enjoys doggerel poetry, and the boatmen are noted for their capacity as clappers.

When the Wali found he could not be heard in the open square he went to the Young Turks' Society Hall, where he entertained to tea all the Consuls and principal men of the city. Speeches were made by Dr. Post (U.S.) and the German Consul, by one of the Sheiks, and by the Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church. The latter told how he used to have to go many times a week on his people's business to the Government offices. Now he need go but rarely. The editor of one of the local papers not unfittingly denounced the habit of pistol firing. So in its own easy-going Oriental fashion, but with wonderful unanimity, Beyrout celebrated the advent of a Turkish Parliament!

It ought perhaps in fairness to be added that the fine American college at Beyrout must be credited with long years of training for the happy change which has now come to pass locally. It numbers this year 868 students. There are 127 Moslems (as against 110 last year); Greek Orthodox, 338; Protestant, 153; Jews, 85; Greek Catholic, 43; Greek Armenian, 28; Maronite, 26; Druses, 20; Copts, 16.—Yours, &c.,

M. L. R.

Beyrout, December, 1908.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LORDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—While every genuine Liberal is in full sympathy with your idea that the "dominant issue shall be dominant," it may be pertinent to suggest the necessity of recognising two essential factors before the contest is commenced:—

1. The controversial points over which a graceful surrender is the most tactful policy.

2. Certain legislation, which, because of its national character, the Lords will only oppose with considerable danger to their own existence.

It has been emphatically suggested by the "Daily News" that the Government were weak in accepting the Lords' amendment to the Miners' Bill with reference to windings, and that such an agreement was no fitting prelude to the great conflict; yet this attitude was only adopted after full discussion with Mr. Enoch Edwards and other Miners' representatives, and it would certainly have been foolish to preface a struggle where principle is concerned, by disputing a point of detail.

The second factor is best illustrated by a suggestion made in your leading article of last week's issue—that the provision for sickness, invalidity and unemployment, cannot be successfully brought within the category either of finance or non-contentious legislation. Such a Bill, "conceived on true humanitarian lines," if the Lords reject, the country will reject them. It is difficult to appreciate their virtue in throwing out either the Education or the Licensing Bills, but their wisdom is apparent, because both these legislative schemes only appeal to certain sections of the community.

The Government cannot afford at this stage, to make a false step, and for this reason, surely, it is all important that the lead given the electorate by the Liberal Press shall not only be strong, but consistent, practical, and effective.—Yours, &c.,

A. Dykes Spicer.

10, Lancaster Gate, W.
December 22nd, 1908.

THE REPRESENTATIVE CHURCH COUNCIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Whatever lack of representation there may be in the Representative Church Council, there is no lack of misrepresentation in the Dean of Ripon's letter.

His plaint is divided into four paragraphs.

With regard to the first, the Council is not "primarily a conjunction of the two Convocations," and the Convocations do not resolve themselves into Committees for the purpose of meeting in London; the Committees of the whole Houses are formed for the purpose of Joint-sessions of Convocation, which are quite distinct from the Representative Church Council. The Dean's statement with regard to the lay members of the Council has evidently been arrived at by some "loose processes," whatever may be said of the methods of lay election.

In paragraph 2 we are told that "no sanction was given by the Crown to the formation of this Council." Quite so, because no such sanction was asked for or required. The Council is a voluntary body, and claims no power of Law.

The Dean also states that "the Council is nothing more than a conspiracy, and a conspiracy aiming at a usurpation." This statement is utterly void of truth. It is not thinkable that a man in the position of the Dean of Ripon could deliberately make any such statement if he had the facts fully and clearly before his mind. The Council was established after thorough discussion, extending over some years, in the Convocations, Houses of Laymen, Diocesan Conferences, ruri-decanal Chapters and Conferences, and less formal meetings of Churchmen throughout the country, and yet we are told it is a "conspiracy." In the Coronation Address of Convocation to the Crown the Council was referred to as follows:—

> "It is our especial privilege to address your Majesty concerning the work of the national Church, and in this regard we desire first to speak of a body which, since your Majesty's accession, has been gradually constituted in pursuance of resolutions passed by both the Houses of Convocation and the House of Laymen in the two Provinces of Canterbury and York. This body, bearing the name of the Representative Church Council, consists of all the Houses which we have mentioned; and thus the Bishops, the clergy, and the laity of both Provinces are brought together for debate and counsel. We hope that thereby, through the grace and blessing of Almighty God, the manifold work to which the Church is called may be the more wisely and faithfully maintained; and that the judgment of Churchmen concerning the affairs of the Church may be formed and uttered with such clearness and confidence as to appeal to the minds and conscience of the nation."

And in his reply the King expresses a hope that measures of reform for extending the usefulness of the Church "may be furthered by the Constitution of the new body to which you refer—the Representative Church Council." The Dean's statement is obviously unjust and unjustifiable; he should frankly withdraw it and humbly apologise for it.

Paragraph 3 says that "no attempt has been made to define the scope and powers of the Council." None so blind as those who will not see! The Representative Church Council is a tentative effort towards a real and effective system of self-government. It is a voluntary body, and, therefore, cannot be "a legislative, or a judicial, or an administrative body" in any legal sense. Its aim is to bring together Bishops, Clergy, and Laity, in one assembly for "debate and counsel." But it is not "merely an assembly for discussion," and it is not "without authority and without responsibility" because it has no legal powers.

Paragraph 4 is chiefly remarkable for an amazing definition of the term Churchmen:—"English Christians who have no quarrel with our present system of govern-

ment" ; while paragraph 5 has nothing to do with the subject of the letter.

The fact that the Dean has written at the request of "several clergymen," not laymen, has a special interest under the circumstances.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED HOLDSWORTH.

Church House, Dean's Yard,
Westminster, S.W.
December 30th, 1908.

[We publish Mr. Holdsworth's letter though we cannot see that he in any way rebuts the Dean of Ripon's statements. Does Mr. Holdsworth maintain that the Representative Church Council stands for more than a section of the Church?—ED. NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter under the above heading in your issue of December 19th the Dean of Ripon states that "a large body of opinion," comprising, he believes, "the majority of Churchmen," is "quite content with the regulation of Church affairs by the national organs"—Parliament, the Privy Council, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. I hope you will allow me a few lines in which to ask whether the Dean seriously contends that Church-people either are, or ought to be, content that Parliament, which includes a good proportion of Roman Catholics, a number of Jews, and a number of atheists, agnostics, and others who do not believe in Christianity at all, should legislate on religious matters. (The claims of the Privy Council as a Church Court, I may remark in passing, stand or fall with the claims of Parliament, which created it.) Such a statement bears its own refutation on its face. The right of Parliament to legislate about Church property may be conceded at once; it falls within the sphere of Cæsar. But that any Roman Catholic, Jew, or atheist, who has got himself returned to the House of Commons, or has been made an English peer, should thereby obtain the right to a share in altering the creed or the liturgy of the Church of England (for that is what legislating for the Church amounts to, or, at the least, includes)—this is a proposition to which I do not think many Church-people will be found willing to assent. Nor is it one that is necessary to the Dean's argument, and I think its injustice needs only to be stated in order to be clearly seen.—Yours, &c.,

GORDON CROSSE.

Oxford and Cambridge Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.,
December 29th, 1908.

AUSTRIA AND BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having studied the work of Austria amidst its varied nationalities for nearly forty years, allow me to support much that Professor Leon Kellner has said in your issue of December 26th.

The work of Austria in Bosnia and Herzegovina, with a Slav-Moslem population, has been of the highest value, and much of that work has been done by Slav officials. I have been in those provinces into the charity schools, and talked with the Moslems whose fathers fought against Austria, but they, the sons, now see well what a change has come over their country under Austrian rule, and are well content. From anarchy, dirt, and corruption, under cruel oppression, to order, cleanly and sanitary rule, and freedom for all creeds and tongues.

Knowing Egypt and our work there, I was continually struck with the parallel of Austria's work in these Moslem provinces; and the same may be said of other provinces, such as Galicia. Where Pole and Ruthenian are free, in a manner very unlike the so-called freedom under German or Russian rule—the town of Lemberg, for example, has become a beautiful city instead of an undrained, dirty, unhealthy spot, as it was in the 'sixties.

That Austria did a justifiable thing at a wrong moment and in an unjustifiable fashion we all agree—even Austrians agree to that—but let us English not be led away by really absurd newspaper paragraphs, ostensibly sent from Servia, about Slav oppression. Austria is no longer a German power. Those who travel in Galicia, Bohemia, Croatia, Moravia, Ishid, Carinthia, and other of the provinces quickly find that, as Professor Kellner states: "It is a preposterous delusion to consider Austria an agency for Pan-German aspirations."

The strange onslaught from so many English journals upon Austria has been brought about by carefully inspired paragraphs, and the really great civilising work done by Austria in Central Europe has been ignored. It is time England remembered this work of her ally, and brought reason to bear, even whilst denouncing an unjustifiable procedure.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.

December 29th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your Balkan correspondent's statements regarding Bosnia are not so untrue as Maude M. Holbach seeks so strenuously to prove.

His statement (1) that no matter how much a young Serb distinguishes himself in school he has no chance whatever of rising in the Government service, is true; his statement (2) that most of the officials are Austrian, is also true; his statement (3) that they have no knowledge of the Servian language is incorrect.

Maude M. Holbach states she met twelve of these officials during a recent tour in Bosnia, and all spoke Servian and were of Hungarian, Italian, Polish, and Czech nationality. Only one spoke German.

Quite so. The Hungarian was a Croat, the Italian came from the Dalmatia coast, the Pole from Galicia, the Czech from Bohemia, and so probably did the solitary official who spoke German.

The mother tongue (Mutter-Sprache) of each of these men was a Slav language akin to Servian, and all were Austrian subjects born in the Dual Monarchy.

Not one was a Serb born in Bosnia! No. And not one of the soldiers Maude M. Holbach met in garrison there was the same. The red-fezzed Bosnian and Herzegovinian battalions are in Vienna. They will never, whilst Austria can set race against race, do duty further south till hens shed their teeth and rivers flow backwards.

Those who have lived, as I have, for several years in that "Polizei-Staat" Austria can best appreciate this.—Yours, &c.,

J. REID.

The Temple, E.C.,
December 26th, 1908.

DENOMINATIONALISM AND THE ALLOCATION OF RATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Any proposal emanating from Sir James Southorn for the solution of the education problem merits respectful consideration. He thinks that the allocation of rates by the ratepayers to the several denominations they prefer is a way out of the difficulty, and challenges some reader of THE NATION to say what is wrong with this system, and why a system which works in Canada should not work with us. I will endeavor to make some response to his challenge.

First of all, let me suggest that the "example of Canada" is too comprehensive an expression. In Canada it is not the Dominion but the Province that supervises education; and in all the Provinces the schools are unsectarian except in Quebec, Ontario, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, where there are separate schools for Roman Catholics.

Sir James quotes the statement of a member of the Canadian Ministry that with the small denominations "there were no difficulties," because, their numbers not being large enough for schools of their own, they had no alternative but to go to the municipal (that is, the unsectarian) schools. It is plain that the case would be very different in England. Some of the "small" denominations in the Canadian Provinces would be large denominations in the Mother Country, and the schools under public management might suffer seriously through an alienation of rates, while local finance might as seriously suffer from dislocation. On the last point let local financiers speak; but it seems to me that it would breed endless confusion in this complicated country if the precedent were established of

paying rates and then, so to say, having them back again for objects of preference.

But the serious difference between England and the whole of Canada lies in this—that in England there is an Established Church, in Canada there is none. Establishment, with centuries of ecclesiastical and social prestige and power behind it, puts the dominant Church into an artificial position of advantage. It is "the Church," conventionally so regarded; to it it is, accidentally or intentionally, "the thing" to belong; and, in virtue of its position, not only vast numbers of people who "go nowhere," but even criminals and gaol-birds, when called upon for enrolment, enrol themselves as "Church." To this accidental advantage all the influences of an artificially influential Church would be superadded to induce the church-less to allocate their rates to the privately managed schools, and the publicly managed schools would, in proportion, be starved.

In other words, because one particular Church has behind it the prestige of the State, the State schools would suffer, and, therefore, in England allocation of rates would work unfairly.

I do not profess that I have exhausted the case against the policy of allocation, but for the present I am content with the reasons I have advanced.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MASSIE.

Oxford, December 26th, 1908.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Judging from the correspondence that has lately appeared in your columns on the "Small Holdings," there seems to be strong disapproval and disappointment in regard to the work of the two Commissioners at present in office. The question naturally arises, who are the Commissioners, why were they appointed, and why did not the Government take greater pains to appoint those who were known to the Small Holders as men who understood them and their requirements?

Is it another instance of the Government being afraid of appointing their friends? If so, it seems a grave mistake, for the Commissioners should be men who have studied, thought, and worked for small holdings, men having also had experience of county councils and their ways.

As an illustration of the wrong kind of experience, take that of a land agent. It might be argued that as it is to do with land, a land agent would be suitable for a Commissioner. No more erroneous idea is possible. First, the majority of land agents can value land, but they have no idea of the suitability of various kinds of land for small holding cultivation. Secondly, land agents, as a class, are strongly opposed to small holdings, and to appoint such men would be an ingenious method of destroying the effects of the Act.

If the Act is a failure under the present Government, who are supposed to be in its favor, is it likely to succeed under their opponents, who almost to a man are against it?

Every effort must be put forth while the present Government is in power to make the Act a real benefit, otherwise its failure is assured, and the rural laborer will put the blame upon the Liberal Government for passing a Bill, the provisions of which they had not the courage to enforce.—Yours, &c.,

CHAIRMAN OF A RURAL DISTRICT LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

December 23rd, 1908.

MORE MESSAGES FROM MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I can heartily accept Professor Huxley's figures about our brain capacity and that of the baboon; though, in fact, I wrote erroneously from memory that our civilised brains were five times as large as the largest ape-brain, I ought to have written three times, though the correction is immaterial to the argument.

When it is a question of a gap in continuity, however, it is fair to follow Mr. Clodd and compare, not ours, but the lowest human brain, of 63 cubic inches, with the gorilla's of 34½ cubic inches. The fact that the links extend in civilised humanity for a long way, up to a brain of 114 cubic inches, does not affect the question of continuity, nor, with all respect to Professor Huxley, impair the "significance" of the gap. When once you enter the human region there are no gaps, there are skulls of every intermediate size. This is all in favor of my view that a spiritual endowment is in us, something physical superadded to what there was before man, the cause and the effect, in aeonian reaction, of this great increase in brain content, and not unlikely to survive the grave.

I did not say anything about a difference "in kind" between our mental apparatus and that of animals. I am as shy of "differences in kind" as I am of the "identity" I criticised. Evolutionists know that differences in kind are only accumulated differences in degree. My plea is that the great increase in brain might not unreasonably or im probably carry psychical elements more enduring than their physical basis.

But all this materialist synthesis of man is partial and unsatisfying. It explains little of what we want explaining, and its conclusions are hazy. We do not know that mental power varies directly with brain capacity, or even with brain surface, which is more likely. The connection may be complex or indirect.

But if there be not sufficient discontinuity to bar animals out, as argued above, by all means let them come in, and let their spark of life dimly survive, in a degree becoming their station.

Above all, let us give heed to the facts first of all. These have not yet been seriously attacked.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN W. GRAHAM.

Dalton Hall, Manchester.
December 21st, 1908.

MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. Crawshay-Williams' reply to my letter. I must apologise to him for suggesting that he had never seen the island, and I accept his statement about the exact words used by Moore. In the edition that I saw, the expression was "golden wine."

But I think that Mr. Crawshay-Williams does not touch the real point of my letter. That was, that Moore's poem relates to the seventeenth century, and that his remark about the vines was justified by the descriptions given by travellers in that century. And Lord Curzon's statement about the cultivation of grapes on the island seems to show that Kishm still deserves to be called fertile. It seems probable, indeed, that the island owes its name to its viticulture, for Kishmish, which is the form used by Tavernier, means in Persian a raisin, and also a small grape without stones. Mr. Crawshay-Williams speaks of it as a small island, but according to Blackie's Imperial Gazetteer it is sixty miles long!

With regard to Bendemeer, I beg to observe that I did not write of its flowing *through* Shiraz. It lies to the N.E. and E. of it, and, according to the Gazetteer already referred to, there is a village on it called Bendemeer, thirty miles N.E. Shiraz. But there must be navigating channels deriving from the river, and these may come nearer the city. At all events, Tavernier, who was my authority, says, "Cette rivière de Bend-emir arrose tout le vignoble de Schiras," and a little lower down he styles it "cette rivière de Bend-emir ou de Schiras." But the question is not about the distance of the Bend-emir from Shiraz, but about the nature of its scenery, and the possibility or otherwise of its harboring bulbuls (Persian nightingales).—Yours, &c.,

H. BEVERIDGE.

December 29th, 1908.

MR. ARCHER'S CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No wonder that Mr. St. John Hankin resents Mr. Archer's attack upon his play, and I, for one, would egg him on to the combat while objecting to his use—misleading as I think—of the ugly word "ratted." Surely the

legend about rats deserting a sinking ship is inapplicable to our latest drama. I trust it is in no such desperate plight. Besides, to "rat" carries with it an implication of cowardice and meanness quite unwarranted in this connection. Let us leave the objectionable term to professional politicians and theologians, recognising that all opinion which has life in it must needs be constantly flowing and modifying itself.

It is plain, however, that Mr. Archer's change of attitude does not imply vital growth. It is painful to turn from some volumes of dramatic criticism (which I possess) of the 'eighties and 'nineties to his comments on present-day plays. Reading those earlier critiques, one would expect to find Mr. Archer stimulating the modern dramatist who tries to walk in Ibsen's paths, and applauding any sincere and impersonal presentation of life and character that has thrown off theatrical sentimentality and convention. For that seems to be Mr. Hankin's aim—and achievement—in "The Last of the De Mullins." But no support or help in this difficult enterprise comes to him from that quarter. The frank brutality of Hedda Gabler found Mr. Archer not merely tolerant but admiring, but now after sixteen years he is scandalised by the brave outspokenness of Janet de Mullins. To Mrs. Alving, Nora, and other of the Master's creations it is permitted to "épater les bourgeois" to their heart's content. The dramatic heroine of a later day is expected to be gentle, tactful, what is called "womanly." It is curious to note how closely Mr. Archer follows the anti-Ibsenite of the past in assuming that Janet's tirade in the last act must needs represent Mr. Hankin's personal point of view, and not the feminist revolt so brilliantly characterised in your columns by Mrs. Vaughan Nash. One cannot but be reminded of the Clement Scott school of critics, who denounced Ibsen as a criminal, because, said they, he incited the wife to desert home and children, and the bachelor girl to beguile the man from his lawful spouse. Original dramatic work obtains from Mr. Archer nowadays little but faint praise, more often undisguised censure, as in the case of Mr. Hankin's play. The only exception I recollect is his appreciative review of Mr. Barker's "Waste." Enthusiastic praise he reserves for certain plays by Mr. Pinero where action and morality are alike stagey, and the social life depicted a grotesque caricature of reality.

If you insert this letter, I shall be glad of the opportunity to thank Mr. Hankin for his interesting and life-like play, and Miss McCarthy for her splendidly convincing acting.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD PLAYGOER.

December 28th, 1908.

THE BOOKS OF 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I suggest the following additions to your list of the noteworthy books of 1908: "National Idealism and the Book of Common Prayer," by Stanton Coit; "Mediævalism," by Father Tyrrell; "Trade and Tariffs," by J. M. Robertson, M.P.; "Moral Instruction and Training in Schools," 2 vols., edited by Professor Sadler; "The New Spirit in India," by H. W. Nevinson. As you mention the Cambridge Modern History, I must plead for the admission of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," vol. 2, with Professor Manly's epoch-making discussion of the authorship of Piers Plowman.—Yours, &c.,

G. P. GOOCH.

South Villa, Campden Hill Road, W.,
December 23rd, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your selected list of the books of abiding interest published in 1908, I think you might, in the matter of fiction, have allowed yourself to be guided more by the admirable criticisms that have appeared in your own pages. Personally, I owe a debt of gratitude to your critic for drawing my attention to Mr. Richardson's powerful story, "Maurice Guest," the one English novel of the year—or, for that part, of several years—which has introduced a new and serious note into our fiction. Here, it seems to me, we have for the first time in English, something of that fine insight into the workings of the soul, that psychological realism for which we have hitherto had to go to the Russians and the French. This book, surely, deserves a place in your list.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CHAPMAN,

Pinner, Middlesex.
December 20th, 1908.

AXIOMS OR FALLACIES?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letters of Miss Black and Mr. Nevinson published in the current NATION invite certain questions.

It is difficult to see why women, any more than men, should be enfranchised by marriage. The claim to be so by women is one for preferential treatment. Is that at all likely to be granted?

As to the serious reduction in some branches of women's industry within the last fifteen years or so, is it not very much a case of supply and demand? Are not the workers more numerous now than then? Have not the various attempts of Parliament to fix wages in the long past been abortive or mischievous, or both? And what grounds have we for believing that the present Legislature would be more successful?—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

December 28th, 1908.

Poetry.

DEATH IN THE WOODS.

WHEN I am gone, and you alone are living here still,
You'll think of me when splendid the storm is on the hill,
Trampling and militant here—what of their village street?—
For the baying of winds in the woods to me was music sweet.

Oh, for the storms again, and youth in my heart again!
My spirit to glory strained, wild in this wild wood then,
That now shall never strain—though I think if the tempest should roll
I could rise and strive with death, and smite him back from my soul.

But no wind stirs a leaf, and no cloud hurries the moon;
I know that to-night our lake with stars and shadows is strewn—
A night for a villager's death, who will shudder in his grave
To hear—alas, how long!—the winds above him rave.

How long! Ah death, what art thou, a thing of calm or of storms?
Or twain—their peace to them, to me thy valiant alarms?
Gladly I'd leave them this corpse in their churchyard to lay at rest
If my wind-swept spirit could fare on the hurricane's kingly quest.

And, sure, 'tis the fools of knowledge who feign that the winds of the world
Are but troubles of little calms by the greater calm enfurled:
I know them for symbols of glory, and echoes of one Voice dread
Sounding where spacious tempests house the great-hearted dead.

And what but a fool was I, crying defiance to death,
Who will lead my soul from this calm to mingle with God's very breath!
Who will lead me hither, perchance, while you are waiting here still,
Sighing for thought of me when the winds are out on the hill.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. J. A. HOBSON has just completed a lengthy study of present economic conditions, which will be published in the early spring under some such title as "The Industrial System." Its main purpose is to show how far and in what ways competition and combination are operative forces in the distribution of wealth. With this object, Mr. Hobson applies a new method of analysis to the payment for the use of land, labor, capital, and ability, and in the process he establishes a fundamental distinction between the economically necessary "costs of production" and an "unproductive surplus." Upon an exposition of the nature of this "surplus," he founds a principle of taxation and a theory of the true limits of Socialism in modern industrial States. The book also contains a description of the concrete structure and working of modern industry, special attention being given to the part played by the financier. Although political economy has lost the popularity with which J. S. Mill invested it, a book of this sort coming from so powerful and original a thinker as Mr. Hobson can hardly fail to rouse much interest, and we may add, to exert a considerable influence, however unwelcome it may be to the orthodox economists.

* * *

PUBLISHERS are already busy with their spring lists, and in another few weeks we shall be able to judge of the prospects of the season—at least, from the reader's point of view. There is a likelihood that biography will be quite as much in vogue as it has been of late, though there is a growing feeling that the demand for this class of book is falling off. Anniversary celebrations usually call forth one or more biographies of the person commemorated, and 1909 is unusually rich in anniversaries. Here is a list of some distinguished people who were born in 1809:—

Edgar Allan Poe	Jan. 19th.
Mendelssohn	Feb. 3rd.
Darwin	Feb. 12th.
Lincoln	Feb. 12th.
Fitzgerald	Mar. 31st.
Lord Houghton	June 19th.
Mrs. Cowden-Clarke	June 22nd.
J. S. Blackie	July 29th.
Kinglake	Aug. 5th.
Tennyson	Aug. 6th.
O. W. Holmes	Aug. 29th.
Fanny Kemble	Nov. 27th.
Mark Lemon	Nov. 30th.
Gladstone	Dec. 29th.

This year also sees the centenary of Thomas Paine's death on June 8th; the bicentenary of the birth of the first Lord Lyttelton, on January 17th; that of Dr. Johnson, on September 18th; the tercentenary of Sir John Suckling's birth, on February 10th and of the first Lord Clarendon's on February 20th. Finally, there is the centenary of the "Quarterly Review," the first number of which was published in February, 1809.

* * *

GREAT preparations are being made in America to celebrate the centenary of Poe's birth. Among other things, "The Southern Messenger," the newspaper of which Poe was editor, will, as we mentioned some months ago, be revived, and, judging from the support promised, will become a literary organ of value. In this country the occasion will be marked by the issue of a new edition of Poe's poems in Messrs Routledge's "Muses' Library," with a lengthy introduction by Mr. J. H. Ingram, who is the author of a biography of Poe.

* * *

WE learn that Mr. Charles Roden Buxton has written a book on the Turkish Revolution, which will be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Part of this volume has already seen the light in the shape of articles in the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Westminster Gazette," written from Constantinople during the election and the assembling of the Turkish Parliament. Readers of the "Independent" and "Albany" will remember Mr. Buxton's graceful work, as well as the editorial capacity which he applied to the later of these reviews.

THE Concordance Society, which was organised at Yale in 1906, has completed a "Concordance to the English Poems of Thomas Gray," which will be issued in this country by Messrs. Constable. It is edited by Professor A. S. Cook, who has been aided by several members of the society, Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray in the "Eversley Series" being used as the basis of the work. Mention of Gray prompts us to ask how long shall we have to wait for the final volume of Mr. Tovey's excellent edition of Gray's "Letters," which Messrs. Bell have in progress. The first volume appeared in 1900, the second in 1904, and at the same rate of progress the third volume should have been published last year. The delay is to be regretted, for Mr. Tovey's work is in all respects superior to that of former editors of Gray's correspondence.

* * *

IN addition to Professor Eucken's "The Life of the Spirit," the translation of which is having a large sale, another work by the same author will soon be made accessible to English readers. This is "Die Lebensanschauungen," which has been translated by Professor Boyce Gibson, and will be issued by Messrs. A. & C. Black during the coming season. Professor Gibson's volume "Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life," published in 1906, was the first book in this country to deal with the German thinker.

* * *

WE learn that a volume of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham's stories and sketches will be published towards the end of the month. This is good news, for though he is not a popular author in the sense that his books have the huge circulation that nowadays seems reserved for work which has no claim to be called literature, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham's writing has a distinction of style and an ironic subtlety that commend it to every lover of letters.

* * *

WHAT is the secret of Montaigne's charm? Possibly the answer is to be found in the first sentence he addresses to his reader, "C'est icy un livre de bonne foy, lecteur." At any rate, he has always been the favorite author of a certain type of mind, and, almost from the publication of the "Essays," he was accepted in England as if he had been an English writer. Florio's translation is one of the standard works of English literature, and a fresh edition of it may be expected from every publishing firm of any pretensions. The latest to appear in three fine, beautifully printed volumes bears the imprint of Mr. Grant Richards, and is introduced by Mr. Thomas Seccombe. One becomes a little weary of praising the uniform excellence of Mr. Seccombe's introductions; but if a new introduction to Montaigne had to be written, Mr. Seccombe was undoubtedly the man to do it. He gives a concise account of Montaigne's life, interspersed with bits of criticism, ingeniously calculated to whet the reader's interest, and make him feel that Montaigne is the author who will do most to help him to enjoy life or to endure it. And what method could be adopted in writing an introduction to a classic? "Just as Spenser is the poet's poet, and Sterne the novelist's novelist," says Mr. Seccombe, "so Montaigne is, in a peculiar sense, the prose-writer's prose-writer, and source of inspiration to all subsequent character-students and essayists. To 'pour oneself out like old Montaigne,' has become, consciously or unconsciously, the ideal of every personal writer, from La Bruyère and Pascal onwards. He has, indeed, scattered his pollen broadcast over La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Sterne, Charles Lamb, Thoreau, and Emerson." But in addition to his revelation of his own personality, and his frank utterance of feelings and moods which most of us refuse to admit even to ourselves, Montaigne has another quality which will always make him read—his rich fund of practical wisdom. In this he closely resembles Bacon—who borrowed from him the title of his best-known work—and it is, perhaps, for this reason that English readers, so insular in many ways, have looked upon him as almost one of themselves.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life of the Spirit: An Introduction to Philosophy." By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by F. L. Pogson. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)

"Racial Problems in Hungary." By "Scotus Viator." (Constable. 16s. net.)

"A Woman at Bay." By S. Alerano. (Putnams. 6s.)

Reviews.

THE WILL TO POWER.*

Nietzsche has not been taken so seriously in England as in Germany and France, mainly because of his English disciples and exponents. In this country he has fallen into the hands of a knot of enthusiasts, who have praised the "master" without stint or discrimination, and have accepted or exaggerated all his inconsistencies. Without possessing his supreme felicity of style they have imitated his dogmatism and violence, and have rendered their pages unpleasant by furious abuse of such things—the Christian religion, for instance—as Nietzsche did not happen to like. And the English Nietzschean is often of opinion that he faithfully carries out the teacher's precepts by representing himself as a devil of a fellow, dancing gaily and supermannishly over all the established moralities. This attitude, even if it may be tolerated in the case of a man of genius, becomes offensive and wearisome when affected by the minor literary person. There is an excellent example in the Introduction which Dr. Oscar Levy has written for Mr. Ludovici's book:—

> "You are young and the sort of fellow the women, who form the principal part of audiences in your country, will listen to. They will pretend to understand—women are very clever in pretending to understand. Instead of finding yourself upon a new continent you may, therefore, land in matrimony, and then get back all your lectures—free of charge—by the lecturing sex *par excellence*, women. Do not listen to them. Do not condescend. Don't marry yet. Remember that even the apostles of the old creed, though followed by women, did not marry them."

This seems silly and rather vulgar, considering that it is the preface to a series of lectures originally delivered to an audience of University students. Nor are the lectures themselves quite in the dispassionate academic tone one might expect. There is no reason why the University of London should not get clever young gentlemen to lecture on Nietzsche or on any other popular literary figure; but the authorities might impress upon the lecturer that he is after all supposed to be engaged upon an educational task. Mr. Ludovici has worked up his subject well, and much that he says upon the genesis of the Nietzschean ideas is useful. But his language is that of an angry and, at times, a rancorous partisan. A little more professional, if not philosophic, calm is desirable in those who are imparting instruction to the young.

Mr. Mügge's book is more valuable. It is the best and most impartial account of Nietzsche and his works which has yet appeared in English, and it can be recommended as a trustworthy handbook to those about to begin the study of this strange genius. The writer is an admirer of Nietzsche; but his admiration does not carry him to the point of abandoning his critical faculty. Mr. Ludovici and others insist upon regarding Nietzsche as the creator of a complete and harmonious philosophical system, consistent in all its parts. Mr. Mügge, with sounder judgment, points out that there was nothing systematic about the philosopher, if philosopher he was. How, indeed, could there be? Nietzsche crammed an enormous amount of productive work into some dozen years of ill-health and wandering, before the end came upon him with insanity at five-and-forty. He had neither the leisure, nor the knowledge, nor the detachment of mind to work out a system; and, as Mr. Mügge shows, even during the short period of his literary activity he changed his standpoint several times, so that we may trace in him at least three different and well-marked phases of thought. It is as difficult to extract from him a coherent philosophy of life and conduct as it is to perform the same process with Rousseau, Emerson, Carlyle, or Walt Whitman. He belongs, like these men, to the class of the rhapsodists, the prophets, the impressionists, the prose-poets, the seers: those who reveal to the world the inward light and flame kindled by the intensity of their own emotions. The fire broke from Nietzsche in bursts and flashes. He hardly took the trouble to construct a book. Most of his works are mere bundles of aphorisms, throbbing with vitality and significance, but fragmentary and uncoordinated like the verses of the prophetic books in the Old Testament. He should be read and judged as the poets are for his suggestion and inspiration, rather than for his appeal to the intellect. For he was of the bardic order, a *vates*—not perhaps *sacer*—more than a thinker.

But nobody can doubt that he has been, as the phrase goes, a dynamic influence on our age: a "shaker of things" we called him in these pages some months ago. With his marvellous power of expression he gave articulate form to many of the ideas which had been simmering in some of the best minds among his contemporaries. He gathered up the shards and *débris* that had been left by the ravaging inroad upon old beliefs and conventions made by such writers as Schopenhauer, Spencer, Darwin, Stendhal, and Stirner; he passed the broken vestiges through his superheated furnace and hurled them forth in a shower of hard, polished, penetrating projectiles. If he had been merely an iconoclast he would have had less effect. But out of the nebulous atmosphere in which he moved he crystallised half-a-dozen radiant ideas, that struck like flaming arrows to the heart of his generation. Illogical, these formative thoughts may be called, ill-reasoned, immoral, dangerous; but they were winged with what to many has seemed, and will seem, living fire. Like Carlyle, like Ruskin, like Matthew Arnold, he denounced that nineteenth century ideal, in which Progress was envisaged as the universal diffusion of an ignoble comfort. His attack on the "herd-morality" shocked and startled the conventionally virtuous; but it was a message of hope to the ardent and enterprising. "I do not advise you to labor but to fight. You say that a good cause will hallow even war. I tell you that a good war hallows every cause." And elsewhere he pleasantly observes:—

> "The man who is truly free tramples underfoot the contemptible species of well-being dreamt of by shopkeepers, cows, women, Englishmen, and other democrats. The free man is a warrior."

Certainly a shaker of things this! It is hard to close the ears to that clamant voice, though the respectable, established person might prefer not to have its owner about his premises.

But this is the incendiary, the "Dionysean," side of Nietzsche. There is the other, the constructive, aspect. To a people who had lost faith in the older sanctions, ethical and religious, and were balancing between the pessimism of Schopenhauer and a sheer materialism, he brought a new ideal. We are told, he says, that the world is only Will and Idea; fleeting shows, which may not be real, with only one force working through them, the force of volition. Very well; but what is this force? Is it the mere instinct for self-preservation? No; but the Will to Power, the effort to render the idea of the species prevalent and dominant. Let us accept that and make it the aim of all our ethics, the goal of our energies; let us live and strive so that in the fullness of time the higher type of man may be evolved. The doctrine of the Superman is vague, dreamy, fantastical, in some ways absurd; but it has "caught on," because it does hint at a meaning, a purpose, in the cosmic process which is not inconsistent with our biological and physiological knowledge. Darwinism, on the Continent, if not in England, was regarded as giving an absolutely scientific warrant to the rule of egoism and self-seeking. Nature did seem to be "one with rapine." But Nietzsche sanctifies its very selfishness and cruelty.

> "I do not advise you to love your neighbor—the nearest human being. I advise you rather to flee from the nearest and love the furthest human being. Higher than love to your neighbor is love to the higher man that is to come in the future. . . . Propagate yourself upward."

It is as the Apostle of that faith in the Future that Nietzsche is being studied so closely abroad; and it is on this ground that, with all his limitations and perversions, we cannot ignore him in England.

---

* "Friedrich Nietzsche: His Life and Work." By M. A. Mügge. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
"Who is to be Master of the World." By A. M. Ludovici. Edinburgh and London: T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.

THE OPINIONS OF A MODERATE.*

An eminent theologian, the *enfant terrible* of the Oxford Movement, is said to have broken out in speaking of Archbishop Howley, of the praises of whose "venerableness" and "moderation" he was weary: "If a man be called either venerable or moderate, distrust him: but, if both, be sure he is a scoundrel." Mr. Ward is certainly not a scoundrel; and, except in the sense in which it is applied to Bede, the epithet venerable is unsuited to a writer who is still, happily, in the prime of life. A Moderate, however—the word is used in no disparaging sense—he is by temperament, by conviction, and by position. He would have made an excellent Archbishop. But, as things stand, mitres are not for Moderates. Of the Episcopate, as of the kingdom of Heaven, it may be said, at least under the present Pontificate, that "the violent bear it away."

A Moderate is not necessarily a Trimmer. It is possible to hold sincerely of the controversies of the present what most of us held of those of the past—that neither of the extreme parties was in the right; that the points on which they agreed were more important than those over which they disputed; that for the sake of peace much should be conceded; and that good ends have too often been pursued, and discredited, by bad means A temper which was that of Burke and Newman cannot be set down out of hand as shallow and time-serving. To say that it has the defects of its qualities is another thing. Its danger—a danger which neither of these distinguished men escaped—is to underestimate the value and force of ideas, to fail to rise to the emergencies which periodically break the level of existence, to misread the signs of the times. Burke mistook the Revolution, Newman Liberalism; Mr. Ward misconceives and miscalculates the forces at work in the critical reconstruction of theology to-day. These are more potent and farther reaching than he thinks. The halfway house is no more than a temporary shelter; the logic of ideas and of events takes men to unexpected and, in the earlier stages of the process, unwelcome goals.

In an ingenious parallel between the attitude of Mr. Balfour towards Tariff Reform and of the Roman Church towards Modernism, the wise ruler, Mr. Ward tells us—

> "with whom it lies to decide when a practical step should be taken, inevitably angers extremists on both sides. He will not, apart from the case of an exceptional crisis, silence the Liberals. He knows that it is they who have hold of the materials out of which the true developments in theological exposition are to be effected. . . . On the other hand, he will have none of the dogmatism of the obscurantists. To treat all speculative inquiry as heresy is as bad as to treat its negations as newly won dogma."

This is, no doubt, what should be; and what would be, were kings philosophers and philosophers kings. But it may be doubted whether either Mr. Balfour or Pius X. has succeeded in uniting the parts; Mr. Ward, we fear, is the victim of "The Wish to Believe." Yet, in Bishop Butler's memorable words, "things are what they are." It is a comprehensible, if, for most minds, an over subtle, position which holds that, with all its shortcomings intellectual and moral, the ideas which underlie Catholicism are indispensable; that no other religious system retains, or can retain, them; and that consequently a breach with Rome must be avoided at all costs. Any, or all, of these propositions may be contested; but they have been, and are, held by men from whom, if one differs, one differs with respect. But what is not allowable is the calculated shading, the false perspective, the unreal coloring, the suggestion here, the suppression there, by which an impression is deliberately produced, an effect purposely obtained. This is sophistry. The refusal to face the facts of the situation fairly vitiates the superstructure; to build on this foundation is to build on sand.

Mr. Ward's chapter on Leo XIII. is representative of the school to which he belongs. It must be read with care, and to a certain extent between the lines. The reflections are often judicious; the insight is genuine; the admissions are significant; it is as well that English is little read at Rome. He would be a bold writer who criticised Pius X. as freely as Mr. Ward criticises his predecessor; a greater liberty of speech is, perhaps, granted in reference to a dead than to a living Pope. "In the matter of Biblical criticism he"—Leo—"did not fully appreciate the situation intellectually"; "that he was personally conversant with critical problems practically unknown to his generation is not to be supposed." His letter on Americanism "does not deal with the deeper problem, which was in the mind of those"—here comes the inevitable makeweight—"whose imprudence and excesses are justly condemned." "There was never in his utterances any enthusiasm for the sacred rights of liberty, or even much appreciation of the value of liberty in the search for truth." He accepted the existing order, in so far as he accepted it, with an ulterior motive; "we must use the modern liberties—our ultimate ideal being largely to get rid of them." This being so, that his schemes to capture the Governments and the rising democracy miscarried is not surprising. Their insincerity was obvious; nor, in spite of the veneration which attached to the Pontiff, were his Nuncios personally calculated to inspire either confidence or respect. In France Mr. Ward admits the failure; when he adds that "the Government has carried out—latterly with unparalleled virulence—the policy of the anti-Christian Freemasons," this is merely a theological way of saying that it was, at last and reluctantly, driven to act in self-defence. The temper of the clericals—and it is the same now as then—is illustrated by an anecdote, told with much simplicity, of the writer's student days at Rome.

> "The King was always anxious as he drove in the city to get a salute from a priest or cleric; and we used to go close to the royal carriage and raise our hands as though to doff our hats. The King's hat was off in a moment, and the college boys' hands got no higher than their foreheads, as, with their heads still covered, they returned his gracious smile with a blank stare. This was the most we could do to make the man, who was, in our eyes, no better than a highwayman, smart; and we did it with joy."

Amiable youths! What taste! What breeding! In a similar spirit an official of the Papal court to this day affixes the stamp, bearing the royal effigy, to his letters upside down.

It is with relief that we turn from these wild oats, which strike us as somewhat deficient in quality, to the notable chapters on Wiseman, Manning, and Newman. These are admirable in substance and temper: that on Newman, in particular, being a model of exposition, and forming, we hope, a prelude to a biography of the great cardinal from Mr. Ward's hand. Newman was not originally a High Churchman: trained an Evangelical, his earliest Oxford ties were to the Noetic school.

> "The conviction on which this alliance rested was never changed in him—the conviction, namely, that such traditional opinions as embodied pre-scientific and inaccurate conjectures needed careful revision in view of the circumstances of modern knowledge. What did change was his sense of the relative importance of different truths in their bearing on religion, and his appreciation of the peculiar conditions regulating theological science."

We should rather say that in Newman, as in so many men in whom the temper of the artist is strong, two different lines of feeling and thought lay side by side imperfectly mediated. His distrust of the individual reason threw him back upon an authority whose credentials he accepted on insufficient evidence. *Non in dialectica*, and, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*, were his maxims: he drew a hard and fast line between inward and outward; he took the official teaching of a particular religious community for the collective judgment of mankind. He did not idealise the practical working of the Catholic system; but it is improbable that he ever seriously questioned the conception of religion on which it is based, and of which it is the logical outcome. He was a great divine and a great man of letters. But he was scholarly rather than learned; his philosophy, with all its happy *aperçus*, was fragmentary; his understanding, critical as it was, was without the scientific training that makes criticism systematic and fruitful. He was the Burke of theology. As Burke swallowed the *ancien régime* to save society, Newman swallowed the Pope—it is doubtful whether he ever thoroughly digested him—to save God. In neither case was so drastic a course necessary. The great truths of experience do not stand or fall with our apprehension of them; the great facts of life are founded on human nature, which though modified by its varying environment, does not essentially change. The Liberalism which repelled New-

* "Ten Personal Studies." By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

man had its limitations; and, in so far as the Oxford Movement was a reaction against these limitations, it had its sufficient reason in itself. If it derailed the religious thought of an important section of the National Church, insulating and stereotyping, it was not because of its protest against what was faulty or one-sided in English religion, but because in protesting it looked back, not forward. The past enters into and moulds the future, but as past it does not return. Would we return to it, the patriarch's wife is our warning: we may not seek the living among the dead.

A HEAVY HERO.*

Mr. Melville has embarked on the romantic task of disabusing the minds of Englishmen of their unfavorable impressions of the character and intellect of George I. His two volumes may or may not be regarded as a success from that point of view, but they are certainly amusing reading. They contain a great deal of curious information about the Court of Hanover, and if anybody wants to know, for example, how much that Court paid its staff, from the doctor to the ratcatcher, he will find the fullest details. The barber was paid six times as much as the Italian painter and five times as much as the French musician. He will learn also that the three hundred and seven persons who composed the Court of Hanover only required the services of two washerwomen. After this we will learn without surprise that when George I. came to England there was only one washerwoman in a suite that contained eighteen cooks, three cellarmen, four pages, a carver, a mistress, a half-sister, and a Lutheran preacher. The arrival of that suite has been described in Thackeray's famous passage about the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his Church and Kielmansegg and Schulenburg with their raddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Mr. Melville thinks the English were captious and difficult to please, and that their dissatisfaction about George's mistresses was caused rather by their looks than by his conduct. But Mr. Melville's own description of the Duchess of Kendal does not tend to correct the general opinion that George's taste was not his strong point, or to justify the suggestion that the English crowd was hypercritical. As a matter of fact, Mr. Melville's picture of George I. is not very different from those drawn by other people. He does not pretend that there was anything very subtle about this plain and simple character. George I. was, in fact, as direct a man as his father, who, when he heard of his brother's death, observed, "Je suis aise que ce n'est pas moy qui sois mort," or as his son, who, when his dying wife urged him to marry again, sobbed out "j'aurai des maitresses." Mr. Melville, it is true, puts George I.'s sense of humour rather higher than other critics have done, but the illustrations given are not very convincing, and when the most has been made of his blunt sallies, we doubt whether many of us would have cared to divide his evenings with the Duchess of Kendal. Mr. Melville gives an entertaining picture of those evenings with George I. sitting for hours together, a glass of beer by his side and a pipe in his mouth, watching the Duchess, of whom Chesterfield said that she was little above an idiot, cut paper into different shapes.

Mr. Melville's complaint that the English were ungracious and ungrateful to the king, who would have greatly preferred to remain in the minor situation of Elector of Hanover, has a certain foundation. But it must be remembered that we are in a far better position to appreciate George's virtues as a king than were his contemporaries. These contemporaries did not foresee the reigns of George III. and George IV. They did not understand that the king's ignorance of the language of his subjects, and his comparative indifference to their affairs, qualities that were not on the surface recommendations to their favor, contributed more than anything else to the establishment of Parliamentary Government in England. If only George III., instead of being an obstinate, uneducated, ambitious, and virtuous man, had copied the character and temperament of his obstinate and uneducated great-grandfather more closely, the 18th century would not have ended so ruinously for England. "Happy were it for Europe, happy for the world, if there were not greater Kings in it." The last sentence of Chesterfield's comments on the character of George I. was the truest of them all. Mr. Melville quotes Dr. Ward's remark that "though his own tendencies were entirely in the direction of absolute government, he mastered rebellion and kept down disaffection without giving the aspect of tyranny to a constitutional rule." We may go further and say that though his own tendencies were entirely in the direction of absolute government, he enabled Walpole to begin to lay the foundations of Cabinet Government to such effect that George III., who tried to put those tendencies into practice, could not quite succeed. We are not called upon to listen to George I.'s wit, or to admire the ladies he admired, or to watch with sympathy his lavish distribution of English money among his Hanoverian friends; we can understand that there was much in his character and ways to try the temper of his subjects. All that we know is that it is a pity all the Georges were not like him.

* "George the First in Hanover and England." By Lewis Melville. Pitman. 2 vols. 24s.

THE PARSON'S JOKE.*

The English parson has always been typically the Englishman. When we think of him we picture the well-bred, well-dressed, healthy man, sprung from a class that is educated without learning, and comfortable without luxury. He is much of a gentleman, without pride, and much of a churchman, without sanctitude. In Handel's church at Little Stanmore there is a marble effigy of a classic Countess (we think, of Pembroke) more lightly clad than she would have appeared in public, and underneath we are informed that, among all her other virtues, she was "religious without enthusiasm." Probably there is a covert sneer at those heady Wesleyans, who were then making themselves so troublesome. But the description would stand very well for the English parson during the three centuries after the Reformation. And if we have changed all that now, the change is not so recent that none of the type survives.

That, at all events, is the kind of man we find revealed in these collected anecdotes and scraps of history. In all priests and parsons we have a class devoted to the highest service, to the teaching of the most profound truths and the maintenance of the most essential morality; yet, for some reason or other, the English nature has always regarded them with rather a humorous eye, and the present book is little more than a string of funny things. Every now and then, it is true, the author pulls himself up, remembering that he must for decency's sake insert something spiritual, and then we get this sort of writing:—

> "In spite of some changes the glorious cathedrals remain, where for centuries the anthems of praise, the prayer of faith, and the divine services were offered. In the glow of a summer's evening its heavenly architecture, a mass of wondrous beauty, &c. The greensward of the close, bounded by its low wall and high towering elms, wherein the rooks caw and guard their nests, speaks of peace and joy that is not of earth. We walk through the cloisters that once echoed, &c. The deanery is close at hand, a venerable home of peace and learning; and the canons' houses tell of centuries of devoted service to God's Church, wherein many a distinguished scholar, able preacher, and learned writer has lived and set forth his burning message to the world, and now lies at peace in the quiet minster."

Even if we have never lived in a Close, we feel this description to be humbug. We know perfectly well that the greensward and the rooks and all the other picture-postcard accessories do not speak of a peace and joy that is not of the earth; and we know that if a man had a burning message to the world, a Cathedral Close is just the very last place he would choose to set it forth. But these purple bits of flummery are thrown in, as we said, for the sake of decency. The same fate seems to attend the author whenever he seeks to rise to the dignity of his subject; as when he quotes as "one of the finest portraits in literature" the description in "The May Queen," beginning, "But that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace"—which we take to be about the most paltry line ever written, unless "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," beats it by a neck.

But it is in the record of parsonic jests that Mr. Ditch-

* "The Old-Time Parson." By P. H. Ditchfield. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

field really excels, and his collection of witticisms suitable to school-treats and the vicar's table is quite remarkable. The parson's joke is like the parson; it stands alone. It wears, not exactly vestments, but a black coat and an all-round collar. Like the parson's "reverend," it is due to his position. A joke that no layman could make without a shudder will be appreciated from a rector, admired from an archdeacon, and immortalised from a bishop. Magistrates and schoolmasters have something of the same privilege, for when people of that standing smile the rest of the world must roar in deference. Take the chapter here on "Bishops' Wit," for instance; there are many quotations from Wilberforce, who still enjoys an equal reputation for jesting and piety. Was his piety, we wonder, on a level with jokes like these?—

> "One day he was at Banbury, and dined at a farmers' ordinary on a market day. He was not hungry, and declared himself 'Off his feed.' A burly farmer bellowed out: 'Try Thorley's food, my lord.'
>
> "'That is good for horses, and, I see, for asses, but might not suit Oxon,' was the ready retort."

Or, again:—

> "When he was driving with Lady Burdett-Coutts towards Columbia Market, something was said which brought up the word 'drysalter.'
>
> "'Does your lordship know what a drysalter is?' asked the baroness.
>
> "'Certainly—Tate and Brady, a veritable dry-Psalter,' immediately replied the Bishop."

It is not bad. People who like puns may conceivably rather enjoy it. But schoolboys would have pinched the Bishop black and blue if he had been forty years younger, and we attribute the immortality of his witticisms entirely to his ecclesiastical dignity. That is a peculiar thing: a poem is not immortal because a bishop wrote it; a bishop's sermon does not become a chestnut; but a bishop's joke invariably does—an evergreen chestnut. Poor mankind feels it such a comfort to know that a holy man can laugh—that a saint, whose profession it is to reprove the world of sin, should be capable of causing laughter in others. That is why the parson's jest is treasured. It is like laughing in church—and we all know how irresistible that is. Well, this volume is one long laugh in church.

FAMILY LETTERS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.*

It is singular how phrase after phrase in the letters making up this volume recalls the precise poise of the head, the precise, clear enunciation of the voice, the slowness of the diction during which the thinker pursued in her mind the exact words in which to express her meaning. But I wonder, though in the letters so often the characteristic turn of phrase of Christina Rossetti is preserved, how much of her vivid, delicate, and charming personality will filter through to the general reader. I am utterly unable to say. Thus I must leave any definite estimate of the value of the book to other writers.

Essentially it is the story of two unhappy love-affairs. I do not mean to say that the actual life of Christina Rossetti was a life of two love-affairs; it was a life of affection, of self-sacrifice—to her mother, to her brother, to her faith, and to her Redeemer. I have written elsewhere with some fullness of Miss Rossetti's psychology, but I may perhaps be permitted to recapitulate briefly here what, without corroborating details for which I have no space, may appear startling and outrageous statements. Miss Rossetti in essence was a pagan, a pagan as full-blooded as was her brother Gabriel. She was of those pagans who have produced from among their ranks great eremites, great ascetics, and great saints. You have only to read such poems of hers as "My heart is like a singing bird," to discover how true this is. You have only to read such poems as "If he would come to-day, to-day, to-day!" to discover how much she longed for a riot of emotion. But it must be a riot of emotion fitted to not her own but an ingrafted social canon of ethics. This tragedy was caused in all probability by the fact that she was an Italian in England. The English rules of manners are of a singular, of a freezing contagiousness. Not only do they enjoin a rigid suppression of the emotions, but in the end they cause to arise in us who at times feel so very foreign, a positive fear of any expression of our own emotions.

In essence there is the tragedy of Christina Rossetti's life. I do not mean to say that had Christina Rossetti lived in Italy she would not have refused to marry Collinson, who changed his religion as often as another man changes the fashion of parting his hair, or that she would not have refused with the same tender and touching reluctance to marry Cayley, the atheist. She would certainly have done both, but in Italy she would have gone into a nunnery, and in exercising herself with trivial, hard, and menial tasks to the honor of a celestial Spouse, she would have found that bodily weariness, that spiritual calm, which here in England there was no means of providing for her. She would have found, if not happiness, at least the waters of oblivion.

As it was, hers was a life of agony, a life of regrets for thwarted loves, of spiritual fears she found no one to allay, of physical agony so acute that assuredly in the flesh of this mortal world she suffered more than one could imagine would be enjoined her by an august and vengeful destiny in any imaginable world to come. In return for her sufferings, the world has the poems which, as far as I am concerned, I am ready calmly and deliberately to state represent for me the highest artistic achievement in English literature, and the most poignant pleasure that I could obtain from any of the Arts, or indeed from life itself. And her sufferings gave to those with whom she came in contact the precise, restrained, observant, and humorous figure that in phrase after phrase is recalled to me by this book. This trend of humor and quaintness runs through the whole Rossetti family. The precision alone was lacking in the most known of them all. Here is a letter which seems to unite the three of them, other than Gabriel:—

To William Rossetti.

> "[The reference to a 'head and hand,' followed by Maria's quaint idea about the mummy-room, has to do with a mummified relic presented to me by Mr. Peter Lascaridi, who had recently returned from a visit to Egypt. I did not quite know how best to dispose of this abnormal gift, and had offered it to Christina. Ultimately, it was accepted with pleasure by our medical adviser and friend, Mr. William Gill.]
>
> "August 21st, 1878.
>
> "My Dear William,—
>
> "Had I an oratory, I might willingly accept the loan of 'head and hand' as a *memento mori;* but, as it is, I could not feel easy at keeping bits of fellow-human-creature as curiosities; my preference would be to give them reverent burial. Long ago Maria suggested how awful it would be to be in the Museum Mummy-Room on the day of the resurrection. . . . ."

Or who, again, would receive such love letters as this from the most erudite and absent-minded of all modern lovers:—

"From C. B. Cayley.

> "January 2nd, 1877.
>
> " . . There is another thing I am more diffident about presenting: it is called in Sussex a *seamouse*, but by naturalists more politely *Aphrodita aculeata*, or needly Venus; and might be received by you as a compatriot of your "demons in shrouds"; it has bright, many-hued scales. On the other hand, I did not see my way to dry it; so I put it in spirits of wine—not without fears for my carpet-bag's contents; this may seem a drawback."

This love-token accompanied Christina Rossetti throughout her life. And so the pressure of life and fate hardened Christina Rossetti until she became as undeviating in her rules of life and in her censure of conduct as she was remorselessly intent upon expressing herself in precise phrases. And indeed my most vivid recollections of the poetess is that of a little black-robed figure, sitting, her hands folded, at the end of a horse-hair sofa—a figure much resembling that of the late Queen Victoria—her head a little on one side, her lips clearly and precisely sending out words of a remorseless, a Dantesque, cruelty. It is true that the offender had sinned against her religion and against what she considered to be decency, and she treated him with remorselessness only equalled by the indefatigable cruelty of her treatment of herself. This perhaps is my most salient recollection, but how many acts of benevolence, of tenderness, and of affection within my own knowledge could I not chronicle?

Ford Madox Hueffer.

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* "The Family Letters of Christina Rossetti." Selected and Edited by W. M. Rossetti. Brown, Langham & Co. 15s.

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An extraordinary sense of actuality invades the reader with the turning of every page of "Our Daily Bread." Casting about for the secret of Clara Viebig's power, one concludes that she has one of those emotionally fruitful natures on which the bodily and spiritual phenomena of the stream of human life impress themselves as on a sensitive plate. Much as chemical substances, brought into contact, show varying degrees of affinity, so does the artist's consciousness react to life according to its innate quality. At one end of the scale we see highly subjective natures, such as Blake's or Shelley's, stimulated into what one may style the personal autobiography of mood; at the other end we find natures such as Miss Austen's, giving us mental photographs, sharply outlined, of the world immediately surrounding them. The power of the artist to project himself into the souls of others, seems, like the actor's, often to rest in the degree of nervous susceptibility he possesses to human personality. And in Frau Viebig's art, almost startling in the breadth of its realism, her own feelings seem to act as an emotional conductor, transmitting infallibly the whole stream of sensations that life produces in others.

We feel this in the first chapter, which describes how the sturdy peasant girl, Mina Heinze, leaves her native village to find a servant's place in Berlin. She cries bitterly at parting with her family, but she has six brothers and sisters, too many mouths to feed from Bartel Heinze's bit of land, and "the figures of the town-dressed girls flash through Mina's mind. Many a one came home with a savings' bank book, married well, or made a good match in Berlin." In a few pages the author has summed up the country people's shrewd outlook, and the healthy drudgery of Mina's life, and her stunned and homesick confusion at the city's roar and bustle when she arrives in Berlin. Mina is going to lodge with Aunt Reschke, who keeps a greengrocer's shop and registry office in the Göbenstrasse, and she brings with her the dainty and pretty Bertha Fidler, from Golmütz village, who is also seeking a situation. In the story of these country girls' experiences in the great town, we have a page of social history, extraordinarily faithful and extraordinarily living. Although the scene is Berlin, and the household habits described as characteristically German, so typical is the whole picture of lower middle and working-class life generally, that the author might have been engaged by Mr. Charles Booth to clothe with the flesh of realistic art in "Our Daily Bread" the skeleton abstractions of the facts and figures presented in his "Life and Labor in London." And universality of appeal is a notable testimony to the author's powers, since it shows that she pierces to the marrow of human nature. There is no English novelist living, indeed we have never had a novelist, capable of drawing wih such justness, human warmth, and mental freedom, yet with such entire absence of caricature or sentimentality, so intimate a picture of lower class life as the Reschkes' Dickens could have reproduced the humours of it, but in the justness of its social lights and shades and in the flexibility and diversity of the emotional relations between the characters, it is as far superior to Dickens as it is to the French naturalists. The art, indeed, is too photographic, too lacking in the beauty of form, to be ranked as great art, but, in its realistic class, for breadth and living accuracy, it is an astonishing performance.

To indicate here the course of the story would be futile, since it is developed by the author in an infinite number of impressionistic scenes, each producing the ever varying but cumulative effect that events and circumstances exercise on our conduct. Mina's relations with Arthur Reschke, the spoiled, consumptive and weakly son of the old couple, form the pivot of the novel. The characters of both Mina and Arthur, and, indeed, of all the Reschkes—Gertrude, the lady-like shop-girl, with her passion for finery, who eventually goes to the bad; the hysterical and anæmic Maggie, who joins the Salvation Army; and the sharp-witted child, Ella—are drawn with such extraordinary sureness as to pass perfectly for Londoners of their class. We say "characters," but the truth is that Frau Viebig catches with such accuracy the "types," that the reader feels like a naturalist who is hailing a fauna long familiar to him, in a new habitat. Thus old Reschke and his energetic wife, clearly peasants in their old-world shrewdness, might hail from the Midlands, but their restless and weakly children are typical town products. Again, the emotional states and moods painted by the authoress have a staggering actuality. The attitude of Mina's friends and neighbors to her before and after her illegitimate child is born, the moral, self-interested reproof of her employers, the kindness of a chance acquaintance, the angry callousness of her peasant father when she brings little Frida back to Golmütz, all these and hundreds of other emotional states are presented with such living mastery that the critic has not a word to utter. Admirable is the scene where Mina, repulsed from her native village, gathers her force and energy and insists in the face of the excited Reschke household that Arthur shall acknowledge her child and marry her. True, the scene is no better executed than are the majority, but we cite it as an instance of Frau Viebig's genius for precipitating the psychological moment upon us when it is the natural fruit of the whole train of circumstances. We quote a passage from the conclusion of this scene:—

> Mina sat down. Frida looked longingly at the apples in the basket. Arthur gave her an apple, and looked on while she turned it wonderingly in her little hands, and then nibbled at it with the tiny white teeth, like a squirrel! The young father smiled.
>
> "Arthur," cried Mrs. Reschke sharply.
>
> "What?" At that moment he had quite forgotten her.
>
> "Wot's the meaning of all this?"
>
> He made no answer, but Mina said, glancing at the child, "It's his lass. He must marry me!"
>
> Mother Reshke's indignation knew no bounds. She was not only furious with Mina, but with her son too. The booby!
>
> "Arthur," she shrieked in her terror, "don't stand there like a dummy! She only wants to frighten you! But don't yer be made a fool of. That's all they want, all o' 'em. Proofs!" She drummed on the table. "Come 'ere with your proofs!" And then she laughed mockingly: "I don't believe till I 'ave the proofs."
>
> Mina looked across at the young man. There was an appeal, an entreaty to remember, in the tone. "Arthur!"
>
> Mrs. Reshke watched her son closely; he had gone dark red. the perspiration came out on his forehead.
>
> "I don't want proofs," said Mina proudly. "I can swear it. An' Mr. Miller says if I can do that Frida'll get her rights. An' if he don't marry me, he must pay. Miller knows all about it; he's summat very high in court. An' if Arthur has nothing to pay, his parents 'll have to. Yes," she concluded triumphantly, as she saw Mrs. Reschke's fright, "An' I'll not give in. Not if I have to go to law."
>
> This was not the stupid Mina of former times. She had got up from her stool and stood there drawn up to her full height; to make her speech more impressive she stamped on the floor at every sentence.
>
> Mrs. Reschke was quite cowed; that would be a nice thing, to have to pay. And the disgrace! "Arthur," she timidly whispered to her son, "wot d'ye think, after all yer'll 'ave to acknowledge the child."
>
> "Yes, I'll have to." The lines of his young face suddenly sharpened; a deep furrow was graven on his features.
>
> "I think so, too," said Mina quietly. She gave Arthur her hand. "Well, then, Arthur!" and handed him Frida to kiss.
>
> Reschke now appeared in the glass door, and Mrs. Reschke burst out once more. She could not take it in—her Arthur was really going to marry Mina. The innocent and guilty were overwhelmed with reproaches; she screamed and lamented, tore her hair, reproached God and the world. At last she called her utterly confused husband to her assistance.
>
> But he was altogether in a maze to-day. He had not recognised Mina at first; when he had blinked at her long enough, holding his hand before his eyes as a screen, he was pleased to see his niece again. He seemed to have quite forgotten what separated them. "'Ave ye 'eard, Mina," he said, and pulled her sleeve confidentially, "our Gertie's gone?"

As in "Absolution," there is not a line of moral bias in the telling of the story. Every action is presented as the outcome of the inevitable forces of character, temperament and circumstances. Mina's struggles as wife and mother to keep a roof over the Reschke family, illustrate admirably the vital strength of the practical philosophy of working-class life. Questions of art apart, "Our Daily Bread" should live, if only for its documentary truth to life and its absorbing human interest.

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If this volume contained nothing but such material, it would be a disappointment. There are other chapters, however, which rise to a higher level; in which the revelation of personality in a Committee or over the Council Board suddenly lights up the past as with a beacon fire, or in which some trivial incident of the immemorial life of a dead civilisation can excite the apprehension of the poetry which clings to the changes of time. As examples of the first of these may be selected "The Familiar" and "Thermidor"; of the second "The Christian" and "The Pagan." "The Familiar" is a scene at the Council Chamber of Philip II. before the sailing of the Armada. It is the scene also of the prophets of Israel before Ramoth-gilead; of the British Cabinet before the South African war. All the high admirals and captains promise Philip an easy victory; only one voice, like that of Micaiah the son of Imleh—and he without reason, and merely as prophecy—can anticipate disaster. But lo, the words of the Council are more agreeable—words as of the popular press of the summer of 1899—with a substitution merely of one nation's name for another. "England," said the Cardinal, "is past praying for. They have attempted here and there to rule the heathen, which is the test of a people, and they have failed; they can nowhere fix their power upon land outside their own boundaries; they have lost all tradition and respect; the whole thing is a welter; it is a sort of ulcer to be cut out of Europe. Dangerous only as a poison, not as an armed enemy." In "Thermidor," the Committee of Public Safety, after an all-night sitting, with Carnot studying his big maps on the floor, is disturbed by the intrusion of Robespierre, whom they have already condemned to destruction. He pleads for mercy for two obscure condemned, which is refused; and departs, "shutting the door behind him with a curious little *bourgeois* precision, as of a well-bred provincial who knows how a gentleman should leave a drawing-room." In such illuminating flashes Mr. Belloc can show the secular changes of the world: the rise and fall of Empires and religions, which "like cliffs washed down by water, change and pass": or the cities which "stand in time's eye, almost as long as flowers." A bitter rebellious account of the hypocrisies and elaborate falsities of a modern election campaign sets a dead present also in the atmosphere of the living past.

* * *

The fact that the manufacture of porcelain in China was "a matter of custom, almost of religion," explains its importance, if not the fascination that real Chinese china has for the average collector. As Mr. J. F. Blacker says in his "Chats on Oriental China" (Unwin, 5s. net), the gift of a piece of porcelain marked every solemn ceremony from the birthday celebration to the marriage. In approaching the subject, the first point to be remembered is that in China there is no difference between porcelain and "pottery," such as exists in Europe and even in Japan; the two things belong to the same grade of workmanship, and should be referred to under the generic heading of china. The origin of the Chinese manufacture cannot be traced, but there can be no doubt that it existed long before the date of its first authentic records, which relate to two potteries established during the Wie Dynasty about A.D. 220; after which, and until the fourteenth century, the principal landmark in the history of its progress would appear to have been the establishment by the Emperor Chin-tsung (954-1007) of the Royal manufactory at King-te-chin. The industry developed its world-wide importance during (1) the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644), and (2) the Tsing Dynasty which succeeded the Ming, and has lasted to the present day, being known as the Manchu. Mr. Blacker's book, which is put together almost in the manner of an encyclopædia, contains a vast amount of information, and should prove to be a valuable introduction to the study of Chinese and Japanese porcelain; and, since China in this matter set the fashion to the world, and has never ceased to influence Western manufactures, the portion that relates thereto has a wide application for all students of the craft. The section dealing with Japanese porcelain is much the shorter. Japan was a stranger to the craft until the beginning of the sixteenth century. She closely followed the Chinese example, the chief differences being her closer imitation of natural objects, greater correctness in design, and another method of firing. In pottery, however, the Japanese developed on rather more original lines. A third section of the book, devoted to the sale prices of the famous Louis Neath collection, gives one an insight into the financial possibilities of the successful collector, and, altogether, the volume, with its many fine illustrations, including several pages of date marks and symbolical marks and ornaments, accomplishes its purpose admirably.

* * *

"The Iliad of the East" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net), consisting of selected episodes from the "Ramayana," which is one of the two great poems that are to India what the Iliad and Odyssey are to Greece, is not a new book. As its author, Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, mentions in her introduction, the work was published thirty-eight years ago—before Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" had popularised the study of the ancient Indian religious systems. In its new form, however, and embellished by the sympathetically sculptural illustrations of Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, the volume is interesting and opportune at this moment when the nationalist movement in India is drawing attention to the psychology, not less than the outward manifestations, of a race long held in subjection by ourselves. Mrs. Macdonald contends that familiarity with the old Indian poetry is the only way to a just understanding of Indian thought and feeling; while it is absolutely indispensable to the study of the Brahman and Buddhist religious systems. In her introduction she writes very interestingly anent the difficulties encountered by the modern European mind over the "imaginative interpretations of life" belonging to Indian poetry, and suggests some reasons why, with all its fantastic superstructure, such poetry should be taken seriously; and her scholarly argument should do something to clarify the mental vision of the many who persist in regarding Buddhism as a poor imitation of Christianity. The "Ramayana," translated from the Sanscrit of Valmitri—the devout Brahman who received the gift of poesy from the gods—has the same fascination as the "Rig Veda," and the story of Rama's quest of his stolen wife the same dramatic interest as its famous counterpart in Homeric mythology.

* * *

An entertaining little work is Mr. J. R. Chitty's "Things Seen in China" (Seeley, 2s. net). A new venture in Celestial journalism, seeking the favor of its public, advertised itself as follows: "The chief object of the 'Gazette' is the enlightenment of the people, therefore nothing *political* or trifling will be permitted to appear"; similarly Mr. Chitty excludes politics rigorously from these pages, and the trifles he introduces are only trifling to those who cannot pierce their significance. He gives us a good deal of chatty information about the family life, the commercial life, the religious, literary, and artistic constituents of social

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7, Lothbury, London, E.C., 30th December, 1908.

EXTRACTS from the above-mentioned letter.

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To aid in refunding outstanding Bonds and Notes above mentioned (Section 3, Article 2)	$4,000,000
Refunding after 1st June, 1909, future issues of Equipment Notes at 60 per cent. of their face value (remaining 40 per cent. to be paid out of Income)	$5,000,000
Additions and Improvements subsequent to 1st July, 1909 ($2,500,000 per annum until 30th June, 1911, $5,000,000 per annum thereafter)	$28,241,000
New mileage after 1st June, 1909 (at not exceeding $1,000,000 per annum)	$5,000,000
Total issue limited to	$109,850,400

On or before 1st October, 1913, this Mortgage will practically become a first lien on	1,526.45 miles
The General Lien Mortgage is also a lien (subject to $85,000,000 refunding 4 per Cent. Bonds) on additional	2,604.42 miles
Total	4,130.87 miles
It is further a lien on the stock of and leasehold interest of the Company in the Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railway, and Kansas City, Memphis, and Birmingham Railroad Company, aggregating	1,199.62 miles
Grand Total	5,330.49 miles

The general Lien Bonds are further secured (subject to $11,539,000 of serial Equipment Notes) on equipment costing originally $18,911,907, and comprising 311 locomotives, 84 passenger, and 14,051 freight and other cars, which equipment, as provided in the Mortgage, the Company agrees to keep in good repair and replace when destroyed.

The surplus of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad Company (exclusive of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad) for the year ended June 30th, 1908 (a period of universal depression), after providing for all fixed charges, taxes, rentals, &c., amounted to	$459,068
Its surplus for the year ended 30th June, 1907, after providing for all fixed charges, taxes, rentals, &c., amounted to	$4,158,583
Its average surplus for the four fiscal years, 1908, 1907, 1906, and 1905, after providing for all fixed charges, taxes, rentals, &c., amounted to	$1,987,728

At the present time business is showing a steady improvement, the estimated gross earnings for the first three weeks of December being $230,490 in excess of the same period of last year.

There is every reason to believe that this will continue, and the totals for this fiscal year, both gross and net, should be in excess of those of last year. It will be seen that even in a year of the most adverse conditions the earning power of the Company was safely in excess of all its fixed charges, while in years of normal activities it has always shown a large surplus. This will grow larger as the country develops, and each succeeding year no doubt should show an increased surplus. There can be no question as to the future of the territory served by the Company's lines. It is in this section of the country that the growth of immigration and of agricultural development is most marked. The growth of manufacturing interests is also notable, and the number of new industries located each year is proof of this. The policy of the Company has been and will be to foster every development of this kind, and every successful enterprise that is established must add to the revenues of the Railroad Company. It should also be borne in mind that a portion of the new mileage is only now coming into full operation.

The Bankers' Trust Company of New York and N. A. McMillan are Trustees.

Application will be made to list these Bonds on the New York Stock Exchange and in Europe.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) B. F. YOAKUM,
Chairman, Executive Committee.

No.....

ST. LOUIS and SAN FRANCISCO RAILROAD COMPANY, GENERAL LIEN 15-20-YEAR FIVE PER CENT. GOLD BONDS. $30,000,000 UNITED STATES GOLD COIN, or £6,172,750.

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I/We request you to allot me/us £..... of the General Lien 15-20-Year Five per Cent. Gold Bonds of the above Company, upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you, dater 30th December, 1908.

I/We enclose £....., being a deposit of £10 per Bond of £205 15s. 2d., and I/we engage to accept that, or any less amount you may allot to me/us, and to make the further payments thereon in accordance with the said Prospectus.

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Name in full .....

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China, illustrated by anecdotes that are often amusing and never dull. We are much more alive than we were to the fact that the seeming topsy-turviness of the Chinese habit of mind is only the shell of a wisdom equal, if not superior, to that of the West. But there are still some queer notions obtaining as to this remarkable country, and a sympathetic volume such as Mr. Chitty's should help to remove them.

* * *

There is a charm about the prose of many true poets. Cowper and Byron, Shelley and Matthew Arnold, were all very different as poets, but alike in the gift of writing exquisite prose. Even inferior poets will often write prose well, perhaps from the mere practice of the art of verse. So Mr. William Yeats, one of the finest of living poets, has also the fine mastery of prose, as anyone can judge for himself by reading the fifth and sixth volumes of his Collected Works, which have just appeared (Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford). They contain the beautiful Irish essays called "The Celtic Twilight," first published when the poet was quite young, and abounding in the humor that great lyric poets so rarely have possessed. The "Stories of Red Hanrahan" are in the same volume, though they appeared first in the collection called "The Secret Rose." The sixth volume of this new edition is given up entirely to the "Ideas of Good and Evil"—literary and symbolic essays which contain the poet's finest critical work.

* * *

"It is really remarkable," writes Mr. C. W. Hattersley in "The Baganda at Home" (Religious Tract Society, 5s. net), "how in this enlightened age there can still be so many people whose one idea of a missionary in Africa is that of a man with a white topee and white umbrella, clad in a white suit, and wearing blue spectacles; whose sole duty is to go from village to village, gathering the people under a tree and preaching to them." It is, indeed, a fact that this conception of the missionary still exists; but it is also remarkable how many books written by missionaries help to perpetuate the conception by their insistence on the "preaching" topics to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Hattersley, however, is free from this reproach. His book is a pleasantly written description of Uganda in its geographical, social, and economic aspects. As an important official of the Church Missionary Society in this, our latest Protectorate, he has had ample opportunity for studying the Baganda at home, and his work is an informative tribute to the country's possibilities. In regard to the natives he is enthusiastic; finding in them an intelligence that compares favorably with that of many Europeans. There is much description of their customs; an interesting chapter on the experiments made by Dr. Koch and others for the removal of the scourge of sleeping sickness; a clear-sighted exposition of the civilising work rendered possible by the Uganda railway; and a glance at the superstitions that must needs be reckoned with in a still semi-pagan land. There are a hundred admirable photographic illustrations.

The Week in the City.

	Price end of Dec., 1907.	Price end of Dec., 1908.
Consols 2½ per cent.	83¾	84 1/16
German 3 per cent.	82	84½
French Rentes 3 per cent.	95	97
Canadian-Pacific	160	181⅞
Union Pacific	124	188
Hudson's Bay	76	77
Rand Mines	5 11/32	7 23/32

The end of the year leaves City men in a surprisingly cheerful and confident frame of mind, considering how many political and financial clouds obscure the outlook and darken the horizon. The Italian earthquake alone is a portentous disaster, and is certain to have serious economic and financial consequences. Then the danger of war in the Balkans is by no means averted, to judge from accounts of Austrian preparations on the frontiers of Servia and Montenegro. Even if peace is preserved, Turkey and Russia are both in a semi-bankrupt condition, and the latter will soon be floating her big loan. Yet the City Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette" says: "On the whole, prospects are cheering," and intimates that Home Securities, Americans, and Kaffirs are likely to advance, and that the modest recovery of 1908 "will make much headway in 1909." I cannot share his optimism as regards Stock Exchange prices, though there seems to be (which is much more important) a fair prospect of a business recovery if only peace can be maintained. The improvement is already beginning in India, where a splendid harvest is already assured. The Argentine crops are also satisfactory, and Australia will have a considerable surplus of wheat for exportation. Even our own revenue returns look more satisfactory.

The Italian Earthquake.

This heartrending catastrophe has not caused much change in stocks, because it it not likely that the heavy realisations of Consols which followed the San Francisco earthquake will be repeated now. At San Francisco, British fire insurance companies were the chief losers, or, at any rate, the chief payers. In Italy it seems fire insurance is chiefly provided by local, Austrian, and French companies. It is to be hoped that these have reinsured themselves in Germany rather than England! There is a difficulty in insuring against earthquakes, though it can be done at Lloyds even against risks in a country like Japan, where tremors of the earth occur almost daily. But even if your house has been shaken down you can generally make out that it was destroyed by the fire following the earthquake. Then, of course, the insurance company may appeal to an earthquake clause. But earthquake clauses are not popular with the clients of insurance companies, and are not much favored by foreign Courts of Law.

New Loans.

A Five per cent. Chilian loan at the issue price of 96½ is expected next week. Chili used to be considered the best and stablest of South American Republics, but it has had a bad earthquake and a severe financial crisis, as well as political mismanagement, in the last three or four years. Now it is in rather low water, and its paper currency has been much depreciated. Glowing reports are being telegraphed from Canada about the harvest, &c., which indicate that the new loan is about to be floated. Part of it may be subscribed in Paris, where there seems to be any quantity of money for investment. It is a pity that the French bankers who are so powerful don't insist on financial reforms in Russia, Portugal, and other shaky countries in which they have embarked so much capital. Apropos of this, one may mention the great accumulations of gold in Paris, for which no one has yet been able to give an adequate explanation. Political motives may have been at work; for the French have a notion that a big store of gold is a valuable background to diplomacy—more useful perhaps than a covey of Dreadnoughts.

Armament Shares.

The reported conversion of Mr. McKenna into a naval spendthrift may account for the attempts of speculators to hoist the prices of some armament firms, especially Vickers Maxim. Its dividend last year was fifteen per cent., but this year is said to have been less satisfactory, so that at forty shillings the shares are probably high enough. How Brazil is paying for its battleships is still a mystery, but these are being built by Armstrongs. Argentina is now beginning to order ships bp way of reform, and the next move of British armament firms will probably be to get hold of the Young Turks, who are really young in matters of finance, and will doubtless sit at the feet of Admiral Gamble

Lucellum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COATS OF ARMS and PEDIGREES.—The Author of "A List of Emigrant Ministers to America" will send free to any interested a circular on the legal right to arms.—GERALD FOTHERGILL, 11, Brussels-road, New Wandsworth.

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Diary of the Week.

A revised estimate of the deaths from the Italian earthquake gives the loss in the chief towns at 156,000, but this calculation excludes many of the smaller centres. The Mansion House Fund exceeds £70,000, a disappointing result considering the great wealth of this country, its feeling for Italy, and the magnitude and dramatic character of the catastrophe. We cannot help hoping that the private fund will be supplemented by a Government grant, especially as the United States Congress has voted £160,000. Meanwhile, the work of recuperation goes very slowly on, and even the burial of the bodies, which are being interred at the rate of a thousand a day, will take many months. Messina and Reggio are to be rebuilt, a decision owing, it is said, in some degree, to vigorous pressure from the King, who has shown his grandfather's genius for expressing and quickening the national sentiment. But a committee of experts will examine the problem.

* * *

It is a curious fact that the seismograph at Messina, which was found to be quite undamaged by the earthquake, had actually recorded the duration and character of the shocks. The first was very slight, then the tremors increased for ten seconds, and diminished for another ten seconds. After an interval of ten minutes came the great and destructive shock, which was accompanied by loud subterranean rumblings. Then followed a succession of vibrations gradually diminishing in intensity. It appears that the Pope was personally anxious to go to Messina, but the authorities decided that his *rôle* as prisoner of the Vatican did not permit him to pass its walls—a sadly ironic comment on human policy. It is interesting to know that the houses in Messina which were built of reinforced concrete were undamaged by the earthquake, the most useful and consoling bit of knowledge that the disaster has brought with it.

* * *

By far the most thrilling story of the catastrophe is that contributed to "Lloyd's News" by Mr. Doresa, with the special interest for Englishmen that it contains a tale of pure heroism on the part of the captain and crew of the Welsh coaling steamer "Afonwen." The captain of the steamer saw two little children crouched on the top balcony of a building eighty feet high, which had been wrenched from its supports and threatened to collapse at any moment. He got the children to lower a string to the first balcony, fixed a ladder to it, and then turned to one of his seamen with the words, "Now then, Smith!" Smith "turned his quid in his mouth," ran up the ladder, hoisted a rope by the string, induced the children, or probably one of the older inmates, to fasten it to the top balcony, swarmed up the face of the tottering ruin, and shouted when he reached it that "there were a ton of them" on the balcony, and that he could not "get them all down" by himself. The captain turned to his second mate, Read. "Now, Read," he said, and in a few seconds Read stood by Smith's side, and together the men lowered twelve cowering creatures by the rope. When their task was over, says Mr. Doresa, "they quite resented our congratulations." Apparently all the warship crews did well, and the British organisation and discipline seem to have been a chief factor in the work of rescue and restoration. At the town of Villa San Giovanni, the departure of our warships was hailed with cries of "Long live our saviours," and the Admiral received a frantic ovation.

* * *

The danger of the situation in the Near East was evidenced on Saturday when a speech by M. Milovanovitch, the Servian Foreign Minister, provoked something like an Austrian ultimatum. M. Milovanovitch declared that Austria must cease to be a Balkan Power, and that Bosnia should be given autonomy under the Sultan's suzerainty. What Austria most objected to was a phrase to the effect that she "had made slaves of two Serb lands." She demanded an explanation, and seems to be satisfied with the assurance that "subjects" was the word used, not "slaves." The occasion for so much excitement is small, but it indicates all the plainer the charged state of the atmosphere. The feeling in Austria is one of confused bitterness. The Austrians do not understand why the annexation of Bosnia should be followed by such prolonged and involved complications, and they search for some remoter cause. They are generally inclined to put the blame on this country.

* * *

On Tuesday, therefore, the "Neue Freie Presse," the "Vaterland," and other organs joined in violent attacks on England, charging the Balkan Committee "under Lord Buxton" with stirring up the Balkan peoples against Austria, and later on Sir Edward Grey was absurdly and falsely declared to have incited Servia to war. Austria should blame her own statesmen, not ours, for consequences that all men could foresee, but the

indiscretion of part of our Press, and the pronounced anti-German flavor of our foreign policy render the Austrian point of view intelligible. As if the confusion were not bad enough already, there is some probability of Greece making it still more confounded by raising the question of Crete. The one lifting of the clouds is the approaching resumption of negotiations between Turkey and Bulgaria.

* * *

Riots on a rather serious scale have broken out between Hindus and Mohammedans at Titaghur on the banks of the Hooghly, near Calcutta. The Hindus appear to have been the aggressors, and, for the first time in the history of these riots, attacked a mosque, and later on desecrated it by leaving a dead pig within its walls. A mob of Mohammedans, who were working in the neighboring jute mills, then marched on Titaghur, and were with difficulty kept back by the soldiers, who fired on them. The Indian Government will, of course, act, as always, impartially between the two nationalities, for it is only one phase of Lord Curzon's policy that ever suggested that the Government should lean more strongly on the Mohammedan minority than on the Hindu majority.

* * *

The Board of Trade Returns for December are a further proof that the trade depression has reached its lowest point, and that a recovery has already begun. The imports of food and raw materials are actually above those of December, 1908, which constituted a record; and if allowance were made for the fall in prices this new record would be far more remarkable. Upon the whole, compared with other countries, we have come through the year remarkably well. Home railway traffics, which are the best index of the home trade, are only about two per cent. below last year's record, and the fall in foreign trade (due to the crisis in the United States and the failure of the Indian harvest) has been far more in value than volume. Looking back to the year 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain prophesied a fall of exports, we find an actual increase of nearly 86½ millions. The recovery from the present depression may be slow and irregular; but before the end of the year, when we hope to see a reduced American tariff in operation, we shall look for general prosperity if only peace can be preserved and the waste of public money upon armaments checked.

* * *

The Sultan's banquet to the deputies on Thursday week seems to have been an agreeable affair, bubbling over with amiable protestations. The Sultan in a speech put the Parliament next to God as guardian of the nation's welfare, and declared himself the greatest enemy of the enemies of the Constitution. Many of the deputies responded with compliments to the Sovereign in the same strain, distinctly over-done, in the judgment of the Press and of critics who kept their heads cool by keeping away from the banquet. Whether or not individual deputies hitherto bitter enemies of Abdul Hamid have compromised their dignity by excessive adulation, the wisdom of treating a Constitutional Sultan with full formal respect is sound enough. The serious business of the week has been preparation for the great debate next Monday on the Government's policy. The Cabinet is more in sympathy with Prince Sabah-ed-Din's Liberal Union, which favors decentralisation and is opposed to extreme Turkish Nationalism, than with the Committee of Union and Progress. The Committee was at first inclined to overthrow the Cabinet, but apparently has now changed its mind. Such a course would be dangerous, because the Cabinet is pretty sure of Arab, Greek, Bulgarian, and Albanian support, and the Committee in overthrowing it would be in the unpleasant position of having pitted the Turkish majority against the non-Turkish minority and raised the nationality issue at this very early stage. It is significant that important decisions of this kind rest with the Salonika Committee, which retains complete control of the Young Turkey movement and still maintains the closest secrecy as to the personality of its directing membership.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The triennial elections for the renewal of a third of the Senate took place on Sunday in thirty Departments (including the Seine), returning 98 Senators. There were also by-elections to fill vacancies caused by death in Ain, Bouches-du-Rhône, Corsica (2), and Lot, making the total number of Senators to be elected 103. The successful candidates are thus classified: 30 Radicals, 30 Socialist-Radicals, 27 Republicans of the Left, 2 Independent Socialists, 9 Progressists (Republicans of the Centre), and 5 Nationalists or Clericals. The contest was entirely between Republicans of various shades, the Nationalists and Clericals being almost a negligible quantity, and turned chiefly on the social question. The extinction of Clericalism is complete. The Clericals gained one seat in Seine-Inférieure, but only by an arrangement with the Progressists, who could not retain their own seats without Clerical support. They also retained one of the three seats in Orme by a similar arrangement, though even in that stronghold of Conservatism the vote of the Left has increased since 1900 from 178 to 348, the Conservative vote being proportionately reduced. The only Clerical stronghold in the thirty Departments is the Vendée, where they retained all three seats by reduced majorities. In the great majority of the Departments there were no Clerical candidates, and, where there were any, their polls were usually slight. In Vaucluse, for example, MM. Léon Daudet and Maussas, representatives of the 'New Royalism' and lieutenants of M. Jules Lemaître, polled 15 votes each out of a total of 442."

* * *

"The extinction of Clericalism is, however, an old story. The really striking characteristic of Sunday's elections was the annihilation of the Centre, which lost eighteen seats to the Left and gained none. At the same time, the most moderate group of the Left only maintained its position, without gain or loss, so that the gains were to the advantage of the Radicals and Socialist-Radicals. The restricted electorate of the Senate, which is mainly *bourgeois*, usually follows—at a certain distance—the decisions of universal suffrage, and this was the case on Sunday. The strength of the Centre was reduced by exactly the same proportion—two-thirds—as that by which it was reduced in the chamber at the General Election of 1906. On the whole, the Senate has advanced in the same direction as the Chamber, but it lags a little behind, as is presumably the duty of a Second Chamber, which exists in order to act as a break."

* * *

"But Sunday was, above all, a personal triumph for M. Clemenceau. In the Var he ousted his two former colleagues, MM. Méric and Sigallas, who are 'Combistes,' and carried in with him a converted Socialist workman and an ex-Boulangist, whom unkind people accuse of having changed his label rather than his opinions. Here, as in the Seine, where the 'Clemen-

ciste' list also triumphed, the Ministerial majority was swollen by the votes of the Conservative parties. It is noteworthy, however, that M. Clemenceau pledged himself to amnesty the Draveil prisoners, who, in the ordinary course, would be tried on January 11th, so a measure for that purpose may be expected as soon as Parliament meets. It is difficult, after Sunday's results, to credit the rumor of M. Clemenceau's impending resignation which is current in political circles. M. Clemenceau is nothing if not a fighter, and there seems to be no particular reason why he should resign at this moment." Since our correspondent wrote, the difference between M. Clemenceau and M. Briand on capital punishment has been settled, and the guillotine is to be retained.

* * *

Have the British and Russian Governments abandoned the policy of non-intervention in Persia? Certainly there have been prolonged Cabinet Councils at St. Petersburg to arrange a new policy. According to the "Times," a programme of financial and administrative reforms is to be drawn up and forced upon the Shah. No hint is given in this intimation of constitutional reforms having any part in the programme, an omission which confirms the grave apprehensions felt among the Persian Nationalists at this latest form of Anglo-Russian action. What Persian Nationalists insist is that their country needs not more but less intervention, and that Russia should simply withdraw her military and financial support from the Shah, and let him settle his quarrel face to face with his people. The revolt against the Shah and the evidence of the collapse of his power grow every day. The important town of Ispahan has openly thrown off his authority. The Shah's soldiers commenced to loot the city. Whereupon some Bakhtiari tribesmen came to the help of the city, drove out the soldiers, and are now holding Ispahan, with the son of their chief as governor in place of the Shah's representative.

* * *

On Saturday an edict informed Yuan-Shih-Kai that he was suffering from an "affection of the foot," and ordered him to resign all his offices and retire to his home in Honan. Yuan-Shih-Kai is the foremost personality in China and the brain of the reform movement. As governor of Shantung in 1900 he did more than any other man to save China from dissolution. It was he who secured the famous edict abolishing literary examinations for the Civil Service, introduced modern education, directed the anti-opium movement, trained an army on Western lines, extracted the promise of a Constitution, and in his province of Chili demonstrated the capacity of the Chinese for self-government. His downfall therefore is a very grave event, especially if it means the reversal of the policy which he stood for and the dismissal of all who were associated with him in the gigantic work of rejuvenating China. He owes his dismissal to a Manchu cabal led by Tieh-Liang and Prince Chun the regent; the Manchus, of course, detest a movement which aims at abolishing all their privileges and putting the Chinese on a full equality with them. Yuan-Shih-Kai has been dismissed before, notably in 1906, but on each occasion quickly returned to power. If this time his fall is final, we may look forward to trouble in China and between China and the Powers.

* * *

The public, both Liberal and Conservative, will be interested in the frank account of the working of the Committee of Protectionists who are known as the Confederacy, written by "A Confederate" to the "National Review." The article is an avowed attempt to stampede the Free Trade minority into the Protectionist camp. The Confederacy, it tells us, was formed at a dinner party of three. Its policy is directed by a council of twelve, to whose decrees every member must bow. It has plenty of money. It comprises, says the "National Review," "many men whose pockets are as deep as their political convictions, and just as full." In any case, they are prepared to empty them now—with the possible chance of filling them later from the overflow of the new tariff. The method of working is as follows:—

> "Once a month, or oftener if necessary, the governing body meet together; reports from constituencies where the Confederacy Agents are at work, are considered; instructions in reply are issued, and any additional Free Food Unionists that may be brought to light, are 'marked down.' It sometimes happens that information is received that in a certain constituency a Free Food Candidate is likely to be adopted. In such instances the Confederacy agent in the county is communicated with, he is put on his guard, and told that the Confederacy is prepared to assist any opposition movement with funds, even to the extent of running a candidate off its own bat, if invited to do so. More than once such tactics have had the desired effect."

* * *

The immediate object of this amiable body is the destruction of the career of the fifteen Free Food Unionists in Parliament. The Confederacy do not expect that the Unionist majority will exceed between thirty and fifty, and fifteen Free Traders could easily smash a party with so exiguous a base. Every effort will therefore be made to exclude them from the next Parliament, and, if necessary, their seats will be given over to the Liberals. With this object, says "A Confederate," the Confederacy has decided to "stay its hand no longer, and before the new year is many months old it will strike."

* * *

On Saturday the well-known Russian priest, mystic, and wonder-worker, Father John of Cronstadt, died in his eightieth year, and on Tuesday he was buried amid remarkable demonstrations of personal devotion and religious fanaticism. Born of peasant stock, in the province of Archangel, he was convinced from his early years of his powers as a seer and a worker of miracles. His first and only cure was at Cronstadt, and that he made a place of pilgrimage famous throughout Russia. He was a man absolutely free from self-seeking and devoted to his flock. His disinterestedness cemented the authority and the reverence which the superstitious extended to the priest, whose prayer was believed to control the power of life and death. Men and women, but chiefly women, of every class, from prince to peasant, came under his sway, and the late Tsar specially called him in as he lay on his death-bed. Father John's mysticism was of the emotions, not of the intellect, and his sympathies and his influences were always on the side of reaction. He denounced Tolstoy almost as bitterly as did the notorious Bishop Hermogenes, and he found pogroms holy work. He was the spiritual patron of the Black Hundreds, and the Government used his prestige to the full against the revolution. In religion, as in politics, his influence was bad. He encouraged the grosser superstition of his followers, and in his later years their aberrations and vices made his name the centre of many scandals. Even so early after death he has become responsible for numerous miracles, and the Russian Church is expected to act up to its reputation by canonising him.

Politics and Affairs.

THE INFLUENCE OF KINGSHIP.

It is not surprising that the world should admire the moral devotion and physical courage of a King and a Queen, exhibited on the stricken field of the world's greatest physical catastrophe; it is a rather more astonishing fact that they should fully deserve its homage. Unreality surrounds monarchs, and it is customary to treat the most ordinary events in their lives as leaders of fashion—a King's shooting party, a Queen's visit to a bazaar—as if they indicated a life of severe mental activity. This is the penalty of constitutional rule. Such serious work as its representative does is more or less humdrum and altogether hidden from the eye, while his pleasure-taking is made to assume the severe lines of public duty. Great ability is not required of him; if he possessed it he might obtain an authority for which a democratic country has no use, and which we adjudged dangerous even when it was exercised by a Prince Consort of the character and trained powers of Prince Albert. But now and then a monarch with limited powers has an opportunity of giving his contemporaries an example of the value of such a function; and this chance has twice occurred to the head of the House of Savoy. It was not for small or merely ceremonial service that nearly as many Italian streets are called after Victor Emmanuel the First as after Garibaldi. United Italy could not have been made without his character or his position, and his grandson, schooled like the Re Galantuomo in adversity, or at least in difficulty, has almost repeated his success. He plucked his country out of the anarchy into which it was sinking as the result of an ill-judged, ill-conducted, conflict between the forces of reaction and those of revolution, and now on the heels of this political success he has achieved a moral triumph into which it is certain that no element of calculation has entered. And it is probable, the world being what it is, that no other Italian official could have achieved it—not even a President of the Italian Republic, had he been Mazzini himself. For there is something necessarily non-human about the divinity with which tradition and the half-penny newspapers hedge a king. He cannot possibly be, in fact, the "most gracious" being of the Court Circulars. When therefore a nation finds that these conventional attributes drop away, and reveal a warm heart, a brave temper, joined to a keen and sympathetic intellect, he is able to produce a moral effect, an actual healing and soothing influence in presence of a great social wound like the Calabrian earthquake, which reconciles even the philosopher to the many drawbacks of monarchy. People doubtless think, "Do the King and the Queen risk their lives? Is *noblesse oblige* not a mere courtier's fable? Then what they can do, a nation can do," and we imagine that Victor Emmanuel's impulsive decision that the ruined cities are to be rebuilt will put no little energy and hopefulness into the task of recuperation.

This faculty of inspiration does not, of course, reside especially in kings, unless, like Napoleon, they place the crown on their own heads. But it associates itself readily with them, even in a democratic society like our own. The modern world is plentifully provided with men who think for it, and its statesmen, if they have character, are rightly more popular than its sovereigns. But it is not so rich in figures that can act dramatically for a whole community, that, in moments of despair, can restore the broken march of humanity by sight of the flowing *panache* of its chieftain. This is what the King of Italy has done for his people, or for all of them to whom Royalty is still an emblem, a type of any significance whatever. Even if he had achieved less of his own initiative, his unaffected zeal and personal daring would have found a rallying point for the courage and resourcefulness of the nation. A great part of such an influence depends no doubt both on individual character and on the history of a Royal House. The House of Savoy rose to fame within living memory out of a revolution which its ablest head helped to plan, and to which it contributed personal leadership in the field. With us the public life of the monarchy, with a similar but much more remote origin, tends to concentrate itself in social and merely pleasurable functions. It is no longer possible to think of it as yielding a fully-tried soldier or sailor; constitutional as well as practical reasons prevailed against the Duke of Cambridge's leadership of the Army, and forbade a Royal successor. The Prince of Wales could not be encouraged to join a rescue party in a burning mine—the risk to the succession would be deemed to be too great—and even the Duke of Connaught has, we understand, always been refused his wish for a dangerous command on the field of battle. Sympathy can be yielded, not, save by minor members of the Royal Family, personal service. Yet we imagine that the death of a prince near to the throne on such a mission as might have deprived Italy of an able King would give the Monarchy a hold on the imaginations of the mass of British people such as, in spite of its undoubted popularity, it does not possess to-day.

What, therefore, can an English monarch do which can realise a life of use and honor for himself and yet infuse some warmth into the popular conception of kingship? One thing he cannot do, though many foolish people speak and even act as if he could. He cannot formulate or execute policy, either at home or abroad. The moment he does this, the constitutional veil falls; the King must struggle for his life and popularity with the statesman and the partisan. He is forbidden to do it by the well-cemented practice of the Constitution; he is equally debarred, as Bagehot showed long ago, by the character of affairs and the hardness and steepness of the road to mastery of them. "A King, to be the equal of his Ministers in discussion, must work as they work; he must be a man of business as they are men of business." But English society, organised as it is for pleasure, will not let the King be a "man of business." It insists on his being a master of its endless revels; it fixes, and even coarsens, his pursuits. No man thus preoccupied can order or maintain policies, as, for instance, Philip II. of Spain ordered and maintained them, any more than he can direct the prosecutions that are made in his name. But he has a function of advice,

of supervising judgment, which is particularly useful, and may be not ungrateful or uninteresting to a man of good sense and of a wide experience both of politics and of the personalities who control it from the inside and the outside of Courts and Chancelleries. Such a King can always instruct a new statesman, can warn him of the foibles of Count A—— or the perilous strength of the Marquis B——; while in internal politics he can watch and even guide the decisions of Ministers, just as a permanent official influences the will of his newly-arrived chief. But the condition of such public usefulness is that the monarch who exercises it should be willing—as, for instance, Queen Victoria, with all her prejudices, personal and political, was willing—to act behind the scenes and deny himself the smallest share in his Ministers' laurels. This may seem to take the gold off a Crown. But, as the Kaiser has just realised, there is no other way of preserving its attraction. The King of Italy did not lead the forces that made for the revival of Italian Liberalism; he made the way easy for them. This is a Kingly function; its very privacy is the return a Constitutional King can yield for the flattery that must make an honest monarch despise half the men and a still greater proportion of the women who form a Court.

THE CAREER OF M. CLEMENCEAU.

The administration of which M. Clemenceau is at once the brain, the tongue, and the sword, is accustomed to describe itself as a government of combat. It is, indeed, quite unthinkable that M. Clemenceau should preside over any organisation which was not combative. To him politics are a perpetual strife, and life would lose its savor only in one possible situation—if all his opponents were to become extinct. Mere silence would be tolerable, for one can always accuse a silent enemy of conspiring in the darkness. No modern French politician, not even Gambetta, has succeeded in reproducing so faithfully the moods and poses of 1793. To the principles of the Revolution it would be flattery to suggest that he has been faithful. But its temperament he reincarnates with an almost atavistic fidelity. The conviction that all work is a sort of fighting entered in those great years into the French blood. Success is secondary, achievement a philistine test; the one essential is to fight. The builder who carries a trowel must also wield a sword, and it is the sword which he holds in his right hand. As with Robespierre, it is M. Clemenceau's affectation to consider himself a man of almost Aristotelian moderation He is invariably fighting the reaction on the Right and the "exaggeration" on the Left, and his strategy is usually that of the Revolution—to suggest that the two extremes are in secret league for the ruin of France in general and himself in particular. His idea of moderation is to destroy both the extremes. To such a temperament politics are always interesting, even when barren sessions succeed each other with an almost calculated monotony. The prosaic English Liberal is apt to ask what M. Clemenceau has done; or, in other words, what reforms has he carried? There is no satisfactory answer to that question. But, on the other hand, he has provoked the Right to physical violence and driven the Socialists into a daily anger which threatens to become monomania. And still he survives. That is his achievement, and a most exciting achievement it is. Nor is it by the duller arts that he has thriven. It is not given to the average party politician to expel Papal legates, to imprison editors, to fire on half-a-dozen crowds with ball cartridge, and when the dangers came thickest, to owe his preservation to an extempore *mot*, hurled at a majority which is dissolving under his eyes. Even his fall, when it comes, will be "thrilling," to use the phrase which Hilda Wangel employed when the Master-Builder fell from his steeple.

It is characteristic of M. Clemenceau that just at a moment when his influence seemed at last to be waning, he has contrived to organise a most impressive demonstration in his own favor. And certainly his power was reaching its term. The Socialists, whom he damaged severely by his success in holding them responsible for the anti-patriotism of the Hervé section, were more than recovering ground, and had just won two unexpected triumphs in bye-elections for the Chamber. The Radical section of his own party, whose moral leader is rather M. Combes than M. Clemenceau, was at last in almost open revolt over the Government's indifference to such reforms as old age pensions and the income-tax. His action in keeping in prison for eight months without a trial the Labor leaders whom he made accountable for the fusillade at Draveil, was at last too much even for a Chamber which is rarely very sensitive about civil liberty. At Christmas his position seemed shaken. But the New Year has brought him a sweeping triumph in the periodical elections for the partial renewal of the Senate. He has carried his own seat in the Var by a sweeping majority, and all over France it is his own section of the Radical-Socialists which has been elected. The reactionaries and the "Progressists" (usually numerous in the Upper House) have been largely weeded out, the disaffected Combists have done badly, and once more the Senate, always free from the taint of Socialism, has succeeded in excluding the proletariat. It would be a mistake to take this triumph very seriously, but it is none the less an efficiently organised demonstration. It serves at least to show that M. Clemenceau retains control of the governing machine.

The Senatorial elections are a test of a somewhat limited opinion. They are indirect, and allow to the rural communes a marked predominance over the towns. The constituency which votes is in each district the few local politicians who all have something to gain from the Government in power—the men who desire for their clients places as postmen or tax-collectors, or for their commune a new bridge or a waterworks. Local administration is so rigidly centralised in France that a vote of this kind means little more on the part of those who bestow it, than a conviction that the Radical-Socialists are likely to remain for some time in power. The floating opinion, the vote of the odd, uncommitted elector who shifts his allegiance and so makes and unmakes parties, is nowhere tested in a senatorial contest. But this at least is gained—that M. Clemenceau is now

as clearly master of the Senate as he was of the Chamber. If reforms still linger, it will not be because a somewhat hostile Senate obstructs them. For the rest it seems to us improbable, as the gossips predict, that the Clemenceau Ministry should really collapse over an internal dissension on a point so relatively secondary as capital punishment. That might lead to reconstruction. But M. Clemenceau, after his merciless use of the rifle to repress strikes, is hardly likely to abandon power from a sensitive scruple about using the guillotine on the necks of convicted murderers. The reaction in middle-class opinion led by the "Matin," which has once more made the guillotine popular, is, moreover, precisely the trend of opinion which has welcomed M. Clemenceau's short way with strikers, as a proof that France is once more safe in the hands of a really strong man. The guillotine has long been an obsolete institution in France. M. Briand's failure to induce a timid Chamber to consent to its formal abolition does not really commit him to its revival.

The career of the present Chamber, which is now entering its last year of legislative life, has not been an encouraging spectacle to those who believed that Liberalism, atrophied and moribund everywhere else on the Continent, retained in France its full vitality. It carried on its warfare with Clericalism, until that enemy too manifestly lacked the spirit and resources to continue the fight. But of its three main points of constructive reform, Radical-Socialism has contrived to carry only the least important. The grant of old age pensions, the imposition of a graduated income-tax, and the nationalisation of the Western Railway, all challenged in some degree the interests of the middle-class. The first two would have affected that class as a whole, the last only touched a small section, and that only to an inconsiderable extent. It is the last which alone has been carried. The Pensions Bill was not, in comparison with our own, a costly measure, for it imposed contributions alike on the employer and the workman. It was dangled before the country at the General Election of 1906, a palpable bait, for it had been passed by the Chamber on the eve of the Dissolution, but not yet presented to the Senate. The Senate has quietly obstructed it, and the Government as quietly acquiesced. To-day prominent Radical-Socialists preach the advantages of a scheme based on thrift and insurance. But no costly reforms can be carried without creating new resources of taxation, for, though a vote can always be secured for the income tax, and M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, appears to be sincere in his advocacy, the campaign of the "Matin" seems to have paralysed the will of the party. The one tendency which really has emerged, resolute and well-organised, is the resistance to Socialism. The concrete thing which was more often present to its mind was probably that French Socialism stands for such unpopular novelties in legislation as the weekly day of rest. If the coming year should repeat the history of the three which preceded it, it is hardly likely that Radical-Socialism can remain the dominant party in France. The future seems to lie with an alliance between Combists and Socialists. The test to-day of sincerity in social reform in every European country is the readiness of any given Liberal group to co-operate with Labor. That was never possible under M. Clemenceau. He began his Ministerial career by a sensational attempt to suppress the May Day demonstration of 1906, on the plea of a Royalist plot. The Socialists, on their side, were in an impracticable mood. They have learned wisdom at length. The wiser counsels of M. Jaurès have prevailed over the ruinous tactics of the quasi-anarchist group. We are not yet at the end of the Clemenceau adventure, which has meant little but social strife at home and a risky failure in Morocco. But the gathering of other forces is already evident.

FROM PENSIONS TO INSURANCE.

A STATESMAN may count himself fortunate if, by any act of his, he can add, visibly and conspicuously, to the happiness of mankind. Mr. Asquith can realise this pleasure as he reads the newspaper accounts of the first payments of Old Age Pensions on New Year's Day. They confirm, so far as they go, all that has been urged for the Pensions Act on the ground both of humanity and of social justice. The pensioners struck all the observers as honest, decent folk, pathetically and tremulously grateful for this unexpected descent of the State to shed a little light on the end of their days, and accepting the relief both on their account and on that of their children's households. Those who have had experience of the life of the poor will realise what an immense subtraction from the bare living wage of the worker—especially of domestic servants—the struggle to keep an aged parent out of the workhouse has involved. A part at least of this great "self-denial fund" will now be restored to its proper economic uses, and the health of the workers and their general spending capacity will be proportionately enhanced. Nor, as man does not live by bread alone, need we make light of the sentiment which marks the historic hatred of the aged poor to the workhouse, and the moral defeat that retirement to it means for them. Many accounts testify to their relief at finding a way of escape from the poor man's Waterloo. "Owing to my son's work being slack, I saw the workhouse in front of me," said a Salford pensioner. "Now I can live on my 5s." At Kingston the pensioners included a man who for years had had his coffin placed in his house, so that "the parish" might not bury him when he died. "I spent my life in earning this. I wouldn't go to the guardians for a cent. I'd rather throw myself in the Cut," said a Manchester workman, and we are glad to see that more than one postmaster encouraged applicants to think that they had "earned" their pension. Thus, the Pensions Act implies not only a great material relief to households that thoroughly deserve it, but a sensible addition to the self-respect of the poor, and a spur to their self-dependence.

We have thus advanced some way towards a system of national insurance against the recurring disasters of the workman's life. Old age has been partially covered; accident is almost provided for. There remain sickness, invalidity, and unemployment. In all these depart-

ments a certain amount of preparatory and educational work has been done. For unemployment a new sifting and organising machinery has been set up apart from the Poor Law, and, as Mr. Harold Spender points out in the "Contemporary Review," the leading trade unions are rapidly adding to the volume of their "unemployed" benefits. Sickness, again, is the object of a huge voluntary organisation, to which 14,000,000 people contribute. In Germany the three cases of superannuation, sickness, and accidents are dealt with by separate organisations, of varying merit and success, with the State as a superintending and contributing agency. The machinery is a costly one, and German opinion seems agreed that its working should be unified. How are we likely to attack the whole problem? Not, of course, without consulting the trade unions and the friendly societies, or, we imagine, without obtaining their consent to a certain State superintendence of their funds, and not, we think, by a process of regimenting individual workers. For such super-organisation we are not prepared, and it may never suit the character of our people. The question is whether trade unions and friendly societies are willing to take a State subsidy or guarantee of their sick funds as satisfaction for a measure of State control, and whether employers are willing to contribute. Until there has been an exchange of views upon this vital question, our statesmen cannot advance much further.

The question of unemployment is more complicated. The Government, we gather, are preparing a scheme of Labor Exchanges in which they will be wise to give careful heed to the German experience. The German Labor Registries are built up on a plan of co-operation between the trade unions and the municipalities, which work together with much cordiality. If we are to add to labor registries, which are at once the intelligence and the distributing departments of an industrial State, a system of insurance for unemployment, we come at once to the grand difficulty of the problem. So far as we confine ourselves to the trade union area, it is not difficult to conceive a system of insurance for unemployment, supervised by the State and the municipalities, maintained by contributions from employers and employed, and managed by joint bodies such as those which administer the German sick insurance funds. For this the foundation exists, and the intelligence and experience of the great trade union officials, and the dying down of the old blind fighting spirit, are favorable to a solution. But what of the unregimented masses of unskilled labor? From them come the bulk of the recruits for the army of unemployed, half-employed, and unemployables, at which a hundred ineffectual devices of law and ill-conceived charity are aimed. The old starvation test of the Poor Law will satisfy no modern community that we can think of; and its enlightened sense will revolt equally against "doss-house" philanthropy and any State or municipal machinery which creates a "recidivist" class of unemployed, perpetually dawdling on the banks of the stream of regular industry, and never thoroughly absorbed by it. And insurance, we are afraid, is out of the question. An insurance scheme can hardly permeate a class divorced both from the factory system and from trade unionism. What then is to be done? No immediately satisfactory plan can be devised, and no single bit of social machinery is likely to work a cure by itself for an evil which reveals the worst sore in modern industrialism. Probably some indirect remedy, like the abolition of the child street-trader, would remove a great source of infection in character, which prepares the way for the shiftless weakness that drifts into unemployment. But when we have unemployment at our doors, we cannot dispense with immediate curative work. A multiplication of agencies and resources is required; and, for our part, we should like to see the report and evidence of the Poor Law Commission supplemented by a conference of Guardians, Chairmen of Distress Committees, and Superintendents of Labor Colonies. Such a body might, at least, give Government its marching orders.

NATURE'S WAR WITH MAN.

The note of awe-struck hesitancy in last Sunday's pulpit utterances well indicates the difficulty felt by most religious and reflective minds in adjusting themselves to the calamity of Calabria. Some seek or feign shelter from the avalanche of horror by reminding their hearers of what is indeed true, that, after all, the mass of suffering endured by the slain and the survivors in Messina and Reggio cannot outweigh in size or intensity that which is endured every day by humanity at large, and that this premature destruction of so many thousands at a single stroke really adds little or nothing to the sum of human misery. But such well-meant extenuation does not really serve to restore equanimity. How should it? For though the whole intellectual problem of human pain is as well contained in the single slip which breaks a leg as in this multitudinous catastrophe, the size and circumstances of this case have an emotional significance of their own which seem to lift it above the ordinary level of soft-eyed sympathy, stunning the feelings as well as the imagination of beholders. Perhaps it stirs some dim survival of the savage terror with which primitive man must have viewed eclipses, thunderstorms, or any of the smaller deviations in the path of Nature, a terror which has been suppressed by growing knowledge and confidence in natural laws. Nor can we fail emotionally to distinguish the pain and suffering in which human fault or folly enters so largely as a cause from this abrupt insurrection of the dumb, peaceful giant whom we have always found so submissive underneath our feet.

Christian people still continue to use the expression "act of God" to designate such natural calamities. But the part assigned by most religious men and women to-day to such events, in their conception of the divine government of the world, differs from that in vogue even a couple of generations ago. The change may possibly be indicated by saying that such acts are now regarded as acts of divine permission rather than of commission. The modern conception of the divine power as operative through natural laws, unbroken in their regularity, has had the effect of weakening the older "realising sense" of "the hand of God" which our fathers saw in special interpositions and interferences. The vivid realisation

of direct personal intervention in the affairs of Nature has come to most readers of the Book of Job to have a merely poetic value. "Which removeth the mountains and they know not; which overthroweth them in His anger. Which shaketh the earth out of her place and the pillars thereof tremble." The reign of law in Nature is now so generally accepted that few theologians would read in this convulsion a particular decree of the Almighty, while the once familiar interpretation of such terrible events as judgments, warnings, or acts of retribution, is absent to-day from the thoughts and lips of all men. How significant a change has passed in the last century and a-half is brought home to us by the powerful and direct lines in which Voltaire set out the terrible searchings into causes occasioned by the Lisbon earthquake:—

"Comment concevoir un Dieu, la bonté même,
Qui prodigue ses biens à ses enfans qu'il aime,
Et qui versa sur eux les maux à pleines mains?
Quel œil peut pénétrer dans ses profondes desseins?
De l'être tout parfait le mal ne pouvait naître!
Il ne vient point d'autrui puisque Dieu seul est maître:
Il existe pourtant. O tristes vérités!
O mélange étonnant de contrariétés!
Un Dieu vint consoler notre race affligée;
Il visita la terre et ne l'a point changée!
Un sophiste arrogant nous dit qu'il ne l'a pu;
Il le pouvait, dit l'autre, et ne l'a point voulu;
Il le voudra, sans doute; et tandis qu'on raisonne,
Des foudres souterraines engloutissent Lisbonne,
Et de trente cités dispersent les débris,
Des bords sanglants du Tage à la mer de Cadix."

It was, indeed, little marvel that the affair of Lisbon well served, in the hands of the Christian apologists of the day, to break the optimistic Deism which sought to place the powers of the Most High in commission, sharing them out among the benevolent laws of Nature. Such misdeeds of Nature drove Voltaire himself in his later days to a virtual abandonment of his Deism, leaving him with—What?

Though, thus, after nineteen long centuries, the plain teaching of Jesus on the incident of Siloam has at length been so far assimilated by the Christian Churches that they are not disposed to consider this earthquake as a punishment calling for a formal act of humiliation, it cannot be said that any clear attitude has been substituted. For the withdrawal of such direct specific purpose only renders the divine "permission" more terribly inexplicable to those who seek to reconcile omnipotence with benevolence. There are, of course, those who recognise in this mystery the supreme act of faith, and are content to cry "Behind the Veil!" But the reason of man, God-given equally with faith, has at all times been restive under this demand, and has often driven him to take refuge in some conception of a power of evil independent of and not yet vanquished by divinity. However much repudiated in the accepted creed, this dualism, with its implication of limited deity, has ever been a practical, or—shall we say a dramatic?—necessity, for man, who has always invented evil spirits endowed with some harmful liberty in order to render the physical and moral calamities of life somehow intelligible. What more natural than that these live volcanic spots upon the earth shall be the particular habitations of gigantic beings, liable to break from their subterranean prisons and to spread sudden havoc and destruction among the race of men? Such have always been the shapes taken by the fears of men living in the near presence of the terrible powers of Nature. Can we wonder that they survive to-day among the dwellers of Southern Italy, or among the Breton fishermen?

But for those who, at least in their reflective moments, seek to image the universe as a single orderly government, embodying one continuous purpose, there is no easy foothold. For comparatively few in the modern Western world can satisfy themselves with the stoicism of a Marcus Aurelius or a Tolstoy, content to direct their individual life along a simple line of moral duty and to leave "environment" alone to work its separate will unheeded. "Security is not yours: it is not part of the plan; it would be bad for mankind if it were. But duty—life for others—is, and there lies your true happiness." But complete divorcement between Nature and Man, between science and religion, is alien from modern thought, which is ever enforcing, by new evidence, the unity of Nature with Man, of spirit with matter, and extending the analogy of their laws towards absolute identity. The new theology, with its firm assertion of this identity and its doctrine of "divine immanence," is hard put to it to furnish such an account of natural calamities as is emotionally satisfactory. For the more liberal doctrine is loath to shelter itself prematurely behind the shield of mystery, and to tell us that we must be content, without understanding, to recognise, with Mr. Sylvester Horne, that "behind even the worst that can happen to our humanity is the working of God." So long as we contrive to represent the divine responsibility in terms analogous to the human, so long as we cling, as do most even of our more liberal theologians still, to an anthropocentric attitude which implicitly regards the universe as made for man, it seems hardly possible to do aught else than banish the fearful spectacle of Sicilian suffering from the focus of reflection, and to let our sorrow flow simply and unchecked along its natural channel. "Sunt lacrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt." Can anyone say more?

And yet, perhaps, if we can bring ourselves in thought to depose human life from the place of supreme dominion it has arrogated to itself, a more philosophic conception of universal order may exercise some healing influence. For if one spirit, one purpose, be really immanent throughout the order of the universe, the magnitude and various natures of this working must be such as to dwarf almost to insignificance the largest of merely human events. It was a great Italian philosopher who four centuries ago attained so clear a conception of the truth, that life and consciousness are not forces confined to detached and scattered organisms, but extend throughout the cosmic order, giving spirit to the whole, as to speak of this earth on which we dwell as "this great animal of ours." Is it an entirely barren speculation to suppose that, as in the natural and normal economy of our bodies, great clusters of cells, each endowed with a life and probably some consciousness of its own, are continually doomed to extinction sometimes catastrophic, to serve some larger welfare of the human

organism, so it may be with the lives of human beings in the cosmic organism? How merely wasteful to the cell, how utterly lamentable and unmeaning, must seem the operations of that wider purpose which, from its particular place, it can neither recognise nor comprehend, and which it can only "realise" emotionally and intellectually as wanton cruelty! Only by some such extension of the organic idea, if it be legitimate, to convey the unity of purpose working on a larger cosmic plan than is represented by the pleasures and pains, or even the success and failure of humanity, can we dimly perceive the outline of some general scheme to which man's "greatness" and sorrow can contribute its little part.

Life and Letters.

SHOP LIFE AND CITIZENSHIP.

"Truck," "fines," "deductions," "living in," are words which offer to the general reader an apparatus of special and technical discussion. He is very content to leave that discussion to specialists. As a matter of fact, however, they are merely terms for problems easy of comprehension and of profound human interest. Their treatment is of immediate concern to hundreds of thousands of men and women—especially women and young girls—who are working, generally for scanty wages, in the least organised of the skilled and unskilled trades. "Truck" may be roughly defined as payment of wages in "kind" instead of in cash. "Fines" are impositions and penalties which mulct the weekly wages of certain sums, for alleged offences against order, punctuality, or discipline. "Deductions" are sums withdrawn from the wages for bad work, injury to material, for materials or tools supplied by the employers, for sick benefits, hospitals, or medical attendance. "Living in" may be interpreted as a form of "truck," mainly now confined to the shop assistants, in which board and lodging is provided by the employer as part wages for the men and women he employs. A series of enactments, extending over nearly a century, have attempted to protect the worker against various methods of withholding part of his wage: have attempted to ensure that if he be offered thirty shillings or five shillings a week for a week's labor, he shall receive at the conclusion of the contract thirty shillings or five shillings in coin of the realm. The latest—the Act of 1896—has now been in force for more than a decade. Some rather remarkable legal decisions have here—as in most recent Acts of Parliament—upset the plain intention of its framers. Nearly three years ago a Departmental Committee, under the able Chairmanship of the Lord Advocate, was appointed to consider the necessity of further legislation. That Committee, after hearing a mass of evidence, has just issued a majority and minority report.

The work is that of exploration in the underside and remote recesses of England's industrial civilisation, very largely away from the strong protections of skilled adult men's organised labor, but amongst the life of women, of girls, and of badly paid outworkers and sweated industries. It is exploration in a region where the fierceness of the competitive struggle can sweep away the elaborate protection by which men have attempted to check and control the wolf that is in men. Here factory law is evaded, because it is no man's interest to place it in operation: here Fear—the fear of poverty and unemployment—becomes a perpetual obsession. No evidence can be obtained of violation of the law, because the giving of evidence entails the risk of dismissal. All kinds of small indignities and punishments can be imposed in caprice or tyranny, because it is never worth while to complain. Here, also, as in the experience of the Sweating Committee, the workers themselves will come forward to testify to the excellence of their condition. This is especially the case amongst the shop assistants, where the efforts of the weak and struggling unions towards converting the shop employee into a citizen are countered by those who explain how much more desirable it is not to be a citizen at all—what trouble it saves in the abandonment of necessity for forethought, independence, or the exercise of any moral choice between good and evil! Again and again in the Report the statement is emphasised that where the trade unions are strong, the workers can protect themselves. The killing of the practice, "which seems to prevail to a considerable extent in the less highly paid trades," of spreading the payment of a fine over many weeks, so that "fines of £2, £5, or even £10, are imposed, and paid off by instalments of a shilling a week," and "the worker could not possibly get out of debt to the employer for years," would seem to be worth the abandonment of some of that "freedom" which the individual worker is supposed to enjoy. One of the Home Office inspectors gives examples of the offences for which girls are fined. "Wearing hair curlers in the hair" is a very frequent source of fines; "there are a great many fines in one or two factories for sneezing"; a girl is fined sixpence "because she picked a spider off the wall of the factory and put it down by another girl"; a West End dressmaker "fines her girls if they come downstairs in couples"; fetching hot water from one floor to another, making tea, eating bread-and-butter, are other offences under this pleasant system: punishable by impositions of sixpence or a shilling. And yet the working women—or a section of them—still have the audacity to demand a vote! Meantime, the best employers—such as Messrs. Cadbury or Mr. Fevens, of "Reckitt's Blue"—testify that they have altogether abolished the system of fines, with nothing but beneficial results. The minority report—signed by Mrs. Tennant and Mr. Walsh—advocate boldly the complete prohibition of the system. The majority—more timid—would limit the fines to five per cent. of the weekly wages, abolish the system of "carrying over" from week to week, and forbid fines altogether for children under sixteen years.

They are bolder in dealing with "deductions," which, in all their various disguises, they practically recommend should be altogether swept away. If material is supplied, or a "rent" for the factory demanded, that, they declare, should be taken into account in fixing the wages; but the fixed wage should be paid, apart from such charges which often reduce it to nearly vanishing dimensions. They mention many cases of abuses. There is, for example, the pen trade: the wages, from 1s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. per 100 gross. "A worker might be charged 6d. for each gross of waste, so that it is not uncommon to find a woman who would be earning 2s. 3d. for 90 gross, being fined 6s. or 7s. for waste. This would not be deducted in a lump sum; it would be impossible, because the wage would not allow it, but the employer would take off 1s. a week until the whole amount had been deducted. Meantime if the worker made any other waste it would be added to her general debt." So that the worker is in perpetual debt to her employer, and lucky (it would seem) to be permitted to labor at all, for a minus wage in this respectable and up-to-date version of the seizing of the clothes of the apprentices, which was the cruder method of a hundred years ago. Then there is the profit made by the firms who sell cotton or nails or stitching materials to their employees—above cost price. There are the deductions made by employers, often animated by a benevolent feudal intention—for sick clubs, for a system of medical insurance, for the rent of houses which they themselves own. All these find justification, and all these—in the hands of best employers—are often beneficial. But they all carry with them some elements of compulsion, and loss of freedom, which in certain cases give rise to the gravest abuses. In theory there may be little apparent difference between the workman receiving thirty shillings a week and giving back 6d. to a sick fund, and the workman receiving twenty-nine and sixpence and the em-

ployer contributing sixpence to the fund. In practice they stand as far as the poles asunder; between a system at best paternal, at worst tyrannical, on the one side, and a system which involves free choice and citizenship on the other.

It is this demand for freedom also, rather than emphasis upon particular abuses and disabilities, which is behind the agitation of the more active shop assistants, organised in their Union, for the abolition of "living-in." Here the recommendation of the Majority Report is timid and disappointing. It is not only disappointing; it seems also to run contrary to the texture of the Report itself. After drawing up a remarkable indictment of the "living-in system," with rather sensational excerpts from the evidence of abuses connected with it, the first conclusion is for regulation and inspection rather than for abolition. They elaborate the heads of the accusation; that "living-in" is generally made a condition of employment either express or implied; that the board and lodging accommodation are often inferior and inadequate; that sleeping and other accommodation was frequently bad; that on the moral side the system has not only no advantage but is actually harmful. The daily rush from counter to dining-room and back, the unappetising food, the wearying sameness of the menu, the insufficiency of the food, often supplemented by "extras" sold by the firm, like the "tuck shop" system of the English public school, are all described by actual sufferers in experience which seems to have stepped clean out of the pages of "Kipps" or "Vivian." Five beds "invested with bugs in one room," an attic in which three men sleep, that in the heat of summer smelt like a fowl-house, beds with four clean sheets in six months, rooms with rats plentiful, bedrooms which open into corridors, the light being obtainable through a pane of glass in the wooden partitions—these and other similar experiences testify to the price which often has to be paid for the "moral supervision" which the young shop-man or shop-girl enjoys. One cannot resist the conviction that in the majority of cases this claim of moral supervision is cant—the old cant of cheapness; the cant in its revived form of the "moral supervision" of the workhouse children which were bought in batches for the factories eighty years ago. An employer "would place no obstacle in the way of his male assistants marrying" is the confession of one, "though," he adds, "he certainly does not like his assistants to marry on an inadequate wage." "Male and female created he them," says Mr. Lewisham's friend in a well-known novel, "which was d—d rough luck on assistant masters." It would seem to be rough luck also on shop assistants who have the bad taste to prefer matrimony to moral supervision.

Such well-known employers as Mr. Debenham and Mr. Derry, who have changed from the living in to the natural system, brush all this cant and vapor away with a healthy breath of fresh air. "The character of some employers," says the latter, "I would not trust from their own housekeepers. I do not think that drapers are worse than any other commercial men, but all commercial men are the same." He sees "no difficulty in finding proper apartments outside" with people "in whom we should have every confidence to put our own children." "I am quite out of touch with excuses which have been made by employers at conferences I have been at, with regard to the moral side of the question. I think it is sheer nonsense." It is difficult to escape the conclusion of the minority, who advocate, after three years or some reasonable period of grace, the abolition of the system altogether. If shop assistants, specially gregarious, desire to live together and only with shop assistants, suitable hostels could be equipped for them with ease in that time. One would rather hope that they might be found, as in Scotland and many of England's great towns, to prefer to be merged in the general body of citizens. "It is unnecessary further to examine," is their summary, "the claim that a custom which has disclosed so heavy and such grave abuses has been a moral protection. Nor is it necessary to add condemnation to a system so condemned.

"NOW THEN, SMITH!"

In thirty seconds—just as long as you can hold your breath without discomfort—the thing was over and man was reduced from civilisation to savagery. There stood the modern city with its palaces and churches, its theatres and hotels, its private houses, shops, brothels, factories, lodgings, workmen's dwellings, railways, tramlines, lavatories, water pipes, gas pipes, drains, telegraph wires, stores of food, casks of drink, and all the other appliances by which people try to make their lives endurable and to conquer the uncomfortable forces of nature. There the city stood, asleep in the hour before dawn, when security is most profound, and the brains of its inhabitants, from the bishop to the scavengers, were hardly stirred with the insane dreams that vanish on waking. Then the shell of the earth warped a little, as is but natural in slowly cooling bodies, and before the dream had gone, life had gone from every two out of three among the sleepers. A crash of ruin, a roar of water, a glare of flame, and all was over. Columns of dust alone told where the civilised city had been.

Far thinner than the shell of the earth is the shell of civilisation. For thirty seconds it shook, it fell in ruins, and man became a primitive being—a poor, bare, forked animal, only the feebler for his generations of history. With hardly a shift to their nakedness, men and women stood unaccommodated, drenched by torrential rains and uttering wild screams amid the dust of falling customs. They were left as bare of progress as of clothes. Their lights were out, their fires scattered; all their careful contrivances against cold and wet were gone; stones lay on their bedding; their water pipes were split in half; their food was mashed with slime and rubbish; their gold and jewels mingled again with earth; wealth and distinctions alike were wiped away; the judge stood on a level with the man he had sent to the gallows; bishop and scavenger were united in a common brotherhood at last, as one wolf is brother to the next.

Their civilisation had vanished like their morning dreams. The curtains and partitions of life were stript away, and mankind was left unadorned and unsheltered before the stress of crude reality. "All things," said the eye-witness, "seemed to be returning to savagery and chaos." Again the world was seen to be the creature of the Power which hung it upon nothing—"which shaketh the earth out of her place so that the pillars thereof tremble." Again hell was naked and destruction had no covering. As by a glimpse into some deep abyss of the past, whence no sound can ever now be heard but the beating of time's wings, we see again the semblance of the world in her hot and uncertain youth. Upon its unstable surface, still haunted by dragons and plashing monsters, the beings which we can almost call men and women are moving about in perpetual danger and the stress of necessity, seeking their food and defending their lives with scrapings of pebbles wedged into the clefts of sticks, hiding from cold and sun in the holes of the rocks, unknowing from day to day whether the fiery world will scorch them with flames or boil them with geysers or fling them high among the snows or swallow them in a roaring chasm of slime and sea. But the people in the Sicilian town were worse off even than those primeval things who, bred among the throes of creation, protected themselves to some extent against the madness of the earth. Here in Messina man was revealed in his feeblest simplicity, unsophisticated even by a flint chip or the fell of a slaughtered bear. Here he stood, his smooth and tender skin quivering with cold and wet and pain, his body crying out for the punctual warmth of the morning meal, and his soul maddened by the unaccustomed terror of death at any second.

Fear is the strongest leveller among mankind; it reduces all to an equal brutality. More surely even than poverty it wipes out the distinctions of rank, of wealth, education, fastidiousness, and even of sex. Priest and harlot stand side by side under the all-absorbing emotion of impending death, and of the many forms of fear there is none so terrifying as the earth-

quake. Madness comes always very close to fear, and even a soldier under heavy fire is hardly sane. Reason no longer keeps her control, and when the fighting is long over he will duck his head if a bumble bee whizzes past. But when the foundations of the world are shaken, an instinctive madness seizes the mind. The unconscious memory of primeval disasters is aroused, and man becomes a defenceless lunatic in the presence of the destructive and irresistible powers compared to which all the artillery of "Dreadnoughts" and the hail of magazine rifles and the flash of charging cavalry are but toys. So the people of Messina stood crazed in the face of a terror which strikes the wisest with insanity.

And as the grey light of morning peered at last through the rain upon the ruins, many turned from insanity to crime. The newspaper accounts have attributed the crimes to prisoners who had stepped into freedom from their shattered gaols; but there is no reason for such a limitation. Shake the confines of convention, make detection almost impossible, and nearly everyone will turn thief. Reduce society to the grip of need, and there is hardly a man or woman who would hesitate at robbery or worse. In revolutions, in the sack of cities, in times of plague, it has been proved time out of mind, and in all three the present writer has seen it to be true. Even in Athens, when mankind had just reached the noblest flower of his civilisation, the historian, who was present, tells us that under the disaster of plague all the existence of the city was corrupted, and the people, seeing that death awaited the good and evil alike, took no account of honor, life, or property, but turned only to the enjoyment of the interval between the moment and destruction. Much more then in a city which was no better and no worse than others, after a sudden and overwhelming disaster which left the hoarded treasures open to the hand, and cowering men and women helpless and naked to the strongest arm. It does not need the habitual criminal bursting from his cell to take advantage of such a scene. So thin is the coating of virtue in which the harmless citizen wraps himself for daily use.

Almost concealed in a fog of dust and smoke and rain, Messina lay that morning in a ruin of crumbled or toppling stones, littered with dead, haunted by terror and madness, infested by crime, tortured already by thirst and hunger—a city sunk in such horror and gloom that prehistoric savagery would have seemed like cheerfulness and daylight comfort in comparison.

"Now then, Smith!" said the second mate of the "Afonwen," and the sound of his voice strikes across the scene like the cockcrow after a hideous night. Mr. Doresa, who was there, tells the story, and it is simple enough—only the rescue of some children from the fifth floor of an eighty-foot house which had toppled down and left them stranded on a ledge. Read, the second mate, planted a ladder to the first balcony, the children pulled up a rope by a string and made it firm. "Now then, Smith," said Read, and up went Smith to the tottering height. "Why, there's a ton of 'em up here," he shouted down. "I can't manage all by myself." "Now, Read," said the captain, and up went Read, and down came the children, ten of them in turn, and at last a fat woman and a man. Then the two sailors came down themselves, and that is the whole story—a simple enough thing, that anyone would love to do, if only he were able and had the chance.

But how it shines like a gleam of reason in a madhouse, and purges the air as of pestilence! It was the first sign of the returning spirit of man. Matchboard as the partition between man and beast is seen to be—rapid as is man's degeneration to the primeval savage when fear or need possesses him, yet, say the worst of him that we can, here is at least a point that he has reached beyond the conception of the beast or that prehistoric thing. Here is something which nature outside man's spirit cannot do—something of the quality which gave the great thinker the same sense of awe as he found in the starlit firmament, and nowhere else in the universe besides. It is that kind of "morality," as Matthew Arnold called it, which nature saw only when she lay upon the breast of God—a morality not of rules and laws but of the instinctive soul—a way of duty that, in spite of storm and death and earthquake, may yet almost be said to preserve the stars from wrong. After all his inconceivable generations of struggle and anguish to have won so much as that is something to the credit of mankind.

We will not make light of the services of others—not of those dim, grey monsters from our Navy which loomed up through the rain of the following morning; still less of the Russian sailors, so characteristic in the almost womanly tenderness of their race. It is good to belong to a species which can produce such beings as sailors so frequently are—chiefly, we suppose, because they habitually follow Nietzsche's counsel and "live dangerously," exposed to death and reality from day to day. It is good to think that our coasts still produce many thousands of the type, so brief in word, so ready in action ("Now then, Smith!" "Now, Read!" and the thing is done). But on this occasion the best honor lies with the crew of the "Afonwen," for they brought the first glimmer of returning light after the darkest catastrophe of the world. Afonwen is but a bare village at the top of Cardigan Bay. A fortnight ago it was unknown except as a little junction where one changed for the few miles of railway to Pwllheli. But now, whenever the story of earthquake is told, the people of Afonwen will sun themselves in a reflected glory, because an insignificant steamer carrying coal to Sicily was called after its name.

THE WORD AND THE DICTIONARY.

We dip into a great author, and wonder how he does it. Too seldom do we remember how much goes to the literary art, how many different kinds of effort are concerned in it, how necessary each is to the other if some degree of perfection is the conscious or sub-conscious end. Words, though but a part, are a goodly part, of the stock-in-trade. Without an ample and various equipment of words no writer could ever win a place among the classics, and the mere gathering and storing of words in sufficing quantity is a task terminable only with life itself.

We contemplate Shakespeare's vocabulary in the Cowden-Clarke Concordance, and think of Sancho's exclamation to his master: "You are a devil at everything, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to!" For Shakespeare has a full and teeming vocabulary on all manner of subjects. Consider his wealth in the vocabularies of the terms assigned to strength, to the sublime, to death, to the concrete world, to the whole range of the feelings between pleasure and pain. It profits nothing to ask how Shakespeare amassed these treasures; there are riddles deeper than the Sphinx's.

Shakespeare's case is single and unmatched; but we view with pride and a just envy any writer whose power over words lifts him far above the general. It is a distinguishing possession of all writers of the first order. In the nineteenth century the three whose range is greatest are, probably, De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle. From out the long roll of English writers of genius, Lord Acton's chosen pair are Burke and Macaulay; and to the second (in a letter to Miss Gladstone, was it not?) he allots the higher place. Ruskin's choice of words was a very large one; and Cardinal Newman, who ranges as freely over the garnered wealth of the language, uses it, on the whole, with a more consistent art. Lord Morley, at present perhaps our best and purest writer of prose, spoke of Newman's some years ago as an illustration of the perfect style.

No man's vocabulary is equally serviceable on all subjects. "A writer naturally accumulates words in the line of his strongest interest." De Quincey, whose use of Latinised terms has been pronounced excessive, has an abundant stock of metaphysical words, and seldom thinks slang beneath his dignity. Macaulay's vocabulary presents very few peculiarities; he

astonishes rather by what Mark Pattison calls the "glittering masque and cosmoramic revel" of his pages. Carlyle, who cultivates the eccentric as studiously as Macaulay eschews it, dazzles by an array of words which, says Minto, gives him a very high place among the few that stand next to Shakespeare. The language of mathematics is very familiar to him, that of natural philosophy not less so; he has a mastery of the terms of several trades; his hyperbole is unsurpassed; and as a coiner of humorous, grotesque, and derisive epithets he has no rival save Rabelais. "Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon; and we may take it as generally true that the men of all-embracing vocabularies have been large and multifarious readers. It is beyond our knowledge whether Shakespeare conformed or was an exception to the rule. De Quincey at Oxford is a very shadowy figure, but somewhere in the "Autobiography" he informs us that this was the period at which he began to be intimately acquainted with English literature. R. L. Stevenson tells us, in the autobiographical essay, "A College Magazine," that as a youth he "lived with words"; he dwells humorously on the "monkey tricks" and "ventriloquial efforts" through which in happy time he learned the essential note and the right, inevitable term. Lord Morley, in his noble essay on Machiavelli, remarks on the Italian's power of throwing "pregnant vigor into a single concentrated word"—one of the greatest of all achievements in writing. Ruskin, in the beautiful lecture, "Of Kings' Treasuries," offers to beginners in the art this counsel of perfection, that—

> "you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter."

Ruskin practised to excellent purpose his own severe preaching; his employment of words is oftener than not of an unexceptionable rightness. For this kind of study, however, if we are to get far with it, we must have ready access to a complete and veracious historical dictionary.

In glancing through the ninety-two pages of the new section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" (Frowde), we found ourselves wondering how many young writers of this day put aside an occasional half-crown for the periodical instalments of this mighty work. It is, indeed, as nearly an *al*mighty work as any we have ever beheld. "This stupendous mass of paper," cries Macaulay, in derision of the bulk of Nares's "Memoirs of Burghley," which, he goes on, weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois, and might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. Sir James Murray, the editor in chief, could possibly tell us the weight of the first six volumes of the Dictionary (the part before us, "Movement—Myz," completes the sixth), but we cannot be far wrong in saying that a word-book which is not "a stupendous mass of paper" is nothing at all.

We mean, of course, that the better it is the bigger it must necessarily be. For the perfect dictionary (and this is the only perfect one in the world) will give us everything that is contained in the language it expounds. It will give us all the words that the language acknowledges; the good words and the bad ones, the slang words as well as the literary ones. It will give us their origins, their development from original roots or stems, their meaning and changes of meaning, their history, their right uses and their false uses. Synonyms and homonyms should find their place, together with words of opposite signification, and words obsolete along with the most recent comers. In Volume VI. of our new "Murray," for instance, the article on the verb *make* fills eleven pages of three closely-printed columns.

Take, from the latest part, the curious little word *Mrs.* In function, *Mr.* and *Mrs.* have ceased to be mere abbreviations; they have come, as Dr. Bradbury says, "to be the sole recognised modes of writing the titles which they represent, and are therefore here treated as independent words." *Mrs.*, as we know, was originally written *Mistress;* and in the 17th century it was often written for *Mistress* in all uses. "Pray, Mrs., what did that Minister say to you concerning Mr. Oates?" "A man of Mrs. Turner's was sent . . . to meet his Mrs. at Ware," and so forth. In the latter half of the 17th century, says Dr. Bradbury—

> "there was a general tendency to confine the use of written abbreviations to words of inferior syntactical importance, such as prefixed titles. The term *Mrs.* for *Mistress* therefore fell into disuse, except when prefixed to a name; and in this position the writing of the full form gradually became unusual."

Originally pointing to gentlewomen—

> "the use of the prefix has gradually extended downwards; at the present time, every married woman who has no superior title is styled 'Mrs,' even though her husband is of so humble a position as not ordinarily to be referred to as 'Mr.'"

This is a very tiny example, but it helps to show what a living and lively thing the monumental Dictionary is. Better pieces could be given, had we space to notice the articles on *murder*, *much*, *mystery*, &c. Not only is the information more detailed and accurate than in any other English dictionary; the manner in which it is given invites attention and interest. Voltaire declared that a dictionary without quotations was little better than a skeleton. How would he have applauded Sir James Murray and his colleagues! In this one instalment, extending only from "Movement" to "Myzostomous," the number of illustrative quotations is 10,072.

Now, is not this a work to recommend to the literary student anxious on the score of his vocabulary? We may be reminded that there are such phrases as "inkhorn terms" and "dictionary words." We do not forget them, nor do we forget that they are phrases of reproach. But at whom, pray, are such reproaches levelled? They are levelled, not at the artist, but at the pedant. The "inkhorn terms," with which the pedant bemuses his readers and himself, are life and strength to the artist. When Lyly publishes a tract in the Marprelate controversy, called "Pappe with an hatchet, alias a figge for my Godsonne," we smell the oil afar. When Stevenson writes, with absolute accuracy, of "plangent" wars, we are braced, stimulated, and delighted:—

> "The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness."

This is no blurred effect, but the most vivid color. It is easy enough to go astray in dictionaries, but the artist does not do so. A man who loved dictionaries heart and soul was that coruscating genius Théophile Gautier. As Huckleberry Finn, with an eye to profit, "wollered" in Sunday schools, so did Gautier, for the pure literary pleasure of it, wallow in word-books. M. Emile Faguet, in the "Literary History of France," is our authority.

> "Among his favorite books were dictionaries, whether of ordinary language or of old French or of technical words. He, too, like Nodier and Courier, conferred the greatest services on the French language, enriching it by the revival of forgotten words, by the introduction, certainly too indiscriminate . . . of terms borrowed from arts and crafts."

Here is prospect of a double reward for the nice student of dictionaries. Adding continually to his treasury of words, he may, while so doing, make language itself more affluent, by the judicious placing of apt, graphic, and stable words—from the Saxon especially, let us say—that are now as foreign to the newspaper as to the breakfast-table. With such a world of terms as Sir James Murray lays open to us, the opportunity is one to find account in; for the "Oxford Dictionary" is no less a work than Archbishop Trench's ideal "inventory of the language"; exhaustive, we may almost say, from every point of view. For the genuine word-lover and word-hunter, it is his book of the revelation, making him privy to all the seven seals of etymology and the rest of it.

Dictionaries, said Dr. Johnson, in an hour of unwonted contrition (though Macaulay rightly says that the Doctor's own Dictionary was "the first which could be read with pleasure"),

> "are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true."

Sir James Murray's will go true enough for a century or so of English wearers.

FRESHENING BY FROST.

On a certain Tuesday that every reader may recall we came to the river on pike-fishing bent. There had been a little frost the day before—just enough to make the fish hungry—and it was in that evening that the fishing expedition had been planned. And now the world was clad in deep, silent white, over which a freezing wind drove a storm of snow that stung like ice-needles. The metal of our fishing gear, which, we afterwards were to learn, would stick to the bare skin and almost drag the skin off, now chilled through the gloves and made the fingers as though the veins had turned to ice. When we turned into the Angler's Rest to thaw out, the process inflicted indescribable agony. Then out again into the white world to the deep, black river, the only thing untamed into winter livery.

But even the liberty of the river had in a measure succumbed to that sharp frost, short as it was. It was caked across with a greenish-grey mixture of snow and water, a nap of slush sustained by the first open weaving of the frost loom. The bait and lead could break their way through, and then the float sat on the ice, and proceeded to freeze there. When the run came, the float went, not under water, but under ice, and if the fish released it, it bumped somewhere against the ceiling, possibly making a dim glow of red if the ice was at its thinnest just there. The pike we struck came shorewards with difficulty, just giving us an idea of his length by a sweep of his tail through the crust, and then escaping without the frozen dinner he had planned for. When the flow over the weir strengthened a little, clear water came at the head of the pool, but a bait cast there never received attention. The fish kept under the ice, as though it had been warmer there than in the open water.

In the farmyard close by, the fowls had fed and retired in a cluster to their perches. The sparrows that would have come for the remains had been dispossessed by a cloud of starlings, not a whistle in them to-day, as they sat on the edge of an apparently empty trough. It had contained food, and, after the manner of the fields that constantly present a new supply of worms, it might sprout a fresh supply of barley-meal at any moment. At any rate, the chance was better there than in the endless white of the water meadows. A robin, out of pure friendliness for man, came and sat, as though for a Christmas card portrait, on a twig of last year's water plantain sticking out of the ice near our bank. A wagtail that feasted all the summer at the waterfall perched on a little iceberg that went floating round the pool as the Mayflies used to float. He flirted his wings in summer manner, and made a peck at the barren ice, as though it had swarmed with fat grubs good to eat. Lastly, a mournful little long-billed bird, a jack snipe, came flying round the open water, passed just below the tip of the rod, and, alighting, surely by mischance, in a square yard of open water, swam to the bank, and sat there, too glum to look for food in the most likely place within a two-mile radius.

Less than two days later the river was free again, the snow sheet sank through the grass, the plastered ice came off the trees, the snipe went back to its normal quarters, the starlings chattered again and walked, sun-glancing, after grubs, the weather was as mild as in the pre-glacial period. We cannot find that any damage has been done to anything by the late frost. Cold does not often, if ever, kill our birds, and the spell was not long enough to starve them. It merely made them tame, either out of desperation at the loss of their food supply or, as it made us, listless, and vaguely desirous of going to sleep till the hard time was over. Here was the opportunity of their enemies, especially the four-footed animals who do not often get on terms of such equality. But fox and weasel find a sudden snatch of cold even more soporific than the birds. Our fox does not seem to have moved while the snow was on the ground, and, except for a blackbird that a cat has caught or found dead, the supply of birds is as it was.

The lake is still thinly and rottenly coated with ice. The moor-hens sit hunchbacked high in the alders, as though they were afraid that the fox might stalk them across the ice. Their period of foodlessness is probably longer than that of the other birds. On the other hand, it is always a matter for complete wonder what the moor-hens eat, even in an open winter. Some of the ducks have departed for a better foraging ground. On the same errand came a woodcock to the soft place in the wood that usually attracts the bird when other haunts are frozen. Though we have often had evidence that the feeding there is far from indifferent, it is a place held strictly in reserve, for as soon as the thaw begins there is no more hope of finding a woodcock within a mile of it. Wherever our late visitor may be, if he were shot to-day he would be found to be perfectly fat.

The tender, defenceless flowers have escaped no less safely than the birds and animals. Who would believe that those fragile blossoms which were lately the wonder of our record autumn could withstand that cracking frost and the drive of the ice-storm? We saw them yield point by point to the obliterating snowflakes, and expected to see them no more. In the blizzard they became *fleurs glacées*, but when the thaw unprisoned them, the tears merely rolled off them, and they smiled again as confidently as before. In their glasshouses the cold, half of which would have wilted them had they been bare, could not harm them. The ice-needles that were hurled against them, even if they had entered their tissues, would not have torn them as would drops of water forced in, then expanded on freezing. So the late frost has not torn the alder catkins on which the tits wait, or the fir cones whose seeds the greenfinches would gladly see; nor has it cut flakes from the wall nor burst the little branches of the ash, nor even spoilt the progress of the veronica and pimpernel that have covered the ploughing with plants on which you can still find blossoms.

It is a truism that a fall of snow keeps the earth warm. There is also a mechanical perfection about melting snow not so frequently remarked but none the less true. We must see the spring flowers coming up under the snow itself in the Alps to understand how they relish this, the softest of all irrigations. The snowdrop shoots have grown perceptibly under the snow. When the sheet of white vanished from the fields, the white spots of newly-opened daisies remained. The blossoms are in thousands, for we must not allow the daisy's glory to be dimmed by the fact that it groups every hundred florets or so into a separate head. We can follow the daisy chain everywhere through the fields, standing at one flower and finding the next before we move on. The new honeysuckle leaves are as fresh as before the frost. The hazel catkins are still within a sunny week of flinging their dust to the winds and to the little red fingers that sleep in the big buds beneath them. The earth is just freshened up after the snow, as by the dash of a cold sponge. But if the tightening of the air this evening means black frost on a world unprovided with blankets, there may soon be another tale to tell.

Short Story.

THE DEAN'S DILEMMA.

Francis Royle Cope, D.D., Dean of Morechester, stared at the manuscript incredulously. Although his own composition, it shocked, not to say affrighted, him. It seemed impossible that a man of his dignity and position could have written such a revolutionary thing. Only a short hour before he had sat down with the full and benevolent intention of preparing a conventional homily, which no one would heed, but which everyone would be pleased to hear, on the Christian Duty of Loving One's Enemies—with this bewildering and heterodox result! He had ended by being himself unable to distinguish friend from foe in the whole length and breadth of creation. True, he had always known that the world was round; but he had never

suspected that its rotundity was so general and complete as this. He drew his hand across his forehead like a man awaking from a nightmare; then, moving to the window, as if to throw additional light on the matter, re-read the strange exegesis.

The impression which this second perusal induced was less one of alarm than of amazement at his own cleverness. Like Dean Swift, on another memorable occasion, he suddenly realised what a genius he was. An Archimedean impulse to rush out and proclaim his discovery to the world seized him. But the Church, he timely reflected, and least of all that section of it known and respected as Morechester Cathedral, had no place or use for so very disturbing and vulgar an element as genius. It were unwelcome as a thunderbolt. Even laymen, notwithstanding growing and avowed indifference, drew the line at anarchists.

No, it would never do to preach such a full gospel, he reflected sadly. The effect would be too sensational. It might paralyse instead of save. Not even the flattering presumption, to which his own wife bore witness, that no one listened to sermons nowadays, would persuade him to take the risk. Some stray and ambitious reporter might be present whose trained instinct would tell him, or ever the Dean opened his lips, that he was about to listen to the most stupendous revelation of modern times. The preacher's exalted manner and consciousness would be enough to betray him. By the space of half an hour the worthy man allowed himself to luxuriate in that dramatic scene; then, with heroic resignation, locked the explosive secret in his desk.

He would keep the divine knowledge to himself. Not for worlds would he expose society to such awful danger. People were still childish and unreasonable. They only cut themselves with two-edged swords. He himself doubted it; but the wise and prudent thought otherwise. True, God made everything; but if a man were to write a Defence of Poison he would be regarded as an iconoclast. Well, perhaps, the world would find out for themselves in time, with marked increase to their freedom and happiness. They could not go on for ever in blindness and ignorance. They would take to themselves teachers who held back nothing for their own professional ends. Meantime, it was none of his business to enlighten them. But—inspired thought!—a domestic experiment might be made even if the public were to be spared. And since the theologian, unlike the scientist, is limited to the human species, what better subject than his own wife could be had or desired? Being his third, she was less likely to lose her head than if she had been born a generation or so earlier. It might even raise him in her estimation.

With this vivisectionary idea and resolve, the Dean opened his study window and let himself out on to the large and beautiful garden, which a grateful Church allotted him in part-payment for his services. He cleared his throat as he went, either from clerical habit, or with the view of preparing his spouse. That unsuspecting and accomplished lady was reclining, more easily than gracefully, in a hammock, one hand absently caressing her schipperke, while with the other she held a novel whose title and reputation stamped her as a woman of the world. Perhaps because of her literary absorption she made no sign of recognition notwithstanding that the Dean coughed thrice within a couple of yards of her; but the dog growled with just that degree of irritation which a privileged lover might allow himself at sight of the lawful husband. It suddenly flashed upon him that Woman, spite of every appearance and belief to the contrary, was the coolest and completest creature on God's earth. It would not be her fault if the world came to an end. Compared with her, man was hysterical and fickle. The thought was like a dash of cold water to his enthusiasm.

"Well, my love," he began, nervously, "how do you like your new book?"

"Have you finished your sermon already?" she asked, without lifting her eyes from the interesting volume in question. "It hasn't taken you long," she added, either in compliment or reproof.

"Long enough to go to hell and back," the Dean replied, stung by her indifference at such a great moment. He did not grudge the recoil provided he hit her effectually.

Georgina Cope half raised herself on her elbow and surveyed the speaker as though he were an interesting stranger. The dog, scenting domestic disturbance, barked indignantly.

"Whatever has happened, Francis?" she exclaimed, as though he had a black eye at least.

"You don't think me cracked, Georgina?" he postulated rather than inquired.

"Poor dear!" she replied, evasively, stretching out her hand and three-parts of a lovely bare arm to him. "Let me examine its clever head. You have been working too hard," she diagnosed, making a hieroglyphic on his scalp with her forefinger in sign that he was to rest from his labors.

"I don't know," he confessed, mollified by this treatment; "but I have written the most awful sermon. Now, it's farewell to the Church if I preach it—or not, perhaps. The cat's out of the bag with a vengeance."

"I don't understand," she admitted, glancing at her schipperke as though considering the effect which this feline escape might have on his future; "but if it is as dreadful as all that, why don't you burn it and write another?"

"There are some things one can't destroy," he replied, profoundly. "It's really serious, Georgina."

"Well, that's all right in a sermon, isn't it?" was the cheerful return.

"Oh, you don't understand!" he rejoined, in evident distress. "You have simply no idea what a—a crisis it is. There's a great difference between a poor sermon and one which is too awful to utter. This touches the very core of civilisation."

"Then I should preach it if I were you," was the wifely advice. "They might make you a bishop."

The poor man groaned at the episcopal prospect. He envied his gardener.

"What's your text?" she catechised, with unexpected suddenness.

"'Love your enemies,'" he answered, almost like a schoolboy.

"Well, that's all right," was her lively comment. "One can't go very far wrong there." She yawned elegantly. "It's not usual to love one's enemies; but, as Mr. Kipling says, that's another story. You must make some allowance for people who go to church."

"But it's not that, Georgina," he returned, more hurt and disappointed than he cared to own. "It's the treatment."

"Quite so. All depends on how people treat one." She yawned again, and at greater length. "But why don't you fetch this wonderful sermon of yours? I don't mind being horrified in the least. Indeed, I had begun to think that there wasn't a single surprise left anywhere."

The Dean flushed. It was the weakness of his profession that everyone knew from Sunday to Sunday, from year to year, what he would preach. The Church was stationary and impotent. It was a mere grandmotherly institution. It had nothing in common with the radical Christ. Instead of being ahead of the world, leading it o'er moor and fen, it was immeasurably behind it. Men were crying for strong meat, and she still offered them pap. No, it wasn't a man's work—not yet. His back stiffened, his face grew stern.

"What's your *point?*" his wife continued, with a sudden suspicion. "You surely don't approve of murder and things?"

"Murder happens, my dear," he answered simply. "The Mosaic Law, backed by the executioner, hasn't put a stop to it in several thousand years."

"But it's wicked, all the same," she replied, sitting up in her hammock and watching him narrowly.

"But yesterday," he said, with more exultation than fear, "the God who made earth, sea, and sky swept away tens of thousands of men, women, and children. Society is horrified at the very act which

sets them free! Well, the world will begin to love its enemies when it has become deadly sick of its friends. The revolt has begun. Plainly, these things are done and allowed, and the kingdom of God which is built on any other foundation is artificial. It does not take into account all the circumstances of existence. Its pietism and exclusiveness are enough to drive the poor and outcast mad. The society which depends on any human decalogue alienates half the world, insults the Almighty, and is always living on the brink of a volcano. It isn't Life!"

The Dean's face was transfigured. His wife rolled off the hammock, ignoring her dog and her novel, and took his arm with a strange, new affection. All the vanity and listlessness dropped from her. Her eyes shone brightly and earnestly. The divine mystery enfolded her. Her whole nature was quickened. In the presence of death she felt alive.

"The theologian," continued the Dean, pressing her arm absently, "has to deal with facts, not with human prejudice and opinions. He is not an idealist, but a seer; not a pedagogue, but a cicerone; an analyst, not a judge; a mirror, not a sweeping-brush. His not to question Life, but to approve and justify it to his fellows. His not to condemn men, but to give them absolution in the Name of Christ. So will all vice and hate die a natural death. The world is always safe in God's hands, dear. Instead of simply preaching this gospel, which almost goes without saying, the Church has been guilty of gross impertinence to God and man alike. She has laid on men burdens grievous to be borne. The result is widespread hypocrisy and unbelief. To narrow human choice and action is to breed a class of Pharisees and hypocrites on the one hand, and of rebels on the other. But a good time is coming."

"You'll preach it, then?" she whispered, breathlessly.

"That or Nothing!" he answered, determinedly.

S. Henry.

The Drama.

DE JUVENTUTE.

Yes, yes, I am growing old; there is no doubt about it. If by nothing else, I can measure the lapse of time since I was young at criticism by the change—for the better: oh, yes, certainly for the better—in editorial ethics. In my young days, an editor would suffer no one to question the infallibility of his critic. If an exasperated author wrote to the paper (except, perhaps, on the plainest matter of fact) his letter was either quietly wastepaper-basketed, or forwarded to the critic, that he might store it up and "have his knife in" the audacious dramatist at the next opportunity. Quite seriously, this was a barbarous state of things; and again and again, in those far-off days, I urged its reformation. There is no reason why critics should affect to be infallible; and there is every reason why an injured, or merely irritated, author should be suffered to have his say—if his friends cannot keep writing materials out of his reach. So far, I applaud the humane impartiality of the modern editor. But I do not quite see what dictate of humanity or maxim of policy compels an editor to inform the world, on the authority of an anonymous "Old Playgoer," that his critic is a doddering reactionary, blind to the abounding merits of "our latest drama." When I noted in the contents of last week's Nation a letter on "Mr. Archer's Criticism," by an Old Playgoer, "Aha!" thought I, "here has some generous champion come forward to defend me from the merciless onslaught of Mr. St. John Hankin. Now for some balm to my wounded spirit!" But when I turned to the page—oh, dire disappointment! oh, cruel deception!—the Old Playgoer merely rubbed brine into my sores. He thought, indeed, that Mr. Hankin had gone a little too far in calling me a rat: rather because "our latest drama" is by no means a sinking ship, than on account of any fundamental inaptness in the simile. But otherwise he vowed that I richly deserved every stroke of my castigation. To the Young Playwright's whip, in fact, the Old Playgoer did his best to add scorpions.

I had intended to take no notice of Mr. Hankin's letter. He was very naturally irritated by my low opinion of his play, and he is not a man who consumes his own smoke. He is not built that way. His letter was signed "Hankin, *iratus*," just as plainly as another famous letter is signed "Johnson, *impransus*." No one pays much attention to a little effervescence of temper, and I was perfectly willing to let the reader take the document at its face value. It advanced no argument, set up no defence. It merely declared—what the world might perhaps have been willing to take for granted—that Mr. Hankin thought very much better of his play than I did. But now comes our Old Playgoer and takes up the tale in cold blood. He has presumably—one could judge better if he had signed his name—no personal reason for irritation. It is sheer disinterested enthusiasm for "The Last of the De Mullins" that impels him to countersign Mr. Hankin's certificate of my critical decrepitude. Now, this is serious. Even intelligent people like the readers of The Nation are apt to take things for true which they see constantly asserted without contradiction. After a few more communications from "Wiseacre" and "Scholastikos" and "Hankin for Ever," and "Another Hankinite," I should begin to believe them myself, and send in my application to the Editor for an old-age pension. Therefore, just by way of reassuring readers who may wonder why the theatrical criticism of The Nation has been confided to a dotard, I think it may be worth while to show that when Mr. Hankin and his admirer accuse me of having no sympathy for "our latest drama," they talk preposterous nonsense.

Mr. Hankin's indictment is the more detailed of the two. He charges me with "entire failure to appreciate or to understand Mr. Galsworthy's 'Silver Box,' Mr. Barker's 'Weather Hen,' 'The Marrying of Anne Leete,' or 'The Voysey Inheritance,' or any of the later work of Mr. Shaw." Well, I have had the curiosity to look up my notice of Mr. Galsworthy's play, and I find that this is the gist of it:—

> "'The Silver Box' is an indictment of society all the more telling because it is studiously unemphatic and unrhetorical. . . . . Mr. Galsworthy is here telling the truth, and telling it with a great deal of artistic originality. . . . . He has certainly produced a play which would do no discredit to the German master [Hauptmann]."

I defended his technique against the old-fashioned objector, but said that he ought not to take his audience quite by surprise in the dropping of his curtain. This was the one word of—I will not say censure, but advice—in the whole article. Perhaps I may have mispraised the play, but assuredly I did not dispraise it. As for "The Weather Hen," I forget what I said of it; but I know that Mr. Barker, instead of writing to the papers to prove me an imbecile, retorted in the only effective fashion—by setting to work and producing immeasurably better plays. "The Marrying of Anne Leete" I never saw, and consequently did not criticise. "The Voysey Inheritance" I think one of the most remarkable plays of our time, and have never tired of saying so, in and out of season. Again it may be held that I mispraised it; but if I had mispraised "The Last of the De Mullins" to the same tune, I do not think we should have heard any complaint from Mr. Hankin. Of "Waste" I need not speak, for even the Old Playgoer admits that there I rose to the occasion. As for Mr. Shaw's late plays, it is possible I did some injustice to "Major Barbara"; but "John Bull's Other Island" and "The Doctor's Dilemma" I praised with all my might; while my opinion of "Getting Married," produced while I was abroad, remains locked in my own bosom, whence even wild Hankins shall not extract it. In investigating my disreputable past, Mr. Hankin omitted to note what I am told is a sad blot on it; my treatment of "The Campden Wonder," by Mr.

John Masefield. Certainly I did not like the play; but if I had been in England when "Nan" was produced, I hope and believe that I should have made Mr. Masefield amends. By the way, Mr. Hankin might in justice have given me credit for the lucid interval in which I praised without stint—and without even alluding to its one rather serious fault—that clever little comedy "The Charity that Began at Home." On the morrow of that pleasant production, I fancy I was rather a great critic from the Hankin point of view.

Now let me turn for a moment to the Old Playgoer. (I wish, by the way, he would send me a certified specimen of his snowy locks. His style is very like that of some Young Playgoers I could mention.) He assures me that Mr. Hankin is "trying to walk in Ibsen's paths," and reproaches me with admiring the "frank brutality of Hedda Gabler," yet being "scandalised by the brave outspokenness of Janet de Mullins." To tell the truth, I do not remember any frank brutality in Hedda Gabler; I never thought frankness one of her vices. But, in any case, Hedda Gabler is not held up to admiration, as (whatever the Old Playgoer may say) Janet most assuredly is. If Mr. Hankin intended her portraiture to be "impersonal" and impartial, then he is a much greater blunderer than I take him to be. In case the Old Playgoer may wish to know more definitely what I mean by Mr. Hankin's tactlessness, I will give him an instance, not from the part of Janet, but from that of her ex-lover. This gentleman meets Janet casually in a wood, and learns, to his great surprise (the incident always takes people utterly by surprise on the stage) that she has had a child by him. He is now engaged to another lady—I forget her name—say Doris. He stands looking at Janet's boy playing about in the wood, and then, turning to Janet, he says, "I wonder if Doris and I will have a boy like that?" I forget whether Janet pursues the interesting speculation; but the speech, by itself, is one of the most amazing I ever heard on the stage. Tactless is scarcely the word for it: indeed, no single epithet quite meets the case: one wants a "portmanteau word" compounded of silly, clumsy, boorish, bounderish, unpardonable, incredible, and idiotic. Not on the paths of Ibsen did Mr. Hankin cull this flower—not even on the paths of Shaw. On the whole, I would counsel Mr. Hankin to try other paths, if he conceives that those of Ibsen lead to "The Last of the De Mullins." He will doubtless remember the fable of the cricket who took it into his head that he ought to roar like a lion; but the sound he emitted was so harsh and unendurable that Mr. Man, who had formerly loved the merry little chirrupper, one day lifted up his boot and squelched him.

Now, seriously, as to "our latest drama" and my attitude towards it. The plain truth is that I have consistently fostered it and fought for it, even at the cost, sometimes, of my sense of proportion. I have several times been guilty of praising plays, not, indeed, insincerely, but with a careful suppression of the final, essential truth, which was that, tried by any exacting standard, they were very small beer indeed. I have, for instance, been laboriously civil to the thin, shrill, clevernesses of Mr. Hankin, and have done my best to dissemble the fact that, whatever their little merits and defects, they were really very insignificant productions. I will now emulate the "brave outspokenness" of Janet, and confess that, so far as one can judge from present appearances, the hopes we founded on the Court Theatre movement were in great measure fallacious. Mr. Shaw apart, of course, the one assured gain the movement has brought us is Mr. Granville Barker himself. What he may yet do, no one can say; but even if he were to do nothing more, "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste" have secured him a permanent place in our theatrical history. Mr. Galsworthy remains something of a "dark horse"; so does Mr. Masefield. For the rest, the reputation of the dramatists of this school seems to be founded rather on the plays they intend to write than on those they have written. There are several young men who take themselves with portentous seriousness as playwrights, on no tangible evidence whatever. I cannot but suspect Mr. Granville Barker of unwisely fostering this frame of mind; but even his sanguine good-nature did not go the length of producing their plays—if indeed, they exist. Youth will be youth, however, and its solemn absurdities are not inconsistent with real talent. I decline to despair of these young men. When their dramatic works materialise, if I am above ground at all, they will find me young enough to appreciate and welcome whatever is good in them. But they will never find me so tied to their party (or to any other) as to abjure my right and duty of discriminating between good work and bad, and cry "Well done our side!" even over a "De Mullins." Nor will they ever convince me of their high calling and election by the simple process of reviling Mr. Pinero. That Mr. Pinero has serious limitations no one has ever denied; but he has more talent in his little finger than some of his critics in their little skulls.

I began this article by a confession of age; but now, my dear Messrs. Hankin & Co., I feel decidedly younger, thank you.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

[We have not allowed anybody to call Mr. Archer a "doddering reactionary."—ED., NATION.]

Letters from Abroad.

THE REVIVAL OF WILL IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Our era is an era of revivals. In every domain of thought and action progress means the accentuation of some new principle from which others recede, or even fall into temporary oblivion. The revival of these old mental habits does not necessarily mean a relapse, and there will never be an absolute return. People, and sometimes whole generations, are apt to fall under the influence of some great achievement to such a degree that they lose sight of the rest of their intellectual treasures, a kind of mental intoxication to be cured only by a period of reaction.

Thus we had in Germany in philosophy the period of the idealistic delirium, carried to its extremes by the orthodox schools of Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling, and followed by a period of colorless eclecticism and shallow materialism until the cry "Back to Kant!" inaugurated a new era of creative philosophy. It was so little of a falling back that the same Friedrich Albert Lange, who stands as the first notable representative of Neo-Kantianism, was at the same time an ardent advocate of the then new teachings of Darwin, and gave materialism a prominent place in science. Lange would also recognise a good deal of Marx's historic materialism, this revolutionary off-shoot of Hegel's dialectical method, and went a long way towards Socialism.

Now, theoretic Kantianism, Materialism, Darwinism, and the theory of Socialism as derived from Hegel and the Materialists, are all detractors from individual will. They do indeed recognise some force in man which acts under the form of will. But it is a determined will, not a free will of the individual. It is not otherwise in the system of Schopenhauer. This mystic of will reduces the will in man practically to the power of acting under impulse or impulses, and so it is in the system of Edward von Hartmann. The more philosophy is subordinated to natural science, the more human will, as an independent active force, seems to be doomed.

As in philosophy so also in sociological science and in art in its different branches. The last quarter of the nineteenth century has seen naturalism conquering position after position in all these domains. It is the objective factor alone that tells: the individual as a deciding agent shrinks into insignificance. In the domain of fiction Zola and the Russians, in the drama Ibsen, and later on Hauptmann, take the lead. Individuals whose power of will is either destroyed or distracted—man not as a creator but as a poor creature, no con-

querer but a bankrupt—form the centre of the masterpieces of the two last decades of the century.

Few would deny the pioneer representatives of this movement the merit of having contributed to the discernment of things, the exhibition of life. New views, new possibilities of expression, have been added to the armory of science and arts; the store-house of psychological achievement has been greatly enriched. But it is no less true that an uninterrupted march in the same direction must lead us into a desert of vaguenesses, of indistinct, dissolving, and effeminate imaginations. The dissection in detail of the forces and influences that act upon our minds will never result in a true picture of mind and its power. The total is here quite different from the sum of its composing parts. The majority of men are neither mentally diseased nor weaklings.

Thus, apart from conservative and directly reactionary resistance, and the opposition of mere traditionalism, a counter-movement of progressive tendencies would thus become inevitable. In practical philosophy Nietzsche may be regarded as its herald. But he was too much of a borderer to be its philosophical exponent. Especially in regard to human Will he is too much of its deifier to be its real restorer. He was a good assailant, but a doubtful defender.

Much more systematic has been the work of the investigator of scientific or experimental psychology, the physico-psychologists, represented, in the first instance, by the renowned Professor at the University of Leipzig, Wilhelm Wundt. It is a remarkable coincidence that a man like Wundt, who has perhaps done more than any other man to exhibit, by experiment, the work of determining influences, says, finally, much that weakens the belief in absolute determinism. He calls the soul of man a "knot-junction" in the world's activity—that is to say, a point at which all sorts of threads join, and new threads start in different directions. By this, determinism is obviously in a degree given away. The consistent determinist could not assign to the soul more than the *rôle* of a mechanical instrument, where no new principle influences the direction of the currents. For the so-called moral or psychical determinism does not contradict Will as a relatively free agent.

This theory is very ingeniously demonstrated in a book that has just appeared, bearing the provoking title "Der Freie Wille, Eine Entwicklung in Gespraechen."* Its author, Dr. Karl Joël, Lecturer at the University of Basle, says of it himself that it presents "a doctrine rejected to-day in a form rejected to-day." And, indeed, 724 pages of philosophical dialogue between two unnamed persons would appear an incredibly daring adventure. But it looks as if the book will fare better. It is lively, remarkably fresh—nay, dramatic—in style, and bristles with clever dialectics. A naïve believer in free will is first driven to absolute surrender. Modern philosophers, modern scientists, modern legalists, and modern criminologists, modern divines, and modern statisticians destroy his arguments unmercifully, until he declares himself beaten and convinced. But then the "conversion" sets in. The "inner voice" and the "seducer" start with suggestions of opposition. Determinism is subjected to a higher criticism. Causality is analysed anew (*i.e.*, with references to Hume and Mill, of course). The dialogues where the modern belief in the endless chain of causality is dealt with are the finest of the book, which ends in the reconquest of the soul, the proclamation of the superiority of the organic over the mechanical principle, of the possibilities of variation, and with them of a relatively free will. The final chapter takes a poetical turn towards theism.

The book would be a remarkable publication even if its author stood alone. But this is not the case. Dr. Joël, who shows himself extraordinarily at home in modern literature, brings voices from the most different camps to support his argument. Of particular interest are the many objections of renowned scientists to supposed causalities in nature.

In one passage Joël makes his philosopher say: "The other day I read a clever essay, where in modern poetry the same weakness of will was laid bare that characterised the post-classical (German) dramas based on fatalism." This refers to a book, "Die Bilanz der Moderne," by a known German critic, Herr Samuel Lublinsky. The latter, a writer of philosophical training, there strikes the balance of the modern literary school. Almost simultaneously with Dr. Joël's book a new book of his has appeared dealing again with modern science, art, and literature under the title, "Der Ausgang der Moderne"—the close of modernism. If the first book shows the weakness of naturalistic drama and novel, the present book is a downright declaration of war on naturalistic art altogether, and this just from the point of view of will or strength of mind. Naturalism, it complains, has destroyed the sense of things great in men. It has belittled great impulses, it has given undue prominence to "sick" tendencies and trivialities. It has made mood—*Stimmung*—the supreme influence. *Stimmungs-malerei*—"mood painting"—is met everywhere. But the sense of healthy individualism, of creative activity, and with it the capacity for great historical plays, have gone astray. Therefore—back to the best traditions of the classicists and work their threads to a modern web, the conflicts of strong personalities set by themselves.

It is a very interesting book, not always just, but always very readable—perhaps the best comprehensive representation of modern German art and philosophy. Its author was one of the supporters of the naturalistic school when it fought for recognition. That he now, in spite of personal friendship, should tear himself away from this school and cry out for strong-minded individualism, is another sign of the desire for a revival of Will.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Koeneberg, Berlin,
January 3rd, 1909.

* Munich, 1908. F. Bruckmanz.

Letters to the Editor.

WHY?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The appalling disaster that has overtaken the southern part of Italy has surely set minds working as few things in this world could have done. To those who, like myself, profess a rational faith and claim the right to let the reason with which we have been endowed have full play, one question must necessarily stand out before all others, and that is, Why? Why this awful event; why this torture, slow and indescribable for thousands and tens of thousands; why this death, only merciful if sudden, of thousands more; why these accumulated horrors, this holocaust of human lives? Why? For what reason; to what end?

We read of thousands of little children, helpless, innocent, starving and freezing to death; we read of men and women slowly expiring in the most awful agony the human mind can conceive of; we read of the smouldering ruins of a great city and countless villages, with untold thousands of human creatures lying dead or maimed beneath piles of brick and stone; we read, but can only dimly form a conception of misery that no human help can succour, of grief that no human heart can soothe, and I ask, Why? I ask this in no irreverent spirit. I have considered my faith in God to be impregnable, my chief possession in life. I have questioned nothing, doubted nothing, but now I feel the bonds of faith snapping, and I turn to the teachers of the Christian religion and implore them to give me an explanation, an answer.

I shall be held that it is sinful and blasphemous to question or to doubt; it may be so, but I cannot help it; my reason tells me that this waste of human life, this gigantic sacrifice, in an unspeakably cruel form, of hard working, innocent men, women and little children is—— unnecessary. I will leave aside the epithets of unjust, un-

merciful, and simply say, unnecessary. What purpose had it all?

We are told that it leads to deeds of heroism among those who go to the work of rescue; that it awakens the spirit of sympathy and compassion among the nations of the world; that it serves as a useful reminder to us that life is fleeting, and that we must keep ourselves prepared for the hereafter. This may bring comfort and satisfaction to us who, thousands of miles away from the scene of horror, read about it in our easy chairs; but go and tell it to those who have survived. Go and tell it to the orphans and the widows, to those who have lost their all, and whose lives are ruined for ever; tell it to the maimed and crushed and dying, and see what *their* answer will be. Is it not the case rather that we know nothing of God or of Nature, that we do not even know the meaning of these words; that our teachers of religion have erected a gigantic structure of words and symbols for our benefit, which, however beautiful, is meaningless and misleading, and which crumbles away in the havoc wrought by this earthquake? Are there not in what men call Nature, uncontrolled and uncontrollable forces, of which we can never know anything, and in face of which both man and his Creator are powerless?

These are the thoughts that *will* come and torture the soul, and there is no answer—none. Though I ask these questions, I know full well that there is no answer. "Why?" That is the question now with me constantly—in the daytime, when I am among my fellow beings, and in the silent watches of the night, when I used to stretch out my hands to God and loved to think that I could feel His touch. Why? why?—Yours, &c., FIAT LUX.

January 6th, 1909.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Preston's letter is, in two points, a little puzzling. First, he speaks of "excluding theological teaching from the *compulsory* subjects," and "minimising the temptation to the teacher to suppress or disguise his true opinions." Do I understand from this that Mr. Preston would allow the teaching of the Bible in the schools if the teachers desired to use it as a means of "expressing their true opinions"? If so, his point of view is different from that of those champions of secular education who complain that the rates are used to pay for teaching of which they disapprove; for that complaint would logically point to the compulsory suppression of such teaching altogether. I confess that I should deeply regret any exclusion of the Bible from the ordinary curriculum of the school; amongst other reasons because the language of the English translation of the Bible has been the one representative of a common culture between rich and poor; but, if a "conscience clause" permitting head teachers to exclude such teaching or under-teachers to abstain from using it, would suit Mr. Preston and others, it might be worth while to try the working of such a plan. But, secondly, I cannot the least see why the teaching of the Bible should imply a less "civic" education than the teaching course which excludes it. Surely Mr. Preston does not want to exclude all readers of the Bible from the rights of citizenship? or does he at least wish to accuse them of "incivism," a word, thank God, not easily translatable in its full revolutionary sense?

As to Dr. Temple, I doubt if the interferences which he indirectly deprecated referred only to religious questions; but, at all events, they implied positive hindrance to what he did teach, and not merely the enforcement of some new teaching which he omitted.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirenan Cottage,
Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead,
December 28th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Four Education Bills have been brought in and withdrawn from the present Parliament. I am fully sensible of the good qualities of the members of the Government, yet not deeming them infallible, think it right to inquire how these failures have come about.

Mr. Birrell, in introducing his Bill, made the following remarks: "It will surprise no one that it is proposed that a school shall not be recognised as a public elementary school and shall not receive a penny of public money from rates or taxes, unless it becomes a provided school within the meaning of the Education Act.—The Bill of 1902 held the Bill of 1906 within its arms." I understood, and still regard these words, as in justification of an extreme measure. Essentially, it was a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the voluntary schools, mitigated by "facilities" and "extended facilities" for the escape of a limited number of them from that fate. This Bill was so transformed by the House of Lords as to compel its withdrawal by its framers. Mr. McKenna's Bills were framed on the same principle and withdrawn in expectation of the same treatment. For Mr. Runciman's Bill, as an avowed compromise, the Government is not solely responsible.

What, now, is the attitude of the Church of England to these demands? It is a counter demand for "religious equality." All sections, High, Low, and Broad, unite in this. Here comes in the irony of the case. For several decades, "religious equality" has been the war-cry of Nonconformists. It is not now heard from them, but the "whirligig of time" has brought it into the conflict over the schools from our opponents. With Nonconformists, it is a brief phrase standing for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England. That its adoption by Churchmen consciously means this, cannot be affirmed. Probably they see "men as trees walking." But that, if admitted for her schools, there is any good reason it should not include all that makes up the Establishment would be difficult of proof.

We seem to be at this moment, politically and argumentatively, in a state of equilibrium. What is the duty of the Liberal Party in these circumstances? It is, I think, to recognise the change, the advance of our opponents, however brought about, and to put forward a scheme based on "religious equality," thus doing no harm to true Liberalism, whilst yielding to the call for justice by Churchmen.—Yours, &c.,

P. C.

December 29th, 1908.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those of us who hoped much from a Liberal Government for national education have, as Mr. Mundella points out, been terribly disappointed by the experience of the last three years. Our complaint is not that the Government have been unable to legislate. We know quite well the difficulty of passing laws to break down privilege while we have a House of Lords. The trouble is in the field of administration. A President of the Board of Education has enormous power, if he will only exercise it. But our Liberal Presidents have not stopped long enough in the office to grip the situation for themselves. Three Presidents and three Parliamentary Secretaries in three years has meant that the real things which matter in education have all been settled by the bureaucracy, and Mr. Mundella's list of things which are going wrong could be largely supplemented. Effective criticism of the Board's work has been strangled, because of the changed form of statistics and reports. The information now available is just what the bureaucracy thinks the public should know, and no more. It is presented with beautifully written prefatory memoranda, which have the double advantage of concealing the things that matter and of making good readable copy for the newspapers.

What we really want is a Minister of Education, who will stop long enough in Whitehall to be the real, as well as the nominal head of his Department. The Liberal Government has not given us that yet, and until they do, things will continue to go wrong.

I enclose my card, and remain,—Yours, &c.,

"A MAN IN THE STREET."

January 3rd, 1909.

ALLOTMENTS AND SMALL HOLDINGS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Will you allow me, as travelling lecturer to this Association, which exists to help the applicants for small holdings and allotments in fourteen counties, to support, to a very great extent, Mr. Morrell's recent article in THE NATION, on the administration of the Small Holdings

and Allotments Act? We stand now close to the commencement of what will be the most fateful year for the Act, for, up till now, the innate conservatism of our governing departments has certainly not made the best of the opportunities the Act gives. It is no good crying over milk that is lost, however. Let us see what can be done in 1909.

We must increase our explanatory work amongst the applicants, and organise more closely and thoroughly the demand. Assume for a moment that the Board of Agriculture was the most progressive of departments; assume that each County Council was sitting up at nights in their anxiety to administer the Act, I say that, even then, the work could not be done satisfactorily if the applicants are not organised.

It is the right of each district to have an increased number of small holders on its land, and if each district will only make up its mind how its reasonable requirements can best be satisfied, and will communicate its suggestions to the County Council and to the Board of Agriculture, with a request for immediate attention, we shall soon drive all the authorities into doing something.

I know from my experience in Lancashire, Shropshire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, how necessary it is for applicants to be organised. They are entitled to take their share in administering the Act, and until they do so thoroughly, the entire success of the Act will not be assured.

I have spoken only of five counties; I wish that I could speak so thoroughly of our other nine; but from our daily correspondence, I know that in those nine, and in many others, there is that same disposition to sit down and wait until the Board of Agriculture or the County Council procure some land.

There are benefits to be obtained under the Act, but they will not come to the applicants half as quickly as the applicants can get to them.

If in each county we had a Central Committee of a Small Holders' Union, the pace would be much quicker. Shall we see those bodies constituted in 1909?

There is one matter of complaint I have against the London Authorities. There is a Committee—a composite Committee—representing the co-operative organisations. This Committee is to administer a Government grant when it gets it. Has that Committee had a sitting? Has it decided to do anything to teach applicants to co-operate in getting the land? I ask these questions in great seriousness.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE STREETLY,
Organising Lecturer of the Allotments and Small Holdings Association.
December 17th, 1908.

THE CHARACTER OF THE CHURCH COUNCIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems curious that the letter of the Dean of Ripon has not stirred the members of the Church of England, if not into action, at least into recognition of the actual situation.

Either by internal reform or by disestablishment, some measure of autonomy will be acquired by the Church in the immediate future. When it comes, the Representative Church Council will naturally claim the right to be the Parliament of the Church, on the ground that it is what it claims to be. If that claim be tacitly granted, now that the Representative Church Council is harmless because without power, it will be difficult to repudiate the claim on the eve of its being given legislative and executive functions. Quiet possession is often considered a good title.—Yours, &c.,

W. MANNING.
St. Andrew's Vicarage, Leytonstone.
December 31st, 1908.

MORE MESSAGES FROM MYERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In brief and final reply to Mr. Graham, may I say how welcome he is to any solace derivable from his assumption of "something psychical" (misprinted "physical" in his letter) "superadded to man," which points to his immortality. But comparative psychology lends no warrant thereto. The serious attack which Mr. Graham says has not yet been opened on the "facts"—of spiritualism?—makes a vigorous start in Professor Simon Newcomb's article on "Modern Occultism" in the current "Nineteenth Century." Sir Oliver Lodge's reply to the Professor's explanation of "telepathy" should make interesting reading.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CLODD.
Strafford House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
January 3rd, 1909.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED. NATION.]

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN IRISH CONVENT SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust I shall not appeal in vain to your sense of justice, when I ask you to publish this refutation of a letter that appeared in THE NATION on December 26th, over the signature "J. W. Southern, Beechwood, Marple, Cheshire." This writer alleges that the teachers in our convent schools in Ireland impart little or no secular knowledge to their pupils. As these schools are all in connection with the National Board of Education, this accusation means that those teachers receive public money on false pretences, and that the Board's Inspectors, Catholic and Protestant, who examine those schools, at stated intervals and at uncertain times, connive at the fraud. The solitary scrap of evidence that he produces in support of his statement is an anecdote. Let me just prove to your readers, by the testimony of an expert, the high efficiency of the convent schools. Four years ago Mr. F. H. Dale, an English Inspector, was sent by the Government to report on the state of Education in Irish primary schools. Here is a passage from his Report (published as a Blue-Book, and to be had for a few shillings): "The order and tone of the convent schools is excellent. Instruction as a whole superior to that of ordinary National schools, and in various subjects compares very favorably with that given in large English schools." To "compare very favorably" with English schools means, I presume, to be superior to them. On our ordinary "National schools," which he declared inferior to the convent schools, the following are Mr. Dale's remarks in the body of his Report, pp. 65 *et seqq.* "The reading is quite as correct and fluent as in the English schools, though frequently more monotonous and indistinct." "The handwriting in the top classes struck me as better than in the English schools, and the spelling is more accurate." "In arithmetic the children are much quicker than the English at working sums." It is no small tribute to the convent schools to say that they are superior to schools thus favorably described by an impartial expert.

Now for the anecdote. Its *dramatis personæ* are certainly not to be found in Irish life—a little country boy who uses irreligious language fit for a Parisian *gamin*, and a Catholic clergyman who drives about "not dressed in the uniform of his calling." Here is the anecdote: "My companion, forgetting the absence of his clerical garb, said, 'Phelim, how old are you?' 'Ten, yer honor.' 'What school do you go to?' 'The Convent school, but I don't lose much by not being there, for they teach you nothing but Masses and prayers.'"

Unfortunately for the story, the boy who appeared to your correspondent to be "ten or eleven years," could not be a pupil of the Convent school, or of any "Girls' school"; he could not be admitted to such schools except as an "infant," and should leave soon after the age of eight, according to a well-known rule of the Board of Education. If we get over the difficulty of the boy's telling a falsehood without a motive, there is the further difficulty that the falsehood would be promptly exposed by the clergyman, who would be perfectly familiar with the Rule referred to. The writer's story is only a specimen of the misrepresentations of Irish affairs that I have often read in "Tours in Ireland." This practice tends to keep up the Anti-English feeling among us, notwithstanding our admiration

for such sympathetic statesmen as Gladstone, Morley, and Birrell.—Yours, &c.,

I. O'Mahony (Canon).

Glenville, Crookstown, Co. Cork,
January 2nd, 1909.

[We do not think that Sir James Southern's letter was written in a spirit unfriendly to Ireland.—Ed., Nation.]

THE WORKS OF WALTER PATER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—With your permission, I should like to suggest that the works of Walter Pater, the writer of the most beautiful English prose of his time, should be published at a price more within the reach of the general public than is at present the case.

As far as I can ascertain, the thinnest volume, "Imaginary Portraits," costs 8s. 6d., and "Marius the Epicurean," in two volumes, 25s. Of course, such a distinguished firm of publishers as Messrs. Macmillan & Co. know their own business best, but I am inclined to think that they would find it profitable to issue Pater in the same style and at the same price as their excellent "Golden Treasury Series."

It is surprising how very little is known about Walter Pater, as compared, for instance, with Ruskin or William Morris, or even Nietzsche, whose ideas just now supply the latest craze in matters intellectual. Yet, Walter Pater's work as a literary artist will ultimately gain for him a higher permanent position than a good many of his contemporaries. It is a great pity, therefore, that these beautiful writings should remain a sealed book to many people who are not even acquainted with his name, but who would be amongst his most ardent admirers, if his works were made better known by being obtainable at more popular prices.—Yours, &c., L. B.

London, S.E.,
January 4th, 1909.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your notice of Mr. A. M. Ludovici's book, entitled "Who is to be Master of the World," there appears a single statement calculated to injure the prospects of both author and publisher. The price of the book is 2s. 6d. net and not 5s. net as your review states.—Yours, &c.,

T. N. Foulis.

DRESSING FOR THE SLUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the course of an article on "Christmas and Charity" in the current number of The Nation, mention is made of the fashionable woman who puts on her gorgeous attire to go to "her ward" or "her slum," and who is so sure that it is a real pleasure to "see a pretty dress for once."

This last is "spoke sarcastic," but is most often the true state of the case. Poor women, poor girls particularly, *do* love purple and fine linen, and the things they typify. They would not have them abolished, but made general. The sight of them furnishes them with stuff for day-dreams, the raw material of romance, and, far from "afflicting them with the poignancy of contrast," is more often enjoyed with a sense of vicarious possession.

In most cases it would be taken as a bad compliment if Lady Bountiful went worse clad than is her wont to visit her poor neighbors; as we ourselves should think it if the millionaires on our visiting list always used the omnibus when making us a call, instead of drawing up to our humble door in "well-appointed" brougham or motor.

If we mistake not, Mrs. Humphry Ward makes one of her heroines attend an East End festivity in Court dress and diamonds, and we feel that she did the right thing.

After all, altruism is not confined to any particular class, and it is conceivable that the poor may derive assuagement rather than aggravation from the reminder that the lines are fallen unto others in pleasanter places than their own.—Yours, &c., K. S.

December 27th, 1908.

WOMEN'S WAGES AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Several of your correspondents seem to think that the rate of women's wages can be decided by legislation, ignoring altogether that, broadly speaking, this depends mainly on supply and demand, cost of living, efficiency and mobility of labor, &c., matters with which Parliament has little or nothing to do. More trades unions for women would help wages far more than "Votes for Women." It is true that wages have declined for women in unskilled labor lately, but so have they for men, too. If the possession of the vote is the panacea for low wages, why is the agricultural laborer of East Anglia in such a desperate plight? And how is it that the wages of the voteless female servant have nearly doubled themselves in the last forty or fifty years?

Oh, this much over-rated vote! One would think that it could ensure the millennium! But if some women are so very anxious to obtain it, why don't they go about the business in a more intelligent fashion? Instead of clamor, violence, unreason, vituperation of man and all his works, and dog-whips, why not resort to a few years' steady work in all branches of local government, where they now stand on an equality with the male voter? Let them work side by side with men, making themselves quietly indispensable by their more intimate knowledge of the needs of women and children, and identifying themselves fully with every measure of social regeneration? The Parliamentary vote would be given them then as a matter of course.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) F. Travers.

Tortington House,
Arundel, Sussex,
December 28th, 1908.

Poetry.

THE DARK HOUR.

And now, when merry winds do blow,
And Rain makes trees look fresh,
An overpowering staleness holds
This mortal flesh.

Though I do love to feel the Rain,
And be by winds well blown,
The mystery of mortal life
Doth press me down.

And, in this mood, come now what will,
Shine Rainbow, Cuckoo call—
There is no thing in Heaven or Earth
Can lift my soul.

I know not where this state comes from—
No cause for grief I know;
The earth around is fresh and green,
Flowers near me grow.

I sit between two fair Rose-trees;
Red roses on my right
And, on my left side, roses are
A lovely white.

The little birds are full of joy,
Lambs bleating all the day;
The colt runs after the old mare,
And children play.

And still there comes this dark, dark hour—
Which is not born of care;
Into my heart it creeps before
I am aware.

William H. Davies.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE first volume of a work to be called "English Literature in the Victorian Era: A Biographical and Critical History," by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in the autumn. The book will run to six volumes, and it is hoped that they will be issued at the rate of one a week until its completion. We understand that Dr. Nicoll has been engaged upon this task for many years. His main purpose has been to estimate the value and influence of the writers and thinkers who have done most to shape the direction of English thought during the period treated. Dr. Nicoll's friends have often regretted that his almost unrivalled knowledge of literary movements and personalities, as well as his great gifts of criticism, have been over-engaged in periodical work. The coming book deals with a subject on which we may expect to see him at his best.

* * *

DURING the season Messrs. Methuen will publish Mr. T. R. Glover's Dale Lectures, delivered at Mansfield College, Oxford, in 1906. The title will be, "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire," and Mr. Glover has made considerable additions to the lectures, the book as it stands dealing with Jesus and the early Christians, with Seneca, Epictetus, Plutarch, Lucian, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and others. Mr. Glover's aims, which he describes as "impossible, but worth attempting," have been "to see the founder of the Christian movement, and some of his followers as they appeared among their contemporaries; to represent Christian and Pagan with equal goodwill, equal honesty, and in one perspective; to recapture something of the color and movement of life, using imagination to interpret the data, and controlling it by them; to follow the conflict of ideals, not in the abstract, but as they show themselves in character and personality; and in this way to discover where lay the living force that changed the lives and thoughts of men." One of the signs of the times is the earnest effort now being made to pierce through the mass of *Aberglaube* which dogma and tradition have laid over the person of Jesus, and Mr. Glover's book promises to be a fresh and interesting contribution in this direction.

* * *

WE learn that Mr. Frank Harris has almost ready for publication a book called "The Man, William Shakespeare, and His Most Tragic Life Story." These essays contain a collection of the articles on Shakespeare that appeared in the "Saturday Review" when Mr. Harris edited it, with later additions. They are, we think, by far the most original, suggestive, and brilliantly conceived writing on Shakespeare that our times have known, or are likely to know.

* * *

ANOTHER book on Shakespeare which may be expected during the year is Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's essay, "Shakespeare's Adequacy to the Coming Century." Mr. Watts-Dunton seems to have quite a number of works approaching completion, among them "Reminiscences of D. G. Rossetti and William Morris at Kelmscott," a critical account of the romantic movement, to be entitled "The Renascence of Wonder," and a new novel.

* * *

IN the biography of William Beckford, of Fonthill, the author of "Vathek," Mr. Louis Melville has chosen a most engaging subject. "Vathek" was originally written in French, and Beckford told Cyrus Redding, his first biographer, that the book was written at a single sitting. "It cost me," he said, "three days and two nights of hard labor. I never took my clothes off the whole time." Unluckily for Beckword's reputation for truthfulness there is good evidence that the work took him at least the greater part of a twelvemonth. "Vathek" is known to English readers by the translation of Dr. Samuel Henley, made, with Beckford's co-operation, in 1786. The original French text was issued in 1893 with a eulogistic preface by Stéphane Mallarmé. In spite of much flippancy and coarseness, "Vathek" is a masterpiece, the catastrophe in the Hall of Eblis with its sustained note of horror being one of the most powerfully descriptive passages in English. Dr. Garnett describes the work as the only modern Oriental story which "might appear with disadvantage in the 'Arabian Nights,' with Aladdin on its right hand and Ali Baba on its left." Byron had a great admiration for it, and was influenced by it, especially in his early work. So, too, was Barry Cornwall, whose "Hall of Eblis" seems to have been suggested by "Vathek." Apart from his literary reputation, Beckford is interesting for his mania for building and for his splendid collections of books and pictures. Mr. Melville has obtained permission to examine such of Beckford's letters and papers as are in possession of his descendants and would be grateful for permission to see any other letters that may be in existence.

* * *

A SENSATIONAL novel called "Banzai," which has had an amazing popularity in Germany, has been translated into English, and will be issued in this country by Mr. Stanley Paul. Its author, who writes under the pseudonym "Parabellum," is said to be a German official of high rank, and the book gives an account of a great war which is to take place between the United States and Japan. The story, which is an able example of a thoroughly flagitious form of the novel, is told with some power, and exhibits knowledge of the present state of the American Army and Navy. According to the author's forecast, the American forces are defeated by the Japanese, but the German jingo is pleased with the conclusion that his country intervenes on behalf of the United States.

* * *

MR. J. H. INGRAM has almost ready for publication a new "Life of Chatterton," which will contain some fresh material of importance. Certain poems published by Chatterton, but never since reprinted, will also be included. Chatterton has often been compared with Keats—and he can almost stand the comparison—but, although Wordsworth and Coleridge ranked him among the great English poets, he has received something less than justice from the critics of the past quarter of a century.

* * *

WITHIN the next few weeks, Messrs. Bell will issue Mr. R. S. Holland's "Builders of United Italy." The book is an attempt to provide the ordinary reader with an account of the men and movements that brought about Italian freedom. It contains studies of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel I, Gioberti, Manzoni, and others, who directly or indirectly helped towards that result.

* * *

A CERTAIN amount of irritation, though rather more amusement, has been aroused by the attempt of the Roman Catholic Council of Censorship to obtain fees from authors and publishers before granting the official *imprimatur* which guarantees Catholics against literature injurious to faith and morals. A firm which publishes a large number of Roman Catholic books would find a fee on each publication a heavy tax, and protests against it have been made. It seems to be all the more unjustifiable as the Council of Trent decided that a work ought to be examined gratuitously. If such an anachronism as a press censorship is to be preserved, it should not be at the expense of the authors and publishers whom it restricts.

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NEXT week THE NATION will contain an article on Edgar Allan Poe, by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Lord Haliburton: A Memoir of His Public Service." By J. B. Atlay. (Smith, Elder. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Mysterious Psychic Forces." By Camille Flammarion. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

"The Acts of the Apostles." By Adolf Harnack. Translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 6s.)

"The Greater Power." By Harold Bindloss. (John Long. 6s.)

"Louis Ménard: Le Dernier Apôtre de l'Hellénisme." Par Maurice Barrès. (Paris: Durel. 10 fr.)

"Basile, premier empereur de Byzance et la civilization byzantine à la fin du IXe siècle." Par Albert Vogt. (Paris: Picard. 7 fr. 50.)

"Vers la Toison d'Or." Roman. Par J. H. Rosny. (Paris: Michaud. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE NINTH HENRY.*

Everything knowable about Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York, may be found several times over in the previous works of Mr. Andrew Lang, and Miss Alice Shield, and also in the present volume—with one notable exception. We have not been able to discover anywhere between these covers a mention of the fact that a highly competent study of the said Cardinal of York, by Mr. Herbert M. Vaughan, appeared barely two years ago. Had this poor dotard been a sister or a cousin or an aunt of Napoleon, he could hardly have attracted more biographical attention. Sketches, memoirs, and descriptions innumerable of this profoundly mediocre personage have appeared, and, before commencing to read Miss Shield's book, we felt it to be an almost sacred duty to say something which might possibly (though most improbably) serve as a deterrent to the great multitude of biographers who still cherish the vain hope of kindling a scintilla of original interest in such a subject—easier far to kindle a spark in the sand of an hour-glass!

After reading the book, however, we must readily acquit Miss Shield of any perverse notion in the matter. That Henry Stuart *per se* was an absolute dead-head, such as the hand of no biographer, however skilful, could possibly resurrect, seems to have been an axiom with her from a very early stage in the proceedings; and so the book is concerned primarily with Charles Edward, Pickle the spy, Clementina, the Sieur Wogan, the Countess of Albany, and poor old Mr. James Misfortunate. Henry himself figures as a kind of usher or white staff to these romantic personages; he appears in his petticoats and smiles as the curtain bell rings at the close of each chapter, and, even so, he becomes rather a bore. The same faculty, some might say over-fondness, for minute detail pervades this book that pervaded its predecessor, "The King Over the Water"; the same lapses of style, due to over-ellipsis or undue strains upon pronouns are apparent. Ambiguous phrases such as "He fully understood that France was more afraid of England than of Spain, or would be kinder to him," are too common. There is a good Stuart pedigree from 1603 onwards; the list of authorities is of the same extremely futile kind that we had occasion to reprobate in "The King Over the Water," but it is supplemented usefully by the footnotes.

Our main interest in the work, let us admit, is concentrated upon the skill with which Miss Shield has sequestrated her titular hero. The sidelights are excellent. The profiles of Charles Edward and his father, for instance, are more suggestive than most of the direct portraits, being frank and tolerant rather than apologetic. The last years of the "wild man" and the maladies that ensued on '45 are summarised here with a touch far more expressive to the average man than the excessive detail afforded by Ewald and his successors. Research seems to have confirmed the probability that Charles made several visits to England between 1750 and 1763. The bottle which by 1725 or earlier had mainly dissolved English Jacobitism into dining clubs, nerved Charles to sustain the old Hellenic *rôle* of a man contending against Fate. The last two years of his pilgrimage were greatly assuaged, according to Miss Shield, by the *âme protectrice* of his daughter. Fuddled not in this case by "the nasty bottle," but by the approach of senile melancholia consequent upon regal nostalgia, the last days of poor old James were far more lamentable than those of his elder son. Fugitive though he was, with no ascertainable direction, Charles Edward was well out of this picture of James III. and the Cardinal quarrelling about the details of table-money, Italian confessors, retreats, and confinements. James was unable to comprehend his younger son's preference of priest-craft over king-craft. For a man to take a serious interest in fiddling and church-music was as contemptible to him as to Lord Chesterfield; and that Galuppi, whose Toccata so delighted our Browning, should be admitted to their common table appeared to the would-be king little short of an outrage. In the case of Henry, it seems true that a slight fringe of artistic sensibility comes short of extenuating an inveterate commonplaceness, an amiable insipidity. How else are we to understand his prudent demeanour in 1745, his docility to the counsels of inaction, his flight from Paris at the crisis of Charles Edward's career, and his tame acceptance of a fat cardinalate, which was regarded by many as giving the *coup de grâce* to the Stuart dynasty and cause? Pious, narrow, exacting, and haughty, in the manner of an attenuated Charles the Martyr, benevolent and charitable in his own circle, the lean-spirited Henry lingers on at Rome into a century that knew not the Stuarts, the symbol of a departed faith, not unlike Madame Mère after the insulation of Napoleon.

The brief portraits of him are fairly numerous in the memoirs of the time, but they are indeterminate, and take color indiscriminately from the point of view of the individual depictor. Much of the consideration he obtained at Rome was obviously due to the fact that his coffers were so well filled, for in addition to his papal pension and offices about the curia, he held numerous benefices in Spain, Belgium, France, and Italy. The liaisons of his brother cost him a good deal. Fortunately, he had none of his own. In 1797, as might be expected, his revenues shrank like a burst bladder, and for a time he was reduced to something like penury, and had to part with many of his most interesting relics and jewels. When things looked their blackest (in 1800), as is well known, George III. took pity on the exile and granted him a pension of £4,000, English gold. Such generosity is remarkable indeed in view of George's usual parsimony—in cases in which borough influence was out of the question. Nor can it be wholly said that Henry never bit the hand that fed him, for, in 1806, despite the fact that his other revenues were at least partially restored, he actually asked for more. The old king, however, was fast relapsing into that amiable state of mania in which he ran races with horses or danced minuets with his apothecary, and he was, perhaps, unaware of this last act of Stuart mendicancy. The Regent characteristically promised £1,600 a year to the Countess of Albany.

For the last years of his life, Henry IX. of England, France, and Ireland, was a multi-millionaire in Rome, and spent lavishly on bad masonry and similar vanities. He died peacefully at his palace of Frascati on July 13th, 1807, and was buried on the 16th in St. Peter's, by the side of his brother. The Stuart succession since his death is a rather difficult proposition (if we may judge from the complex erudition of the last chapter), and must have caused some anxious half hours to the "secret consult" of the White Rose.

The controversy was extinct long before Henry's death. In 1707, the world at large had been Stuart; by 1807, it had become weary of the pageant of the family's misfortune. What is it that makes such willing Jacobites of us all in 1909? It is, emphatically, not a contemplation of the gentle virtues of Henry IX. The Stuarts were, to a certain extent, the victims of the party-morbus in its most virulent form, but this in turn was a natural and inevitable consequence of the Civil War, for which Charles Stuart was in a large measure responsible. From 1688 onward the Stuarts failed hopelessly to realise their vocation. This fact alone enlists many sympathies. Consideration of them as belonging to the old royal breed, who clung to the sacrosanct tradition of governing as well as reigning, and who refused to bow the knee to the new gods of finance, democratic ideas, and modern mechanical inventions may, perhaps, enlist a good many more—in conjunction more especially with the unloveliness of the Hanoverians, distilled by this hopeless exile. The incredible follies of Charles I. and James II. fall hardly upon the second and third generation, and we begin to think of just historical effect as fatality. The dross falls away from the Stuarts and the contemplation of their heroic side is inspired and poeticised by the romance of '45. The apotheosis of this owes more, perhaps, than any modern event to literature. Sir Walter, the Ettrick Shepherd, Lady

* "Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York, and His Times." By Alice Shield. Longmans. 12s 6d. net.

Nairne, and the Jacobite minstrels did much. "Charley-over-the-Waterism" grew and prospered in proportion to the growth of the interests that had strangled the reality, in George Borrow's despite. The modern school of Stuart research, under the brilliant guidance of Mr. Andrew Lang, has refertilised the whole area of the legend. Documentary evidence has been brought to bear upon a very big scale; an enormous amount of picturesque corroborative detail has been recovered. What pabulum will these not afford to the poets, musicians, painters, balladists, and romancists of the future! The surface of the legend may appear to be momentarily suffocated by the multitude of small facts. But it will absorb them quite easily and triumphantly. And we shall soon have the fair fields of sentimental Jacobitism blossoming and flowering anew.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE.*

The country-house is what we have that is best and most representative in English architecture. It belongs to our national genius and our racial character that it should be so. English people, as their critics are never tired of explaining to them, have very little talent for theorising. It is an instinct of the British mind—the effects of which are palpable enough in British politics, British talk, and British literature—to stick to the fact. Practice, not theory, is the English maxim.

Generally speaking, this instinct for the purely practical is what distinguishes British action all over the world from the action of other people. It happened to the writer once to travel for some months in the French North-African colonies, after spending a year or two in English South-African ones. Now the opposite ends of Africa are like two clean slates on which two of the greatest European Powers have legibly inscribed their national idiosyncracies; and between the two there is always the same difference. Wherever practice is the ruling factor the Englishman excels. Wherever theory is the ruling factor the Frenchman excels. Independent and self-sufficient, the Englishman waits for no plan of action, bothers his mind about no methodical organisation or disciplined collective advance, but sets off with axe and rifle into the interior to possess himself of whatever may be best worth possessing. If he is an average man, he at least upholds our reputation as successful colonists. If he is an exceptional one, he adds a province to the British Empire. But in either case there is the same quality in his energy. It is all of the personal, practical kind, not at all of the collective and theoretical kind. But even colonising is not all a matter of personal initiative. There are times when the theoretical faculty even here has its opening. Cape Town, with its untidy and ill-disciplined streets, its heterogeneous jumble of incongruous buildings, its general shapelessness and incoherence, is very unimposing compared to the ample boulevards and dignified streets, the gardens and fountains and arcaded pavements of Algiers, all gathered and arranged into a scheme of some symmetry and unity. Here, where a great effect had to be foreseen and planned out in advance, here, as it seemed to us, the theoretical Frenchman quite eclipsed the practical Englishman.

In some form or other, in literature, politics, or other departments of life, this broad and general difference between the two races is bound often to have struck the reader. It is a difference which has its bearing on English architecture. Architecture, of course, like colonising, is an outcome, an expression of racial character. Hence the differences in the one are the differences in the other. A great building, for example, representative and fit to be a type of its style, has always in it something of a theoretical character. It must keep in view the structural idea which is the note of its style, and look steadily as it goes along to the effect as a whole which it means to produce. In this it resembles the laying out of a symmetrical city, the plan of which is conceived as an idea before its portions are begun. These are conditions which favor the French genius, and, in fact, the difference between a great French and a great English Gothic cathedral is precisely the difference between Algiers and Cape Town. The French town and the French cathedral both profit from the French strength in theory, while the English town and cathedral suffer from the English weakness in theory. The truth is that it does not do, in the construction of a monumental piece of architecture, to substitute personal initiative, as a guide, for abstract law. Personal initiative may yield various attractions; it may cast in stone a very interesting and graphic delineation of the life of its age; but, unless governed and kept under by the force of abstract law, it is bound to mar the building's claims as an authoritative example of the style it represents. Our own cathedrals are examples of this. Perhaps they are more full of human feeling, and appeal more to human sympathy and affection, than the French ones, but as specimens of the Gothic style they are altogether out of the running. Their chances are spoiled because they will persist in subjecting theory to practice in a field in which theory ought always to be in supreme command.

But architecture, after all, is as wide as life. There is no strength in life but will make itself felt in architecture. Our practical personal way of looking at things may handicap us when it is a question of the great monuments of pure style, but still that way of looking at things is too strong and sincere and genuine an impulse not to have some department of building assigned to it in which it can show itself to advantage. As a matter of fact it has a large and important sphere expressly assigned to it. That sphere is the house, not, of course, the town house, for a town house is not a house at all but a bit of a street, but the country house, and the country house of all dimensions from the peasant's cottage to the nobleman's palace. It is not necessary, nor even desirable, that a man's house, rightly subject as it must be to private convenience, should defer, like the great national structures, to abstract principles of style. Private houses not only have not, as a rule, the size and scope to do justice to abstract principles, but their character and the uses they are put to prevent them from devoting themselves to that aim. They are, therefore, in manifold ways straitened and perplexed by the too rigorous imposition of a set of laws of which they cannot exhibit the proper effects, and which impede them in the exercise of their duties. French country houses and chateaux are an example of buildings of this order. From all that is of human interest they are cut off in the endeavor to achieve importance as examples of style, and failing in this, as they almost invariably do, they achieve little in the way of grandeur to compensate for their coldness. It would be difficult to name a set of buildings more destitute of real attraction of any kind than the whole series of French chateaux from medieval times to the present. As illustrations of Renaissance structural principles they are trite and, with but few exceptions, unimportant, while as human documents they are altogether barren and meaningless. The truth is they are attempts to carry into the sphere of personal initiative in architecture the maxims which were appropriate in the sphere of collective effort.

Now if the reader will turn from these very cold and lifeless edifices to the Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Georgian houses of England he will see in operation a set of motives of quite a different kind, but which are evidently in this department of architecture in many ways appropriate. The main characteristic running all through English country-house architecture is its flexible and ready adaptation of itself to the needs of human life. There are, no doubt, exceptions, and during the eighteenth century especially, the century of the ascendency of the great families, many cold and stately country palaces were built quite as aloof in expression from any aspects of the national life as their Italian or French models. These stand, however, altogether apart from English country-house architecture as a whole, and claim no share in its peculiar merits. The test of the style is perfectly simple. All we have to do is to observe whether the specimen under consideration, be it great or small, is in all essentials one with the rest of the rural architecture of its own period. Is it, however fine and stately, in harmony with the cottage, the farm, the rectory, and the manor house of the countryside? There is to be found in England, and we know not where else it is to be found in the same fullness and variety, a broad tradition in the way of domestic architecture which comes down

* "The English House." By W. Shaw Sparrow. Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.

to us through the centuries and which at every part of its progress applies equally to all society and draws into one common native language—having its own dialects, no doubt, and accents, and local or class differences, but remaining essentially one language still—the house architecture of all sections of the community. This architecture all holds together, and what holds it together is its responsiveness to life. It fits English life and yields and adapts itself to every pressure of that life. In this its charm, its interest, and its beauty consist. In short, the very drawbacks of the English temperament, or what are felt as drawbacks when dealing with great representative types of architecture—we mean the English love of what is practical and convenient, and the English dislike of what is theoretical and abstract—are in house-building a perpetual inspiration and a source of genuine vitality. How much of the beauty and charm of English scenery are due to the nestling cottages and farms and old country houses and more stately mansions, even, which all alike seem so to fit the landscape that they appear to be almost a natural growth rather than artificially planned constructions! These edifices have, in truth, no consciously artistic bias at all. Their merits are the merits of the, on the whole, thoroughly sound and healthy national life which they embody, and when they fail of their effect, as those fail that ape the style of artificial splendor, it is a sign not so much of artistic misapprehension as of a breach with the national life.

But, after all, such aberrations are few. Even the Renaissance, the style of abstract laws and principles, was forced very generally to yield in this country to the demands of life, and warm wainscoting and spacious bays and clustering creepers have impressed upon its austere features the characteristic expression of the English domestic style. In its most genuine, which are not, it is to be feared, its most recent manifestations, this English domestic style is marked by a certain sober and secure comfort, combined with a steadfast sense of the duties and the seriousness of life. It forms, in its way, a very noble and beautiful architectural inheritance, in which the cottage and the castle play a like indispensable part. So that, if we have not in England finely arranged cities or monumental examples of pure style, we have something to compensate us for the absence of these, something that is the characteristic output of our national temperament and national history. Let us conclude by recommending to the reader Mr. Shaw Sparrow's recent book on this subject. He will find it a work of unusual interest on a peculiarly interesting theme.

THE FALL OF JUDAH.*

Unlike the historian of another Decline and Fall, Dr. Cheyne finds, or feels, himself obliged to begin his narrative with a reply to those who have rejected the critical principles which it presupposes. An introduction of nearly fifty pages, crowded with intricate details and personalities, reproduces in a somewhat expanded form the defence of his peculiar North Arabian theory, against Germans, Welshmen, and Americans especially, which has already appeared in the pages of the "Hibbert Journal." "Hence the irregular spelling, 'Jerahmeel' for 'Yerahme'el,' 'Mizrim' for 'Misrim.'" Why "hence"? Would it not have been possible, without much trouble, to remove the variant spellings and preserve a uniform terminology? This, however, is a mere detail. The more serious objection raised by this introductory chapter relates to the general method of the volume. The first part is avowedly historical. It describes the period from the discovery of the reform-book in the temple to the destruction of Jerusalem, which the author treated years ago in his fascinating popular volume on "Jeremiah." The second part analyses the law-books of Israel as contained in Exodus, and especially Deuteronomy. But both parts, the first as well as the second, are dominated by the peculiar theory of an extensive editorial correction of the primitive text, which is re-affirmed in the introduction. Now, apart altogether from the merits of the theory in question—which, in the last resort, is one of textual criticism—the mixture of narrative and conjectural emendation is disconcerting and inartistic in the extreme. No book on Old Testament criticism which comes from Dr. Cheyne's pen can fail to reward the patient reader with original suggestions or to impress him by its singular combination of inventiveness and labor. But, after all, literary criticism must depend upon solid, inductive principles, and the problem of documents requires to be carried a certain length along the line of these principles before it is any use to set about a re-construction of the historical situation. At the risk of being excluded by the author from the tribe of the "open-minded," we must confess that neither of these conditions is fulfilled in the present instance. The fact is that the book falls between two stools. It tries to be at once a chapter in ancient history and a piece of literary analysis; it really succeeds in being neither.

The examples of conjectural criticism are not a whit more convincing than in the author's earlier volumes. Thus, we are invited to believe that "Jachin," or Yakin, the pillar of I. Kings vii., 21, is "a corruption of some form of Yerahme'el (such as Yakman) the name of one of the holy Two, or Three, who formed, in North Arabia, the Divine Company" (p. 21). And, again, in Deut. xxxiii., 6, "Let Reuben live, and not die," is transformed, by processes (pp. 167f.) which leave one breathless, into "Let Reuben lay hold of Yerahme'el." Such specimens of emendation are not calculated to inspire much confidence in the judgment of the historian who rewrites the history of later Israel by means of them. Dr. Cheyne hints that we should be thankful to critics like Winckler and himself, who "shake us out of our slumber." This is true enough. For any stimulus to fresh inquiry one should be grateful, and Dr. Cheyne may be assured that he will not miss the reward he deserves. But the alternative to critical drowsiness is not chasing will-o'-the-wisps over North Arabia.

The historical results of the book are not unfamiliar, as a rule, but there are two critical verdicts of the author which are of special significance. It is reassuring to discover that he minimises the influence of the Code of Hammurabi upon the Book of the Covenant in Exodus xx-xxiii. "To prove such a thesis a much larger amount of plausible evidence would have to be found. That both the Book of the Covenant and Deuteronomy may contain elements of non-Israelitish origin can be admitted, but not that any of these came, except indirectly, from Babylon" (pp. 104-105). Then, again, the "finding" of the reform-book in the temple by Hilkiah (pp. 11-15) is attributed frankly to deliberate purpose, and interesting Egyptian parallels are adduced. "It is an idea of Oriental priesthoods that religious authority needs to be kept up by illusion. We may assume, therefore, that Hilkiah was not groping in the dark, but saw what, from a priestly point of view, had to take place for the good of religion. Acting according to an ancient priestly custom, which involved illusion, he took the recently-composed law-book to the temple that he might find it there." This law-book, by the way, Dr. Cheyne refuses to regard, with Professor Kennett, as a prophetic utterance denouncing sacrifice. We wish that a scholar of his eminence had come to terms with Dr. John Cullen's ingenious theory of an original Book of the Covenant, which has been re-edited into the canonical Deuteronomy. The latter scholar's volume ("The Book of the Covenant in Moab," Glasgow, 1903), is much too acute and independent to be overlooked, or rather ignored, as it is by Dr. Cheyne, and the author's reply to his Continental critics, in Higenfeld's "Zeitschrift für Wiss. Theologie" (1905, pp. 181-193), elucidates several data of Deuteronomy in a more satisfactory fashion than the reader will probably find in Dr. Cheyne's pages.

* "The Decline and Fall of the Kingdom of Judah." By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

A WOMAN'S STORY.*

In a very clever book, "We Women and our Authors," by the German writer, Laura Marholm, the attitude of the modern plebeian to the woman question is admirably sketched. "Numbers of fathers and brothers were released from the burden of supporting their unmarried women-folk; they were even released from the necessity of marrying them.

* "A Woman at Bay (Una Donna)." By Sibilla Aleramo. Translated by Maria H. Lansdale. Putnam's Sons. 6s.

Indeed, nowadays, many daughters and sisters work for their parents and younger brothers. Year after year, competition grows harder, and every department of labor is overcrowded with envious, nervous, panting people, who are pitted one against the other. . . . What does the plebeian man want with the superior woman? Nothing, of course. She is merely an annoyance to him; a burden. If he is enterprising, he marries a well-filled purse; if he has a more affectionate disposition, he marries a wife of his own class. The more cultured, highly-developed women are thrust on one side; nay, more, they are starved. They have a gnawing at the heart, a rankling distrust of happiness, of love, and of men in particular." "Women have begun to ask, 'Who am I?' and not: 'Whose am I?'"

This drives the nail well home. The particular irritation that the average man feels with the women who ventilate "Women's Rights," and who write novels of the class of which Signora Aleramo's "Una Donna" is a remarkably fine example, springs partly from his perception that a society that can no longer provide marriage and home life for its women, forces them to become independent of men, to go out into the world and to claim equal privileges. And he resents what he is powerless to change. In this connection it is of interest to recall the short-sighted criticisms of the so-called "sex novel" of twenty years ago. Instead of asking what social causes were at work behind that domestic revolt, the masculine reviewer pooh-poohed the entire class of novel as the hysterical aberration of the unwomanly woman; and he is now confronted with an extended development of the main movement, in the general campaign for Woman Suffrage. It is to be remarked how the intellectual "advanced" women who are conducting that battle drop no word on the many interesting questions which lie all round the subject. They fear the whole issue, and confine themselves to trying to gain the key of the situation—the political equality of the sexes. And yet it is a pity that our imaginative literature should throw no light on the battle that is being reported in the press and waged on the platform. In other countries, however, the Philistine public is more accessible to ideas, and it is not surprising that "Una Donna," which, in the phrase of an admiring critic, "has traversed Italy like a flame," should have been translated into French, German, Russian, Spanish, and Swedish, and that the belated version which has now reached these "poor islanders," should hail from America. It is not our intention to discuss the issues which the book raises as "a novel with a purpose," but to dwell briefly on its striking merits as a psychological document of an unhappy married life.

Personal chronicles of this class are, in England at least, generally spoilt by the author's naïve attempts to show herself adorable, but the heroine of "Una Donna" does not try to veil any unpleasing shade of her own character and words. She probably could not do it if she wished. In her picture of her submission to her husband, and of her final escape from him, with her child left, perforce, as a hostage in his hands, she shows an intense, bitter sincerity. She is a spiritual egoist, this woman, but she reveals a certain nobility of soul in her outlook, and in her unflinching gaze at the truth. It is a not uncommon story, in its main outline, this of the dead-sea fruit of the union of a superior woman, of a sensitive, serious, and aspiring nature, to a vulgarian, of her speedy disillusionment, frightful weariness, and intense and deepening suffering while the legal bond holds her, and the pressure of public opinion rivets the chain. It is precisely because of the commonness of the tragedy, that Signora Aleramo's novel will strike deep into the consciousness of tens of thousands of modern women. The narrative, which has many poignant passages, is painful from the fact that the heroine is pushed into the trap when a young girl, and that we see her purgatory stretching before her for long years, while she is too innocent and inexperienced to comprehend why this misery is hers. She sketches very well her childhood, her girlish devotion to her proud, clever, and self-centred father, her dim perception that there is a household tragedy implicit in her mother's faded, timid, anxious figure, in her father's growing outbursts of temper and increased absences from home. The tumult in the young girl's soul when she discovers accidentally that it is common talk in the neighborhood that her father constantly visits a poor family in the suburbs, and that he has a mistress, a factory hand, is done with profound understanding of the hardness of idealistic youth, when life becomes incomprehensible and hateful because our ideals of others are shattered.

It is at this moment when the girl, still immature, is judging others, that she falls a prey to a man, her social inferior, who has designs of marrying into his employer's family, and of raising himself by marrying the girl he has abused. It is a striking merit of "Una Donna" that the motives, acts, and commonness of this man, who as her husband is to direct her future life, and, under the shield of legal union and social convention, has the power of public opinion on his side, seem to us quite natural and inevitable, seen through the veil of the girl's dawning hatred. In this picture of marital life in the South of Italy, a curious sense is communicated to us of a semi-feudal atmosphere, in which public opinion supports the husband to the last. In his fits of jealousy he isolates the woman, shutting her away from all contact with any but the members of his own family. The psychological crisis comes in the chapter called "The Intruder," when the starved feminine instinct for love, "for feeling oneself a part of another, and giving voluntarily," awakens in the lonely woman, and she encourages the ambiguous advances of a stranger, who hypnotises her by his intent, impelling glance. But in a paroxysm of inner humiliation and scorn, she drives him from her when he, too, shows he is of common clay. There is something extremely fine-edged in the woman's bitter repudiation and loathing of anything that soils her ideal of herself. Her honor is untouched; but her husband's jealousy is awakened, and she becomes the victim of his suspicions and mortified pride. The scene in Chapter IX., "Flight," where she confesses to what has not passed, her husband's fury, the waking delirium of her despair, and the shadow of madness touching her, till she seeks oblivion in suicide, and is dragged back to life—all this is done with a remorseless intensity that, artistically, is of the first order. The greatest skill is shown throughout in the understanding and presentation of obscure states of mental and moral distress. The question of social ethics, raised by "Una Donna" was, indeed, raised a century ago by Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication." Looking back, we see that educated society has admitted, in nearly every argument she advanced, the validity of her pleading. Italy and Spain are perhaps the two most backward countries in Europe, in respect of recognising the "rights" that married women in England have gained, piece by piece, in these last three generations.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The first two articles in "The Nineteenth Century and After" deal with the military situation—Major-General Frank Russell arguing the alarmist case that invasion is possible. He suggests the construction of a Clyde and Forth canal, and thinks that unless something is done at once "London before long may share the fate of Carthage, and Macaulay's New Zealander, before many generations have passed away, may actually gaze on the ruins of St. Paul's." The Earl of Errol contends that Mr. Haldane's scheme, so far from having furnished 90,000 additional men, has given us no substantial addition. "The exact contrary is the case, and we have really 80,000 men less to draw upon than we had three years ago, to say nothing of a decrease of 3,000 officers." Mr. Noel Buxton writes in praise of the Young Turks, believing that, whether or not all hopes will be fulfilled, "two good things are certain: first that the Hamidian *régime* in its hated form will not return; second, that, even if Macedonia could be dealt with by the Powers, the rest of the Empire has most to gain by the success of Young Turkey." Lord Ribblesdale, in an amusing, rather Frondist article on "The Lords and the Licensing Bill," protests that two or three more operations of a similar nature to that in which the Lords rejected that Bill, will incline him "to think that, on its own showing, the House of Lords is asking to be converted into a debating society. It is certainly all that we were permitted to be by Lord Lansdowne's decision the other night." Mr J A. R.

Marriott urges that the Report of Lord Rosebery's Committee is "a landmark in the history of the House of Lords," and demands for it "a respectful, if critical, consideration." Lady Paget contributes a readable article on "Court and Society at Berlin in the 'Fifties." There are two literary articles, a brilliant appreciation of Milton by Mr. Herbert Paul, and an estimate of Edgar Allan Poe by Mr. Lewis Melville.

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In "The Fortnightly Review," M. M. R. Ivanovitch writes on "Europe and the Annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina," pointing out that Austria's action is a flagrant violation of the rights of Europe, and that her policy is "to denationalise and to suppress all that goes by the name of Serb." Mr. A. Maurice Low discusses "The Future of Parties in America." He anticipates the rise of a Labor Party, and a possibility that in future foreign politics will be found to be the dividing line between the great American parties. "The Opposition in the Commons," by "Auditor Tantum," is in a vein of Conservative criticism of party leaders, but it is not so ferocious or so palpably aimed at the wiping out of the reduced Free Trade "cave," as the article in last month's "National Review." It makes two curious mistakes. It writes the name of Mr. Fellowes as "Fellows," and speaks of Mr. Jeffreys as if he were still alive. "Auditor" banishes Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Stuart Wortley, Mr. Arnold Forster, Mr. Akers Douglas, and Sir William Anson. Mr. Long has no ideas; the ball no longer lies at Mr. Wyndham's feet; Mr. Lyttelton "fumbles"; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not more enlivening. The article speaks in just praise of Mr. Cave, and thinks it would be deplorable to shut out Lord Robert Cecil from office. But on the whole it thinks Mr. Balfour splendid—in isolation. Mr. W. T. Stead in "Why I Know the Dead Return," claims to have had regular communication with his son, who died twelve months ago. "For me," he says, "the problem is solved, the truth is established, and I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying publicly to all the world that, so far as I am concerned, doubt on this subject is henceforth impossible." "Executor" endeavors to discover "The Blessings of Naval Armaments," a Nonconformist minister gives an interesting and conservative view of "Nonconformity and Politics," Mr. John Masefield writes on "Daniel Defoe," and Mr. Filson Young discusses Mr. John Davidson as the great naturalist poet of his age.

* * *

"The Contemporary Review" opens with an article by Mr. W. T. Stead, who thinks that the day of cast-iron empires is fast drawing to a close, and that "in one form or another the whole vast stretch of country from Petersburg to Prague and from Prague to Adrianople will be covered by a federation or federations of free self-governing States, as peaceful as the Swiss Cantons, in which the Slavs, by the sheer force of numbers, will, of necessity, be in the ascendant." Mr. Harold Spender treats of "Unemployment Insurance," urging the adoption of such a measure, and sketching the methods adopted in Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium. Dr. J. H. Horace Round discusses with great learning and command of the subject Dr. Gee's paper on "The Continuity of the Anglican Church," read at the last Church Congress. Professor R. M. Meyer of Berlin writes on "German Literature." He holds that Germany has stood for "the general modernising and democratisation of poetry," and that for Germans even Wordsworth is "too much of a gentleman; too correct in his feeling; too much confined to pattern in his expression; too typical in his experience." "The Literary Supplement" contains an article on "Christmas and the Elder Gods," by "Museus," together with the usual number of book reviews.

* * *

The second number of a periodical is a severer test of its editor than the first, and the Editor of "The English Review" is to be congratulated on producing a second number even more interesting than its predecessor was. It opens with a poem of some length, by D. G. Rossetti, now published for the first time. The subject is a smoking match between a miserly old Dutchman and the Devil, which ends in orthodox fashion by the Devil winning his opponent's soul. The serials begun in the former number are continued, Mr. Wells's novel "Tono-Bungay" more than fulfilling the promise of its first instalment. There is a short story by M. Anatole France, a travel sketch by Mr. Cunninghame Graham, and the first section of a Moorish ghost story of the seventeenth century, by Vernon Lee. Among the shorter articles the most striking is an account of the present state of Russia, by "D. S." "The English Review" is, from a literary standpoint, far and away the best of the monthly periodicals now before the public.

* * *

Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor has followed up his book on the London Squares by another dealing with some famous London houses past and present. "The Private Palaces of London" (Kegan Paul, 21s. net) will, like its predecessor, be welcomed by those who care for what is stately and picturesque in the history of London. Although great changes are rapidly taking place in the appearance of the London streets, a fair proportion of the "private palaces" still exist, though most of them are notable rather for the beautiful or costly objects to be found within their walls than for any nobility in their architecture. Mr. Chancellor has made a good choice of the houses whose history he relates. It is not possible in a brief notice to touch upon any of the interesting themes discussed in his pages. We can only say that his work is something more than a mere assembly of anecdotes relating to the great London houses. On the contrary, it is a useful contribution to London history that could only have come from a careful study of the subject. The value of the book is enhanced by the excellent collection of prints and photographs with which it is illustrated.

* * *

A strong plea for missionary work is embodied in the "Life of Stewart of Lovedale" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net), written by Dr. James Wells. The late James Stewart was one of the pioneers of mission work in South and Central Africa; and the flourishing establishment at Lovedale in Cape Colony is witness to his remarkable energy and powers of organisation. The son of an Edinburgh cab proprietor, he left Scotland in 1861, to join Livingstone on the Zambesi, and his association with the great explorer lasted until the day of the latter's death. Subsequently, he may be said to have taken up Livingstone's work at the point where the latter left it. The foundation of Livingstonia on the north-west shore of Lake Nyassa was due to Stewart's initiative; in fact, the entire system of African mission stations, as it exists at the present time, owes its inception to his example. He died in 1905 at the age of seventy-six. There are many glimpses of the practical side of mission work provided in this volume, and the subject's close connection, in later years, with the administrative heads of South Africa, forms an interesting side-light on some current matters of British policy in that quarter. The color question is freely and not unsympathetically discussed; but the "Ethiopian Movement" comes in for rough handling. A quantity of capital photographs, illustrative of the missions and their industries, complete a volume which only errs in being a little too long.

* * *

The ultra-personal touch of the modern newspaper interview makes itself felt in Mr. William Bayard Hale's account of "A Week in the White House with President Roosevelt" (Putnams, 3s. 6d. net). The sketch of Mr. Taft's predecessor is, nevertheless, a vivid enough character study by a writer who went and saw and was conquered by the President's personality. The latter is described at business and play from day to day of the week, and his manner of speech and methods of dealing with callers are set forth with the utmost detail, the general conclusion being that Mr. Roosevelt's claim to genius, like that of President Lincoln, rests upon his understanding of the "average" American citizen. Full responsibility "for any statement, sentiment, or opinion that follows," is assumed by the author in his Foreword—a pronouncement that should silence critics who might suspect him merely of having the courage of Mr. Roosevelt's convictions.

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Biographical rather than critical in intention, Mr. Francis Dowman's "Great English Painters" (Grant

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By Various Writers.

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THE INDEX TO VOLUME III. OF THE NATION

Is NOW READY and can be had free on application to the Manager.

Richards, 3s 6d. net) is an agreeable volume of essays on Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, George Morland, Lawrence, Turner, and Constable. The selection is catholic enough, considering the period covered; neither need Mr. Dowman apologise for including Lawrence, because he "rounds off an epoch" or is highly esteemed in France, since Lawrence's contemporary fame was almost, if not quite, equal to that of any other of his time, and nowadays, judged by the auction-room records, has undergone a revival rather than an eclipse. Catholic, also, is his judgment of most of his subjects. In regard to Constable, however, whose work he terms "noble prose," in contrast to Turner's "poetry"—not the truest of distinctions—his estimate is clearly colored by his admiration for Turner, and seems to us to be not as well digested as the rest. Thus with reference to the *Leaping Horse*, he observes that the crimson fringe on the horse's trappings "was invented by Constable as a deliberate pictorial effect—an unusual procedure with this painter." There is nothing unusual in the introduction by Constable of a bit of vivid color to key the rest of the picture. Neither did he disdain deliberate pictorial effects, as is admitted by Mr. Dowman on page 282, where he observes, "his choice of a natural scene was governed by distinctly pictorial considerations." The half-tone reproductions in this book are popularly chosen and finely executed

* * *

We cannot suggest any particular reason for the publication of Mr. Henry Saxon's "Churchwardens of the Past" (John Ouseley). It is not, as one might suppose from the title, an attempt to deal historically with a rather interesting church office, but—with the exception of a very brief introductory chapter setting forth the past and present duties of churchwardens—a series of would-be humorous sketches of "types" actually encountered by the author. All these types appear to us to be very much alike. At any rate they share the characteristic of speaking in an almost incomprehensible dialect. The one remarkable feature of this booklet is the length of its ill-constructed sentences, and its one virtue is its restriction to seventy short pages.

The Week in the City.

	Price end of Dec., 1908.		Price Friday morning, Jan. 8.
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Inquiries recently made in the City about the revival in trade indicate that both China and Japan are beginning to emerge from the long and severe depression, which amounted in some of the large towns to serious banking crises. An important improvement in the trade with India is expected when the rice and corn crops begin to move. American importers are acting cautiously, in view of approaching tariff reductions. The Board of Trade returns for December give import figures higher than last year's record, although prices are now much lower. On the whole, competent authorities seem to be convinced that the decline of trade has been checked, and most of them look forward hopefully to a gradual improvement, if only the danger of war in the Near East can be averted. It is this which has been hanging over the stock markets, though the set back in American prices has been long overdue. At the beginning of the week it looked quite as if the Austrians might take the offensive against Servia in consequence of the Servian Minister's foolish speech; but when an explanation was forthcoming the markets took heart once more.

The City is beginning to feel nervous about the Bank Rate in view of the withdrawal of another million to Argentina. Unless something unexpected happens before next week the Directors of the Bank of England may feel it necessary to raise their minimum rate of discount. This would be unfortunate for the Russian loan which is expected to appear in about a fortnight. It is chiefly owing to the accumulation of gold in Paris that the Bank of England's reserve has fallen so low. But apparently the provinces are also requiring more gold; for the currency does not return rapidly from circulation.

New Investments.

Among new prospectuses, the Bristol Corporation issue of 3½ per cent. stock at 99 is a gilt-edged stock which deserves the attention of those who are content with a moderate interest and complete security. The City of Montreal 4 per cent. issue, at 103, yields a little more, and the Province of Alberta loan, at 99½, offers, I think, good security, and is a trifle better still. The trouble about Canada is that every community and institution seems to be needing money, and for some time to come, therefore, capital put into Canadian securities is not likely to appreciate. But so long as the investor sticks to the Governments or large Municipalities he is perfectly safe. What you should avoid is a village calling itself a city, which is quite capable, if its debts become onerous, of moving itself a few miles away. The 4½ per cent. loan issued for railways by the Grand Duchy of Finland by Messrs. Hambro, at £92 10s., has not been very successful, to judge from the fact that applicants got all they asked for, and that a small discount was established. But then the Jewish houses did all they could to mar its success. The Chilian Government, however, is to be congratulated upon the readiness with which the three millions it asked for were taken up. The list was only open for two or three hours on Monday morning, and a premium was immediately established. Chili seems to be emerging from its crisis, for the peso, which fell below eightpence last June, has now recovered to thirteen pence, and, according to a Reuter telegram, the gold standard may be restored and specie payments resumed next year. Ten years ago Chili was regarded as the most stable and trustworthy of the South American Republics, and if the friction between Argentina and Brazil continues, it may resume its old position.

The Ind Coope Fiasco.

It is a curious comment on Brewery Finance that a month or two after the rejection of the Licensing Bill the first debenture holders in this big brewery should have found it necessary for their own protection to apply to a Vacation Judge for the appointment of a receiver, which application has been granted. The truth is, as a friendly critic of the Trade feels bound to remark, "these brewery companies, no doubt, made their great mistake in paying fatally excessive sums for tied houses, in the great public-house boom." And now the Armaments boom, and the war scares which are always stimulated by the pot house and the drinking saloon, will probably stiffen the back of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and make his hand all the heavier when he comes to raise the Licence Duties in his approaching Budget.

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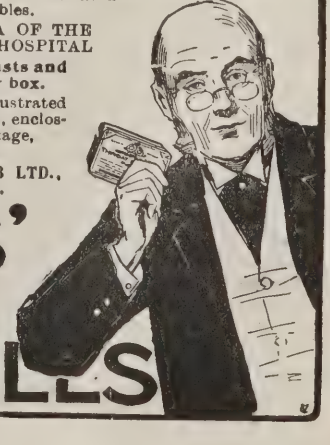

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Diary of the Week.

At last a real advance has been made towards the settlement of the Balkan squabble. On Saturday Austria decided to make monetary compensation to Turkey: she offered £2,500,000 in addition to the other terms, but refused, under any circumstances, to give more. Turkey apparently has accepted this offer, though a few preliminaries will have to be arranged before a formal agreement is signed. There is a curious condition attached to the monetary payment, which is to be for the State lands in Bosnia, and is not to be made until it is proved that these lands belong to the Turkish, not to the Bosnian, Government. No difficulty, however, is expected in this connection, and, indeed, Austria is already preparing to hand over the first portion of the indemnity. Turkey has made a thoroughly good bargain. She gets, besides a large sum of money, the return of Novi Bazar, the abandonment by Austria of her protectorate over the Albanian Christians, freedom to increase the tariff and to set up monopolies, and a promise to discuss the abolition of the Capitulations. It is expected that a settlement with Turkey will follow quickly. Negotiations have been resumed. Servia, too, has been warned by the Powers to be of good behaviour. The only country which finds the prospect of a speedy and general arrangement melancholy is Russia.

* * *

Kiamil Pasha, the Grand Vizier, made his statement in the Turkish Chamber on Wednesday, and secured an unanimous vote of confidence. He gave credit to the Sultan, the Army, and "that eminently patriotic body, the Committee of Union and Progress," for the establishment of the Constitution. Schemes had been drafted for the reform of every administrative department, and foreign assistance had been called in for the reorganisation of the Army, the Navy, and the Treasury, and for the development of irrigation in Mesopotamia and Cilicia. The first need of the State was to put the finances in a healthy condition. For years the Budget had not balanced, the floating debt had increased, and the State properties been mortgaged. A loan would have to be raised for immediate needs, and new revenue sources tapped. The Government noted with pleasure that Great Britain had once more co-operated in furnishing the Treasury with funds, and it realised that the best guarantees that could be given to foreign investors were a sane financial administration, and an unadventurous domestic and foreign policy. The proclamation of the Constitution had secured the respect and the friendship of the Powers. It had put a stop to intervention in Macedonia, and it had re-established "the old sincere friendship" with Great Britain, with whom, before the proclamation, Turkey's relations had been not very friendly. The questions at issue with Austria and Bulgaria would soon be satisfactorily solved. The statement was received with enthusiasm, and the decision of the Committee to support the Cabinet had been previously made clear by its dismissing from the staff of its organ those responsible for the attacks on Kiamil.

* * *

Mr. Churchill made a disappointing speech on the House of Lords question at Birmingham on Wednesday. He declared in favor of a "normal" period of five years' life for the Administration. He coupled this with the qualification that in future no Liberal Government should take office without securing from the King a promise, similar to that wrung from William the Fourth, that the opposition of the House of Lords to their reform would be "swamped" by a sufficient creation of peers. Mr. Churchill's verbal attack on the Lords was strong enough. He insisted that Lord Lansdowne put their claims far higher than Lord Salisbury had ever put them, and that beneath the mask of an Assembly of Notables they concealed "the leer of the Artful Dodger" of politics. But as Mr. Churchill does not propose to fight the Lords, is not this language equivalent to saying: "Hit me again and again. I won't hit back; but, at least, I can abuse you"?

* * *

The conclusion of Mr. Churchill's speech was that the Lords' destructive work had only imposed "checks and vexations" upon the Government, whose "vital and essential" lines of policy remained intact. However, he suggested that there might be a speedy dissolution if the Lords rejected the Budget. For the present, however, the field of social reform remained open, and the Government would till it diligently, especially within the area of child labor, unemployment, and sweated and unskilled industry. This line of policy almost invites Sir Alexander Acland Hood's satirical comment, "The Government are always saying that they are to stand or fall by this or that great question. But when a question arises, they neither stand nor fall. They quietly lie down."—We note that Mr. Churchill's speech is not in harmony with Mr. Haldane's bolder declaration at a meeting in East Lothian on Saturday. Mr. Haldane's statement was that the situation with the Lords could not continue, and that a step forward was necessary in order to adjust the centre of political gravity.

Labor and capital in the shipping trade have signed a great treaty of peace, which stops the leak in the engineering agreement. The agreement which is concluded between the employers' Federation and the twenty-six trade unions concerned in the making of ships, both fixes wages for piece and time work and adjusts disputes. For this purpose it sets up a catena of conferences—first, a local conference of employers and trade unionists; secondly, a general conference; and, finally, a "Grand Conference," in which the whole machinery of trade unionism will face the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation. No stoppage of work can occur while these bodies are deliberating, while the fixing of wage-rates is thorough and comprehensive. It looks now as if strikes might practically be eliminated from all our staple industries, coal, cotton—where a sliding scale of wages will probably be set up, the railway service—in which, as Mr. Churchill said at Leicester, the men have elected their representatives to the Conciliation Board—and now shipbuilding. Engineering alone holds out. But Mr. Churchill showed that even last year, which was one of industrial disturbance, a million of men settled wage disputes without striking. And the State machinery of conciliation will soon be at work. Practically the reign of non-compulsory arbitration is set up for organised, skilled industries, the unskilled trades remaining perforce outside. All this makes for the revival of trade which Mr. Churchill's hopeful Leicester speech predicted.

* * *

The revolt in Ispahan has become as pronounced as in Tabriz. A council has been formed there to govern the town, and it is trying to co-operate with Tabriz. The Shah is thus cut off from the southern as well as from the northern provinces. That he has lost the support of the clergy, except a few reactionary sycophants, is manifest from the text of the proclamation issued by the priests of Kerbela and Njef. The guardians of these, the most sacred shrines of the Persian Shiahs, denounce the Shah for having broken his oath to preserve the Constitution, bombarded the Parliament, murdered the deputies, attacked the lives, property, and honor of the people, and cut out the tongue of any one who dared to breathe the word "freedom." They declare the Shah a usurper and robber, and make known that the nation will not be bound by any loan contracted, concession granted, or treaty made, until the Constitution is restored. Meanwhile the character of the projected Anglo-Russian intervention is being slowly revealed. The "Novoe Vremya" tells us that intervention is necessary to prevent "a palace tragedy and wholesale uprisings," and that it should take the form of the appointment of foreign councillors to all the departments of State; in other words, that Persia should be turned into a second Egypt, but under a condominium.

* * *

President Roosevelt has not come out well from his encounter with the Senate and the House of Representatives, but he seems to have scored a partial triumph over his old adversary, Senator Tillman. Mr. Roosevelt's message practically charged both Houses with sympathy with corruption. They had, he said, cut down the vote for secret service, because they resented its use against a Senator and a Congressman guilty of land frauds in Oregon, and were afraid of its application to themselves. The House of Representatives retorted by passing a resolution, by an enormous majority, declaring the President's language in his message to be a breach of privilege, and ordering it to be tabled. The Senate replied with a *tu quoque*, charging the President with letting off the Steel Trust for a breach of the Anti-Trust Law in return for help in stopping the financial panic. The Senate tried to get at Mr. Roosevelt's Attorney-General; Mr. Roosevelt retorted by refusing to allow him to act on the Senate's instructions. Mr. Tillman's defence against the President's charge of having used his political influence to divert land from public uses to his private advantage was not thought to be conclusive. But the Press is mostly hostile to Mr. Roosevelt, with the significant exception of his old enemy, Mr. Hearst.

* * *

The *personnel* of the Government has been slightly altered during the week. Sir Hudson Kearley, who has made one of the best Parliamentary Secretaries of the Board of Trade that the country has ever known, has been made Chairman of the new London Port Authority, and, at his own request, will at first fill the office without a salary. His place at the Board of Trade has been taken by Mr. H. J. Tennant. Mr. Tennant is the Prime Minister's brother-in-law, but he has shown special knowledge of industrial questions, and thus far his appointment is a fair one. But his criticism of the Scottish Land Bill will make his nomination unpopular in Scotland, and it strengthens the rather excessive force of the moderate or Imperialist wing of the Government. Indeed, the Prime Minister seems to us really the most advanced member of his Administration.

* * *

The Kaiser is unfortunate. He cannot even address the generals commanding army corps, assembled at the usual New Year's gathering, without some waiter or bird of the air carrying the matter. He commented on an article called "Present Day Warfare," in the "Deutsche Revue," attributed to Count von Schlieffen, ex-Chief of the General Staff. The article represents Germany and Austria as attacked on all sides at once by England and the other Powers of Europe. It then deals with the military problem exactly as Lord Roberts and other distinguished soldiers and sailors are continually dealing with the problems that would arise if we lost command of the sea, and Germany, America, or what other Powers you please, invaded us together. Besides the official statement in the "Imperial Gazette," there is other evidence to prove that the Kaiser only commented on the strictly military side of the question. Especially he appears to have discussed the relation to strategy of the great fortresses round Germany, and the change in tactics necessitated by the improvement in arms. As is well known, the Germans on manœuvres still practise the attack with heavily massed troops, whereas the Kaiser supported Count von Schlieffen's view that the attack is now only possible for skirmishing lines in extended order, as we proved in the Boer War, and as, indeed, Moltke was forced to admit in the war of 1870. To seek further cause of offence in such a discussion is equally ungenerous and needless.

* * *

The Departmental Committee appointed by the Home Office to inquire into the working of the Inebriates Act and the earlier Drunkards' Act, has issued a bold Report in favor of compulsory State action. The Report finds that the Act of 1898 has been almost useless, for it has only dealt with a little more than one in every thousand of the cases of inebriate offenders. The Committee rightly, it seems to us, decline to favor experiments in treatment by drugs, and treat mainly of the moral reformation of inebriates—criminal and other—by way of discipline and detention. This latter remedy they would make compulsory under certain conditions. They would allow a relative, friend, or guardian, to ask

for a compulsory order of committal to a retreat, while convicted inebriates would be interned, with a probationary period, rising (with the sentences) on the repetition of the offence. This provision is to be made by the State and not by the local authorities.

* * *

The Protectionists continue to make small gains within the Tory Party. Speaking at Blackburn on Saturday, the new Lord Derby, who was a Free Trader in the past Parliament, and to whom the Confederates have issued a notice of banishment from a future Tory Government, announced that he had joined the Tariff Reform League, and pronounced for protecting trades suffering from "unfair competition." This is, of course, rank Protection, though Lord Derby affects not to see it. On Monday, Mr. Austen Chamberlain dealt, at Bromsgrove, with the shrinkage of the home area under corn and hop cultivation. He did not, however, draw the full conclusion of protective duties against foreign and colonial producers, but suggested gradual experiments in co-operative small holdings, based on ownership. Smaller agricultural industries might, he thought, be helped by a "revised tariff." The Protectionists are being drawn into the dilemma which ruined the Fair Trade agitation. They cannot protect the countryman without hurting the townsman, or the townsman without hurting the countryman, and they will have in effect to decide between losing either the rural or the urban vote.

* * *

Mr. Bryce, who, less than a year ago, commenced the settlement of outstanding difficulties with the United States by negotiating an Arbitration Treaty, has carried that good work a notable step further by concluding an international waterways agreement. The treaty, which was signed on Monday, provides for the establishment of a joint commission for the division of water rights on the American-Canadian frontier. It must, of course, be sanctioned by the Senate before ratification, but the Senate is expected to approve. Canadian opinion, though not quite unanimous, seems to favor the agreement, and the Press notes that as the English Government's representatives on the Commission will be Canadians sitting at Ottawa, Downing Street will cease to have the responsibility for any disposition of Canadian rights the Commission may make. A much more complicated, important, and difficult treaty is in process of negotiation for settling the secular fishing disputes between the United States, Newfoundland, and Canada. A draft of this document reached London more than a week ago.

* * *

It is becoming pretty clear that Japanese intrigues were responsible for Yuan-Shih-Kai's fall. Yuan-Shih-Kai was the greatest opponent of Japan in Manchuria, and he sent Tang-Shao-Yi to Washington to conclude a Chinese-American alliance, the point of which was to be directed against Japan. This policy broke down when America made her agreement with Japan, and Japan took advantage of this failure to secure Yuan-Shih-Kai's dismissal just before the opening of the critical negotiations with Japan with regard to Manchuria. The Tokio Press indignantly denies that Japan had any hand in upsetting Yuan-Shih-Kai, but the corroborative evidence is too strong. The Powers, for instance, have found it impossible to make representations to the Chinese Government, because of the refusal of Japan and Russia to co-operate, and both Tieh-Liang, the leader of the cabal against Yuan-Shih-Kai, and the new head of the Chinese Foreign Office, are in notoriously intimate relations with the Japanese Legation.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes:—The new career of the guillotine was inaugurated at Béthune on Monday by a scene which can only be described as a national disgrace. All through Sunday night a hilarious crowd drank in the cafés, or surrounded the prison, cheering for the executioner, and enlivening the last hours of four of their fellow-creatures by ribald jests and cries for vengeance. The authorities, in order to facilitate a fitting preparation for the amusement of the morning, allowed the cafés to remain open all night, and the sale of Flemish beer is said to have been unusually large, even for a thirsty district. The account of the execution in the "Temps," by the very coldness of its impartial narrative, gives a more vivid impression than could any sensational "word-painting." The "jeering and festive crowd of men, women and children" fought for places as near as possible to the guillotine; gentlemen who arrived in motor cars offered fifty francs apiece for the 250 seats reserved for officials, reporters, and other privileged persons. The "performance" being a little late in beginning (two of the convicts were hearing Mass) the "house" became impatient, and recovered its good spirits only when the first victim was dragged half-fainting to the guillotine. The first sight of blood further "excited the passions of the crowd," which cheered more and more loudly as each head fell. When Abel Pollet's head rolled into the basket, the spectators "broke out into delirious joy." One of the wretches, met as he issued from the prison by cries of "A mort! Nous voulons voir!" exclaimed in a strangled voice: "Allons, laissez-moi tranquille! Laissez, laissez!"

* * *

The decision of the Scottish Rugby Football Union to withdraw from the International match against England, arranged for March 20th next, has come as a surprise to most footballers, though dissatisfaction with the methods of the English Union has existed for some time. The Scottish Union has long been determined, and, in our opinion, rightly determined, to uphold the amateur system. In pursuance of this policy, a request was made in March, 1907, for a statement of the accounts of the New Zealand team which visited this country in 1905. The statement has only just been furnished, and discloses the fact that each member of that team received an "allowance" of a guinea a week, in addition to all out-of-pocket expenses. As this payment was made with the approval of the English Committee, the Scottish Union decided that, unless professionalism was to be legalised, a decided step must be taken. Most Rugby footballers who wish to preserve the purity of the sport will agree that some such action was necessary. The English Union has more than once shown serious laxity in dealing with the matter. Players have been selected of whom it was an open secret that they hovered on the threshold of professionalism. Protracted tours by visiting teams have done a great deal to revive and stimulate an interest in Rugby football, but it is a question whether more harm has not been done to non-professional sport by the large sums which some of these touring teams have collected. The continual menace of the Northern Union and the state in which Association football finds itself to-day ought to be a straight enough warning to the English Committee against tampering with the amateur status.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DOMINATING ISSUE *NOT* DOMINANT.

THERE are many complimentary things which can justly be said about Mr. Churchill's speech at Birmingham, but it has one obvious drawback. It was not the speech that the Liberal Party wanted him to deliver. Liberals wish to be led against the House of Lords, not to be fed with excuses for running away from it. Yet this is the only fare which Mr. Churchill provides. He does indeed repeat in form the rhetorical attack on the Lords with which every Liberal review of the Session of 1908 is graced. But he deprives this attitude of all its reality, and we are bound to add, of nearly all its justification, when he states the conclusion of it to be that though Parliamentary Liberalism has sustained "checks and vexations," it has not suffered an arrest of the "vital and essential lines of its policy." If that is the extent of the Lords' interference with Liberal legislation, we have indeed no "dominating issue" before us, and we see no reason why Mr. Churchill need concern himself to deliver even the inspiring prophecy of a dissolution in 1911. "Checks and vexations" are things which all Ministers have to confront, and if this Government has endured nothing worse at the hands of the Peers, there exists no constitutional trouble worth the name. Mr. Gladstone was wrong when he stated fourteen years ago that the quarrel between Lords and Commons must be brought to an issue. Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was equally wrong when he induced the House of Commons to pass a resolution in limitation of the veto. And the Prime Minister was equally astray when he insisted that the problem of the power of the House of Lords absorbed and overshadowed every other political question. Under the existing dispensation, Liberalism, counting a majority of nearly 200 votes in the House of Commons, is admittedly deprived of the power either to touch or to deal effectually with the following questions—

Education,
Land Tenure,
Temperance,
Irish Government,
The Suffrage,
Disestablishment,

to which we add, with perfect confidence, all legislation affecting unemployment and poverty which really qualifies the "workhouse test." It is an arguable proposition that there are minor devices of social reform which a Liberal Government can pass with advantage to the community, and with no appreciable subtraction from their merits by the House of Lords. But it shows small knowledge of the movement of political forces to suggest that a great party can accept this limitation of its energies, and it seems at variance with the Prime Minister's express declaration. We are not sure, indeed, that Mr. Churchill does not go further than this, for he seemed to hint to his Birmingham friends that if the Lords would consent to pass the next Budget, the Liberal Party might consent to treat bygones as bygones, and to forget such trifles as the rejection of the first-class measure of last Session. We greatly regret the reference to the Budget. What right have we to suppose, even of this House of Lords, that the financial powers of the House of Commons, firmly embedded as they are in the fabric of the Constitution, are assailable by the Peers, and to speak as if a tolerable relationship between the two Houses could be sustained on the basis of "hands off the Budget," while the whole domain of non-financial and specially Liberal legislation was left open to the ravages of the hostile army?

We take almost equal objection to the argument of Mr. Churchill's speech that though constitutional and political reforms may be abandoned, a Liberal Government may find a harbor of refuge from the peers in "social" legislation and in complete freedom in foreign affairs, a freedom, by the way, which the new doctrine of continuity greatly qualifies. We think that if Mr. Churchill had thought out the meaning of Liberalism, he would not have used this line of defence. We understand the idea of a democratic State, and we understand the notion of steady, non-revolutionary advances towards the enriched conception of such a State with which the thought and the social investigations of the last thirty years have furnished us. But we do not understand the notion that such a State can be fitted into a body politic of which the House of Lords is the governing organ. And we believe still less that a party which accepts and acts on such an absurdity, and whose instinctive spirit does not revolt against it, can retain its hold on the imagination of the people. What precisely are the measures which Mr. Churchill has in contemplation? A simple piece of social machinery like labor exchanges can, of course, be elaborated without difficulty. But when we come to the allied problems of the Poor Law and workmen's insurance, we approach a subject on which fierce opposition will be aroused, and as to which a great deal of careful explanatory work must be set up. By all means let the Government begin this work, and, indeed, they are committed to an amendment of the Unemployed Act this Session. But if Mr. Churchill imagines that when the really controversial points of such a scheme of social change are reached, they will escape the natural and inveterate prejudice of a band of Tory landlords, he has much to learn in practical politics. Such a programme has not been thought out, if the Birmingham speech is a guide, and the notion behind it involves a miscalculation of political values. Mr. Churchill seems conscious of this, for he makes the important suggestion—the one satisfactory point of his speech—that in future no Liberal Government can take office without receiving from the King guarantees that the will of the House of Lords will be overborne.

Now these are not academic points. The question of the House of Lords is an immediate practical issue. What are the Government going to do? If they are going to fight, with a view, let us say, to a Dissolution in January, 1910, there is no time to be lost. Within the next few days the programme must be arranged for a fight, or for a surrender, or for a postponement which is, in effect, a surrender. We shall not, we hope, be told that a Welsh

Disestablishment Bill can be regarded as a weapon of attack. We agree with the Welshman who says that he is for a fight with the Lords, but that if his Bill is postponed all competing National Bills ought to share its fate. It must either be concentration on the Lords, or a dangerous competition between the various sections to run mere demonstration Bills against each other. In such a policy an Irish Land Bill would be just as useless an item as Welsh Disestablishment. This is rational ground; but to debate a great issue in religion and politics for week after week, month after month, and then to offer it for slaughter at Lord Lansdowne's sacrificial altar in Berkeley Square is a mockery of Parliament. It is to such futilities, more or less disguised, or to a deliberate selection of semi-colorless measures, that Mr. Churchill's unfortunate proposal must tend. The issue is changed. It is no longer a question of attacking the Lords; it is a question of the Government's sticking to office, and defiantly inviting the Lords to turn them out if they dare. We content ourselves with saying that on this question we stand by the Prime Minister's declaration at the National Liberal Club, and that, in common, we believe, with the mass of the Liberal Party, we do not accept or understand Mr. Churchill's attenuation of it. The trouble with the House of Lords is due to no fault of the Government. It is on the whole a very good Government, abler, more conscientious, more active and more useful, better led and better officered, than its predecessor, and it has done well for South Africa, for the British workman, and for the Irish Catholic student. But the House of Lords is "straddled" across its path, as was Apollyon before Christian's, and, like him, it must either fight for its right of way or yield it.

THE TWO EUROPEAN CAMPS.

The settlement in outline of the dispute between Turkey and Austria-Hungary gives to Turkish Liberalism the assurance of an uninterrupted development, lessens the risk of war in the Balkans, and goes far to restore to Europe that sense of security which for nearly four months has been lacking. The solution is in the end honorable and advantageous to both parties. To Austria it means the removal of the ambiguity of title which rendered her rule in Bosnia needlessly difficult for her officials and harsh to her subjects. The surrender of her military rights in Novi-Bazar and her protectorate over the Catholic Albanians is really as great a gain to her as it is to Turkey. So long as her Empire overflowed through these illegitimate channels into Turkish territory, she was constantly tempted to squander her strength, and to make enemies while she acquired clients. The only mystery, indeed, is that Baron von Aerenthal should so long have hesitated to adopt so obvious a solution. If instead of snatching Bosnia without a "by your leave," he had approached Turkey in a friendly spirit, it is probable that he might have obtained her assent to the annexation on these or even easier terms. He would have paid the same price, but he would not have incurred the enmity of Turkey, the suspicions of Europe, the losses of the boycott, and the waste and disturbance of military preparations. In the end Turkey emerges with enhanced prestige, with valuable concessions, and a substantial contribution towards the readjustment of her finances. The crisis, so far from having damaged the new *régime*, should consolidate it, for it will be generally realised in Constantinople that, under the old order of things so relatively favorable a settlement would have been quite impossible. A year ago an Austrian squadron might have closured discussion by sailing for Mersina or Smyrna, a proceeding which the rest of Europe would have watched without a sign of indignation. Kiamil Pasha, when at last he had before him terms which might be accepted without loss of dignity, showed promptitude, good sense, and moderation. His experience is emphatically necessary to the new school, which includes among its chiefs attractive leaders, enlightened thinkers, and efficient conspirators, but no statesman who has had an adequate training in affairs. The enthusiastic reception of his statement in the Chamber this week goes to show that the risk of his supersession has passed. The crisis is not yet over, and now more than ever Turkey requires a diplomatist. The dispute with Bulgaria has yet to be settled. Fortunately, the Bulgarians accept the principle of a money indemnity which Austria began by rejecting, but if the Young Turks were tempted to put their claims too high, in the hope of crippling Bulgaria and rendering her harmless for the future, they might find that they had only succeeded in driving her into an attitude of definite and adventurous hostility. There remains the possibility of a Bosnian rising and a Servian war. But, alike on the Austro-Servian and the Turco-Bulgarian disputes, the settlement of the tension between Austria and Turkey must exert a favorable influence. Servia ranged more or less in line with Turkey by common grievances, and Bulgaria linked more or less with Austria in a common adventure, were both waiting for the result of the negotiations between the two principals to the main quarrel. Both would have joined in a war had war become inevitable, and both are now virtually compelled to arrange a peace.

The delays and dangers of this crisis are to be traced not so much to local causes as to the fact that no effective Concert, no real Europe, exists or has for some years existed. Each party to the quarrel had its "brilliant seconds" (to use the Kaiser's duelling phrase), but there was no available jury of honor. This was no new situation. It became, in fact, acute some months before the Turkish revolution, when Austria virtually withdrew from the Eastern Concert, in order to push her railway project, while England and Russia demonstrated their new intimacy at Reval. Every difficulty which can now arise within Europe or its dependencies is governed and aggravated by the sense of tension between the two groups of Powers. No question, in consequence, can be solved on its merits. Morocco becomes a pawn in the game between Germany and France; the Balkans are supposed to be a chessboard on which Germany and England are moving the pieces. One can hardly doubt that Baron von Aerenthal's inexpedient obstinacy was due not so much to any ill-will towards the Turks, as to his resentment of the imaginary

intrigues which some responsible persons in Vienna and Budapest were pleased to ascribe to England. In the course of two successive months the notion seriously entertained in Paris that Germany was officially organising desertions from the French forces in Morocco, and the notion seriously entertained in Vienna that the Balkan Committee had subsidised the Turkish boycott, very nearly ended in precipitating two wars.

Behind these grotesque manifestations of mutual suspicion lie the two larger alarms that Germany aims at hegemony in Europe, and that England manœuvres to isolate her. The "Times" had the disastrous inspiration last week of preparing a cool reception for King Edward in Berlin, by accusing Germany of aiming at predominance in Europe. A few weeks before any meeting which might conceivably bring the two Governments together, the "Times" punctually delivers its apple of discord for the feast. It announced before the Kaiser's visit to London that Prince Bülow would not be welcomed, and it has now capped that performance by an article in which Lord Northcliffe's leader-writer attempts to mar the coming ceremonies in Berlin by justifying the whole policy of "penning in." The two suspicions are mutually complementary. England declares that Germany is aiming at hegemony; the answer is the tightening of a ring around her. Germany perceives that the ring is closing round her, and she attempts by more than one violent movement, partly in anger, but more in fear, to break through it. The more she struggles to free herself from the circle, the more do our own Jingoes interpret her movements as a restless effort to bully Europe and disturb its peace. Each side is afraid; each resorts to a sort of offensive-defensive strategy; each finds its suspicions confirmed by the efforts of the other to insure safety and peace. It is a common fallacy in politics that the Jingo and the Imperialist is a person of excessive courage, abounding spirit, and a passion for adventure. That type exists, but very rarely attains in any old and settled country to influence and power. The Jingo and Imperialist is more often a person of large possessions and great commitments, personal or vicarious, abnormally sensitive to every risk which seems to threaten them, and when he stumbles into war, it is usually from an excessive fear of it. It is this tendency which in both countries keeps England and Germany estranged, and digs the rift which has divided Europe. Of a genuinely aggressive temper on either side, we discern few signs. No one, on the other hand, with any sense for psychology, can read such typical utterances as this "Times" leader, or General Schlieffen's too famous article in the "Deutsche Revue," or the Kaiser's little speech about "grave times" to one of the guard regiments, without detecting in them the shrill voice of conscious fear.

A candid student of this situation will not attempt, if he is wise, to deny that each side can produce a certain justification for its fears. The hard materialism of Prussia, and the calculated instability which is the essence of the Bismarckian tradition, are disturbing factors in Europe, and as much may be said against the vast counter-schemes of which M. Delcassé was the original architect. It is more useful, however, to point out that the defensive strategy which both sides are adopting has in the past, and will in the future, perpetuate the dangers which they seek to conjure. The "league of peace" which links England, France, and Russia, with Italy, Turkey, and Spain within its influence, has in fact coincided with a period of alarms to which we can recall no parallel in Europe since the Treaty of Berlin. War has seemed imminent thrice at least since the winter of 1905. The impossibility of summoning a Conference to deal with the Balkans is another evidence. The essence of the theory is that in rehabilitating the position of Russia in Europe, we have restored the balance and made peace more durable. Yet it is indisputable that ever since the Reval meeting, the knowledge that Russia was supported, has conduced to disturbance in the East, and the manifest disappointment of some Russian newspapers at the settlement of the Austro-Turkish dispute ought in itself to warn us of the dangers of our policy. We have become in effect a Continental Power, and it is this new factor which is chiefly responsible for the disturbance of the balance. Our entry into a Continental combination has been marked chiefly by a recrudescence of Imperialist adventure. It is not Germany which is looking about her for "places in the sun." It is France which is quietly attempting to absorb Morocco, and Russia which is intriguing for a mandate to "control" Persia. It is easy to talk of the danger of German "hegemony" in Europe. The expansive ambitions of other Powers are certainly more in evidence at this moment. These ambitions we are perforce covering and assisting. In the process we serve no Liberal purpose, and bring no nearer the permanent Liberal aims of disarmament and peace.

THE ROOSEVELT MANNER.

Mr. Roosevelt seems destined to end his Presidency in a characteristic whirl of invective. He is embroiled with the House of Representatives; he is embroiled with the Senate; and he has on hand at least half-a-dozen personal and political feuds with individual members in both Chambers. Of these the one with Senator Tillman has engaged the most attention, and been prosecuted apparently with the greatest relish. The two men are old antagonists. They could hardly be otherwise. Tillman came into politics simply as a social protest. Before he rose to power, South Carolina was ruled by an oligarchy such as existed nowhere else in the United States. It was an oligarchy of cultivated, easy-living, aristocratic Southerners of the old *régime*. They had everything that social prestige and graces could give them. But they neglected the interests of the masses. Compared with the rulers of neighboring States, they seemed a survival of the Middle Ages. Under their polished but stagnant domination, South Carolina made neither intellectual nor material progress. Even Charleston itself, the capital of the State, and the citadel of the oligarchy, began to decay. Its wharves rotted. Its schools and universities languished. Self-satisfied, remote, and somewhat arrogant Toryism was producing its inevitable results. Then came a revolt, headed by Tillman. It was not a party movement, for

the antagonists on both sides were Democrats. It was a movement of social and popular discontent. It triumphed after a ferocious conflict, and brought with it some benefits of a lasting kind. It shook a sleeping Commonwealth awake, and made possible the rise of a people. But the misfortune of the movement was that it had a bully for a leader. Tillman is coarse, fanatical, brusque and even brutal in speech and method, scorning refinement and dignity, trampling with passionate joy on all that made the charm and gentleness of old Southern life. He has done many things that needed doing, but he has done them all in the wrong way, and his speeches and actions in the Senate as often as not are an affront to civilisation itself. Between him and the President, a man of equally impulsive and masterful temperament, a clash was inevitable. It came several years ago, and one episode after another has served to embitter it. It is doubtful, indeed, whether even the President's direct charge of dishonourable conduct and the Senator's fiery defence have added much to an animosity that for years has glowed at white heat.

Whether Mr. Tillman is innocent or guilty we do not know. But we shall be surprised if any wrong-doing is proved against him one-half so prejudicial to the decencies of public life as President Roosevelt's manner of handling this whole controversy. One of the many legends about the Standard Oil Company that used to obtain throughout America was that it possessed a dossier of every prominent politician in the country, and could ascertain by a glance through its files what were his weak or vulnerable points. What was untrue of the Standard Oil Company seems to be true of Mr. Roosevelt, and we can conceive nothing more objectionable than that the President should be in the habit of collecting and storing evidence against Senators and Congressmen, not for the legitimate purposes of a public prosecution, but to score a personal point in a private or semi-private quarrel. If Mr. Roosevelt believes the charges he has made against Senator Tillman to be well-founded, he should have set the law in motion. The one thing he was clearly debarred from doing was to frame an *ex parte* indictment against Mr. Tillman, to use his position as a means of securing it the fullest publicity, to distribute among such newspapers as cared to print them photographs of the "evidence" he had accumulated, and under cover of a violent personal attack upon one of its members to escape from justifying the charges he had brought against a whole Assembly. But if the President's treatment of Senator Tillman seems to us both unfair and undignified, his treatment of Congress deserves far stronger language. Even in the highly contentious atmosphere of American politics, where peace rarely reigns between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, nothing like it has occurred before. The facts of the case are few and simple. There has existed for many years, under the control of the Treasury, a corps of detectives known as the Secret Service. Their functions were originally limited by law to the suppression of counterfeiting, but since the murder of Mr. McKinley they have also been detailed to form a Presidential bodyguard. It seems, however, that the custom has sprung up of lending the Secret Service agents to any Department that required detective work to be undertaken. Such a custom, besides being illegal, lends itself to easy abuse, and Congress was fully within its rights in inserting in the Appropriation Act an amendment prohibiting the employment of Secret Service men by any other Department. It was this amendment that President Roosevelt attacked in his Annual Message of a few weeks ago, asserting that it was of benefit only to the "criminal classes," alleging that it was adopted to save members of Congress from being themselves investigated, and ironically inviting the Legislature to pass a special law specifically exempting its members from the scope of the Secret Service.

No Assembly in the world could have stood such a taunt and such an imputation, and both the Senate and the House of Representatives have effectively marked their sense of indignation. It is doubtful, indeed, whether even Cleveland or Johnson so thoroughly exasperated Congress as Mr. Roosevelt has done. Congress, however, is not a body that stands particularly high in American esteem, and the resentment of its members finds anything but a unanimous echo in the country. The bulk of American opinion, while admitting the impropriety of the President's language, probably regards him as fundamentally in the right on the main question, and is more than reconciled to the idea of empowering the Secret Service to devote whatever attention is necessary to the doings of Congressmen and Senators. With the people the incident will do Mr. Roosevelt no particular harm, though it finally disposes of any hope he may have cherished of writing another measure on the Statute Book. Therein, indeed, lies its main significance. It exemplifies very strikingly a defect that has marred Mr. Roosevelt's whole Presidency, and it helps to explain why, with all his force and popularity, his legislative record is so singularly meagre. Lord Rosebery once declared that you cannot legislate by hurricane. But Mr. Roosevelt has no other conception of legislation save by hurricane. Goodwill between the Executive and the Legislature is a condition that may almost be said to be prescribed by the American Constitution. Mr. Roosevelt has never sought it. The least conciliatory of men, he has always preferred to carry his point by coercion, hectoring, and browbeating. The factor of his personality has at no time worked out to an easy equation, and it is extremely doubtful whether with all his fuss and tumult he has accomplished one-half as much as a President of Mr. McKinley's persuasive temperament and accordant manner would have achieved with no noise at all. The greatest obstacle to the adoption of the Roosevelt policies has been Mr. Roosevelt himself.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE DEATH PENALTY.

THERE must be very few occasions in the history of modern States when the public executioner becomes a popular personage. Society in most countries looks upon him as an indispensable instrument of the criminal law, but personally he is shunned and even hated. We

are told that even those whose official duties force them to come into contact with the hangman, and who are more or less familiar with his presence, cannot rid themselves of the feeling of aversion and of "uncanniness" which such a personage inspires. Popular sentiment in this respect is peculiar. It attaches no social stigma to the police officer who arrests the future victim of the scaffold; it even applauds the witnesses who come forward to give evidence against him—though a recent notorious murder trial offered an exception to this rule; it is full of respect for the judge who pronounces the sentence of death; even the prison officials who detain the doomed man are respected members of the community. But the executioner, who merely finishes the work which the police and the witnesses and the judges and the jailers have been elaborating, is placed in an altogether different category. In so far as regards the arrest, the trial, the conviction, and the detention of the man who has committed a capital crime, the public conscience has no qualms whatever. It contemplates all these proceedings and the officials who are concerned in carrying them into effect with approval and equanimity. But when the final stage in the dealings of law with the murderer is reached, when their victim is actually handed over to the executioner, a revulsion of feeling suddenly takes place, and the man whose duty it is to carry them out is almost barred out from the amenities of life. A sentiment such as this is one of the strongest proofs that the revulsion against the death penalty, which has now been in operation for more than a century, will ultimately lead to the abolition of capital punishment.

But the executions which have just taken place in France after a lapse of some years are sufficient to show that the public mind is not yet prepared to get rid of the punishment of death. As far as we can gather from the French newspapers, the executioner, Anatole Deibler, has, for the moment, become a sort of national hero. The odium which habitually attaches to a man of his profession has vanished. He now excites enormous interest wherever he goes. In ordinary circumstances he would creep into the prison unobserved, and disappear as mysteriously after his grim task was over. But at present he is greeted in the streets with the cry of "Vive Deibler." Picture postcards bearing his portrait as he stands beside the guillotine are selling like wildfire in the streets of Paris; the Parisian population turn out in multitudes to cheer him; innkeepers and even private residents at Bethune were eager to have him as their guest, and the man is surprised and embarrassed at his unexpected popularity. All these manifestations make it clear that the executioner is only an unpopular personage when the public mind is unconsciously averse from the punishment of death. This unpopularity, as we see in the case of the malefactors who were executed at Bethune, immediately disappears when the crime they perpetrate is of a peculiarly atrocious character. For crimes of this description the average citizen still insists on retaining the penalty of death. He insists upon it not because he believes that its retention is an additional guarantee for the security of human life. He is indifferent as to whether it has that effect or not. His determination to retain the death penalty for atrocious cases of homicide is a survival of the old primitive instinct of vengeance. As long as this instinct exists in its present intensity it is, perhaps, safer to satisfy it through the medium of the law than to allow it to burst its legal bounds and break loose in the still more barbarous form of lynching, as we see it in the United States. In a matter of this kind it is useless for abolitionists, however deeply we may sympathise with them, to press for reforms for which public opinion is imperfectly prepared. A wave of reaction, such as is now taking place in France, would suddenly arise and sweep away the laborious efforts of years, and the cause they have at heart would be in a worse position than before.

In the midst of the reaction against the abolition of capital punishment in France, it is satisfactory to see that the most convinced believers in the guillotine are opposed to the French practice of public executions. An execution, whether public or conducted privately within the precincts of a prison, is one of the most degrading spectacles it is possible to conceive. It is certain that the work of the guillotine in France within the last few days has done more to demoralise the population of the Republic than all the imagined good that can possibly arise from the terrors of such a spectacle. In England, the proportion of murder cases to the population has enormously diminished since the abolition of public executions; and although it is not suggested that the abandonment of the practice is the only cause of the decrease, it is almost certain that it has had something to do with it. Some advocates of the abolition of the death penalty are of opinion that public executions should be retained so as to disgust the public mind with capital punishment. So far from this being the result, the practice of public executions has the immediate effect of debasing the public conscience, and of intensifying that very atmosphere of callousness of which it is the aim of the abolitionists to get rid.

The immediate practical aim of penal law reformers is not to ask for the abolition of capital punishment, but to press for the classification of homicide. Murders vary immensely in gravity, but at the present time a person who is tried for murder in this country and is convicted, must be sentenced to death no matter how important the extenuating circumstances may be. According to the criminal statistics for 1906—that is to say, the latest returns—there were no fewer than eighteen cases in which sentences of death for murder were commuted by the Home Secretary to sentences of penal servitude. If our laws relating to the crime of murder were on a proper basis, in none of these cases would the sentence of death have been pronounced at all. A condition of things such as exists at present means that in a great many instances the offence has practically to be tried over again by the officials at the Home Office. It is true that at these secret re-trials the executive authorities rely to a large extent upon the opinion of the judge who presided over the case. But work of this kind is not the proper business of the executive. It is essentially a judicial function, and the law of murder should be so amended that these cases can be openly dealt with before a properly constituted judicial tribunal.

Life and Letters.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

THERE was a time when America, the Land of the Free, and the birthplace of Washington, seemed a natural fatherland for Edgar Allan Poe. Nowadays the thing has become inconceivable: no young man can read Poe's works without asking incredulously what the devil he is doing in *that* galley. America has been found out; and Poe has not: that is the situation. How did he live there, this finest of fine artists, this born aristocrat of letters? Alas! he did not live there: he died there, and was duly explained away as a drunkard and a failure, though it remains an open question whether he really drank as much in his whole lifetime as a modern successful American drinks, without comment, in six months.

If the Judgment Day were fixed for the centenary of Poe's birth, there are among the dead only two men born since the Declaration of Independence whose plea for mercy could avert a prompt sentence of damnation on the entire nation; and it is extremely doubtful whether those two could be persuaded to pervert eternal justice by uttering it. The two are, of course, Poe and Whitman; and there is between them the remarkable difference that Whitman is still credibly an American, whereas even the Americans themselves, though rather short of men of genius, omit Poe's name from their Pantheon, either from a sense that it is hopeless for them to claim so foreign a figure, or from simple Monroeism. One asks, has the America of Poe's day passed away, or did it ever exist?

Probably it never existed. It was an illusion, like the respectable Whig Victorian England of Macaulay. Karl Marx stripped the whitewash from that sepulchre; and we have ever since been struggling with a conviction of social sin which makes every country in which industrial capitalism is rampant a hell to us. For let no American fear that America, on that hypothetic Judgment Day, would perish alone. America would be damned in very good European company, and would feel proud and happy, and contemptuous of the saved. She would not even plead the influence of the mother from whom she has inherited all her worst vices. If the American stands to-day in scandalous pre-eminence as an anarchist and a ruffian, a liar and a braggart, an idolator and a sensualist, that is only because he has thrown off the disguises of Catholicism and feudalism which still give Europe an air of decency, and sins openly, impudently, and consciously, instead of furtively, hypocritically, and muddle-headedly, as we do. Not until he acquires European manners does the American anarchist become the gentleman who assures you that people cannot be made moral by Act of Parliament (the truth being that it is only by Acts of Parliament that men in large communities can be made moral, even when they want to); or the American ruffian hand over his revolver and bowie knife to be used for him by a policeman or soldier; or the American liar and braggart adopt the tone of the newspaper, the pulpit, and the platform; or the American idolator write authorized biographies of millionaires; or the American sensualist secure the patronage of all the Muses for his pornography.

Howbeit, Poe remains homeless. There is nothing at all like him in America: nothing, at all events, visible across the Atlantic. At that distance we can see Whistler plainly enough, and Mark Twain. But Whistler was very American in some ways: so American that nobody but another American could possibly have written his adventures and gloried in them without reserve. Mark Twain, resembling Dickens in his combination of public spirit and irresistible literary power with a congenital incapacity for lying and bragging, and a congenital hatred of waste and cruelty, remains American by the local color of his stories. There is a further difference. Both Mark Twain and Whistler are as Philistine as Dickens and Thackeray. The appalling thing about Dickens, the greatest of the Victorians, is that in his novels there is nothing personal to live for except eating, drinking, and pretending to be happily married. For him the great synthetic ideals do not exist, any more than the great preludes and toccatas of Bach, the symphonies of Beethoven, the paintings of Giotto and Mantegna, Velasquez and Rembrandt. Instead of being heir to all the ages, he came into a comparatively small and smutty literary property bequeathed by Smollett and Fielding. His criticism of Fechter's Hamlet, and his use of a speech of Macbeth's to illustrate the character of Mrs. Macstinger, shew how little Shakespeare meant to him. Thackeray is even worse: the notions of painting he picked up at Heatherley's school were further from the mark than Dickens's ignorance; he is equally in the dark as to music; and though he did not, when he wished to be enormously pleasant and jolly, begin, like Dickens, to describe the gorgings and guzzlings which make Christmas our annual national disgrace, that is rather because he never does want to be enormously pleasant and jolly than because he has any higher notions of personal enjoyment. The truth is that neither Dickens nor Thackeray would be tolerable were it not that life is an end in itself and a means to nothing but its own perfection; consequently any man who describes life vividly will entertain us, however uncultivated the life he describes may be. Mark Twain has lived long enough to become a much better philosopher than either Dickens or Thackeray: for instance, when he immortalized General Funston by scalping him, he did it scientifically, knowing exactly what he meant right down to the foundation in the natural history of human character. Also, he got from the Mississippi something that Dickens could not get from Chatham and Pentonville. But he wrote A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur just as Dickens wrote A Child's History of England. For the ideal of Catholic chivalry he had nothing but derision; and he exhibited it, not in conflict with reality, as Cervantes did, but in conflict with the prejudices of a Philistine compared to whom Sancho Panza is an Admirable Crichton, an Abelard, even a Plato. Also, he described Lohengrin as "a shivaree," though he liked the wedding chorus; and this shews that Mark, like Dickens, was not properly educated; for Wagner would have been just the man for him if he had been trained to understand and use music as Mr. Rockefeller was trained to understand and use money. America did not teach him the language of the great ideals, just as England did not teach it to Dickens and Thackeray. Consequently, though nobody can suspect Dickens or Mark Twain of lacking the qualities and impulses that are the soul of such grotesque makeshift bodies as Church and State, Chivalry, Classicism, Art, Gentility, and the Holy Roman Empire; and nobody blames them for seeing that these bodies were mostly so decomposed as to have become intolerable nuisances, you have only to compare them with Carlyle and Ruskin, or with Euripides and Aristophanes, to see how, for want of a language of art and a body of philosophy, they were so much more interested in the fun and pathos of personal adventure than in the comedy and tragedy of human destiny.

Whistler was a Philistine, too. Outside the corner of art in which he was a virtuoso and a propagandist, he was a Man of Derision. Important as his propaganda was, and admired as his work was, no society could assimilate him. He could not even induce a British jury to award him substantial damages against a rich critic who had "done him out of his job"; and this is certainly the climax of social failure in England.

Edgar Allan Poe was not in the least a Philistine. He wrote always as if his native Boston was Athens, his Charlottesville University Plato's Academy, and his cottage the crown of the heights of Fiesole. He was the greatest journalist critic of his time, placing good European work at sight when the European critics were waiting for somebody to tell them what to say. His poetry is so exquisitely refined that posterity will refuse

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to believe that it belongs to the same civilization as the glory of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's lilies or the honest doggerel of Whittier. Tennyson, who was nothing if not a virtuoso, never produced a success that will bear reading after Poe's failures. Poe constantly and inevitably produced magic where his greatest contemporaries produced only beauty. Tennyson's popular pieces, The May Queen and The Charge of the Six Hundred, cannot stand hackneying: they become positively nauseous after a time. The Raven, The Bells, and Annabel Lee are as fascinating at the thousandth repetition as at the first.

Poe's supremacy in this respect has cost him his reputation. This is a phenomenon which occurs when an artist achieves such perfection as to place himself *hors concours*. The greatest painter England ever produced is Hogarth, a miraculous draughtsman and an exquisite and poetic colorist. But he is never mentioned by critics. They talk copiously about Romney, the Gibson of his day; freely about Reynolds; nervously about the great Gainsborough; and not at all about Rowlandson and Hogarth, missing the inextinguishable grace of Rowlandson because they assume that all caricatures of his period are ugly, and avoiding Hogarth instinctively as critically unmanageable. In the same way, we have given up mentioning Poe: that is why the Americans forgot him when they posted up the names of their great in their Pantheon. Yet his is the first —almost the only name that the real connoisseur looks for.

But Poe, for all his virtuosity, is always a poet and never a mere virtuoso. Poe put forward his Eureka, the formulation of his philosophy, as the most important thing he had done. His poems always have the universe as their background. So have the figures in his stories. Even in his tales of humor, which we shake our heads at as mistakes, they have this elemental quality. Toby Dammit himself, though his very name turns up the nose of the cultured critic, is more impressive, and his end more tragic than the serious inventions of most story-tellers. The shortsighted gentleman who married his grandmother is no common butt of a common purveyor of the facetious: the grandmother has the elegance and free mind of Ninon de l'Enclos, the grandson the *tenue* of a marquis. This story was sent by Poe to Horne, whose Orion he had reviewed as poetry ought to be reviewed, with a request that it might be sold to an English magazine. The English magazine regretted that the deplorable immorality of the story made it for ever impossible in England!

In his stories of mystery and imagination Poe created a world-record for the English language: perhaps for all the languages. The story of the Lady Ligeia is not merely one of the wonders of literature: it is unparalleled and unapproached. There is really nothing to be said about it: we others simply take off our hats and let Mr. Poe go first. It is interesting to compare Poe's stories with William Morris's. Both are not merely stories: they are complete works of art, like prayer carpets; and they are, in Poe's phrase, stories of imagination. They are masterpieces of style: what people call Macaulay's style is by comparison a mere method. But they are more different than it seems possible for two art works in the same kind to be. Morris will have nothing to do with mystery. "Ghost stories," he used to say, "have all the same explanation: the people are telling lies." His Sigurd has the beauty of mystery as it has every other sort of beauty, being, as it is, incomparably the greatest English epic; but his stories are in the open from end to end, whilst in Poe's stories the sun never shines.

Poe's limitation was his aloofness from the common people. Grotesques, negroes, madmen with delirium tremens, even gorillas, take the place of ordinary peasants and courtiers, citizens and soldiers, in his theatre. His houses are haunted houses, his woods enchanted woods; and he makes them so real that reality itself cannot sustain the comparison. His kingdom is not of this world.

Above all, Poe is great because he is independent of cheap attractions, independent of sex, of patriotism, of fighting, of sentimentality, snobbery, gluttony, and all the rest of the vulgar stock-in-trade of his profession. This is what gives him his superb distinction. One vulgarized thing, the pathos of dying children, he touched in Annabel Lee, and devulgarized it at once. He could not even amuse himself with detective stories without purifying the atmosphere of them until they became more edifying than most of Hymns, Ancient and Modern. His verse sometimes alarms and puzzles the reader by fainting with its own beauty; but the beauty is never the beauty of the flesh. You never say to him as you have to say uneasily to so many modern artists: "Yes, my friend; but these are things that men and women should *live* and not write about. Literature is not a keyhole for people with starved affections to peep through at the banquets of the body." It never became one in Poe's hands. Life cannot give you what he gives you except through fine art; and it was his instinctive observance of this distinction, and the fact that it did not beggar him, as it would beggar most writers, that makes him the most legitimate, the most classical, of modern writers.

It also explains why America does not care much for him, and why he has hardly been mentioned in England these many years. America and England are wallowing in the sensuality which their immense increase of riches has placed within their reach. I do not blame them: sensuality is a very necessary and healthy and educative element in life. Unfortunately, it is ill distributed; and our reading masses are looking on at it and thinking about it and longing for it, and having precarious little holiday treats of it, instead of sharing it temperately and continuously, and ceasing to be preoccupied with it. When the distribution is better adjusted and the preoccupation ceases, there will be a noble reaction in favor of the great writers like Poe, who begin just where the world, the flesh, and the devil leave off.

G. B. S.

A WORD AND AN ACTION.

THE centenary celebrated to-day doubly displays the tricks of immortality. A few have lived by a word, a few by an action. But here we have two men whose fame is limited to one word, one action, and that fame is based upon the same event, and is inseparable. But for Sir John Moore's death at Corunna no one would ever have heard of the young poet who wrote thirty-two lines upon his burial. But for the young poet no one outside the narrow circles of soldiers and historians would ever have heard of Sir John Moore and Corunna.

Those thirty-two lines, with the magnificent suddenness of their opening—"Not a drum was heard"—move like a battalion marching with arms reversed. They are our poetry's Dead March in Saul. They have in them the sombre mourning of three volleys fired in the air. They are the noblest Last Post ever sounded over a soldier's grave. The three cold or old-fashioned words which they contain are merged and lost in the heartfelt splendor of the whole. Our people have rightly adopted them as the national dirge, and their very rhythm and phrasing have passed into the most intimate expressions of our language, winning alike the perpetual honor of parody and ironic use. Yet Charles Wolfe wrote nothing else that would be remembered if he had not written that—nothing else, indeed, that is remembered except by an occasional scholar. His dirge over a woman, certainly, contains two great lines:—

> "But I forgot, when by thy side,
> That thou couldst mortal be."

They have the touch of Wordsworth in the verses of perfect sorrow, beginning:—

> "A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears;
> She seem'd a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years."

But the rest of the poem is comparatively cold and common. To place beside the "Burial of Sir John Moore"

there is nothing at all. That was the poet's unique achievement, and it is what we call immortal.

So in Sir John Moore's own case. At the time of his death he was forty-seven. He had seen service, both military and political. St. Lucia had known him, and Holland, and Cadiz, and Egypt, and Sicily, and Sweden, and even the House of Commons under Pitt. Irishmen might still give him a grateful thought for his comparative mercy to the unhappy patriots of 'Ninety-Eight and Vinegar Hill; also for his admiration of Wolfe Tone, and a summary of his speech at the court-martial. Soldiers might still remember him for his skilful landing at Alexandria under Abercromby. But his fame would not be general and maintained, except for his retreat to Corunna, and his death there. Imagination, aided by the poet, has fixed upon his death as the seal of his glory. And so in a sense it was, for if he had returned home safely with his troops from Corunna and become a country squire or a Bath invalid, no one but half-a-dozen officers would celebrate his life or death. Yet it was not his death on the battle-field, nor even the skill of his retreat, which gave him the true title to fame. It was his genius in devising the advance upon Napoleon's communications in Spain—a stroke of genius that altered the whole course of European history, and may be said to have started the train of events that led to Napoleon's downfall. It was this that General Maurice, in his excellent edition of Moore's Diary has gallantly called "the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant stroke of war of all time." This was Moore's unique achievement, and it is what we call immortal.

The achievement is equally dramatic and easy to understand. In the summer of 1808, Napoleon stood at the very zenith of his power. Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena had laid central Europe at his feet. The Peace of Tilsitt had secured him against Russia, and by its secret clauses had also insured, as he hoped, the ruin of England. He was in a position to give away the kingdoms of the world, and he gave them away. To his brother Joseph he gave the crown of Spain, and when within two months the Spaniards drove Joseph from Madrid, it seemed an easy thing to gather his grand army for another triumph, to sweep through the scattered insurrections of Spain, and to avenge the troublesome little victory of Wellesley at Vimiero, which had led to the withdrawal of the French troops from Portugal. Up to a point it was indeed easy. Mustering a vast army of nearly 400,000 men west of the Pyrenees, Napoleon reached Vittoria himself early in November, and in four weeks Madrid was again in his possession, while Soult, in full strength in the north-central provinces, kept open his communications with France. The whole south of Spain lay open before him. Only one small hostile force—some 25,000 English troops under an officer named Moore—remained as an organised body in the field, and he believed he could drive that force back upon Lisbon and capture them, together with the city, at his leisure.

Only two short months earlier—in October, 1808—Moore had been sent with what we should now call one small army corps to back up the popular insurrection in Spain. Trusting to reports of patriotic enthusiasm and vast levies inspired by the love of freedom, he had advanced to Salamanca, barely a hundred miles north-west of Madrid, in expectation of finding a powerful Spanish army in his front for him to support. His downright Scottish nature was beguiled by the southern temperament. Except to the eye of patriotic delegates, there was little enthusiasm, and there was no Spanish army. But stretching right across his bare front, from Madrid to the Pyrenees, lay the enormous armies of France, commanded by the greatest soldier the world has ever known. What, then, was to be done? There he stood in the centre of a foreign country which gave him no assistance, but only confused counsel by vain reports. He was involved in the fog of war, where lies loom up like truths only to disappear, and nothing seems substantial. It was the depth of winter. His supplies were bad. England, as usual, had forgotten to send him money. As usual, the contractor for the commissariat was a scoundrel, and filched his profits off the starvation of the troops. Even before Napoleon reached Madrid, Moore had written to Castlereagh:—

> "Spain is without armies, generals, or government. I see nothing that can give hope of her being able to resist the attack being made on her. I could not calculate the powers of a people enthusiastic and determined. But I see no symptoms of this, and yet I know nothing else that can save them."

Retirement was obviously inevitable, and nearly every general in history would have done what Napoleon expected Moore to do, and retired at once upon Lisbon. But to Moore, in the solitude of his responsibility, there came the splendid, and perhaps the sudden, thought of striking one adventurous blow for his country's cause and for Spain before he withdrew. Napoleon's vast armies depended for their very existence upon that long line of communications with France. How if one edged up a little north-east towards that sensitive line—the continuous channel that feeds the belly upon which all armies go? Would not that disconcert even Napoleon's plans? Would it not shake even the conqueror of the world? In the second week of December—just five weeks before his death—Moore broke up from Salamanca, and instead of retiring south-west to Lisbon, about 150 miles by safe and easy roads in his rear, he advanced into the full blaze of danger, about eighty miles north-east to Sahagun, confronting the little river Carrion, where Soult was rapidly gathering his force to cover Burgos, the upper valley of the Ebro, and the main roads by which supplies were passing continually down from Bayonne to Madrid.

Whether or not it was "the most brilliant stroke of war of all time," certainly it was a stroke that few would have conceived or dared. Stonewall Jackson might have done it; De Wet might have done it. On a smaller scale they displayed similar genius, similar hardihood. But without saying anything invidious, we may admit that they were not acting, as Moore was, against the greatest soldier in history. It was a decision of almost overwhelming importance—a moment in which the full weight of a general's solitary responsibility is felt, and the steel of his genius tested. Sir William Napier has well described what the decision meant for Moore:—

> "He felt that in so doing he compromised the safety of his own army, that he must glide along the edge of a precipice, that he must cross a gulf on a rotten plank. But he had confidence in his own genius, and the occasion being worthy of a great deed, he dared essay it even against Napoleon."

The effect was instantaneous. The gods are known to each other, and in a flash Napoleon perceived that he was now dealing with a genius worthy of his own. In the history of all his lightning marches, there is none more amazing than his transfer of 50,000 men from Madrid to Astorga—two hundred miles in ten days, through rough and mountainous country, in mid-winter. He had summoned Soult to co-operate with him at Astorga, hoping to encircle the English, or grip them like a nut in the crackers. And on January 1st the armies converged there as by appointment—70,000 infantry, with 10,000 horse, and 200 guns, ready to crush Moore's little force, that by that time numbered only about 19,000, for he had already sent his light brigades by another route to Vigo the day before, so as to relieve his supplies. "Ask me for anything but time," was one of Napoleon's maxims, but for once even Napoleon was too late. Moore had slipt through, and the retreat to Corunna was well on its way. That very day Napoleon started for France, and left Spain for ever. It has been disputed whether he was really recalled by disturbing news from Austria, as he gave out, or whether he recognised that Moore had given what he called the lock-jaw to his plans in Spain, and so left the matter to his inferiors. But with some justice Moore's biographer has fixed upon that day as the crisis of Napoleon's career and the turning-point towards decline.

Many know the story of the terrible days during which our army struggled through the winter mountains to Corunna, harassed continually by Soult and Ney hanging on their rear. And many know the story of Moore's death in the moment of a victory that would have been complete had he not fallen. Sir Charles Napier, who

was present, has left us such an account of Moore upon that battlefield as has been given of few generals in action. For his burial and his fame we have the eight stanzas known to all our race. But on this centenary we have preferred to dwell upon the supreme deed of arms which preceded those familiar events, and was the cause of the glory with which his army left him in the grave alone. For it illustrates as succinctly as any event in our annals the splendor of courageous initiative, and the all-powerful leadership of true personality when the intuition of genius is supported by that simple and fearless character which all men trust.

THE HOME LIFE OF JESUS.

A CENTURY or two after the appearance of the Christian Gospels, which we still read, it was the fancy of men of letters to supplement them. The canonical books, it was felt, had left gaps in the Story of our Lord, and these were filled, though not with any great literary skill. The new Gospels, set alongside of the old, illustrate the saying of Jesus as to patched garments—"the new agreeth not with the old." The "Gospel of the Infancy" tells us, for example, of a teacher whose hand was miraculously paralysed when he was on the point of striking Jesus, and of a boy who, coming heedlessly round a corner, ran into Jesus, and was struck dead with a word. The "Gospel of Thomas" has a tale of a couch, which Joseph the carpenter made too narrow, and which he and his son miraculously pulled out to the prescribed dimensions. There is one story of some charm in both these "Gospels," which tells of clay sparrows made by Jesus (on the Sabbath, too), which flew away when he clapped his hands. Such books sufficiently explain the connotation of the word "apocryphal."

Now, quite apart from the human interest which always clings about the childhood of a significant man, the early years of Jesus have a special value for us, for it is to them that he always returned when he wished to speak his deepest thought upon the relations of God and man. The life and love of the home was for Jesus the truest picture of the divine life. We shall better understand his thought here if we realise the experience from which he spoke. Is it at all possible to reconstruct this? The Gospels tell us little directly; but, after all, they preserve for us, in some abundance, what is more valuable than any ordered narrative—Jesus' own reminiscences. The scenes and settings of the parables fit easily and pleasantly into the framework of the historical and geographical facts of Jesus' life in Nazareth. They are pictures of real life—there is no doubt about that—and every recorded detail of the home at Nazareth is in harmony with them. They are very often his memories of home and childhood.

The early disappearance of the elder Joseph from the story of his house has been explained by his death, and with this much else agrees. The widow was left with five sons and at least three daughters. The eldest son, according to the story, was more than twelve years old, and on him, in all likelihood, fell a large share of the household burden. The days were over when he played with other children in the market-place, and, while he never forgot the games, he had now to widen his experience and learn what it was to be weary and heavy-laden.

His parables hint at this home life. There is one that tells of a little house, where the master in bed can carry on an argument with an importunate friend in the street, who wants to borrow three loaves—a tale and scene of very humble surroundings (Luke xi. 5). In a group of stories, which we may call "the parables of the mother," we are shown the woman, sweeping the house and seeking carefully till she finds a lost drachma, and counting its recovery joyful enough to call on her friends to rejoice with her (Luke xv. 8). Money meant something to a widow, especially if she had an "adversary" (Luke xviii. 3). It was Mary, no doubt, who "hid the leaven in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened," while Jesus sat by the fire and watched it work. He never forgot the sight—the basin, the heaving mass in it, the bubbles struggling out, swelling and breaking, and the rising and falling of the level—and all this commotion, the bursting of every bubble, was the proof of something alive and at work within. We can imagine his mother telling him, as she must often have had to tell him, that a younger brother's clothes would mend no more, and that new ones were needed. The careful elder brother would ask the reason why they would not mend, and the explanation stuck in his mind, and later on became the parable of the patches.

In any case, the Gospel of John definitely indicates a close and tender relation between mother and son. According to this evangelist, his mother's future was one of his cares upon the cross (xix. 26). In the earlier scene, at the wedding of Cana, Mary is represented as falling back instinctively upon her long experience of her eldest son's helpfulness, when their host seems likely to be in difficulties. Whatever the historical value of the Fourth Gospel as a whole, in such details it does not take us beyond what we could have recreated for ourselves from the synoptic picture of Jesus.

Throughout life the speech of Jesus recalled this little home and its interests. His metaphors of salt and candle and bread, his parables, all point to this quiet life, and it is significant. It means that the home was a happy one, that parents and brothers and sisters, on the whole, agreed well with one another. If conjecture is right, Jesus had himself to be father to his younger brothers and sisters—for years, in all probability. It may be that one reason why his public teaching did not begin till he was thirty years of age was the necessity for looking after the brothers and sisters.

One thing is certain—that he always had a peculiar tenderness for children. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The old version of this saying stays in all our minds from childhood, associated with a group of memories of which we do not often speak. If we were to go behind it and look at the Greek, we might lay more emphasis on the infinitive, for a Greek would hardly have said "come" if he had meant "be brought." Children, we may be sure, came to him of themselves, and were at their ease at once. The suggestion has been made that this saying, too, goes back to Nazareth days, that the small children found a welcome in the workshop, and strayed in to see their brother there on their own irrelevant errands. To him a child was not unimportant—to hurt a child was an unspeakable thing. Indeed, if the Kingdom of Heaven meant anything, it meant that we must be children again. It is quite possible that this idea underlies the saying about a man's being born again (John iii. 3). At any rate, we have to recover, he said, what we lost when we outgrew the child; we must have the simplicity and the frankness of children.

The outdoor life of Jesus lies recorded in his sayings and his parables. They are full of the sights and sounds of the open air. The whole life of the farm is in them. The lost sheep, the ox in a pit, the worried flock, the servant who feeds the cattle, are all there. It is, perhaps, a mark of his race and age that he has a Jew's feeling about "feeding swine," and that the dog is an unclean animal. He speaks of ploughing, and he knows how it should be done; while sowing, a favorite metaphor with teachers, gives him a good many parables. The secret growth of the grain and the harvest over-ripe, with its instant need of the reaper, lest the wheat should be spilt, were to him pictures of human life. With vineyards and their work he seems familiar; perhaps he, too, had "borne the burden and heat of the day." The more homely aspects of farm and garden had their appeal to him. The simile of the hen and its chickens is associated with one of his hours of deepest emotion.

Wild nature, too, he knew and loved—the reed swaying in the wind and the wild red lilies. These last the women cut down and stuffed into ovens to burn there till the ovens were hot for the baking—a matter of daily occurrence, of which no one thought. But he thought of it, and bade men study the flowers

and how they grew. God had taken pains to clothe them with more beauty than Solomon had with all his dyed garments and soft raiment. Probably Jesus had seen Herodian princes on the Galilean roads, for He has more than one allusion to royal draperies. The birds of the air, from the callow sparrow that did not fall from its nest "without your Father" to the eagles that gathered about the lost sheep (Luke xvii. 37)—all these he watched. The Psalmist had said long ago that these all had their meat from God, but Jesus brought them into the human family: "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." Even his knowledge of weather signs is recorded for us (Luke xii. 54), and John tells us how he spoke of the wind sweeping over the hills.

A simple home, with an atmosphere of affection and intelligence, where life was not lost sight of in its refinements, where ordinary needs and common duties were the daily facts, where the past had a meaning and gave a meaning to the present—this is the early environment of Jesus, as it is to be deduced from his words. The Mediterranean world was full of men who thought of religion, and mostly in terms of ritual and trance, of the abnormal and unusual. For Jesus, as for every man who has ever helped mankind, the ordinary and the commonplace were enough—if they were once understood. The carpenter's bench and the Book of Psalms and the children's play in the market-place—these kept a man in touch with the normal, and interpreted it. Thus Jesus never thought of God, as the philosophers did, as of one out of the world, to be defined by negations and reached in trance or ecstasy. He kept within the limits of human experience, and found God there, giving significance to the meanest detail of the most commonplace life. Men then, as in a later time, saw death ruling over the natural world. "Decay," said the Stoic philosopher, "is in the material substance of all things; they are but water, dust, bones, stench." * Jesus, on the other hand, saw life in all things—God watching over birds and clothing the grass of the field. To-day we think less of the old philosophic antithesis, between God and matter, and it comes as a relief and encouragement to us to find that Jesus did without it.

NESTS OF DEFIANCE.

Leafless winter reveals to us many secrets that baffled us in summer, in the shape of nests perched in the hawthorn, woven among the dead nettle stems, slung low down on honeysuckle bushes, reared under the once leafy shelter of the sapling elms. The birds that built many of them were well known to us in summer, either the yellow-hammers, daily familiar by sight, or black-cap, nightingale and grasshopper warbler, known better to the ear than the eye. Last year's game of hide-and-seek is up, and we are allowed to see how "warm" we have been without finding, or how very wide of the mark we were. But the winter does not show us, as the summer did, the admirable means of deception practised by these, the more furtive of the nesters. Even the big buildings of the magpies were often so hidden that it was with much surprise that we saw them unveiled in late autumn. These belong to the alleged sub-species of "hedge magpie"; in other words, the well-hidden magpie nests are mostly those in the low trees. The birds carried their sticks fearlessly enough to the tall tree that nine schoolboys out of every ten declare unhesitatingly to be unclimbable, such as the Scotch pine in the Red Field that towers sixty feet without giving so much as a snag for hand or foot.

As any boy has been free to learn this winter from the men who have been setting up and wiring new telegraph poles, even the magpie tree is pregnable to a pair of climbing-irons. You must be very careful, however, to make the most of the slight hold for the arms that a trunk ten feet in circumference affords. If a bit of bark were to give way unexpectedly, and you were to fall backward, it would be bad for you, whether the irons came out and allowed you to take the full fall, or whether they held and allowed you to break both ankles and hang head downwards. Then note the high bend in our magpie pine, where the trunk becomes horizontal for awhile before shooting up once more to bear its crown of leaves wherein the nest sits. Have we a certain means of circumventing that bend when we arrive there, blown with a sixty-foot climb against the full force of gravity? And would our climbing-irons prove a help or a hindrance there, as we crawl that round plank, with the chance of slipping round and finishing with our back to the earth? The magpie pine, in fact, is just such another as one of the worst trees described in Colonel Willoughby Verner's new book, "My Life Among the Wild Birds in Spain" (Bale & Danielsson). This tree the intrepid and agile Colonel swarmed without rope or climbing-irons, and, though his sketch makes it look twice as terrible, we would have guaranteed him a large attendance if, in his palmiest days, he had so attacked our magpie pine.

"Of one thing I am well assured," says Colonel Verner, "namely, that the ravens in selecting this particular tree were perfectly aware of the difficulties it presented to the climber. For there were scores of other trees all round it, some higher and with fewer branches, and apparently more formidable; but as regards security from attack, none of them could be compared to the one the ravens had built in." We would not subscribe so readily to the conclusions drawn from the facts. It may be that the same ravens or others had proved the pregnability of neighboring trees by bitter experience, and it is even not impossible that a hundred years ago some bird made the tree zigzag by putting the weight of its nest on its leading shoot. Gilbert White was not so "assured" of the sagacity of the ravens that built in Losel's wood in an oak with "a large excrescence about the middle of the stem." He is only sure about what the boys thought of it: "The difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous."

White's must have been a remarkable tree, for it stood in a grove of timber trees, many of them fifty feet, without a bough, and the raven tree was "shapely and tall on the whole," the only exception apparently being the excrescence Such an excrescence low down would not have daunted the rock-climber, for there the typical roughness of the oak would have presented many finger and toe holds that are all that the rock-climber is accustomed to expect. It is nothing short of a revelation to the ordinary tree-climber to be shown how small a roughness in the bark will enable the finger-tips of one hand to hold him up while the other gropes for a higher hold. The beech ("glossy beech," says Cowper) that holds the squirrel's "dray" is twenty feet without a bough. But, as it has two of those warts with which the beech is sometimes marked, each about the size of a walnut, our Cumberland friend used to make twice a day the apparently futile attempt of climbing it. We called it the "impossible" climb, but it only deserved the title about a week. The sparrow hawk's oak, being unusually smooth of bark, is inaccessible without a rope by that way, but the twigs of a very long bough can be reached by jumping, and a long struggle lands you among the central timber. We do not imagine that the sparrow hawks, before selecting the eyrie, came down and measured the height of the trunk, and overlooked the danger of that drooping bough. We think, in fact, that they must be the same pair that once nested in a certain pine, and, driven thence, tried the yet more climbable wild pear, and by chance have found their third choice, on the whole, the best of the three.

It is the misfortune of most birds to "whet the inclinations" of the boy by the skill with which they put their nests out of sight or out of reach. The demand for thrushes' eggs is soon glutted, the nests being so easy to find and to get, except for the prosaic difficulty of a few thorns. The nest of the furtive stonechat is far more desired, and more seldom found. But

* Marcus Aurelius, 9, 36.

the pleasures of hide-and-seek do not tempt the young naturalist so much as the grosser delights of accepting the challenge of the rooks: "Here are our nests. Get at them if you can." It is a rash challenge, even to our Cumberland friend, who sportingly bars himself from the use of ladder, rope, climbing-iron, or drooping bough. His strict method leaves many trees unclimbable, whereas they still provide scope for a great deal of skill and exertion to the player of the "all in" game. Colonel Verner's book, which is a good deal more about climbing than about birds, makes us anxious to climb every difficult tree in the neighborhood. We shall have to pretend to his excuse—the desire to photograph the nests that are in them. We could not face the cold eye of the village by climbing an empty tree for the sake of getting up there and coming down again. The proper way up the squirrel's beech, no doubt, is by the two warts; the sparrow hawk's must be visited by scramble from the twigs inward; but the conquest of lordlier difficulties by means of appliances has clearly its own fascination.

How safely the falcon sits at the top of her mast of smooth spruce! Not so if we can cast a stone over that snag two-thirds of the way up. For the stone will carry a length of twine, and the twine will haul a rope over, and the rope is our spider-web that will land ourselves on that snag. On the point of what to do next we are not quite clear, but two-thirds of the way is two-thirds. The exertion is terrific, but this lazy body of ours must have its lesson. That is why we are asked to gallop after hounds or to knock a small but expensive ball round the hills. So from our dizzy snag we will cast the rope to a higher vantage or boldly attack the next height by swarming. And when nearly the last ounce has gone, and the boughs are still unwon, we have the stirring refrain to hearten us, the words of "Scud" East when the Madman was climbing the tree in the spinney, "All up with the old magpie now."

The Drama.

"PENELOPE" AND POPULARITY.

Mr. Somerset Maugham—who, by the way, assures me that he is an individual, and not a syndicate or corporation—has a remarkable genius for writing characters to fit Miss Marie Tempest. So nicely did he suit her in "Mrs. Dot" that the play, though a singularly empty one, and quite the poorest of his productions, has apparently been a great success. In "Penelope" he has produced a much better play, and a character equally congenial to the brilliant little actress. As is Miss Hilda Trevelyan to Mr. Barrie, so is Miss Marie Tempest to Mr. Maugham: that simple proportion sum gives you a pretty fair appraisement of Mr. Maugham's talent; at any rate, in its present phase. For Miss Tempest is the type and incarnation of a certain aspect of modern social life, and perfection in the art of "fitting" her is not a perfection to which everyone would aspire. I fancy, for instance, that it scarcely comes within the scope of Mr. Barrie's ambition. Nevertheless, it presupposes a very distinct sort of cleverness, and we cannot afford to quarrel with cleverness of any sort or size. Where there are brains there is hope: it is pretentious stupidity that is the real enemy.

I laughed a good deal at "Penelope," and I do not blush to own it. The second half of the play is much better than the first half, and contains some passages of irresistible humor. There is even a real touch of satiric originality in the idea of the husband who, on learning that his wife has long known of his infidelity, and has (apparently) made light of it, feels his moral sentiments outraged, and finds himself, quite sincerely, playing the part of the indignant accuser. The complications arising from the lamented decease of "Mrs. Mack" are extremely amusing, and there are touches throughout which betoken the genuine humorist. Taking the play simply on its own level, the worst one finds to say of it is that it is carelessly and unconscientiously written. It is not a well-finished piece of work. There are loose ends and rough edges that an assiduous workman would have removed. For example, Penelope is suffered, in a score of speeches, to betray her knowledge of her husband's divagations long before she ultimately confesses it. Mr. Maugham has not taken the pains to render in the least plausible O'Farrell's blind belief in her blindness. Over and over again he sacrifices plausibility to a momentary comic effect, and thus discounts the one really excellent passage in the play, where Penelope's pretence of ignorance breaks down. It is this slovenliness of workmanship which makes it impossible to class "Penelope" as a first-rate play, even of its kind. Mr. Maugham may, if he pleases, abjure "taking himself seriously" as an artist; but he might at least take himself seriously as an amuser.

In the one excellent passage above alluded to, Miss Tempest's acting rose to the pitch of genius. For the rest, she was her own inimitable self throughout—an actress whom the French may well envy us, and who ought to be eulogised in French. Why does not Mr. Walkley rise to the occasion? The cast, for the rest, is excellent—how could it fail to be, since it includes three such comedians as Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mrs. Calvert?—the pick of the basket, if one may put it vulgarly. I heard stern critics, in the theatre, objecting to the episodic nature of Mrs. Calvert's part. That did not trouble me in the least. The scene was delightful, and if it did not actually advance the plot, it contributed to one element in the comic effect of the whole act—the extremely unprofitable nature of Dr. O'Farrell's business on that fateful afternoon. Mr. Graham Browne was good as the Doctor, and Miss Norma Whalley, whose rendering of Mrs. Ferguson seemed at first a little extravagant, proved in the end to be entirely justified. To have made the character in the least serious, not to say sympathetic, would entirely have upset the balance of the play. As it was, we felt more than once that Mr. Maugham was skating pretty near the edge of the intolerably cynical. To keep the play in the key of irresponsible comedy, it was necessary that it should have the unreality of the old-fashioned adaptations from the French, in which the real nature of the facts concerned was studiously dissembled, and, so far as actual words went, it seemed that much ado was being made about little or nothing. I do not say that this is either an edifying or an artistic convention; but it is the almost inevitable condition of Maugham-Tempest comedy on the English stage.

As nothing more occurs to me that can profitably be said about "Penelope," I may perhaps eke out this article with a brief consideration of the confession of faith which her creator, it would seem, has recently made public. I take the confession at second-hand, as reproduced in a thoughtful article by "Max"; but there is little doubt, I fancy, that the following summary is accurate enough:—

> "To Mr. Maugham apparently, the 'serious' drama is a thing very ridiculous, very negligible. He has been telling an interviewer that it is 'most unwise' of dramatists to 'take themselves seriously.' He has no patience with 'great central ideas'; and 'to entertain' he declares . . . 'should be the first—perhaps the only—aim of the playwright.'"

This utterance, coming from the author of "A Man of Honor," seems to have scandalised a good many people; and certainly it carries to an extreme that tendency to make a general law of our own particular qualities and limitations from which none of us, probably, is altogether free. But I think there is a substratum of sound sense beneath Mr. Maugham's exaggerations. He fails to make allowance for the wide divergency of tastes, and for the fact that many people—not mere scattered individuals or æsthetic cliques, but people who are quite capable of making a fair show on the booking-sheets—are at least as willing to be entertained by plays with "a great central idea" as by empty trivialities. If he has a "great central idea" lying around in his brain or in his notebooks, I think he makes a mistake,

even from the merely financial point of view, in leaving it undeveloped. He is quite clever enough—for he is born with the gift of the stage—to make it a marketable commodity. To do so would cost him more pains, no doubt, than to throw off an ephemeral triviality like "Mrs. Dot"; but the reward, if not larger at the outset, would be more permanent. If I am wrong in my estimate, and he really has not the power of writing thoughtful plays as well as thoughtless sketches, the inability is not a commercial asset, but the reverse. It will lessen, and not increase, the amount of the succession duty which he is so laudably desirous—though probably not impatient—to contribute to the national Exchequer.

Stripped of its exaggerations, however, Mr. Maugham's pronouncement contains an element of sound sense. The playwright who despises the public, and writes simply to please himself and his little circle, makes as great a mistake as he who sacrifices everything to instant popularity. I know this is a damnable heresy in the eyes of many excellent people and my very good friends. "What other motive is possible to a self-respecting artist," they ask, "if it be not to please himself?" Certainly that ought to be his primary motive; but if he cannot please himself while pleasing, or at any rate keenly interesting, a very considerable public, he is the lesser, not the greater, dramatist. The strength of drama lies in its strict conditions and narrow limits, its glory in its wide appeal. So far as I know, history records no instance of a playwright failing to gain the ear of his contemporaries and then being recognised and appreciated by posterity. Alfred de Musset might, perhaps, be cited as a case in point; but he did not write with a view to the stage, and did not try for contemporary popularity. As soon as it occurred to people to put his plays on the stage, they were found to be delightful. Let no playwright, then, think it a merit that he cannot disburden his soul within the three hours' limit, and cannot produce plays intelligible or endurable to any but a specially selected audience. Of course, I do not include among the conditions which make for the strength of drama the necessity for conciliating an arbitrary censorship and providing a showy part for an actor-manager or a star actress. In the English theatre, as at present constituted, many fine plays seem to appeal only to a clique, because, for one reason or another, they cannot get at the public that would appreciate them. They are out-advertised by the star plays and the musical frivolities. But the worst mischief of this state of affairs lies in the fact that our ablest writers are so apt to abandon all hope of popularity and become intransigeant self-pleasers. They deserve our respect, perhaps, rather more than Mr. Maugham, who chooses to go to the opposite extreme; but not more than the writers who make a sincere effort to do the best work of which the conditions of the popular stage admit. It is not a merit, but a defect, in a play that it should set at defiance all reasonable limits, either of human endurance or of human intelligence. The haughtiest self-pleaser must write with an ideal audience in view; and his play will not be better, but worse, if that ideal be in the nature of things unrealisable.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art.

A MODERN PICTURE BUYER.

THE Royal Academy has proved before now that if its conservatism is deep-rooted and difficult to dislodge, it can at times surprise. The winter exhibition just open is a case in point. It is a surprise, and, to some people, a disappointment. Hitherto the galleries at Burlington House have always included a certain proportion of "old masters" in the winter show; and although the opinion obtained that the zeal shown in collecting these might be tempered with a little more discretion, it was felt generally that the authorities were fulfilling a high educational and artistic mission in thus providing examples of the art of the venerable past. Even on those occasions, when the old and the new were mingled somewhat incongruously, no grumble was heard; the comparison, at any rate, was recognised as instructive. But this year the "old masters" have vanished. For the first time in its history the Academy has followed its summer exhibition of modern paintings by a winter show that is hardly less modern. For the first time the entrancing game of attribution cannot be played, since the "masters" either live or died but yesterday. And for the first time the learning of the connoisseur can display itself little more than that of the regular visitant to the important English and Scottish Exhibitions.

We think, perhaps, that the last circumstance may have something to do with the strong expressions of dissent that have come from a section of the critical world. The "old masters" exhibitions were at once their pride and their butt. They loved them while they attacked them. They were glad to discover the unauthentic work, though they ridiculed those responsible for the assertion of its genuineness. But here there is nothing to attack or praise, except what has been attacked or praised within the memory of our generation, and nothing to "attribute" except at the risk of being laughed at. In fact, there is no sport to be had from the McCulloch Collection; and if the absence of this interest does not extenuate the wholesale condemnation of the exhibition as unworthy of the Academy's winter traditions, it accounts at least for a very human feeling of resentment.

For the latter, too, some arguments put forward by the other, the apologetic side, afford a certain justification. It has, for instance, been asserted that the collection is better calculated to raise the status of modern British art and to encourage living artists than any exhibition of old masters. This, to say the least of it, is very doubtful. The idea reminds one of the attempt made by the British Institution in Hazlitt's time to extol the contemporary English artists by poking fun, through the medium of a *catalogue raisonné*, at an exhibition of older pictures. Admitting that the "old master" craze is over-done to the detriment of modern work, an æsthetic public opinion that ruled out old masters would be worse than one that appraises them beyond their value. For ourselves, we do not believe that modern art can be stimulated by any number of exhibitions of modern art, nor can we see that it is any encouragement to living artists to be confronted with 360 works of painting and sculpture of very much the same class as they themselves produce, all or some of which may shortly be thrust upon the open market. Moreover, the thought occurs—so far as the Academy's good intentions are concerned—that their opportunity for encouraging British art occurs regularly each May, and that the result so far has hardly been such as to warrant their making an additional effort in January with any hope of success.

Yet to the detached student of matters artistic, the McCulloch Collection offers food for considerable reflection. There are pictures here that one is genuinely glad to make or renew acquaintance with, and there is no lack of variety of a sort. Most important of all, the exhibition sheds an interesting light on the genus collector, or at any rate on one phase of him. Accepting the view that picture-collectors are divided into two classes, the born and the made, we should unhesitatingly, and without any intent to disparage, place the late Mr. McCulloch in the latter class. He liked pictures, bought them, and acquired knowledge and taste as he bought. His buying was conducted on business-like principles. He avoided old masters, and purchased only from living artists. A wise speculator, he speculated almost entirely in the works of those who were rapidly arriving or had already arrived. This does not mean that he confined himself to Royal Academicians, as at least one modern millionaire is known to have done, although there is an undeniable academic stamp about the bulk of the collection; it merely signifies that he bought judiciously—on his own initiative, or in accordance with safe advice—rather than with inspiration He had not the instinct of a Staats Forbes, that inspired the purchase of Barbizon masters when those masters were still comparatively unrecognised. Still, with his judiciousness and a fair taste—as millionaires' tastes go—he rarely made a bad mistake; and this, considering the range of his operations, which extended over most of the

British Schools, and some foreign ones, reflects great credit on his powers of business discrimination. He bought intelligently and with his eyes fixed on the current movements and personages of the artistic world. It is almost possible to date the notoriety enjoyed by successive painters during the past thirty years by the examples of them in the McCulloch Collection. In this way he ranged from Burne-Jones to Whistler, and from Dagnan-Bouveret to Mr. William Orpen.

Representativeness was obviously a hobby with him, and it is this quality that will attract the variety-loving public to the collection. Yet it is doubtful whether the claim that he was catholic in taste can be sustained. With such opportunities for indulgence, a truly catholic taste could not, it seems to us, have drawn the line at old masters. A man may have a knowledge of modern British or any other modern art, and may have acquired a certain taste with the knowledge. But his knowledge cannot be said to be perfect unless it is prefaced by some understanding of what has gone before, neither can his taste be truly catholic without having as its basis some sympathy with the achievements of former masters. It is manifestly impossible to appreciate modern painting in the wider sense—and it is only by such wide appreciation that true catholicity of taste can be attained—without appreciating the source whence it sprung; to know Sargent without having known Velasquez or Raeburn, or to relish the modern landscapists without ever having heard of Constable, Turner, Ruisdael, or Claude. This applies both to artists and amateurs. In regard to embryo painters, learning their craft, it is impolitic to set them to emulate the masterpieces of olden times; but it would be worse than unjust to deny them, in the later stages of their apprenticeship, a sight of these, and with the art-lover who would study art without practising it professionally, the more he gleans from its pictured history, the better equipped will he be. The distinction between modern and older art is not nearly as great as the connecting of the one with the other is important; and, for this reason, we rather regret any exhibition that tends to set up an antagonism between the two in the public mind, that creates the idea that the interests of the one are diametrically opposed to those of the other. If old masters were better understood, and their value appraised artistically as well as commercially, the depression in the modern picture-market would quickly disappear.

From another point of view the catholicity of the late Mr. McCulloch is open to question. One doubts whether he liked all that he bought; the representativeness of the collection is suspicious. A catholicity that embraces Bastien-Lepage and Bouguereau, Whistler, Lord Leighton and the Hon. John Collier, John Brett and William McTaggart, Charles Sims, Fred Morgan and James Maris—to name but a very few—is one that the Forty of the Academy itself cannot emulate. If, therefore, the collection must be saddled with an adjective, we prefer that it should be representative rather than catholic; and if we had to label the late Mr. McCulloch as a collector, we should call him industrious, rather than great. To come to the details upon which the foregoing remarks are based, the *pièces de résistance* of the British School are undoubtedly the Orchardsons. For here are "The Master Baby" of 1886, and "The Young Duke" of two years later, both works well-nigh perfect in their scholarly blend of æsthetic quality and human appeal; in color—as M. Chesneau described it—"as harmonious as the wrong side of an old tapestry." Then there are three McTaggarts, all painted within the last twenty years, inspired wonders of daylight and fresh air; four Petties, adequate, if hardly showing that painter's color sense at its best; a Hornel, a late Hughes-Stanton—for Mr. Hughes-Stanton is a late *arrivé*—David Murrays, McWhirters, and Coutts-Michies in plenty, five Peter Grahams, the same number of David Farquharsons, a sombre Cameron, a Lavery; the Scottish group is almost complete. Had this group been exhibited apart, instead of scattered throughout the remaining pictures, one would have carried away a firmer impression of its strength, if also, alas! of its individual weaknesses and disappointments.

The English exhibit almost startles by its variety. Leighton's enormous "Daphnephoria," Millais' "Sir Isumbras"—purchased, of course, a long time after it was painted—Burne-Jones's "Love Among the Ruins," Watts's "Fata Morgana," form almost comic contrast to the too familiar *genre* of Mr. Marcus Stone, the landscapes of Mr. B. W. Leader, the mature work of Mr. Sargent. Whistler is not omitted. One of the minor Valparaiso nocturnes and a portrait of himself, nebulous as a Carrière, are lost in a wilderness of bright canvases in the Water-color Room. Among the French pictures are two fairly important examples of Bastien-Lepage, and quite a collection of painting and drawings represent one of our Honorary Foreign Academicians, M. Dagnan-Bouveret. There would appear also to have been a Spanish period in the twenty years or so occupied in collecting. Several quite imposingly empty Spanish subject-pictures by "modern masters" of that nationality overwhelm the few Belgian, Hungarian, and other European canvases that chance to find themselves in the same room. The sculpture section—which includes a marble version of Rodin's finely emotional "The Kiss"—is small; but it certainly displays more coherence in selection, and is, on the whole, preferable to a collection of pictures by one man whose ambition, to put it frankly, would seem to have been the gratification of many other tastes rather than the indulgence, or even the cultivation, of his own.

Letters to the Editor.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read your article in last week's issue with great interest. Sir Edward Grey has a great opportunity before him. What I fear is that English readers do not realise how serious the situation of Turkey is. It is not too much to say that since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina every week has increased the hostile attitude both of Turkey and Austria. At first, while the feeling of the young Turkey was that Bulgaria and Austria had been guilty of sharp practice in taking advantage of the situation, it was balanced by another which expressed itself by saying, "What does it matter whether Ferdinand calls himself prince or king?" As to Bosnia and Herzegovina, they have been lost to Turkey for thirty years. At present this attitude is changed.

There is little or no hostile feeling against Bulgaria. Turks and Bulgarians believe that they have need of each other. They entered into negotiations in regard to matters which required adjustment consequent on the new order of things. They settled these in principle, the Grand Vizier and the Bulgarian delegates being each reasonable. The only point left open was as to the share of the Public Debt which should be paid by Bulgaria proper, that is, excluding Eastern Roumelia, as to which they have arranged. As they never have paid anything for Bulgaria they refuse to do so now, and any impartial observer would justify them in their refusal. The Turks themselves care little about it because, if anything was paid, it would go to foreign bondholders.

But here comes the hitch. The Turkish Ministers are afraid of the responsibility of making a definite settlement. The Turkish newspapers, conducted with quite remarkable ability considering that most of their editors are inexperienced men, have led their readers to expect that Turkey will receive much more than she is likely to get, and the Ministers know it. In their fear of responsibility they wish to place upon the Conference the burden of making the definite settlement.

As to Austria, the irritation has gone on steadily increasing. This is mainly due to boycotting, which, while really a wonderful invention, is a dangerous one. It is a measure by which an irresponsible minority can take out of the hands of Government the power to inflict a worrying and a serious injury to a foreign State. Let me, in passing, say that the statement that the English have aided in the boycott is simply the reverse of the truth. The allegation that the Balkan Committee had anything to do with the matter is nonsense. It began before its members came here, and I doubt whether the subject of the boycott was ever discussed with any of them. But the boycott continues, and Austrians naturally resent it. An American friend who a few days ago was in Bosnia states that the feeling among the Austrian troops is extremely warlike. They want war.

On this side, the Turks are doing all they can to be prepared for any eventuality, and Turkey, which is in great financial straits, has to find money for a war which ought to be impossible.

What Turkey wants at the present moment to overcome these outside difficulties is foreign guidance, and here comes in Sir Edward Grey's opportunity. Of all the injuries which Abdul Hamid inflicted upon the country, none is greater than that he deprived it of men trained in statesmanship. All power was centred in the palace gang, among whom there was not a man accustomed to consider public questions. The present Ministers are the most honorable and clean-handed set of men whom Turkey has seen for thirty years. But, excepting the Grand Vizier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, none has had experience in guiding public affairs. None has been accustomed to take responsibility. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is amiable but distrusted. He was never suspected of conspicuous ability, and probably at the present time is less disposed than ever to take the initiative in the settlement of any question. He can hardly be expected to urge on a settlement which would probably make any Minister unpopular. He therefore lets things drift. Kiamil, the Grand Vizier, is upright, clear-sighted, and of good judgment, but he is on the wrong side of eighty. He has to deal with many internal questions, and the wonder to me is that he does not break down from sheer physical weariness. I left him a few nights ago at eleven, and knew that he had been transacting business from eight in the morning, and that he had an appointment for eight the next morning.

All the other Ministers are occupied with the business of their own departments. Foreign affairs are allowed to drift, and they are drifting the wrong way. Under these circumstances the assistance of Sir Edward Grey will be invaluable. In Sir Gerard Lowther he has a man who is essentially level-headed, and who has already shown himself tactful. For many reasons the guidance of Europe can come through him better than through any other ambassador. England is now in Turkey the most popular nation. It is recognised that though we worried the Porte about misgovernment in Armenia, and more recently about the necessity of reforms in Macedonia to improve the condition of Christian and Moslem alike, we had no selfish object in view. No other ambassador is so well trusted as the representative of England. The German is, of course, a man of conspicuous ability and would do his best to avoid war, but Germany as the ally of Austria is not trusted. Russia, for different reasons, is not looked upon by Turkey as sincerely friendly. France and Italy are trusted. England, backed by them, would be listened to with sympathy. Many reasons which need not even be indicated go to prove that the Turks would prefer that England should take the lead in helping their Ministers to come to an arrangement with Austria. What is there against such a lead? We are friends with Austria, and the wanton statements in some of her newspapers undoubtedly trouble Austrian statesmen less than corresponding words in some of our own papers trouble English statesmen. We are friends with Turkey and wish to deserve her friendship. Sir Edward Grey can find no better means of doing good to Turkey, of strengthening the new *régime*, of preventing reaction, than by using the great influence of England to bring Austria and Turkey to a friendly arrangement. While there is nothing against the lead being taken by Sir Edward with the two other Powers, there is everything to be said in its favor. Above all, there is the fact that the Council of Ministers, unused to taking responsibility, will not shrink from the task when they know that their disinterested friends are unanimous in advising them to decide upon a particular course. The time offers the greatest opportunity for a British statesman in reference to the Near Eastern question that has been presented for thirty years. Without British guidance we shall probably drift into war, and possibly into a military dictatorship. With it—and Sir Edward has shown his power to grapple seriously with the question—he will secure an honorable peace with the gratitude of Turkey, Austria, and Bulgaria.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

Constantinople, January 8th, 1909.

[Since Mr. Pears wrote, one of the arrangements for which he pleads has happily been made. But we think his impressive warning should be made public.—ED., NATION.]

"WHY?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter "Fiat Lux," in your last week's issue, raises questions which will have been in the minds of many since the terrible tidings from Messina came to hand.

Are there not, however, certain lines of thought, which, if followed up, give a glimmer of light upon the deep problems raised?

Earthquakes, as other natural phenomena, are due to the unchanging character of the laws of nature. Can it be shown that the immutability of these laws has on the whole worked for the uplift of the race? I think it can.

Indeed, human effort would have been paralysed, and man's ascent from the condition of the cave-dweller to his present position would have been impossible, unless he had been able to count upon such immutability. It is easy to see that to the *race* the unchanging character of the laws of nature works beneficently. Take, as illustration, the terrible outbreak of cholera in Hamburg in 1892. During three months 16,956 persons were attacked. "At the cemetery some hundreds of men were engaged day and night digging long trenches to hold double rows of coffins; even so the victims could not be buried fast enough." (Enc. Brit.) In Altona, however, which is continuous with Hamburg, only 328 persons died. Inquiry showed that in the case of Hamburg the water supply was polluted, while in Altona it was pure. The object lesson was not lost. From this time forth the connection between impure water and cholera was no longer a fact known only to medical scientists and a few advanced Government departments, but became the common possession of the civilised world.

As recently as 1871-1880 the annual death rate in England and Wales was 21·3, while in 1901-1907 it had sunk to 15·8. In my own city the death rate in 1801-1810 is given at 29; in 1907 it had sunk to 15. Consider the enormous lessening of human suffering represented by these figures. The saving of human life was largely due to wider knowledge of the conditions of health. But this wider knowledge was based upon inquiry and observation—processes which would have been baffled at every point if the answers of nature to the questions addressed to her had been capricious.

How incalculable, again, has been the lessening of human suffering due to the discovery of anæsthetics, and to the discoveries associated with the names of Pasteur and Lister. Their work has not only benefited the race, but has immediately benefited the individual. How could these discoveries have been made but for the unchanging character of nature's laws? If one result had followed a certain experiment, and a different result had followed another identical in character, the most penetrating intellect would have been baffled. A general survey assures us that the laws of nature, whether in the great or in the infinitely small, alike immutable in their character, are, with ever increasing rapidity, coming under the control of man, and in many cases becoming serviceable to him.

Local famine was one of the scourges of the ancient world, but to-day, if any European market indicates an approaching scarcity of corn, the knowledge quickly passes by telegraph to Canada, to the United States, or to Argentina, and through the agency of steam on sea and land the needed supplies are quickly forthcoming. The discoveries of the steam engine and of the electric cable would, however, have been impossible if the answers of nature to Watt and Wheatstone had been capricious. Let me break the sequence of my argument to note that the terrible sufferings of our great cities, which fill us with shame and sorrow, are in the main due, not to natural causes, but to the cruelty and selfishness of man.

Messina lies is a well-recognised earthquake zone. The town was destroyed by the great earthquake of 1783, after which it was rebuilt But the necessary and obvious precautions were not taken; lofty houses, insufficiently strong, were built. The mistake is not likely to be repeated. The character of building suitable to a district subject to earthquakes will now be carefully studied, and the information to be obtained from Japan and other countries utilised. You mention in last week's NATION that "the houses of Messina which were built of reinforced concrete were undamaged by the earthquake." If buildings of a suitable character be

erected, Messina is never likely again to experience a disaster so terrible in its consequences as that of the 28th December.

Former generations would have spoken of this disaster as due to "the act of God." It is surely no small thing to know that these words, in the sense in which they were formerly used, are a misnomer. That, rather, the disaster was due to the operation of laws beneficent to the race in their ultimate results.

But what avails this, it will be asked, to the tens of thousands who perished miserably and to the survivors left alone in the world? I know that my argument will only carry a certain length. It greatly lessens the moral problem, but it does not remove it. The mystery of pain and evil in the world remains, and I do not think it is possible to justify the ways of God to man apart from a belief in immortality.—Yours, &c.,

J. R.

York, Jan 13th, 1909

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not presume to give an answer to the tremendous question raised by your correspondent "Fiat Lux," but if he will accept it, I will reach out a hand of sympathy to him through the darkness which is assuredly caused in many souls by the earthquake of Messina.

I entirely agree with him as to the insufficiency of the explanations which have been suggested to him for the purpose of "justifying the ways of God to man" in this catastrophe. After all, the question is this: "How can we reconcile such murderous outbursts of natural forces with the two propositions 'God is Almighty,' 'God is all-loving'?" If I must give up one, I would rather give up the first than the second; rather accept the Dualism which fascinated so many Oriental thinkers, and believe that the earthquake is the work of a cruel Ahriman whom the beneficent Ormuzd was unable to overcome, than think that God's character is displayed to us in the terrible event of the 28th of December. In a slightly different sense I would say with the old Hebrew chronicler, "The Lord was not in the earthquake." The tragedy is enacted in a scale of stupifying terror; but is not this necessarily our attitude towards the existence of such a disease as cancer, as insanity, as the awful typhoons in the China Seas? As to how many phenomena like these in the world of Nature or the world of man, our secret thought is, "Had I been omnipotent I would not have allowed these things to be"; and yet somehow faith has survived their fierce assault. We have a conviction that the answer must be, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

To me the first word of comfort to my menaced faith came from the reported words of an Austrian geologist, who said that the earthquake at Messina was part of a great cosmic process which had been going on for many aeons, and would probably continue for many aeons to come, that process by which Sicily was disparted from Africa and by which hereafter the mountains of Sicily will probably one day become mere islands in the Mediterranean. When I read these words the thought came to me, "We have been witnessing a scene in the making of the world." Mountains, lakes, and rivers: how much of the glory and the loveliness of our planet is due to these; to the great rivers especially how much do we owe of the civilisation and progress of mankind? Yet are not all these due to birth-throes far more terrible than the slight earth-shrink which has caused the destruction of Messina? The making of the world is apparently not yet finished, and man, the creature who has reaped such infinite gain from its completed stages, suffers, and probably must suffer, from its relatively insignificant continuing processes. In a certain sense the agony of these closing days of 1908 was predestined when the Sicilian aborigines built on the brittle rocks which line the Straits their humble village of Zancle, to be afterwards changed by Greek colonists into the proud city of Messina. For two millenniums and a-half—a mere span in geologic time—the buildings of Messina (far too solid and stately for the substructure of rock below them) have been awaiting their doom.

But then the question recurs, "If the Almighty Maker who is also our Father, knew that this peril was hanging over the cities of the Straits, Reggio as well as Messina, why was no warning sent to the hapless dwellers under their roofs?" An Old Testament writer says: "Surely the Lord will do nothing but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the Prophets." If some such man as Il Santo of Fogazzaro's tale had been sent to cry against the city like Jonah of old, "Yet forty days and Messina shall be overthrown," All-wisdom would have at least done something to bridge over this terrible chasm between All-mightiness and All-love. It is true; and certainly we may wish that there were now men such as those who are said to have existed in the childhood of the world who could foretell great natural occurrences, famines, earthquakes, floods. But if such a prophet had appeared two months ago, and had gone through the streets of Messina crying his cry of doom, how would this generation have listened to him? Do we not know that all men would have called out for the suppression of this crazy fanatic who was agitating the stock-market, and, as far as he was listened to, depressing the value of house property in an important Sicilian city? It may be that the Lord God would willingly speak to man through "His servants, the Prophets," even as He did in the childhood of the world, in the days of ancient times, but that we are too intent on material things, too much puffed up with the pride of all our newly-acquired knowledge, to give Him a chance of speaking to us. And thus when the strong wind is followed by the earthquake, and the earthquake by the fire, the Lord being "in" none of these cosmic manifestations, we fail to hear Him in that which would truly reveal Him to us, "the still small voice" which might show us things to come, and at the least would renew in our hearts the persuasion that All-mightiness is also All-love.—Yours, &c.,

THOS. HODGKIN.

January 12th, 1909

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely no Christian teacher will presume to tell "Fiat Lux" that "it is sinful or blasphemous to question or to doubt." For was not "asking questions" one of the means by which the Christ Himself "increased in wisdom"?

Surely, too, no Christian teacher will suppose himself competent to give an adequate answer to the questions which this terrible disaster in Italy is forcing men to ask, nor to the questions which unnumbered incidents of every day suggest with equal cogency, if not with equal force.

For, sir, as you point out in your article, "Nature's War with Man," the teaching of Jesus has at last made impossible for Christians the one explanation of these things which formerly seemed to be sufficient.

On page after page of the Old Testament events of this kind are interpreted as the judgments of God upon sin. This was the orthodox explanation of them given by the religious teachers in the time of Jesus. It is strange indeed that it has lingered on through generations of Christians. For Jesus Himself was at special pains to repudiate it. His teaching about the fall of the Tower of Siloam forbids us to seek for a *moral* cause for these calamities, or to look to the physical forces of Nature for interpretations of God's moral judgments.

We seem, then, to be set in the midst of a world in which law is supreme—law that is not broken in the interest of man. We know that storm and earthquake, as well as rain and sunshine, are manifestations of natural law. And if we believe that Nature is, in any sense at all, a manifestation of God, then we cannot deny that the laws of Nature are His laws, however little we may find in them of moral meaning or purpose.

But, then, is it not evident that a non-moral world, a world of physical cause and effect, cannot be to us a manifestation of the moral nature of God? To persons, an adequate manifestation of God can only come through persons. So it is that in the prophets and righteous men of every race we find a clearer manifestation of God than we can expect to find in the physical order. A man, in whom life, love, and courage, and self-sacrifice are manifest is an instrument through which God can express Himself, as He

cannot express Himself through the physical forces of Nature.

So we say "God was in Christ" because we believe Christ to be "the effulgence of His glory, and the very image of His substance." In Christ, "Himself taking our infirmities and bearing our sicknesses," we believe that we see God's true attitude to the world's sorrow.

When our faith is shaken by the heedlessness of physical law, we can still say, "These are but parts of His ways."

When Nature's report of God seems to clash with Christ's message from Him, then *we must interpret the lower by the higher, not the higher by the lower.*

We look for God, not in the earthquake which turns man to destruction, but in the Life which is the Light of men.—Yours, &c., J. M. J.

January 12th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not propose to enter at any length into the deeper questions raised in the letter signed "Fiat Lux," which appeared in your columns of Saturday last, for they are ably dealt with in the article headed "Nature's War with Man" (but which I should prefer to see entitled "Man's Struggle Against Nature"), the concluding paragraph of which I specially recommend to your correspondent's notice.

But as regards the particular catastrophe which has so deeply moved him, I should like to point out that if man persists in erecting populous cities upon a portion of the earth's surface, which the scientific knowledge he has been permitted to attain plainly tells him cannot be otherwise than specially dangerous, he must surely take the consequences of his action.

Moreover, except in a few instances (which significantly withstood the earthquake), the buildings in Messina and Reggio appear to have been constructed on ordinary lines, without any thought or provision being taken to meet the disaster which sooner or later was bound to overwhelm them.

I suggest to your correspondent, therefore, that the "blame" for the misery which has followed is due rather to man's blindness and carelessness than to any malignant intention on part of the Power which has "hung this earth upon nothing." Now, whatever views may be held as to the origin of the universe, it is at least admitted that it is subject to certain fundamental laws—mathematical, astronomical, physical, chemical, and biological, as we term them—which are not evil in themselves, but with which man is constantly trying conclusions. Sometimes he succeeds, or appears to do so, but the contest is a risky one, and failure is inevitably attended by dire consequences, whether to individuals or communities. Let "Fiat Lux" take a broader view—let him, above all, consider what the "cosmos" is, and he will surely come to see that man's part in it, with all his struggles and consequent sufferings, is, whilst not lacking its proper position, but a minute factor in the general scheme.—Yours, &c., B.

January 12th.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The earth commenced its existence as a nebulous mass possessed of a vast store of heat. It has been slowly cooling down for untold ages. The solid crust which has thus slowly developed is thinner in some parts than in others. As the cooling process continues, the *shell*, at its weakest parts, warps a little. This phenomenon of nature is called earthquake. That is "Why?"

"Why" your correspondent, "Fiat Lux," should now "feel the bands of faith snapping" I am at a loss to understand. In my turn I ask, Why? Does your correspondent require Almighty God to regulate the forces of nature in the interests of puny mankind?—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Nottingham, January 12th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Fiat Lux" has been thrown down by a great shock—a shock which many others are sharing with him. The ancient problem of human suffering has thrust itself upon us in an unusually awful form, and most of us are liable in such circumstances to go down—for the moment. But shall we remain prostrate?

Is it really necessary to accept the paralysing conclusion that no answer to our questionings is possible, because we see none now?

Have we sufficiently considered the vast scale on which we must think, ranging over space which to us at least seems infinite, and over worlds without number, if we are to understand the working out of the Divine purposes? Can we really do such thinking, we whose powers are so limited, and as yet so undeveloped? To some of us it seems practically certain that there are issues which our minds could not grasp, if God himself were to place them before us in the most accurate human language. The difficulty may lie most of all in our rudimentary moral condition, making it impossible for us rightly to compare values in human life; tempting us to regard suffering as more horrible than degradation or stagnation, and to prize comfort above the full life of the spirit.

All seems to point to the conclusion that, however painfully, we must wait for our answer. But in the meantime, is there nothing that we can lay hold of, to save us from the paralysis of despair? Is the meaning of the life and death of Christ really exhausted, or can we not find an assurance there, that God does not stand apart from the sufferings and struggles of His creatures, but rather that there is no death into which He is not willing, if we dare say so, actually to accompany us? Such an assurance, if we can receive it, may (as for many before us) prove the entrance into an acquaintance with the Author of our life, so close and so satisfying as to exclude doubt.

Truly we need to be strong; for the mass of *preventible* human misery is overwhelming, and united unselfish action is loudly called for. We may remember, too, that the suffering caused by natural forces might with the right conditions be enormously lessened; as with proper building in earthquake zones. But there are worse human ills than even earthquake; and may we not take the present sudden awakening of pity as a call to look round and see what we can *do*?—Yours, &c., ONE WHO IS WAITING.

January 12th, 1909.

MR. ARCHER AND "THE LAST OF THE DE MULLINS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Mr. Archer declares that Monty Bulstead's speech to Janet De Mullin, "I wonder if Bertha and I will ever have a son like Johnny," is "silly, clumsy, boorish, bounderish, unpardonable, incredible, and idiotic." Mr. Shaw, on the contrary, in a characteristic postcard, calls it "the nicest thing your young man says." I confess it seems to me a perfectly natural and certainly quite inoffensive remark in the circumstances in which it is uttered; but tastes differ. I leave it to "An Old Playgoer"—for whose doughty championship I am duly grateful—to settle who is right.

Meantime, my main contention, that Mr. Archer is no longer in sympathy with the modern dramatic movement in this country, receives complete support from the tone of his article last week. Mr. Archer tells us he has "consistently fostered" and "fought for" our latest drama, but he adds that he has done so sometimes at the cost of his sense of proportion. He has sometimes praised plays "not, indeed, insincerely, but with a careful suppression of the final essential truth, which was that, tried by any exacting standard, they were very small beer indeed."

Just so. To Mr. Archer the work of the new school of dramatists is, on the whole, "very small beer indeed." Simply that, and nothing more. So he pats it gently on the back in a kind, grandfatherly manner, bidding it go away and not be troublesome, while his mind goes back with rapture to the great works of the 'eighties and the 'nineties, to "The Profligate" and "The Middleman." To him the new plays are poor stuff, not all of them, perhaps, quite so despicable as my own "thin shrill clevernesses," but not to be compared with the great achievements of his prime. There were giants in *those* days!

Mr. Archer says he has never tired of praising "The

Voysey Inheritance." We all do that to-day. But let him compare his tepid enthusiasm over that play *on its original production* with the paean he raised over "His House in Order," and tell us which of the two seemed to him the better work. I think he will own the latter. Could anyone who understood and appreciated what the newer school of drama is aiming at have held that opinion?—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

"THE GLEAM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Under the above heading, I was surprised to find an article, in a broad-minded paper like THE NATION, holding such narrow views on the divine fire of genius. Surely the educated classes, which is only another name for the wealthy, have more than a sufficient monopoly of the good things of this world, without claiming further the sole royal road to follow the Gleam. In the days when education was the privilege of the favored few, would not the world of literature, science, and art have been the poorer if only the educated had followed the Gleam? Might not the late South African War have come sooner to an end if there had been more Fighting Macs and fewer educated generals? Is not the battlefield more the place for action than accent? Turning again to literature, Charles Dickens would have continued to grub on at the blacking factory if he had failed to follow the Gleam because of his lowly position at the start. Yet this is only one instance out of many that could be cited, but I am personally interested in one.

Why this onslaught upon John Clare? Why this reference to the stain upon his birth? Is not this visiting the sins of the father upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation? For there are many of Clare's great grandchildren's children who may perhaps read this attack upon Clare with pain, and wonder what they have done to deserve it. Simply because their great-great-grandfather decided to follow the Gleam in opposition to the theory of the writer of this article, "The Gleam." This wizened imp of the fen was not an ill-favored lad at all according to those who knew him, but a very attractive-looking little fellow, with pale, delicate face, but the eyes and high forehead quite atoned for that, and a very quiet lad. Imps do not as a rule write poetry and attend night school after a hard day's work as little John Clare did. Fortunately, Grimshaw, W. Hilton, R.A., and Behnes have handed down Clare's portrait and bust, so the public may judge for themselves. As a man Clare was not a drunkard; as a matter of fact, he was a total abstainer for some years. He was under-gardener at Burghley eleven months as a young man, but left on account of the drinking habits he was pressed to take part in. My mother and uncles always spoke of their father as a very sober man and the best of parents. To say he starved in dirt is a cruel libel, as his cleanliness was apparent to all who knew him. His cottage at Northborough is the best in the village to-day. The other, not so black as it was painted, is inhabited up to now. Clare's first book was praised by all the reviewers, while the "Quarterly Review," that made such a bitter attack upon Keats, had nothing but praise for Clare. Gifford was not the man to be led away by half a dozen people in London. In 1821 he had an annuity of £45 given to him by his patrons. His last book brought him £40. The Literary Fund presented him with £50. He was the tenant of three small farms in his time, besides having a cottage especially built for him. But poets are not good business men, and he was often in low water. He never ceased to follow the plough to follow the Gleam. To my mind, Clare lost nothing by following the Gleam. He had nothing to lose, as he was only an agricultural laborer at the start.—Yours, &c.,

S. SEPTON,
Grandson of Clare.

49, Alexandra Street, Derby,
January 12th, 1909.

[We are much indebted to our correspondent for his very interesting letter, but we think he mistakes the purpose of our article, which was to show the pity of real talent struggling in vain against the hindrances of modern society. We admire men like John Clare all the more for their struggle and for their persistence in following the Gleam. We only pointed out how terribly even men of high natural gifts like John Clare are handicapped in running their race, and how seldom they are able owing to their wretched circumstances to display their highest powers. Our facts about John Clare were mainly taken from Mr. Symons's sympathetic introduction.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE REPRESENTATIVE CHURCH COUNCIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your footnote to my letter, you say that you cannot see that I in any way rebut the Dean of Ripon's statements. But I have given evidence of the inaccuracy of those statements, and I am content to leave your readers to judge between the Dean's letter and my own.

And you ask—"Does Mr. Holdsworth maintain that the Representative Church Council stands for more than a section of the Church?" Yes, sir, he does so maintain. The facts of the case compel him to do so. The Representative Church Council includes all the Bishops, all the Deans (including the Dean of Ripon), all the Archdeacons, Proctors from every diocese (elected by the incumbents), and lay delegates from every diocese (elected by the Diocesan Conferences). To state that such a body stands for no more than a section of the Church is to state that which is obviously inconsistent with the plain facts of the case. In my last letter I described the Council as "a tentative effort towards a real and effective system of self-government." This implies that it is at present imperfectly representative; but there is a wide difference between the imperfectly representative and the "unrepresentative." Imperfect representation may be very real and effective so far as it goes; indeed, a perfect system of representation is impossible; the House of Commons is sufficient proof of this. We have had ample evidence that the present House of Commons is but imperfectly representative; but is it to be altogether condemned on that ground? And the fate of the Education Bill (I say nothing of the merits of the measure) shows that the Prime Minister does not consider the Representative Church Council to be unrepresentative, or to stand for no more than a section of the Church!

You may rest assured that the Council has come to stay. Its representative character is at present imperfect; but it can be improved, and it will be improved. What the Council stands for is really this—the self-government of the Church of England.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED HOLDSWORTH.

Church House, Westminster.
January 6th, 1909.

[Self-government *plus* State privilege?—ED. NATION.]

Poetry.

TO MY DOG.

My dear, when I leave you
I always drop a bit of me,
A holy glove or sainted shoe;
Your wistful corse I leave it to,
The soul of you has gone to see
How I could ever have the heart
So to abandon you.

My dear, when you leave me
You do not even drop a shoe;
And yet you know a man to be
The sort of dull monstrosity,
Whose spirit cannot follow you
When you're away, with all its heart,
As yours can follow me.

My dear, since we must leave,
One sorry day, I you, you me;
Teach me to grieve as you can grieve;
Then through the ages we'll retrieve
Each others' scent and company,
And longing shall not pull my heart—
As now you pull my sleeve.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

ONE of the most promising of the new books announced by Mr. Murray is "The Life of the Hon. Mrs. Norton," by Miss Perkins. Mrs. Norton, as everybody knows, was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the second of "the three Graces," the other two being her sisters, Lady Dufferin and the Duchess of Somerset. She inherited much of her grandfather's wit and vivacity, as well as some share of his literary gift. Her poems were praised by Lockhart in the "Quarterly Review," but her most effective writings were her pamphlets on the position of women. The improvements in the laws regarding the right of married women to their own earnings, and, in certain circumstances, to the custody of their children, were, in some measure, due to Mrs. Norton's advocacy. Several episodes in her career, particularly her unhappy marriage, her journalism, and her friendship with Lord Palmerston, bear so close a resemblance to the fortunes of the heroine of "Diana of the Crossways" that there was some ground for the belief that she was the original of Mr. Meredith's great picture. This has, however, been denied in a later edition of the novel, though one may still believe that the author had Mrs. Norton in mind—a different attitude from that of deliberate portraiture. Miss Perkins's volume will contain a number of hitherto unpublished letters.

* * *

FEW theatrical memoirs have been so popular as Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's "On and Off the Stage," which first appeared nearly twenty-one years ago. It ran through seven editions, and is now out of print. Playgoers will be glad to learn that Mr. Murray has in the press a fresh volume of reminiscences by the same authors, in which the story of their famous management of the Haymarket Theatre will be examined from a different perspective, and "told with greater freedom."

* * *

ANOTHER book also to be published by Mr. Murray owes its existence to Lord Acton's suggestion that the origin and development of certain historical ideas bearing upon the Christian religion might be traced by means of studies of representative men who acted towards them as foster-parents. The work is by Mr. Algernon Cecil, and is called "Six Oxford Thinkers," the representative Oxford thinkers chosen being Gibbon, Newman, Church, Froude, Pater, and Lord Morley—certainly a brilliant and broadly varied selection.

* * *

MR. J. C. SNAITH'S new novel, "Amarinta," will be published early this season by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The coming book is said to be a return to Mr. Snaith's earlier style and to have little in common with "William Jordan, Junior," which last year proved so difficult a puzzle for the critics. Mr. Snaith is one of the few living novelists of whom one may use the word "genius" without absurdity, and a new novel from his pen is sure to create the liveliest interest.

* * *

"JIMBO: A FANTASY," is the title of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's coming novel. Like Mr. Snaith, Mr. Blackwood has a gift for analysing and describing the psychological state that lies on the borderland between sanity and insanity. "Jimbo" is a study of the mind of an imaginative child who meets with an accident. During a period of physical unconsciousness the child is held in the grip of a vague fear originally suggested by a foolish nurse. The theme is suited to the author of "Dr. John Silence," and the story is said to be worked out with great power of suggestion. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

* * *

SEVERAL Dante books of importance are to be issued this season. Mr. W. Warren Vernon is to be congratulated on the completion of the revised edition of his "Readings in the Divina Commedia," the last instalment of which appeared this week. Mr. Vernon has presented his valuable Dante collection—some 450 volumes, including many scarce works—to the library of the Athenæum Club. A new translation into English verse of the whole of the "Divine Comedy" has been made by Mr. Edward Wilberforce, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Wilberforce's version of the "Inferno" appeared in 1903, and was well received by Dante scholars, some of whom think it to be the best English metrical version. He has now completed his task by translating the two remaining sections, and the whole work will be issued in a uniform edition. Lastly, the Oxford University Press announces a volume called "The Moral System of Dante's Inferno." Its author, Mr. W. H. V. Reade, believes that there is still an opening for students to modify, or even to revolutionise, some of the common opinions concerning "The Divine Comedy." This is a bold statement, and any attempt to alter our view of Dante's philosophy is sure to come under the hammer of discussion.

* * *

IT is said that Lady Warwick is writing her memoirs and that the book will be published as a serial in one of the popular magazines. Like Lady Randolph Churchill, whose example she is following, Lady Warwick should have some interesting reminiscences.

* * *

IT was natural that the centenary of the battle of Corunna should revive the old question of the authorship of the ode generally attributed to the Rev. Charles Wolfe—an ode which Byron thought one of the most perfect ever written. In a pamphlet published by Mr. Thatcher of Bristol, "The Writer of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' Discovered," Mr. R. C. Newick attempts to establish that the famous ode was written, not by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, but by a soldier of the 9th Regiment, named Joseph Wolfe, who was one of the party that actually dug Moore's grave. The poem first appeared in "The Newry Telegraph," in 1817, with the initials C.W., and it is undoubted that Charles Wolfe claimed to be the author. The evidence for the authorship is not as strong as might be wished, and Mr. Newick attempts to refute it partly by the difficulty of believing that Charles Wolfe, who was a lad of seventeen at the time of Moore's death, could have given an account of the burial so full of details, all of which are true to the facts. His other main argument is the account of the composition of the ode by Joseph Wolfe, to be found in the "Memoirs of Sergeant Paul Swanston," published probably in 1850. Mr. Newick has reprinted the passage in which Swanston maintains that Joseph Wolfe is the true author of the poem. He has tested Swanston's work in many of its details relating to the war, and is satisfied that it is substantially accurate. Although Mr. Newick's arguments have some weight, he hardly establishes his position, though he certainly makes out a better case than can be advanced on behalf of other pretenders such as Macintosh. Our verdict is one of "not proven," leaving the present holder in possession.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. XI. "The Growth of Nationalities." (Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.)

"Readings on the Paradiso of Dante." By the Hon. W. W. Vernon. Second Edition Revised. (Methuen. 2 Vols. 15s. net.)

"Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century." By G. Hermine Marius. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Moring. 15s. net.)

"The Right Honourable Spencer Perceval." By Philip Treherne. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"The Reform of the House of Lords." By W. S. McKechnie. (MacLehose. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Utopian Papers." By Professor Patrick Geddes and Others. Edited by Dorothea Hollins. (Masters. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Joseph and His Brethren." A dramatic poem by Charles Wells, with an Introduction by A. C. Swinburne, and a Note on Rossetti and Charles Wells by Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Frowde. 1s. net.)

"The Flower of the Heart." By H. B. Marriott-Watson. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Les Démocraties Antiques." Par A. Croiset. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

"La Mort de Philæ." Par Pierre Loti. (Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has gone to Copenhagen to fulfil a lecturing engagement, and will not return until towards the end of the month.

Reviews.

SURMISES ON THE "IRON MASK." *

One of the minor puzzles of modern history (never very widely considered) is this: What became of Prince James Stuart? James Stuart, alias James de la Cloche, alias Henry de Rohan, was a natural son of Charles II., and the eldest of that promiscuous monarch's children. At the end of 1668 he suddenly disappeared from Europe, and no real trace of him has been found. Monsignor Barnes, a Chamberlain of Honor to the Pope, has had the courage to transform the missing prince into the Man of the Iron Mask.

The story seeks its motive in Charles's scheme of corporate re-union with Rome. That scheme, as we know, had perforce to be abandoned. England had no mind to be Catholicised again; Charles had no mind, as he very candidly confessed, to set forth again upon his travels. Not until he lay a-dying was he formally received into the Catholic Church. In so far, however, as he could be said to hold any religion, Charles was almost unquestionably a Catholic. We may fail to perceive in him those marks of sincerity and deep earnestness which Monsignor Barnes recognises; but we need not proclaim him, with Lingard, a mere cynical dissembler. Secret negotiations with the Pope, secret negotiations with Louis XIV.—begun, discontinued, renewed—were part of the policy whereby he sought to make himself independent of Parliament, and govern as a Papist an England reconverted to Rome. This seems to be the one policy of Charles II. which deserves the name of genuine; and to carry it he relied in some measure on the counsel and help of the son, James Stuart, whose very existence he kept hidden from the world. Still more, as appears, did he rely on this son to prepare the way for his own reception into the Church.

Who, then, was this son? What is our knowledge of him? Many readers, we doubt not, are acquainted with Lord Acton's essay, the "Secret History of Charles II." Published as far back as 1862 in the "Home and Foreign Review," it was recently included in the volume of "Essays on Modern History." It is, in some forty judicial pages, an excellent example of Lord Acton's method—of the way he estimates authorities, weighs up testimony, and arrives at last at the judgment which his editors so happily describe as sword-like. We have compared this study very carefully with Monsignor Barnes's account of James Stuart, or James de la Cloche, and are unpersuaded that the record of 1862 has been materially improved on by that of 1908. Lord Acton, as may be supposed, is for no sensational surmises. He realises that history has not resolved as yet the fate of James Stuart, but finds no reason in history's ignorance for saying that this must, therefore, be the Man in the Iron Mask. His opinion on the Mask he naturally has; and his single, brief, and very definite pronouncement for Mattioli—significant above everything else in its refusal of argument, as if the matter had passed from problem to axiom—will be found in the lecture on "Louis XIV."

In the year 1646, during a visit to Jersey, Charles, though he was barely seventeen, became the father "of the first of the long series of his natural sons." The mother, a young lady of rank some four years older than her lover, was Marguerite Carteret, "the only unmarried daughter of the Seigneur of Trinity." In her thirty-first year Marguerite married Jean la Cloche, son of the Rev. Etienne la Cloche, "her husband always afterwards calling himself 'de la Cloche.'" To Marguerite's son by Charles was given, as we infer, the name of James Stuart.

James seems to have been packed off abroad at a very early age, and, educated in Holland and France, was brought up, says Lord Acton, a Protestant. Even after the Restoration he remained on the Continent unnoticed until, in 1665, Charles fetched him to England. His father's Court was not to the liking of the studious and quiet youth, and the King gave him leave to return. Lord Acton says:—

> "He had made great proficiency in his studies abroad, and he desired to continue them in the Dutch Universities. His father did not know what to do with him in England, and allowed him to go."

Before he left, James received from the King what Monsignor Barnes rightly describes as a "very curious document." It was a certificate in which Charles acknowledged him as "our natural son, Mr. James Stuart," bade him live under another name, "that of De la Cloche du Bourg de Jersey," and commanded him to keep the whole matter secret "until after our death." With this strange passport James returned to Holland to resume his studies, and in February, 1667, Charles "sent him another document, recognising his birth, and directing his successor to give him £500 a year." In July, 1667, James Stuart became a Catholic at Hamburg. He had determined to enter the novitiate of the Jesuits and took up his residence in Rome early in 1668. In the register of the House of Novices of the Jesuits at Rome, the entry concerning him may still be read: "Jacobus de la Cloche ingressus 11 Aprilis, 1668." His age is given as twenty-four, though he could not have been more than twenty-one.

Scarcely had the young prince settled down in Rome when his father was again anxious for his presence at Court. Monsignor Barnes gives the particulars of a long letter, written with his own hand, by Charles to the general of the Jesuits, in the course of which the King—

> "goes on to say that he has long prayed, amid the cares of royalty, that he might find one single person to whom he could safely confide the affairs of his soul without thereby leading the Court to suspect that he was in fact a Catholic."

The son, having providentially joined the Church, was the ideal person for this trust. There were priests in London, but they were well known; the royal novice in Rome was all but a stranger to the Court of St. James's. Towards the middle of October, 1668, Prince James, disguised as a French cavalier and calling himself Henri de Rohan, left Rome and got quickly to England. Here, however, he stayed not more than a fortnight. We have one other letter from Charles, dated November 18th, 1668, which states that:—

> "Mr. de la Cloche, Jesuit, had desired to return to Rome, in order that he might act as ambassador on an exceedingly important and secret matter between the King and the general of the Jesuits."

What this mission was we do not know. James left England on November 18th, and it is pretty clear that he arrived safely in Rome, "because," says Monsignor Barnes, "this letter which he carried is in the Jesuit archives." At this point, nevertheless, we lose sight of him.

> "From that day," says Lord Acton, "he disappears from history; and after his arrival in Rome, in November or December 1668, the name of De la Cloche, by which he was known in the novitiate, figures no more in the books of the society."

Monsignor Barnes adds:—"There is no Father James Stuart known to history, nor does the name of De la Cloche ever appear again."

"We have no other probable record of his life," is the summing-up of Lord Acton; but Monsignor Barnes, with a capital taste for a capital mystery, has devised a record for him, the probability of which shall be judged by the reader. He surmises that the young prince returned to London in January, 1669. This is likely enough; and likely is it that, returning under another borrowed name, he would take refuge "in some friendly house in London until fresh arrangements could be made for him." Here, however, the author seems to quit the path of fair conjecture. He proceeds to invest "Mr. James de la Cloche" with the character of an astrologer. A play called "The Mock Astrologer" was being acted at the King's Theatre, the plot of which was—

> "based upon the assumption of the rôle of an astrologer by a friend of certain lovers whose affairs were going wrong. . . . The only other point in the play which is important for our purpose is that the lover in question, though supposed to have gone to France, was really lying hidden at a friendly house."

This play, on Monsignor Barnes's hypothesis, gives Charles an idea. Why should not James Stuart pose as an astrologer sent by the French Court to Charles, or recommended by Monmouth, who had just come back from France; and why, again—

> "should he not lie hid in London until such time as imaginary letters of introduction could be obtained from France, which he could take to Colbert, posing as a new arrival from that country?"

We are next to suppose, in the working out of this oblique and tenebrous scheme, that James Stuart crosses

* "The Man of the Mask: A Study in the By-ways of History." By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

to Paris at the end of January, charged with a letter to Madame (Charles's sister)—

> "asking her to arrange the business of sending him back to England in the character of an astrologer."

Was ever such a rigmarole? It is true that "no such letter has survived"; Monsignor Barnes has merely imagined it. We have, however, a very singular epistle from Louis's minister, Lionne, to Colbert, the Ambassador in England, commending a certain Abbé Pregnani, astrologer, who is—

> "to manage to enter into the amusements and occupations of the King of England, and to use every effort to assist you, as you may direct him, for he has been told nothing whatever here."

In Father Pregnani the joke culminates. Who is he? The French authorities themselves, in the very act of introducing and commending him to Colbert, have not the slightest idea. He is apparently the invention of the "merry" monarch. Says Monsignor Barnes:—

> "The presence of James Stuart in London is apparently being 'covered up' at Charles's request, although the French authorities are still left entirely ignorant who it is for whom they are doing this kindly office, even to the extent of hoodwinking their own ambassador in London."

The Abbé Pregnani, says Monsignor Barnes, was James Stuart.

Whoever he was, the incognisable Abbé made a mess of it. The French began to suspect him, and Lionne suggested his recall. Since Lionne, Colbert, and Louis himself were utterly in the dark concerning Pregnani's identity, their anxiety as to what he was or might be doing in London was not altogether unreasonable; and Monsignor Barnes throws out a hint that he was playing an intriguer's part at Court, and disclosing French secrets of State. His return to France is at last somewhat peremptorily ordered. Early in July, accordingly, he sets out for Calais; and then, like James Stuart at Rome in the previous December, he vanishes from the scene. Nothing more is ever heard of the Abbé Pregnani. What then has happened?

"In this total absence of real evidence"—this, unfortunately is, from first to last, the situation in which the author finds himself—"a hypothesis is the only resource that is open to us." The hypothesis is that Pregnani, setting foot again on French soil, is straightway arrested by order of Louis XIV., and whirled away to the dungeon of Pignerol, where, in the keeping of the celebrated Saint-Mars, he becomes forthwith the Man in the Iron Mask. Is the hypothesis good?

Monsignor Barnes's whole case, it will be seen, is comprised in a series of pure suppositions. He has no choice but to assume every point he seeks to prove. There is nothing whatever to show that the Abbé Pregnani was James Stuart. We fancy, indeed, that the part of the "mock astrologer," compelled to "tip" horses for Monmouth at Newmarket, and to cool his heels at Colbert's, would have been worse than distasteful to the studious and retiring prince. Later it is essential to the *système* Barnes to show Pregnani or Stuart in the character of a dangerous intriguer, a revealer of the secrets (whatever they may have been) of the French King. Now, were this system sound in all other places, it would here, we are convinced, so far as James Stuart is concerned, fall hopelessly to pieces. The Abbé Pregnani, if he ever existed, may or may not have been a schemer. Prince James Stuart assuredly was none. For this was the one Stuart who, in Lord Acton's words, "preferred the cloister to the steps of his father's throne"; and, in every action we behold him in, he is sincere, simple, single-hearted, and the quintessence of discretion. Then, if Pregnani is Charles's son, why does Charles so meekly send him back to France at the bidding of Lionne? And why, lastly, when the son—his eldest—returns no more, melts, as it were, in the European vague, does not the father clamor to the skies for him? The least honest of English Kings was not an unnatural father. Must he not have raised in all Europe a pother that would sooner or later disturb the ear of Louis? And Louis, not yet exactly the omnipotent, discovering that he had "run in" to Pignerol, no vulgar plotter against himself, but a straightforward and devout young Catholic prince, some twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, the eldest son of his friend and cousin of England—what could he do but return Prince James to his father, with apologies? Monsignor Barnes's reference to missing letters that were possibly destroyed by Louis does not quite satisfy us. If Charles had suddenly and unaccountably lost his eldest son, letters from him about this son must surely have gone to every Court in Europe. The son need not, and probably would not, have been named; but it was imperative on Charles's part to make the inquisition; and, had he done so, it is difficult to believe that the archives of Europe contain not a single record on the subject.

On its merits, Monsignor Barnes's case is unacceptable. Our impression of it, on a very close reading of a book that is highly interesting, is that it is seldom possible, and never remotely probable. It leaves the argument for Mattioli unhurt in the essentials; and our belief remains unshaken that the Italian adventurer still holds the field.

THE MAGYAR ASCENDENCY.*

One rises from Mr. Seton-Watson's gloomy but capable study of racial problems in Hungary with a new perception of the capacity of one's fellow-creatures for collective insanity. It is a careful and accurate history, based almost exclusively on official documents, of the miseries to which the non-Magyar peoples in Hungary have been subjected by the dominant race, at the bidding of an extravagant ideal of national unity and identity. No element of suffering and wrong is lacking, from mere neglect and artificial stagnation to wholesale imprisonment, impoverishment, and bloodshed. The picture which gradually forms itself in the mind as one reads is of a gifted and spirited race deliberately setting itself to use the advantages of numbers, wealth, and aristocratic tradition in order to make life unendurable to a variety of less fortunate races, whose many talents and graces do not happen to include the indispensable hardness which makes a people too formidable for persecution.

It is a record of waste. The futile struggle to Magyarise Slovaks and Roumanians has injured the ruling and the subject races in almost equal degrees. It has made of Hungarian politics nothing but a barren struggle of race against race, delayed among the rulers the growth of any concern for humanitarian aims, kept the downtrodden races backward, ignorant, and poor, and armed the party of ascendency with an impenetrable pride, that hardly cares to justify its legal supremacy by a real superiority. For the most desolating aspect of the whole process is that one fails to detect in Magyar culture and Magyar political ideals any native element so rare and valuable as to justify its claim to impose itself upon these alien races. In saying this we are far from joining the detractors of an interesting and, in some respects, attractive race. The Magyars have a great if chequered past, and they exhibit to-day some of the characteristic virtues of every ruling race. But their language, rich though it is, is not the vehicle of a world-literature, and still less is it a possible medium for science or trade. Its forcible imposition on the whole population of Hungary would mean the creation of a linguistic island in central Europe, isolated and impenetrable. So little is it true that the Magyars are naturally superior to the subject-races, that their annals would be barren indeed were it not for the genius which they have absorbed and appropriated from the despised helots whom they govern. Some of the greatest personalities in their history, from Mathias Corvinus to the great Kossuth himself, were non-Magyars. Their foremost poet, Petöfi, was, like Kossuth, a Slovak, and the folk-music which we are pleased to call Hungarian is either gipsy or Slavonic. European civilisation, in short, has nothing to gain and much to lose from the success of Magyar levelling, and it would mean, ere it could at last succeed, generations of massive and complicated suffering.

Mr. Seton-Watson had in writing this book a two-fold object—to appeal to English opinion against the intolerance of the Magyar ascendency, and to add to our scanty knowledge of the Slovaks, a race whose very name is barely familiar to the average educated Englishman. The Magyars make war with complete impartiality on all the subject-races of their kingdom, but the Slovaks are for several reasons entitled to special commiseration. They are even poorer

* "Racial Problems in Hungary." By Scotus Viator (R. W. Seton-Watson). Constable. 16s. net.

than the Roumanians and the Serbs; they have over the border no independent branch of their race to aid them, though the Czechs, to whom they are nearly allied, have often played the part of elder brothers. Moreover, they possess no national Church, a fact which exposes Catholics and Lutherans alike to the Magyarising efforts of the superior clergy of both these communions. Their psychology is clearly that of all the purely Slav races. They are sensitive and imaginative, by turns lively and melancholy, with little talent for organisation and affairs, capable of producing leaders who are spirited champions rather than competent strategists, but liable in the mass to a passivity which makes them the natural prey of a more grasping and practical people. Thanks to the Magyars the development of their natural talents has been thwarted at every turn, but the three chapters contributed by Slovak scholars on Slovak poetry, art and music, enriched as they are with admirable illustrations in color, vindicate their claim to be, on the aesthetic side, one of the most gifted branches of the Slav race.

Politically, the history of the Slovaks has been that of all the non-Magyar races in Hungary. Mr. Seton-Watson has no difficulty in showing that the famous Law of the Nationalities, which embodied the tolerant ideals of Deak, has never been observed either in letter or spirit. From the days of Kossuth downwards the Magyars have never been able to conceive of a Hungarian patriotism larger and broader than their Magyar racial pride. The State in their hands has become nothing but a machine for crushing out the racial self-consciousness of a helot population. To-day, after a long process of assimilation and absorption, the Magyars and their Magyarised satellites are in Hungary proper (excluding Croatia) a bare majority (51·4 per cent.), and, despite all their efforts, there is still a solid 40 per cent. of the population which is totally ignorant of the Magyar language. In spite of all the liberal provisions of Deak's legislation, Magyar, even in counties where 90 per cent. of the population are ignorant of it, has become the exclusive language of the courts and the local administration. It is also, save in some Kindergartens, the exclusive language of all State education, however elementary, and a constant warfare is waged, with only too much success, to crush the voluntary schools and to capture churches which the poorer non-Magyar races endeavor to maintain. The Slovaks, for example, who once had three gymnasia, have seen them all closed without redress, and are now quite without vernacular secondary education. It is not surprising to learn that 48 per cent. of the whole population of Hungary is still illiterate, that 24 per cent. of the children of school age attend no school, and that in fifty communes there are no schools at all, while in others teachers who know only Magyar wrestle with children who know not a word of a language which is probably the most difficult of all European tongues.

The intrigue and spoliation by which every effort of the Slovaks to combine for educational purposes have been thwarted are exposed in this book with an almost superfluous fulness of documentary evidence. One realises the full savagery of this linguistic war when one learns that the Municipality of Budapest prohibits the use of any language but Magyar on tombstones. The methods by which this tyrannous hegemony is retained are, perhaps, more familiar. The existing franchise is based on a high property or tax qualification. Only 6 per cent. of the whole population enjoys the vote, and of the electors 59 per cent. are owners of over eight acres of land. On this basis, it is not surprising that the poorer non-Magyars, numbering over 48 per cent. of the population, return only twenty-five deputies to a parliament of 493 members. There is in this book an elaborate apparatus of proof, which shows how the effect of this franchise is supplemented by governmental pressure and trickery. Voting is oral and public, the polling booths are few and remote, they are beset by armed troops, and when at last a Slovak or Roumanian voter is called upon to give his vote in the Magyar language, it is liable to be annulled on the plea that he has mispronounced a word, or that his own name is (probably wilfully) misspelt in the register. The arrest of a candidate is a common method of preventing his success, and the immunity of deputies is constantly suspended. A continual guerilla warfare is waged before Magyar judges and Magyar juries against the deputies, editors, and local leaders of the subject races. No fewer than 938 non-Magyars have suffered for political offences between 1886 and 1908, and, with few exceptions, the charge against them all was based on some purely verbal offence. "Incitement against the Magyar nationality" is the usual formula, and it covers almost any criticism of the methods of the ruling race, almost any protest against an act of injustice.

Of the future Mr. Seton-Watson writes with temperate hope. The process of Magyarisation is not succeeding, and sooner or later Hungary must follow Austria by conceding universal suffrage. He assumes that Francis Joseph will not sanction Count Andrassy's Bill—a scheme which retains public voting, and while it does in name concede a vote to everyone, cancels this concession by a "fancy" table of values, in which the illiterate peasant is allowed, in effect, one vote, and the middle-class landlord or proprietor no less than thirty. That is not a hope on which we should care to stake much, though undoubtedly Vienna no longer positively wishes to support the Magyar hegemony. The real security for the ultimate triumph of the subject races is that the Magyar proletariat itself shares their grievances against the ruling class. The Magyar peasantry has also been excluded from politics, deprived of education, and exploited by the feudal Magyar noble and his ally the Jewish usurer. The emigration statistics mark his despair, and the growth of Agrarian Socialism tells of his awakening. The Socialists suffer no less than the nationalities from the oppression of the most illiberal caste in Europe—their trade unions are suppressed as soon as they are formed, and in one year two hundred of their meetings were "proclaimed." Indeed, it becomes a nice question how far the motive of the Magyar "garrison" is really mere racial intolerance and how far under this pretence it disguises a determination to maintain its economic position against the Slav peasantry. Under any extended suffrage, the alliance of Socialists and non-Magyars, if their leaders show any tactical skill, must mean the end of this narrow caste rule.

Mr. Seton-Watson has performed his task in a spirit at once scholarly and judicial. He has spared no pains to master the languages of Hungary, its teeming controversial literature, and, above all, its official documents. He has carried his minute historical researches even into the newspaper files of the years before 1848. He writes in a restrained and temperate style, and, though his aim is to expose gross tyranny, he has never allowed a just anger to lead him into exaggeration or to obscure his calm handling of figures and facts. Indeed, his case would not be weakened if the very little in it which is based on sources other than public records and official data were to be omitted. His book will at once take rank as the standard authority on this immensely important subject—for, as he insists, it is probable that the Balkan question will be solved rather in Budapest and Agram than in Sofia and Belgrade. A frivolous or unleisured reader will prefer the slighter books of hurried travellers, but the serious student will have nothing but gratitude for its fulness, its objectivity, and its scrupulous avoidance of rhetoric.

AN UNEQUAL SATIRIST.*

Mr. Owen Seaman will not expect us to like the political views of one who, if we understand him aright, accounts the opponents of Lord Milner as

> "The graceless sort that mix
> Their gratitude with mud and bricks."

With this curious blend we do not remember to have made acquaintance, nor have we supposed any gratitude to be latent under the missiles, if they be missiles, which Mr. Seaman names. With unwrung withers we reflect that obscurity of thought is not the best equipment for a satirist. Yet we own that as a satirist Mr. Seaman has an advantage over his brothers in the Liberal camp. He can flick the weaknesses of his countrymen with no fear that he will be dubbed unpatriotic, or charged with fouling his own nest. In criticism the advantage is with a Liberal who will allow no

* "Salvage." By Owen Seaman. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

political prejudice to pass through the gates of literature. And we can meet Mr. Seaman on common ground when he tells us how little patriotism there is in those who

> "pipe a patriot tune
> Mafficking round a monument,"

or how little it helps the country

> "that weekly half a million men
> (Who never actually play'd the game),
> Hustling like cattle herded in a pen,
> Look on and shout
> While two-and-twenty hirelings hack a ball about,"

or how little worth is the man who thinks that when he has invited Heaven to "save the king" he has done his share. We can have no quarrel with the sentiment, though we may feel that no man with any poetry in him could have written such a line as that which stands above in brackets.

All but two of those pieces have already appeared and been read in "Punch." Some of them should not have been revived, for when many stand together the reader is conscious of much tenuity in the thought and not a few defects in the expression. We remember other volumes of a like source, and are not minded to put this on the same shelf. Mr. Seaman is, perhaps, at his best in satirising the weaknesses of the wealthier classes, and happier in his treatment of women than of men. We all know the lady who is given up to Bridge, but we could not all describe her as well as Mr. Seaman.

> "Your face a little flush'd with red,
> Your eyes, perhaps, a thought too keen,
> Alert to seize the subtlest clues,
> Bold in assault, a stout defender—
> If you could only bear to lose,
> You might be almost any gender."

In the last touch Mr. Seaman shows why men to whom the game is a relaxation are loath to join in a cock-and-hen party, but the weakness is not confined to one sex. Nor is it clear that it is only a pushing widow who will pay for a paragraph announcing that she is to give "a little dinner for the Countess of ——'s dance," but in attacking Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkyns Mr. Seaman prefers to pass the husband by.

A few of these pieces are parodies. Mr. Seaman is severe on Mr. Swinburne for treating such words as "livelier" and "satiate" as dissyllables. Why should he not? Not only do later poets, such as Tennyson, speak of a "livelier iris," where there are but two syllables to count in the word, but the sterner masters of an earlier time were of the same mind. Perhaps Mr. Seaman never reads Dryden. Dare we hint that we suspect Mr. Seaman of a pronunciation which we have been taught not to consider the best? Must we confess that we were bred in the old Whig tradition of speech, and that if in our boyhood we had given to the last letters of "satiate" the same value as to the last letters of "palliate" we should have suffered accordingly. Mr. Swinburne knows well what he is doing, and he could retort upon Mr. Seaman, who rhymes "ate" with "plate," a touch of Cokayne. Nay, Mr. Seaman, as the gander, rejects the sauce which he has made for his goose. How many syllables does he make of his last word but one in the line:—

> "I but rend the neighbouring air"?

What if Mr. Swinburne had followed Mr. Seaman in making but four syllables of "Samminiato"? Mr. Seaman's parody on the Poet Laureate is on surer ground, and may even, like some of the "Rejected Addresses," have the good fortune to outlive the lines which suggested it.

We do not like Mr. Seaman's politics, but, though we are going to quarrel with one of his political pieces, our quarrel will not be on political grounds. If we deal seriously with it, we have full excuse in the fact that here his touch loses its lightness. He is very angry with Dr. Macnamara for asking "whether a couple of hundred of very narrow-minded and entirely antediluvian country gentlemen . . . . were to stand in the way of the expressed wish of the people," indeed, so angry as not to see that the speaker chose his number and did not mean the whole House of Lords:—

> "My lords, I note your independent air
> Of men with none to say them Yea or Nay,
> Since no elector's favour sent you there,
> And no man's whim can pluck you thence away;
> Nothing to gain or lose!
> This makes you sadly prone to honest views."

Now, let us assume that Mr. Seaman's facts are correct, that no noble lord has anything to gain by legislation which favors the landlord, or to lose by legislation of another kind, that no noble lord has any shares in, much less the complete ownership of, a brewery. The satirist has a right to ask us to make this or any other assumption, if there be one, more at variance with the facts. We have a right, in return, to demand that his presentment of the facts as he assumes them shall be humorous or witty, or in some way amusing. Does not Mr. Seaman see that these lines of his are neither witty nor humorous, and that even the poor little touch of sarcasm in the adverb of the last line does not redeem them from the charge of brutal realism? That charge could be repelled if there were any grace of style, but we fail to see any. What was written in haste and in wrath might pass in a periodical, but should not be revived.

Mr. Seaman has many tags from other poets, of which some bear the marks of quotation, and some do not. We see no reason for the difference. To a very familiar phrase of Wordsworth, which should not have been borrowed at all, or, if borrowed, should at least have owned its author, Mr. Seaman adds lines which, though addressed to another, too consciously imply that his own advancing years

> "give the sense that solves
> What is of worth, and what,
> Upon the other hand, is not."

We hope that in making his next selection Mr. Seaman will show that he has attained to this sense. If he will give us only his best, we shall be less grudging in our praise. At present we have no choice but to call him an unequal satirist.

TCHEKHOFF'S STORIES.*

Five years ago, under the title of "The Black Monk," Mr. Long gave us an excellent selection of Tchekhoff's "Tales," and it does not surprise us to hear that while "since then Tchekhoff has remained a mere name in England," the English translation circulated chiefly in Japan! It is the fashion of English reviewers to talk unmeaningly when they are brought in contact with foreign masterpieces. Of Tchekhoff's incomparable art a journalistic critic writes: "They photograph the uncouth, barbaric, even childish emotions of Slavonic semi-civilisation. Crude would be a just word for the stories . . . inchoate and incomprehensible." Alas! the reverse is true. It is painfully evident that such crude criticism of a great artist, whose stories, as Prince Kropotkin tells us, have circulated by millions of copies among his countrymen, and "in numberless translations on the Continent, including a complete edition in German"—such blank and dead indifference on our part is painful evidence, we repeat, of our state of æsthetic barbarism. There is nothing difficult in Tchekhoff's art; his whole picture of Russian life stands before us marvellously clear, visualised unerringly and spiritually clairvoyant. For objective truth, firmness of drawing, and clearness of detail, Tchekhoff is not surpassed by Maupassant, and he is a greater master of the short story than England can boast. Yet his name is quite unknown in England, and for this we can find no explanation but our poverty in emotional sympathy. The gulf between the audience and any masterpiece of art may, of course, be painfully apparent. In the case of Whistler and his English audience, for example, it was evident that the average eye was not able to see, literally to see, his delicate tones and poetic harmonies. His pictures actually appeared to the uneducated eye as grey smudges of paint, mere daubs of drab or black. And just as people have to be trained to use their eyes, so it is necessary for them to train their minds and enlarge their human sympathies. The geologist, the antiquarian, and the farmer gazing at a landscape will each see totally different things in it, and the poet and the artist different things also. Similarly the mental outlook

* "The Kiss and Other Stories." By Anton Tchekhoff. Translated from the Russian by R. E. C. Long. Duckworth. 6s.

of people seems to fix itself and specialise on certain limited lines, according to character, occupation, and habit. Thus we see developed a mind which instinctively guards itself against art or literature that tends to weaken or break up its ideas and prepossessions. Whether our preoccupation with practical aspects, or our disuse of emotional expression, or mere puritanic woodenness be at the root of our state of æsthetic irresponsiveness we do not know, but it is very striking that the more humanly deep and the finer the shades of psychological truth presented by a piece of literature, the less does the modern Englishman seem to grasp it.

Tchekhoff's power of diving beneath the dull or confusing surface of life and laying bare the spot which holds its secret is well shown in the provincial sketch, "On Trial." An elderly peasant, Kharlamoff, a man with an apathetic hairy face, is being tried at the sessions on the charge of wife murder. He comes into the dock, guarded by a little insignificant soldier, who stumbles unexpectedly and half drops his rifle. The presiding judge, the assistant procurator, and the defending advocate chosen by the court, are all dull, listless, and bored. Four cases have already been hurried through and one postponed. The calm monotony and tedium of the legal atmosphere are all pervading. "The dark windows, the walls, the secretary's voice, the procurator's pose—all were soaked with official indifference, and exhaled a chill. . . . The narcotised peasant did not understand that his judges were as used to the dramas and tragedies of life as hospital doctors are to death, and it was just in this mechanical impartiality that lay the terror, the hopelessness of his case. For if, instead of sitting still, he had risen and begun to implore, to shed tears for mercy, to repent bitterly, to die of despair—all would have fallen as vainly upon numbed nerves and custom as waves upon a rock." The case against the prisoner is black. The witnesses, two peasant women, five men, and the detective, all fatigued with walking and waiting in the witnesses' room, agree that Kharlamoff lived with his wife "well," and beat her only when he was drunk. But when his wife was found in the shed attached to her cabin, with her skull beaten in and a hatchet lying near in a pool of blood, Kharlamoff had disappeared. They searched for him everywhere in vain, and two days later he turned up, pale, trembling, and tattered all over. Kharlamoff's explanation is that he has run away because he was afraid, and thought he might be accused. He has a spot of blood on his caftan, which he swears he got three days previously, when he helped Penkoff to bleed his horse. But Penkoff fails to remember that Kharlamoff was present then. This prisoner then denies that the hatchet found beside the dead woman is his, and declares that he possesses no hatchet. He has lost it.

> "That is not my hatchet," said the accused.
> "Whose, then?"
> "I do not know. . . . I had no hatchet."
> "No peasant can carry on his business without a hatchet. Your neighbor, Ivan Tiemofeitch, who mended the sledge with you, swears that the hatchet is yours. . . ."
> "I know nothing . . only this, that I swear before God"—Kharlamoff extended his hand and opened wide his fingers—"I swear before my true Creator . . . I cannot even remember when I last had a hatchet. I once had one like that, only a little smaller, but my son Proshka lost it. About two years before he was taken as a soldier he went to cut wood—he went playing with the children and lost it. . ."
> "That will do. Sit down!"
> The persistent distrust and unwillingness of all to listen at last irritated and enraged Kharlamoff. He blinked his eyes furiously, and on his cheek-bones appeared two bright red spots.
> "Before the eyes of God!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand. "If you do not believe me, then ask my son, Proshka!" He spoke in a rough voice, and turned suddenly to the little soldier who guarded him. "Proshka, where is the hatchet? Where is the hatchet?"
> It was a terrible moment. All in court, it seemed, sank into their seats and dwindled to points. . . Through every head like lightning flashed one and the same terrible thought, and not one out of all of them dared to look at the soldier's face. Each did his best to discredit his own ears, to cherish the delusion that he had not heard aright.
> "Prisoner, you are not allowed to speak to the guard!" said the President hastily.
> No one saw the soldier's face, and terror flew through the court unseen. The usher rose from his bench, and on tiptoes, swinging his arms, went out of the hall. In half a minute came the sound of dull footfalls, and such noises as are heard when sentries are relieved.
> All raised their heads, and, trying to look as if nothing uncommon had happened, continued their work.

This is great art; but the same cultivated people who would eagerly devour, daily, any sensational newspaper account of such a scene, may pass Tchekhoff by as "crude," failing to see that each artistic stroke is unerring, and reveals the exact human import of what we are witnessing. In life few of us penetrate beneath the appearances of things, and when we do we grow speedily confused, at the mercy of dimly-seen forces, realising their drift without clear analysis or mental perspective. The true artist comes to our rescue, and recreates the scene so that we see round it and through it and into it, without bias or exaggeration. Tchekhoff's power of painting the thin veils of our fleeting emotional moods and relating them to past or present episodes of life is so exquisitely fine that to a superficial taste his stories may appear "trival" or "pointless." A good example is offered by "The Kiss," a story in which the nervous, diffident and timid little officer, Captain Raibovitch, is the recipient of a kiss in a dark room from an unknown lady who has mistaken him for her lover. "Only a kiss, and nothing else happens," the commonplace reader will exclaim. But in fact everything happens. The whole character of the man and the exact import of his life is flashed upon us by the contrast Tchekhoff draws between the two moods of Raibovitch, the first when he falls in love with and dreams of the unknown woman, the second when he realises his hope has fled, and his life seems again thin and colorless and wretched. But so delicately drawn are these emotions that to people who have no soul they will seem what the paintings of Whistler appeared to the British public. Tchekhoff's psychological range is, indeed, extraordinary. Whether, as in "Verotchka," he is painting the confusion of a man who is too dried up to love a woman; or, as in "The Runaway," the nervous terror of a peasant boy who is scared by night sounds in a hospital; or, as in "Women," the outrage against nature of the peasants' loveless marriages breeding hideous crime; or, as in "The Reed," the pessimism of old men who have had their day; or, as in "The Princess," the pure selfishness of a worldly woman who lives for her vanity; or, as in "The Privy Councillor," the delicious comedy of a household, a pure piece of genre painting—whatever he selects for treatment Tchekhoff places against the ironical background of nature's indifference and life's transitoriness. The frame of Tchekhoff's pictures is small, but what astonishing depths of human meaning are conveyed in the depths of his backgrounds. And that is where the Russian writers beat the English hollow—in placing the individual figure in relation to the vast scheme of life around us. It is almost a special faculty they possess. No art could be less trivial than Tchekhoff's, for he shows us the incessant change and movement of life set against the eternal irony of our human aims.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE Appendix added to the new edition of the third volume of Mr. Palgrave's valuable "Dictionary of Political Economy" (Macmillan, 21s. net) includes a number of new articles of considerable importance, written in nearly all cases by men of special knowledge and bringing facts and figures up to date. But it is hardly possible for such a treatment to be other than a provisional stop-gap. Since the publication of the main body of the work, so large an amount of new industrial and other economic material has come into the forefront of affairs as to demand a far larger space than is accorded here to bring their discussion into line with the plan of such a Dictionary. The rigid economy of space has compelled some issues of first-rate importance to politicians and practical economists to be somewhat slighted. This is the case, for instance, with old age pensions, the food supply of the United Kingdom, and trade unions. In the last named short article a quite disproportionate place is given to schemes of profit-sharing which do not properly belong to the topic. No article brings up to date the movement of modern capitalism towards trusts and other forms of business combination. On the other hand, we find extremely useful accounts of

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the recent development of modern economic teaching and of economic libraries, while the articles which treat of finance and of official statistics are nearly always excellent. The same verdict may be pronounced upon several articles dealing with new controversial issues. The article on Socialism is a good and fair interpretation of the different currents in the movement, while no possible complaint can be made of the statement of the Tariff Reform case, except that a balancing article on the recent defence of Free Trade might, with advantage, have been added. A very compact and serviceable article on the income tax might, had space permitted, have been fortified by an adequate reference to the recent experience of foreign nations in developing this instrument of taxation. In one or two instances, however, important subjects have been entrusted to strong partisans who have abused the opportunity which has been afforded them. A notorious example is afforded in the article upon "Municipal and Government Trading" by a writer with the familiar initial "A." Nor is any purpose served by appending to a brief abstract of the taxing policy of the late Henry George the comment, "The danger of these operations has become more apparent as time goes on." But these, after all, are small blemishes in a large task performed with great industry, skill, and impartiality. The biographical portion of the work has been greatly strengthened, not only by short accounts of the work of writers who have died since the third volume was completed, but also by the addition of notices of a number of less known and "unorthodox" economists who had hitherto failed to obtain recognition.

The Week in the City.

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After the failure of the Bank to secure gold in the open market on Monday shrewd people in the City began to expect a rise in the Bank Rate, and the price of money and discounts began to appreciate. Others argued that there was no necessity to do anything until after the flotation of the Russian loan, when plenty of gold would be available. The directors, however, prudently refused to leave their reserve to chance, and took the very proper step of raising the rate to 3 per cent. If this proves insufficient another turn of the screw may be necessary; but in that case the higher rate would certainly be of only short duration. In spite of this change in the money outlook, there has been quite a scramble to underwrite the English portion of the Russian loan, and the Baring firm must have done very well out of it. No doubt the handsome profits which the Russian Government always gives its bankers explains the enthusiasm with which its loans are received in Paris and London. But only a small amount will be taken here. English investors have never taken to Russian Government issues, and those who have tried participation in Russian industrials have been badly bitten.

Effect of Bank Rate on Stock Markets.

Cheap money has more effect upon trade than upon investment. It is probably the best cure for trade depression, because it encourages enterprise. On the Stock Exchange it does no doubt encourage speculation. But on the other hand it stimulates capital issues which naturally and inevitably depress the prices of existing stocks. Since the end of May we have had a 2½ per cent. Bank Rate; but capital issues have been on an unprecedented scale. Consequently, with the exception of the American market and Kaffirs, there has been no strong upward movement in Stock Exchange values. In Throgmorton Street the rise of the Bank Rate does not seem to be regarded with much apprehension.

City Views of Politics and Newspapers.

The City is never in love with politics, and just now it is rather nervous and irritable. On the one hand there is Mr. Wyndham, as spokesman of the Tariff Reform League, pouring contempt upon bankers and brokers and shipowners, and telling the country that it must decide between their interests and those of the producers. This is not very nice for London, which depends principally for its prosperity and existence upon its docks and banks and exchanges. Then, on the other hand, there is Mr. Lloyd-George, whose references to robbing henroosts and fleecing millionaires have been rather upsetting. The power of the City is enormous, and its individuals often exert themselves with effect in a given direction. But there is very little collective action. Anyone who tries to push himself forward to attract public attention becomes unpopular; though there are one or two city worthies, like the Lord Mayor and the Governor of the Bank of England and Lord Rothschild, from whom on fitting occasions speeches are expected. There has recently been some emigration from the "Daily Mail" offices to the "Times." A good deal of curiosity is felt just now as to the finances of our big newspaper trusts.

The Year 1908 in the United States.

As one of the favorite questions put to Free Traders since Fiscal Reform came upon the scene has been: "Why is America so prosperous?" I have been looking, with curiosity, at the excellent financial and commercial supplements of American newspapers which were issued at the beginning of the New Year. Here is an extract from the authoritative report of the New York "Journal of Commerce" on the Fall River cotton industry: "The year has seen the sliding scale of wages put to a severe test through the reduction of 17·94 per cent. in May and its acceptance by the operatives." A little lower down on the same page one reads that in North Carolina "most of the manufactories—that is, cotton and lumber mills—have been closed down for a large part of the year, due to the effects of the panic." Happily, most of them have recently resumed operations. On the same page, again, one reads that the price of blankets made of wool is "too high for consumers of moderate means," and that consequently cotton blankets are in request. Under the heading "Disastrous Carpet Wool Year," the New York "Journal" observes: "If the year 1907 was disastrous to all engaged in the carpet wool trade, 1908 was doubly so." People here who want to know what bad trade and unemployment are, should have lived during the last fifteen months in the United States.

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Diary of the Week.

Cabinet Councils begin next week, but there is as yet no sign of a united decision on the question of the House of Lords. The speeches of Mr. Haldane and of Lord Crewe indicate a more advanced attitude than that of Mr. Churchill, both treating the question as at least the "dominating" debating issue. Speaking at Brierley Hill, Lord Crewe insisted that the question was whether the country wished to maintain its representative institutions, and that if a Conservative minority could act with the House of Lords so as to stop constitutional progress, the Liberal Party "could not go on." But with it would go Conservatism also, and there would be an end of the party system. Mr. Haldane, delivering at Lancaster a speech that the "Times," under its new management, reports to the extent of fourteen lines, declared that the Lords acted as a "barrier in the highway," and proposed three or four year Parliaments as a means of strengthening the unity between the mind of the nation and that of the House of Commons. He preferred this solution to that of the Referendum, which would, he feared, destroy the autonomy of the popular Chamber. The Labor Party, speaking through its Chairman, Mr. Henderson, appear willing to act strongly with the Government against the Lords, but they will certainly not act alone if the campaign is postponed till next year. Liberal feeling appears to be divided, and the Government is likely to commit itself to a waiting policy, apparently under the impression that the Lords will throw out the Budget—an almost unthinkable contingency

* * *

On this question of the Lords and the Budget, it is, we think, vital that the constitutional position should not be given away. The Prime Minister, and, we believe, every Cabinet Minister who has spoken on the point, have declared that the Lords cannot be allowed to dictate the time or the subject of dissolution. Unfortunately Mr. Churchill has suggested an exception in the case of a rejection of this year's Budget. We cannot think that such a view will be entertained for a single moment. The rejection of the Budget, if our "Junkers" dared so to violate the constitution of the land, would, of course, set the fiery cross going. But it is incredible that the Government would dissolve. Their first business would be to re-pass the Budget, line for line, comma for comma, through the Commons, and send it up again without an hour's delay. If the Lords again rejected it, the whole party would call on the Prime Minister to ask of the King the creation of a sufficient number of life peers to drown the hostile majority. But that we should dissolve without an effort to assert the historic power of the Commons over finance is unthinkable. If Gladstone could force the repeal of the paper duties on the Lords, after a single rejection, we can surely defeat an attempt to destroy the whole financial provision of the year. When the Government had driven the Budget through the Lords, they would, of course, appeal to the country, with the sure prospect of a verdict for sweeping the peers away. But not an hour before.

* * *

On this matter, the "British Weekly" writes with much point and vigor. It says:—

> Mr. Winston Churchill is quite right when he argues that the House of Lords have no right to force a Dissolution when they please. As we pointed out the other week, the "Spectator" of Hutton and Townsend maintained this as a fundamental article in the creed of liberty. But until quite recently nobody suggested that they had the power to force a Dissolution on the Budget; and now the Government have apparently been delivered into the hands of the enemy by Mr. Churchill's admission that they have the right, that they may use the right, and that they will be beaten if they use the right. We say there is no right.

* * *

In the absence of Mr. Balfour at Biarritz, the zealots who compose the fighting wing of the Protectionist Party have completed their plans for driving out the remnant of the Free Food Section and turning every Conservative candidate for the next election into a pledged supporter of Tariff Reform. This movement, which reveals the fact that, so far from capturing the country, the Tariff Reformers have not even converted the Conservative Party, was set on foot on Monday by the "Morning Post," acting as the organ of the "Confederates." The ground was that Mr. Balfour might have to form a Government after the next General Election with a majority of only thirty, and that, if this included the sixteen "Free-fooders" or "doubtfuls" now in Parliament, these gentlemen would vote against and destroy a Protectionist Budget. This seems a rather naïve way of suggesting that a Protectionist minority would have the right to propose a Protective tariff in face of an actual Free Trade majority. In any case, the Free-fooders and the wobblers have now received public notice to quit. The "Post" practically assumes the connivance of Mr. Hughes, the principal agent of the Conservative Party,

who is called upon to falsify Mr. Balfour's refusal to make fiscal views a test of membership of the party.

* * *

The publication of the "Post's" "black list," which classifies eleven members as opponents of Protection and six as doubtful, has apparently broken the resistance of two members, Mr. Younger and Sir H. S. King, while in the case of a third, Mr. Bowles the younger, member for Norwood, the local Conservative Council have carried an adverse vote. It appears that a similar assault is to be made on Lord Robert Cecil, in spite of his close relationship to Mr. Balfour, and the great ability of his contribution to the work of opposition in Parliament. The Conservative Central Office, according to the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Times," declines to identify itself with the tactics of the "Confederates," but declares that it will only support candidates accepting Mr. Balfour's Birmingham definition of Tariff Reform. The Unionist Free Trade Club have resolved to defend the Free-fooders against electoral attack. But why do they not definitely ask Mr. Balfour whether in future all Conservatives must be Protectionists, and get from him an answer that can be published?

* * *

We observe that a "representative meeting" is to be held in the City, with the ostensible view of strengthening the hands of the Prime Minister in maintaining his recent declaration on the character of the two-Power standard. We hope that this meeting will define its terms. On the question of a strong Navy the country is agreed, and the matter is not one either for debate or for demonstration. But what we want to know is whether the City meeting is to be called in order to support Mr. Arthur Lee's version of the Prime Minister's answer, in other words in order to invite this country to build against America as well as against Germany, *plus* ten per cent. We know well that the Prime Minister repudiates any such interpretation. And we may add that it means in hard cash that we must spend about £52,000,000 a year on the Naval Estimates. On this we have only two remarks to make. The first is that the country will not do it, and the second is that it cannot.

* * *

The country has been enlightened as to the extent of its liabilities in the way of Old Age Pensions to the close of December, 1908. Up to that date, 596,038 pensions had been issued, a total covering about one person in seventy in the United Kingdom. The "Daily Chronicle" suggests that this means that nearly one out of every two persons of pensionable age is drawing this State allowance. The total cost works out at £7,450,000, of which six and a quarter millions will have to be found in this year's Budget. It appears that Ireland does best out of the pension fund. With only about ten per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom, she gets thirty per cent. of the pension money, while the far richer England and Wales, with seventy-eight per cent. of the population, get only sixty per cent. of the pension money.

* * *

On Sunday the Russian Government issued a statement as to the proposals with regard to Persia which have been laid before the British Government. "The traditional individual power of the Shah" must be maintained as "essential," but the Shah is to be persuaded to convoke a Mejliss "as a legislative institution on a clearly defined basis, corresponding to the requirements of the country, and not in the chaotic manner of the formation of the first Mejliss." The Shah is to have a loan—arrangements are already being made to raise it in Paris—but in return must admit representatives of the two Powers in the capacity of advisers to control the reorganisation of the country. A later amplification, likewise from St. Petersburg—it should be noticed that all the information comes from Russia—adds that Persian Constitutionalists, as well as the Shah's delegates, will be invited to "confer" with British and Russian representatives.

* * *

This last arrangement is, we suppose, intended to still British anxiety, but it does not conceal the manifest fact that the Russian proposals amount to the establishment of a condominium in Persia on the Egyptian model, with Russia playing the part of England and eliminating England from Persia as England eliminated France from Egypt. The Nationalists are in the highest degree apprehensive. Their sentiments are expressed by Sheikh Mirza Ali, one of the highest Persian ecclesiastics, who protests against the projected foreign loan and foreign control. Persia, he says, wants neither foreign gold nor foreign troops, but if there is strict non-intervention the Persian people will speedily restore the Constitution and put their house in order. The "Manchester Guardian's" special correspondent in Tabriz reports that that city is almost completely invested, and that an early attack by the Royalists is expected.

* * *

Lord Northcote, one of the most successful Governors of the Australian Commonwealth, made an interesting speech on Australia at a dinner given in his honor on Tuesday at the Royal Colonial Institute. He thought that the political loyalty of Australia to the Mother-land was unshakable, and was increased by the personal popularity of the King, that the Federal system was quite secure, and that the dominating Australian issue was the increase of its population. What would Australia decide to do with the half million square miles she owned in the tropical North, and for which she could only supply two thousand white settlers, who were not likely to rear permanently a healthy and virile race? He thought that Australia ought to facilitate the immigration of people of British race. He dealt a heavy blow at the Preferentialists by declaring that Australia was growing more and more Protectionist, that she was determined to protect her manufactures against all competition, and that it was impossible for Great Britain to conclude a Zollverein with her on a basis of equal access to Colonial markets.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, speaking at Washington on Monday on his favorite subject of the expansion of the white races, gave a very handsome testimonial to British rule in India. He thought our Indian administration the greatest feat of government of a mixed population by a European race since the break-up of the Roman Empire. British rule was unselfish, for England drew nothing from India for her purposes, but spent Indian revenues purely on Indian needs. All civilisation, therefore, would hope for the stability and permanence of British rule, and this was the verdict of American missionaries in India. Economically, too, the country was better off than it was before, and than it could hope to be if our Government were withdrawn.

* * *

The greater part of the text of the draft agreement between Turkey and Austria, which is now under con-

sideration in Vienna, has been published. The new points in it are a provision for liberty of religion and conscience for Bosnian Mussulmans, who will be permitted to mention the name of the Khalif in the mosques; permission for Bosnian Mussulmans to emigrate to Turkey within three years; and a pledge by Austria to support Turkey at the forthcoming Conference. Apparently Austria is not expected to abandon her protectorate over the Albanian Catholics. Little doubt is felt that the protocol will soon be satisfied, and the Turkish Government is already taking steps to put an end to the boycott. Baron Burian, the Austrian Minister of Finance, says that a Bosnian Diet may be expected to meet this summer, and that it will be elected by curiæ of members of the three chief religions—Orthodox, Mohammedan, and Catholic. It is to be hoped that the Bosnian Constitution will be genuinely Liberal, for upon it will turn the future of the settlement and of the peace of the Balkans.

* * *

On Friday and Monday the French Chamber discussed the Government's Morocco policy. M. Jaurès asked the Government whether a secret report by Gen. Lyautey, the High Commissioner, recommending a triple line of armed posts and the occupation of a strip equal to one-eighth of Morocco bordering on the Algerian frontier and separating Fez from the Hinterland, represented the Government's policy. He urged that France should display sincere good-will towards Morocco, and, instead of lapsing into further adventures which would bring her into conflict with Germany, should make an effort to get on good terms with Germany. M. Pichon, the Foreign Minister, in reply, spoke amiably but without fervor of a Franco-German *rapprochement*. He insisted that Gen. Lyautey's report was merely a suggestion, though he refused to publish it and ignored the fact that M. Regnault, who is now on a special mission to Fez, had protested that it condemned his diplomatic enterprise to failure from the outset. The French Government, said M. Pichon, would organise in collaboration with the Sultan a joint frontier police and open markets, but would neither set up fortified posts nor occupy territory. He was anxious to come to a full understanding with Mulai Hafid, and M. Regnault's chief duties would be to settle the amount of the indemnity and the date and manner of the evacuation of the Shawia. France would not be exacting with regard to the amount of the indemnity. In closing the debate M. Jaurès professed himself satisfied if the Government's policy was carried out by its agents in accordance with M. Pichon's declarations.

* * *

On Tuesday Prince Bülow made a couple of speeches to the satisfaction of the not very exacting Prussian Diet. Prussian finances are in as bad a way as Imperial, and the Chancellor eloquently pleaded for new taxes and old-fashioned simplicity of life and economy to put them through. Prince Bülow got on to a pleasanter topic when he reverted once more to the part he had played in shielding the Kaiser and keeping the relations between Kaiser and people cordial, and he finished up in a glow of monarchical enthusiasm which strikes Englishmen as rather quaint. The passage, however, most to the taste of his hearers was his assurance that Radicalism and every bourgeois school of politics were respectable tabernacles for the civil servant, but no Socialist would be allowed in the official fold. The strength of the anti-Socialist spirit in the Prussian Diet even among the advanced Liberals had been illustrated the day before by the quashing of the elections of four Socialist members for Berlin on the ground that the voting registers had been incorrectly made up. There was precisely the same flaw in the registers of the whole twelve Berlin divisions, but six of these twelve were Radicals. These were passed over and the four Socialist seats which are thought likely of capture were emptied.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt has been having another violent brush with the anti-Japanese section in California. The anti-Japanese party introduced into the State Legislature Bills for segregating Japanese into ghettoes, for making them ineligible to hold land or shares and directorships in limited liability companies, and for excluding them from the public schools. Mr. Roosevelt called these proposals "folly, bad faith, and iniquity," telegraphed to the Governor to delay their progress, and sent a letter saying that there was not a shadow of excuse for the course suggested, which might upset the agreement with Japan and open the whole question again. Mr. Gillette, the Governor, replied there was no chance of the Bills passing, and the well-informed New York correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" says that Mr. Roosevelt has damaged the cause he has at heart by giving an unwarranted advertisement to a few agitators. According to this correspondent, the Bills which provoked Mr. Roosevelt's outburst are introduced in one form or another every session without any prospect or real intention that they should become law, and Mr. Roosevelt, by "butting in," has simply given the gutter Press of the United States and Japan the opportunity of warming up passions in either country.

* * *

The comedy of the Charlesworth case has come to its expected end. Miss Violet Charlesworth was identified as a lady who stayed at an Oban hotel under the name of Miss Macleod. She then openly joined her sister, and admitted her deliverance from the perils of the cliff and the motor car. She is said to have made excellent terms for interviews and to have been offered £100 a week for her appearance at a music hall. We do not know which journalist can claim this lady as the special victim of his bow and spear, but we are sure the Press as a whole is proud to be identified with this triumph of the detective art.

* * *

The new Russian loan, though eagerly competed for by London underwriters, has not attracted enthusiasm in this country. As a Stock Exchange writer put it on Wednesday: "New Russians have been ¼ premium, the price being somewhat nominal." Of course, the unfriendliness of the Jewish houses, both to the Russian and Finnish loan (for Jews are persecuted in both countries), has been an adverse factor. But the main reason why British investors hold aloof is that they regard Russian finance with deep suspicion. The political unrest and the constant news of torture and executions in all parts of Russia point to the possibility of another period of revolution and civil war. Moreover, the suspicion is growing that the Russian loans are not legitimate capital expenditure on railways, &c., in time of peace, but are merely intended to bolster up an incompetent Government. Without these loans (say people in the City) the Russian Government would default. And, as a matter of fact, the proceeds of the new Russian loan are to be retained in Paris by the French bankers, in order to provide this year's interest on the 400 millions or more of Russian debt which is now held in France.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TURN OF THE CONFEDERATE SCREW.

It is just a year since a member of the little group of Protectionist stalwarts who call themselves "Confederates," set forth, in the congenial columns of the "Morning Post," the amiable nature of their calling. They were "primarily an association of personal friends who have at heart the carrying out of the Birmingham programme," as laid down by Mr. Balfour. They had no idea of interfering with the choice of candidates by local Unionist Associations. But they were willing to assist electors, in constituencies represented by Unionist Free Traders who sought other candidates, "to find the men they want"; and they hoped that in due process of time "the small number of members who are at present standing outside the Party will see reason to change their views and to work in harmony with its declared programme."

A year has passed, to eager eyes a general election is drawing near, and still there are Unionist members so besotted as not to "see reason." The iron hand must now be shown beneath the velvet glove. So we have this week the "posting" of eleven defaulters and six "doubtfuls" with an open avowal of the intention of the Confederacy to put up a Protectionist candidate in every constituency where an impenitent should dare to stand. This declaration of the Junto is backed by an official announcement that the support of the central party organisation will be withheld from any candidate who does not explicitly adopt the "accepted policy" of tariff reform, upon Mr. Balfour's Birmingham basis. If this test were rigorously applied, it is argued that the Unionist party at the next elections would be purged of Free Traders, either by the enforced retirement of these bold, bad men before the poll, or by the victory of a Liberal Free Trader where a triangular contest took place. For though the heroic policy of refusing to press a Liberal candidature where a Confederate opposed a Free Fooder might, as the "Manchester Guardian" suggests, be practicable in some Lancashire constituencies, it could hardly be expected that this avowal of an issue more "dominating" than the House of Lords could be widely adopted. The Liberal Party must, after all, guard its own. It cannot go far towards helping a faction that cannot help itself, and professes its aversion from even the most moderate developments of the policy of social reform.

The Free-fooder is certainly placed in a difficult position. For the Protectionist set up against him would presumably be able to claim the official blessing (and cash) withheld from him, on the ground that he satisfied the party test. If this be so, it is nonsense to assert, as does the "Times," that the Conservative Central Office has no intention of interfering in any way with the selection of candidates by local associations. The logic of this coercive policy is, from the standpoint of the convinced Protectionist, unimpeachable. Protection has to all appearance been accorded the position of priority in the Conservative policy of the near future. It looks like the winning cause, or the cause on which least may be lost, and for the average party man this is usually enough. Nothing else is pushed; nothing regularly heard on the party platforms. The party organisation and Mr. Balfour have endorsed this view, and its acceptance may reasonably be required of candidates as a test of party loyalty. For though there are other important party issues, it is undeniable that the return of Unionist members who might overthrow the Unionist Government by a hostile vote upon their opening Budget is a peril against which the party must take every possible precaution. Even the provisional offer to resign after election, in case the Unionist Government should propose a fiscal measure which they were unable to support, is a precarious arrangement.

But though the prospect for the Free-fooders looks black, we are disposed to think that this brutal "clubbing" policy will arouse a spirit of resentment in the more independent constituencies. The dictation of the central "machine" has never been popular in the towns, and its operation by a conspiracy of masked assassins, marking down for political slaughter men whose courage and high principles are attested by the very charge on which they are condemned, is likely to evoke a rally in their favor. Though Norwood Conservatives seem disposed to give their *congé* to Mr. Bowles, we shall be surprised if Marylebone and East Herts readily acquiesce in the demand that they shall rid themselves of representatives so able and so personally popular as Lord R. Cecil and Mr. Abel Smith; while the three Universities whose members are on the prescribed list may be expected, with some confidence, to defend their independence of judgment against the new fanaticism.

For neither logic nor fanaticism is palatable in this country. The Confederates are committing the same error of tactics as the suffragettes. To press a policy to all its logical conclusions, disregarding all incidents of personality and of occasion, is a parade of principle offensive to ordinary British nature. It ignores the actual psychology of an electorate. The average voter does not want his politics sent down in a compact platform from a London office, with each plank assigned its proper place and valuation. He may be quite a hot-headed Protectionist, but it does not follow that he is prepared to reject on this shibboleth a man who has commanded his respect and admiration on general and personal grounds for many years. It is, therefore, at least likely that this assault upon the local independence of Conservatives may damage the central machine more than the position of the Free-fooders.

But one other weakness lurks in the Confederate policy. Even if they can coerce all Unionist candidates to toe the line of Mr. Balfour's Birmingham platform, what have they achieved? They are avowed Protectionists, but is Mr. Balfour? Has he bound himself to introduce in his next administration a definitely Protectionist tariff? No such thing. Even the Birming-

ham platform, though slightly more definite than his own free utterances, does not bind him. It does, indeed, "broaden the basis of taxation," and approve "powers of negotiation" and of "preferential commercial arrangements with the Colonies." But on the plain issue of protecting British industries, it only pledges him to "safeguarding our great productive industries from unfair competition." Now Mr. Balfour has never defined the term "unfair," and until he does so fully and unequivocally, no sensible Confederate can feel safe in his shoes. For it will be remembered that though Mr. Chamberlain has vouched for the soundness of Mr. Balfour's Protectionism, the leader of the Opposition has always repudiated the title. We commend to the Confederates a closer consideration of the following *locus classicus* from his speech of February, 1907: "I am, as I have often proclaimed myself, in the true sense of the word, a Free Trader. I am still, as I have always been, opposed to Protection in the true sense of the word—namely, the attempt, not to protect British industries against illegitimate competition, but the attempt to protect British interests against legitimate competition." Now, the interpretation of "illegitimate," as that of "unfair," has always been left open by Mr. Balfour. We all have reason to know that he is a past master of the art of illusive exposition. But, so far as he has given illustrations of unfair and illegitimate competition, he has always relied on instances of foreign bounties, cartels, and other instruments for sending imports into this country at less than a genuine cost price. He has never said that he will support Protection as it is carried out in the "scientific" tariff of the United States or Germany, in which no sort of successful foreign competition displacing home-made goods ranks as legitimate. In other words, there is no reason for supposing that Mr. Balfour holds that the successful competition of foreign goods, based on lower wages or more efficient methods or cheaper raw materials, is illegitimate. But the Confederates and the Protectionist party of this country certainly interpret "illegitimate" and "unfair" competition on American and German lines, not on Balfourian lines. Why, then, do they suppose that victory is secure for them, if they can force all Unionist candidates to swallow Mr. Balfour's slippery formula? They can only come to such a conclusion if they conclude, or have reason to conclude, that Mr. Balfour's platform exposition of his economic views is a mere blind, and that though he has left himself a door of escape from true Protection almost as wide as that of the Free-fooders themselves, he does not intend to avail himself of it. And that seems a perilous plank to stand on.

THE FATE OF PERSIA.

Unless the news which reaches this country from semi-official sources in Russia is seriously misinformed or intentionally misleading, we are now on the eve of a momentous intervention in Persia, which is likely to be consummated before Parliament meets. The essence of the scheme which M. Isvolsky has put forward is that a considerable sum of money should be lent to the Persian Government by Russia, a favor which it is to repay by accepting some form of foreign control. The Persian Government means in this context the Shah, for his Ministers are his creatures, and the Parliament, after its dispersal and the demolition of its buildings, has been solemnly condemned as an institution which the Shah will never consent to revive. The Russians do apparently propose to restore it in some maimed and truncated form. The franchise is to be altered, and its functions apparently confined to legislation. It is part of M. Stolypin's theory of Constitutional government that Parliaments have no concern with the acts of the Executive. The first Duma was dissolved for inquiring into a *pogrom*. The Persian *Mejliss* is apparently to be reduced to a similar impotence. As for the Shah, his "traditional individual power" is to be upheld, which means, we suppose, that though, like the Tsar, he is forced to tolerate a sort of Duma, he will remain in theory an autocrat. But the distribution of impotence between Shah and *Mejliss* is an academic question. The real control of the administration is to be vested in foreign "advisers," attached on the Egyptian plan to the various ministries. The published summary of the Russian note does not specify their nationality, but presumably they will be either Russians alone, or Russians and Englishmen. We are not clear whether this plan involves a military occupation. If the Nationalists continued to maintain their resistance at Tabriz and Ispahan, this also would be necessary. If, on the other hand, they disbanded their levies, the disciplined Persian Cossacks under Colonel Liakhoff and his Russian staff would remain the only real armed force in the country. In either event the finances, the administration, and the army would be in foreign hands, and Persia would have become in effect a Russian dependency.

It would be an affectation to express surprise at these Russian proposals. We have expected nothing less since the Convention was signed. Russia has for a century past steadily pursued her purpose of forcing her way to the warm waters of the Persian Gulf. She has removed the obstacle of British resistance; it only now remains to make an end of what is left of Persian independence. We are more concerned to inquire what Sir Edward Grey's attitude will be. The Russian newspapers assume that his acquiescence is already assured, and a leading article in Wednesday's "Times" proceeds on the same assumption. The "Times" also appears to think that it would be a perfectly correct proceeding to lend money to an Asiatic despot who is at war with his subjects. It does, indeed, stipulate for the restoration of the *Mejliss*, but it also demands a less democratic franchise and the acceptance of foreign "supervision." It is aware that such an intervention involves a departure from the policy to which England and Russia are pledged, for it reminds its readers that Sir Edward Grey and M. Isvolsky have expressed their "desire" not to interfere in Persia's "internal affairs *to a greater degree than can be helped.*" That may have been their desire; their pledge was something much more binding. It was thus worded in a memorandum addressed by the British Legation in Teheran

to the Persian Foreign Minister (September 14th, 1907):—

> "The object of the two Powers in making this Agreement is not in any way to attack, but rather to assure for ever the independence of Persia. Not only do they not wish to have at hand any excuse for intervention, but their object in these friendly negotiations was *not to allow one another to intervene* on the pretext of safeguarding their interests. The two Powers hope that in the future Persia will be for ever delivered from the fear of foreign intervention, and will thus be perfectly free to manage her own affairs in her own way, whereby advantage will accrue both to herself and to the whole world."

So far from "not allowing one another to intervene," the two Powers, if we may trust the newspapers which are in touch with their Foreign Offices, are about to support each other in interfering. So far from allowing Persia to "manage her own affairs in her own way," England and Russia, on the Isvolsky plan, will be "controlling" or "supervising" her affairs, and even dictating to her what precisely her franchise shall be. The reasons which the "Times" advances for such a breach of faith are so flimsy and, indeed, so ignorant, as hardly to deserve mention. It cannot even allege the conventional pretext, usual on such occasions, of some outrage on British subjects. But Persia has become "an intolerable nuisance," and even a "potential danger" to her "civilised neighbors," and "affords openings to the ambitions and intrigues of unscrupulous outsiders." We learn for the first time that Persia has civilised neighbors. Are they the Afghans, the Baluchis, the Kurds of Turkey, or the wild tribes of the Russian Caucasus? What danger threatens from a State without an army, wholly absorbed in its internal quarrels? And who are the "outsiders" strong enough to challenge the dominant positions of Russia and England at Teheran?

That Persia is in a state of anarchy and civil war is, unfortunately, indisputable. But it is not, as we read the news, a hopeless anarchy. It came about because Russia supported the Shah. It will continue only so long as she supports him. The "Times," indeed, virtually admits this when it suggests that, failing his acceptance of a loan on the Anglo-Russian terms, the Shah should at last be told that he "will be left to his fate." There, inferentially, is an admission of the central fact of the present chaos, which is, we imagine, as well known to the "Times" as it is to ourselves. In the past the Shah has not been "left to his fate"; he has been supported. The real origin of the present crisis was the decision taken by both Powers at the time of the Reval meeting to support him. The leaders of the Persian Parliament were officially informed of this decision on the eve of the Shah's *coup d'état*, and warned that if they resisted him a foreign occupation would follow. That is why the *coup d'état* was successful and provoked at first no organised resistance. That is why Colonel Liakhoff, an officer on the Russian active list, was allowed to destroy the Parliament House and praised for his conduct on this occasion in a Russian official *communiqué*. The support of Russia did not stop here. Professor Browne has published documents which prove that Russia supplied cartridges to the Royalist forces at Tabriz, and there is evidence, less absolutely conclusive, but still impressive, to show that both before and after the *coup d'état* the Shah was financed by the official Russian Bank. In other words, the anarchy of which the Powers complain is the deliberate work of one of them. Russia enabled a savage Asiatic despot, who tortures and beheads his opponents without a pretence of trial, to destroy the one force which made for order and progress in Persia. Because it is evident that he cannot much longer hold his own against the united influence of the Nationalists and the clergy, she now invites our assistance in an intrigue which must for ever destroy all but the name of Persian independence.

It is probable that Persia will require not only a loan, but the services of European experts. But this country will be false alike to her sympathies and her interests if she facilitates any loan save at the request of a restored Persian Parliament; nor can Persia retain her effective independence unless the Parliament is free to choose and control its foreign experts, and to fix its franchise for itself. Until a Parliament, freely elected on the old basis, invites our assistance and can control the Minister with whom we negotiate, we have no status in the internal affairs of Persia, and no right, moral or legal, to intervene. The problem which the Persians have to solve is admittedly difficult, but it is less complicated than that which confronts the Young Turks. Nothing but the unscrupulous hostility of the Russian bureaucracy can make it desperate. In the Balkan crisis Sir Edward Grey took his stand as a friend of the Constitutional idea in the East, and the champion of legality and international good faith. Every argument which told against Austrian policy in Bosnia militates with equal force against Russian policy in Persia. We desire efficiency in Persia, but even more precious is the ideal of self-government. Nor can we believe that Russian rule would be even moderately efficient and humane. Russia has a definite Imperial object to serve in absorbing Persia on Egyptian lines. We also have interests in Persia, and we have treaty rights. Both authorise us to veto the Russian advance. Subservience to Russian policy would damage our prestige throughout the East, ruin our good name among Mohammedan reformers, and expose us to the criticism of our new friends in Turkey. It is a still more fatal objection that it would destroy a promising experiment in popular government, and enslave an intelligent and spirited race which has deserved a better fate.

THE CASE FOR AFFORESTATION.

The Government is, we think, highly fortunate in having before it at the present moment a scheme of economic and social betterment at once so simple and practical, and, at the same time, so generally popular, as that presented by the report of the Erosion Commission in favor of national afforestation. The reform in itself has never attracted the opposition of any party in the State, and the slight character of the reservations which a high Tory like Mr. Stanley Wilson attaches to his adoption of the Commission's report is welcome evidence of that fact. Afforestation has found friends with Moderates like Mr.

Munro Ferguson and extremists of the type of Mr. Keir Hardie; and all the while a small but very competent body of experts, headed by Professor Schlich, have incessantly preached the economic value of the German, French, and Belgian experiments in sylviculture. The ground, therefore, has been well prepared, and there is a special reason why we should begin to cultivate it without further delay. The question has suddenly become an urgent one. The world's supply of suitable timber is rapidly giving out at the moment when its newly acquired passion for reading, combined with a change in the method of paper-making, has enormously increased the demand. Nearly all the great timber countries are now fully conscious of the need, and have woke up to the necessity of renewing their rapidly dwindling store of trees. The United States and Canada are keenly alive to the necessity of conserving and re-stocking their forests, while Germany has for a hundred years maintained an admirable school of forestry, the rich fruits of which can be seen to-day by any traveller through the densely wooded slopes of the Black Forest. We alone, with a climate better suited to afforestation than that of central Europe, have neither done nor attempted anything worth the name. Save for naval shipbuilding we have hardly tried to grow trees for use. We have grown them to round off a garden pleasance, or to give dignity and variety of outline to park land, or to provide cover for ground game, and we can, of course, show many interesting examples of the culture of single trees. But though we possess some of the most beautiful stretches of woodland in the world, they present in the main examples of deformed and extravagant growth. Short boles, bent wood, knotted wood, wood over-encumbered with branches, trees too thinly planted and too much exposed to the sun's rays, stunted trees, and trees with too tapering stems—are the outstanding characteristics of our few national forests. One of the most delightful of them—namely, Windsor Forest—was the despair of the little school of Indian forestry which was driven from Coopers Hill. The Forest of Dean was long an example of nearly every fault that the skilful forester should avoid. Such a task as the use, care, and replacement of our timber stores has never been seriously undertaken.

The proposal of the Commission would bring this state of things to an end, and is a definite plan for the formation of a State Department, furnished with the resources necessary for the development of a practically untapped source of natural wealth. The scheme would in due time increase the area of our State-owned forests to about a third of that of Germany, and—on the assumption that 9,000,000 acres in Great Britain and Ireland, now subject to poor forms of pastoral culture, but suited to afforestation, were all wooded—would enable us to dispense with the twenty millions pounds' worth of foreign-grown timber which we import every year. This, in its turn, involves a scheme of compulsory purchase and management which only a central department of State could initiate and control. No private owner could provide the continuity of management required for the development of a forest area, save in rare examples, such as appear on the Holkham estate of Lord Leicester, or could afford to wait for forty years before his investment became self-supporting, or for eighty years till it reached its full commercial value. The Commissioners contemplate an investment which at the end of eighty years would yield the State a return of about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for its money, and present it with a property worth £562,000,000, with an income of $17\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Clearly it would not be fair to lay on this generation the whole burden of building up so enormous an asset, which would only begin to be remunerative by about the time that two generations of men had passed away. The cost of afforestation must be provided by a Treasury loan, the first annual charge of which would be £90,000.

This is the purely economic view of the Commissioners' scheme; but they have added to it the half-social, half-economic, purpose of dealing with unemployment. Here, again, we think that they will carry with them practically the whole public that matters. On afforestation Mr. Burns is in entire agreement with the Labor Party. Afforestation entirely escapes his objections to what he picturesquely calls "doss-house philanthropy," and Mr. Ivor Guest and his colleagues do not propose any application of it to unemployment which would deprive it of its self-supporting and finally profitable character. It is also a new industry for these islands, and therefore represents a direct addition to the volume of employment, as well as an indirect addition in the shape of subsidiary trades for sawing and splitting wood, and preparing it for the market. It does not permanently divert industry from any of its accustomed channels, and it happens to fit in with the crux of the unemployed problem—namely, the distress arising in the winter months. These chance to be the planting period, and though later on a regular forestry staff would be required, if a system of periodical planting and continual tending is adopted, there will always be a call for special work from the end of October to the middle of April.

A problem of some difficulty does unquestionably arise as to the character of the labor to be employed. Most of the acreage suitable for tree-planting is situated in the north of England and in Scotland; that is to say, in districts remote from the capital, and from some, though not all, of the usual centres of distress. And it is improbable that the more skilled forms of labor required could be recruited from the more demoralised or the physically feebler class of the unemployed. But the Commission believe, on the strength of a large body of evidence, that for the unskilled work, such as digging and clearing the ground of weeds and undergrowth, considerable numbers of the unemployed are fitted without training, and that for the more difficult labor, such as actual planting, the State, in its own interests, can afford a little preliminary training. In the whole transaction, indeed, the State has the advantage of the individual capitalist. He requires quick returns, the State can recoup itself with slow ones. He has no time to concern himself over-much with the *morale* of his laborers; for it, with its unending life and developing responsibilities, the maintenance of a good human stock is of the essence of its business. But even if we abandon the element of direct and immediate moral and

physical improvement for the unemployed, the scheme stands good. Though only some of the 18,000 men whom the Commission propose immediately to employ—a body growing, as the scheme develops, to 90,000—were taken direct from the ranks of the unemployed, there would arise an immediate spur to the labor market in the provision of a new industry, eminently fitted to stop the drift to the towns, establishing a new set of rural trades, and finding work in the open air for about ten times the pastoral population which afforestation could possibly displace. We may even take some discount off the Commissioners' estimates, and conclude that they have presented the country with a "business proposition" which no enlightened, or even moderately efficient, community can reject.

THE CONTROL OF THE MOTOR CAR.

A VIGOROUS article in the current number of the "Quarterly Review" bears testimony to the growth of public feeling in regard to comfort and safety in street and highway. The supineness of the Press, which reports the daily accidents without comment, and almost without description, the extraordinary quiescence of the British public in all matters that do not touch the interest of sect or party, the dumb patience of the rural laboring classes which suffer most, confirm motorists in an unreal sense of security, and foster the illusion that there is no body of opinion strong enough to effect the changes required. But no doubt can exist in the minds of careful observers that the past two years, and especially the last twelve months, have witnessed a strong and rapid growth of opinion. Far from being the prejudice against innovation which motorists declare it to be, the indignation against the recklessness with which the freedom allowed them by the Act of 1903 has been abused has steadily grown from year to year. On the first appearance of the motor car, all people were ready to welcome it as a new invention pregnant with the greatest probabilities of development. These possibilities remain, and we believe that to this day there are few, if any, who could strictly be called anti-motorists in the sense that they desire to see the motor abolished. But little by little people discovered that what was exceedingly useful and enjoyable to its owner could be a source of recurrent danger and constant annoyance to the general public. For a long time the majority of people were good humouredly prepared to put up with discomforts and inconveniences which they took to be necessary incidents of a new mode of locomotion. It was only the multiplication of cars, and the deliberate and persistent abuse of the extended powers given by the Act of 1903, which very slowly brought men over, one by one, to see that something very drastic has to be done if the pedestrian, the cyclist, and the horse-drawn vehicle are to remain upon the road, if children on the way to school are to enjoy reasonable safety, and if the slow and infirm are to be allowed out of their homes except under penalty of imminent risk to life and limb. With every cheapening of the cars the peril increases. It is not uncommon to read of a couple of inquests in the same day's papers. In almost all cases juries refuse to find a verdict against the driver. He is doing but what other men do, and what the law allows him to do. As long as he does not evince palpable inhumanity by running away without enquiring into the fate of his victim or endeavoring to repair the injury, there is a reluctance to impute personal blame. Over and over again the newspaper paragraphist advertises the benevolence of the motorist in picking up and conveying to the hospital the man he has run over, or in expressing sympathy with his relations and defraying the funeral expenses. One is almost tempted to think that the honor of being conveyed to a mortuary in a magnate's car is to be taken as ample compensation for the insignificant incident of death, and we have seen cases of a coroner's jury recording their sympathy with the family of the motorist along with that of his victim as if the two stood at least upon a par.

Nor are motorists quick to abate their claims. One still sees the argument urged in newspaper correspondence that the roads were made for "traffic," as though our ancestors had prevision of petrol and sixty miles an hour—that children must learn not to play in them, but walk sedately to school, and that, as for the old or infirm, they are nothing accounted of in days when the survival of the fittest has become a watchword. The dangers of the Embankment between tramcars on the one hand and taxicabs on the other have become familiar to all London. Yet Lord Montagu of Bealieu protests in the "Times" against the erection of any more refuges in a street which it has become an acrobatic feat to cross in safety. It matters not a jot to Lord Montagu that thousands and thousands of Londoners must cross the Embankment to get to their cars. What has he to do with mere pedestrians? The road must be kept for fast traffic, for those wealthy enough to own a motor car, or, at least, sufficiently well-to-do to depend on the taxicab. As to the foot pasengers, they should cross by subway. Underground is good enough for them. For those who cannot afford the means of fast transit in the open air there are already tubes and subways and underground railways, and for these no doubt a subterranean future is reserved in the coming Utopia of the motorist when the horse will be visible only at the Zoological Gardens, the last bicycle be preserved at South Kensington, and pedestrianism on the motorists' highway will be stigmatised as a crime.

The "Quarterly Review" is unsparing in its plain dealing with the motorist. It brushes aside the ordinary plea that the only offender is the "road hog" with the round assertion "that the vast majority of motorists, being persons of law-abiding habits apart from their motor cars, habitually disobey that part of the existing statute which prescribes a speed-limit, and feel no shame when they are caught and punished." In other words, the motor class is, as such, a lawless class. The statement is true, not of a mere handful, but of a large proportion, probably of the great majority. The reviewer is, in our opinion, less happy in his suggested remedies. We agree that the first thing necessary is an infinitely firmer and more equal administration of the law, the complete disuse of the futile police-trap

system, and the stern and rigorous punishment of reckless driving without regard to the speed-limit. But these changes are easier to desire than to enforce. The administration of the law is in the hands of the motor-class, and a bitter experience shows the difficulty of all legal control over the favorite amusements of the classes in power. A radically vicious standard has been set by the speed-limit prescribed by the Act of 1903, the effect of which, as the reviewer shows, has so often been to breed the thought that no speed below twenty miles could be objectionable. If we were legislating anew, we should avoid all mention of a speed-limit. But since the existing limit has given rise to a false standard, we see no way, in spite of the reviewer's criticisms, but to replace it by a more reasonable standard. The limit of ten miles an hour for urban districts and frequented tracks, we venture to say, makes a real difference to the comfort and safety of anyone driving or cycling, for example, in Richmond Park. It is a limit far more easily judged by the eye than the higher speed of twenty miles an hour, and in prescribing it the law should be so framed as to render all the machinery of traps and stop-watches unnecessary. A speed which, in the opinion of two or more credible witnesses, is distinctly in excess of ten miles an hour, is too great a speed to be ordinarily safe for a large vehicle moving in the middle of street traffic and among pedestrians. Doubtless the motor is controlled with greater ease than some vehicles, but the repeated evidence at inquests that a car going at only six or seven miles an hour could not be pulled up quickly enough to avoid some turn on the part of a pedestrian shows that if motorists are to be believed, their capacity to check their cars is by no means unlimited. With regard to the dust we should rejoice, with the reviewer, to see the liability for all damage caused thrown on the motorist who raises the petrol-laden cloud that marks his path. But we have less sanguine hopes of the operation of the law, and until separate motor tracks are laid down we expect no respite for such dwellers as are still to be found along the main roads.

But the first thing to be demanded is a complete change on the part of the Local Government Board. Hitherto it has operated to keep in check local authorities who were already far too slow. Both by administration and legislation the positions should be reversed. A minimum of precaution for the safety and comfort of the public should be made the universal rule, and the Board should stimulate localities not only to enforce the minimum, but to go beyond it. They should have powers to enforce locally such regulations as are locally necessary, and the Board should see that they fulfil their duties. Similarly, if coroners' juries fail, as they are failing, Home Office inquiries should be held to ascertain the causes of accidents. The question is one which will not diminish in importance. It will loom larger year by year with the growth of the traffic till some Government is strong enough to deal with it. If the "Quarterly Review" is somewhat sanguine in declaring in the present tense that "the mind of the public is irrevocably made up," we have very little doubt of the near future.

Life and Letters.

THE BEAUTY OF A NATIVE TONGUE.

Once upon a time there came a young master to an ancient English school, and his heart was full of love for the beauties of English literature—full of pride in what he rightly called the glory of our greatest national inheritance. Having secured the head master's indifferent consent, he set aside one afternoon hour a week for the study of English masterpieces with his form, which was the highest but one in the school. Overflowing with zeal and knowledge, he devoted special pains to make that hour a success, and his lesson was all that the teaching of English literature should be. The boys thoroughly enjoyed it. To them it was what a field-day is to a soldier fresh from bloody war, or a feather-bed to a prisoner after the plank. An air of go-as-you-please pervaded that chamber hoary with ancestral Greek. Some did Iambics, some speculated on the sports; all revelled in the ease of relaxation and unchartered freedom—all but the "sap" of the form, who said he objected to being treated like a girl. And they called the lesson indifferently "Shakespeare drivel" or "the Bodger's rot."

It was discouraging and impolite, but perhaps a vein of true instinct lay at the bottom of their tolerant contempt. Partly they were trying to express what Freeman meant by his condemnation of English literature teaching as "chatter about Harriet." But the actual lessons were far beyond chatter, and what the boys really missed was the feeling of something hard and definite—something to bite on—such as almost any Greek or Latin passage gave them. It seemed so soft and easy to be reading a language they all understood—a language in which there was no need of rules, or exceptions, or irregularities, no need to ask what words came from, or what was the form of the perfect passive, because everybody knew. As to the meanings of words, no one struck half-a-dozen in the hour that wanted looking up, and to get the sense of a passage one had only to turn the order upside down, because it was poetry. To be sure, the Bodger was for ever stopping to point out some beauty of thought or delicacy of expression, or parallel with another poet. But that was where the "drivel and rot" came in.

The remembrance of those delightful hours was called up by the conference of the English Association in the Gower Street College the other day. The objects of the Association are to maintain the correct use of English, to recognise English as an essential element in national education, to discuss the methods of teaching it, and to encourage the advanced study of our language and literature. Undoubtedly, these objects can be gained. They are for the most part gained in France, where the accurate study of the language and literature has helped far more even than the Academy to keep up the peculiar purity of French. Perhaps it has given the language a rather rigid fixity also, but purity and definiteness are well worth the cost. English cannot compare with French in those qualities, and American is still further removed. As to accent, which the English Association also tries to correct, there are various accents in France, and there is even a bad Parisian accent, but we doubt if there is anything quite so hideous to a fastidious Frenchman as the accent of a Cockney shop-assistant is to our fastidious educated classes. To hear a Board School class in a genteel neighborhood reciting "The Chawge of the Laht Brigide" in unison would fill the heart of the Association with desolation and woe:

> "Into the meouth of 'ell,
> Into the velley of death
> Rowd the six 'undred!"

All these errors may be corrected—errors of grammar, phrase, the use of words, and even of accent, if the teacher has a true accent himself. The doubtful thing is the teaching of literature. For in literature beauty is implied. We quite admit that the instance of failure we have given may be exceptional. The public schools are encased in centuries of tradition, and as boys and

masters never leave all at the same time a clean start is never possible. That particular school since the reign of Edward VI. had regarded Greek as the only study worthy of the human mind, and when at last, under the clamor of commercial parents, a "modern side" was introduced, the school looked upon chemistry or whatever else the duffers of the modern side played about with, in just the same spirit of contemptuous tolerance as they had shown to the beauties of English literature. We know, too, that in the West End there is a shop where the superintendent always applies for her assistants to a certain East End Board School, because she knows a girl from that school will probably share the admiration for Wordsworth which she herself learnt there. And so in that little colony of disciples the love of the poet most remote from fashion lurks half-hidden from the eye among millinery and chiffons.

It is a strong instance of what one teacher's personality can accomplish. But in general a girl's sense of beauty is awakened earlier than a boy's, and we rather pity the enthusiast who tries to teach the beauty of English literature to an average class of boys under eighteen or twenty. At the best, the teaching of beauty too often ends in the repetition of second-hand criticism, which is about the lowest form of second-hand knowledge. Take an examination in English literature, and when it comes to appreciations, you will find the answers nearly all exactly the same. They are the teacher's opinions learnt by heart, and as far as the illumination of the soul goes, blank ignorance would be more hopeful. The sense for beauty in word and thought is very rare in childhood, and even when it is present it is better to leave its growth alone, giving it the chance of discerning beauty for itself amid its natural surroundings. For beauty, like happiness, is a kind of miracle. It comes and goes as it were by accident, and, like happiness, it vanishes if you pursue it deliberately.

That brings us to the interesting subject raised at the Conference by Professor Ker. He discussed the decline of romance in the modern child's upbringing. He showed that, while the eighteenth century had despised romance, the nineteenth century, in spite of its romantic outburst, had cut off the supply, so that, as Wordsworth said, children were being deprived of their inheritance. It is true that the past century has produced tellers of the most beautiful fairy-tales and stories of adventure. Some of the finest are writing now, as anyone can see who chooses out the half-dozen best books at Christmas. But a child reading even Hans Andersen or "Treasure Island," in a suburban flat, while in the darkening street an organ grinds out, "I love a lassie," is not the same as the child by the hearth upon a darkening moor when its mother began the old familiar words:—

"It fell about the Lammas tide,
When muirmen win their hay."

Nor is it the same for the child when the nursemaid sings "Alas and alack! She's come back, With a naughty little twinkle in her eye," as it was when the song began, "A poor country maid up to London had strayed."

There is not much to be said against our music-hall songs. They give a great deal of pleasure where pleasure is very much wanted. There is nothing to be said against the writers of our beautiful tales, or against the Society for telling fairy stories in Board Schools. These are the bright and hopeful things in modern life. But when it comes to Professor Ker and the teaching of romance, we wonder how it will be possible to recapture the awe with which children under the wintry roof must have listened when one of them had died and the mother and father kindled the wicks and chanted the dirge beginning:—

"This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and all,
Fire, and sleet, and candle-light,
And Christ receive thy saul."

By what art could we now recapture the terror and pity—the savage and tender intermingling of animal with human life that the child who was our ancestor learnt from 'The Three Ravens"? Or what passion do we now hand on from generation to generation like that of the ballad beginning:—

"As ye came from the holy land
Of Walsinghame,
Met you not with my true love,
By the way as you came?"

There is a land where the wan Solway ebbs and flows like a faery sea between mountains on either side. At the head of the water a broad stretch of bog and purple moorland separates two nations proud in arms and despising the life and death of peace. Immemorial walls and towers and shelters for women and cattle are piled along both sides of that windy estuary and moor; and from every heap of stones, every burn and hill, comes the echo of half-forgotten battles and desperate passion and the wild enchantment of unseen things. The air still seems to resound with shouting and lamentations. On the one side the White Rose hung on Carlisle gates; on the other side, only a day's march up among the hills, lies Yarrow. A child in that country, while sun and shower passed over those very scenes, or in the evening when he just saw the moon or thought he saw it like a ghost among the drifting clouds—think what it was for a child in that country to catch even a line or two of "Kinmont Willie," or even a verse of that lament, the most beautiful remnant of Yarrow's almost forgotten grief, that ends:—

"But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned about, awa' to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
With ae lock of his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair."

It is a land where Scott himself, who knew it well, becomes commonplace in comparison with the reality of its romance, and how by any imaginable teaching in our streets and County Council schools can we seek to restore the inheritance that its children had? In some degree there is a similar change, a similar deprivation, throughout the whole of our country. We shall find other forms of beauty, and childhood finds its own. But this that was there is now for good or evil gone, and the most chivalrous efforts will hardly restore it.

ON THE MARGIN OF LIFE.

The Tramp life, the underside of the world, generally appears in writing in exaggerated sunshine or gloom. Some who have lived through it—notably Mr. Davies—have written sincere and truthful reminiscences of adventure in England and America. They set themselves, in union with a great company, to "cheat Admetus": to live on the industrial populations, just as the idle rich live on the industrial populations, without giving back any adequate return. They performed this feat, partly by begging, partly by stealing, partly by grudging spells of special and not unenjoyable labor highly paid at certain seasons of the year—such as fruit-picking, cotton-gathering, clam-fishing, and the like. When they grew tired of the open road, they took to the railway, accepting free passage hidden in the goods van or riding upon the front of the engine. They had their experiences, also, of society's reprisals, in occasional spells of imprisonment, not altogether disagreeable in the more humane cities of America. The general impression conveyed is of a life of adventure and considerable physical satisfactions, of health in the open air, of a variegated and colored experience along the great ways of the world which is denied to the assiduous and driven laborer of machine and factory. That is one side of the picture. The other is given by Government reports and personal investigations by such observers as Miss Higgs and Mr. Ensor, of the casual ward, the common lodging-house, and all the race who have eluded or been squeezed out of the meshes of regular toil. And here there is impression of degradation and permanent discomfort, dirt, squalor, and misery, a broken, shambling, discouraged rabble of creatures that once were men and women. Those who

have scrutinised the wreckage of humanity which collects in the so-called "able-bodied" workhouses, or can be seen drawn up on cold nights in ragged regiments on the Embankment waiting for the midnight dole of soup, will be more inclined to believe in the degradation than in the adventure. Yet the few persons who have gone forth without prejudice to know the despised, broken persons—tramps, criminals, prostitutes, unemployed, unemployable—who shamble through the darkened ways of the City, have no such experience of universal collapse to record. Those who come as learners rather than teachers—with a sense of humor, of friendliness, an ultimate reverence for anything human, above all, with acceptance rather than with criticism—are perpetually astonished at the resistance which humanity is able to present to the most calamitous of outward circumstance.

Mr. Neil Lyons, in "Arthurs" (John Lane), has taken for the scene of his inquiry a London coffee-stall "somewhere between Brixton and the obelisk in South London." "This is an ambiguous direction," he declares. "But then we night seekers are jealous of our ill-fame, and the fear of the Oxford movement is strong upon us." Round this coffee-stall, attracted like moths to a candle, gather in the heart of the sleeping city those to whom sleep is denied. Night-workers seeking refreshment mingled here with women of the streets; an occasional drunken sailor, a thief making a rendezvous with a thief, tramps and wastrels, foregather for a moment within the circle of light before drifting out into the darkness again. There are some who are regular customers, who develop a kind of comradeship, exchanging tales of misfortune; and from these the author weaves a tragic or pitiful or romantic story of human lives. For all the permanent elements of romance are in this underworld, only with the values distorted and modified. Here also are sudden vicissitudes of fortune, passionate human affections, love of woman and of child, fear of violence and of death. It is life lived close to the margin, in perpetual familiarity with the reality of common things; darkness and cold, hunger and despair. It is life lived, that is to say, as perhaps the majority of mankind are living it to-day; never so far removed from the possibility of privation and of danger as to be able to settle down tranquil in a universe of security. The common impression, amongst those who do not dwell in such a universe, is that existence under such conditions must reel back into savagery or apathy—into a kind of numbness before all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or into the fierce fight for existence of the sinking ship or the crumbling earthquake city. But experience is quite otherwise. Comradeship, desire, human affection, kindliness and pity, all here survive amongst men so shabby and twisted as to appear scarcely human, and women with painted faces not pleasant to look upon. Nay more, a certain attitude of cheeriness and enjoyment seems to be bred out of the very extremity of fortune. There is a rich humor in all Mr. Lyons's sketches, for much of which, indeed, the onlooker and recorder may be responsible, but some of which is native to the original character. Sometimes it assumes the form of verbal exaggeration and comments in which all working-class London is so ready, the most reputable product of the industrial metropolis. Sometimes it finds satisfaction in the jollity excited by drink, as in the experience of the drunken sailor who uplifts his voice in the ballad of "Joe Golightly." Sometimes it has the peculiar, reckless insolence of the defiance, out of extremity, of all time's revenges; the reckless insolence of the "seven men out of hell" in the story of the "Bolivar" who have "euchred God's almighty storm" and "bluffed the eternal sea."

There is here, however, none of the idealisation, the roseate visions of sordid and ugly things suddenly seen through a mist of make-belief which fills with an intolerable sentimentality the works of many popular writers of fiction. "Arthur's" clients, having plumbed the bedrock of life, are suffering no illusions concerning it. They are emphatically convinced that dust is dust and mud is mud, and that a spade may justly be called a spade. Outside the coffee stall itself, in the small hours of the morning, there is continual necessity for the suppression of rowdies and marauders and those who exhibit anarchic tendencies in a civilisation remote from our own, but with very definite standards. In that civilisation kindliness and good fellowship stand at the summit of the hierarchy of virtues, and a large tolerance replaces the negative prohibitions of the accepted commandments. And in all that company of children, bewildered and confused in a world which they have never learned to understand, the acceptance of a certain level of honor and of order is more clearly recognised than amongst those who, reaching towards the enforcement of austerer limitations are, perhaps, less successful in attainment. "Sometimes," says Mr. Lyons, "a sailorman in the throes of a fever may form our circle. Arthur will then arise in his might, peer over his spectacles, and lifting a withered forefinger say, 'George, I'm surprised at you. Be'ave yeself.' And George, if he be not very drunk, will subside instantly, saying, 'Righto, Guv'nor,' or he will ask respectfully for another cup of coffee and a thick 'un. at the same time challenging the company to deny that Arthur is a gentleman, or he himself a Briton."

So that amongst incidents seemingly trivial—a crying baby, a meeting of a tramp and his pal, the attempt of Arthur's soldier son to choose between two rival candidates for his affection—there is revealed a whole depth of human helpfulness and human sympathy which is not helpful, but exceedingly desirous to be so. In one of Mr. Lyons's exuberant evenings a man with a baby in his arms wearily drifts to the coffee stall, waiting for the belated all-night tram. And at once this company of nightbirds and homeless populace become absorbed in one overwhelming problem—how to stop the baby crying. "Arthur" himself starts the enterprise, "I ain't no amatoor at this business," he cheerily remarks. "Soothin' down babies is one of my specialities." So he makes grimaces, shouts, "Oy! oy! oy!" at the unfortunate infant, emits shrieks to imitate a locomotive in "a performance very unusual and distressing," bays like a bloodhound ("trying the dawg on him," he calls it), imitates various other animals—with disastrous effect. Arthur's "man" then steps into the breach. "I know a dodge about babies," he remarks. "First of all," explained the specialist, "you turn 'im over on 'is chest. Then you say, 'Hups a daisy! *There's* a little man!' and thumps him on his back. Then you give 'im a fork or sich like to play with. Then you say, 'Did 'e 'ave a dirty blackguard of a father then?' (No offence to *you*, sir, only it's the custom), and then you jerk 'im up an' down, and' 'old your breath till 'e falls asleep." This also fails. The owner of the infant meanwhile imparts reminiscences of his life, his sister and the baby, full of intimate detail, to the friendly company. A "certain old drab," half starved, is stuffed with coffee and sardines and promised "tuppence" to stop the child's "'ollering." She immediately succeeds. The tram arrives; the father and child vanish in the night. It is twenty minutes past one o'clock—in a submerged, undistinguished corner of six millions of sleeping people. But all human life is in it—the stupidity, the gravity, the generosity, the ready companionship and sympathy under misfortune which may be common to all, of half-lost, undistinguished people who normally travel through mean streets to no profitable ends.

They quote poetry—sentimental maunderings, the humorous ditties of the lower-class music-halls, or bloodthirsty, recounting how "Joe Golightly" "stabbed 'im in the spine." They crack their little jokes, and score off each other and off themselves, when in the lowest depths of poverty—with nothing between them and ultimate destitution. When prosperity comes they share with each other, standing "treat" in "cawfee" and sardines and hard-boiled eggs. There fall down to them occasionally visitants from another world, like the falling of the products of the surface zone into the abysses of the ocean floor. Now it is a "gentleman" killing himself as speedily as possible with drink and sordid adventure, on the way between prosperity and death. Now it is a "benevolent idiot" desiring to see the "darker side of London life," whose comments are received with marked disfavor by the normal members

of this queer twilight world. He sees a universe which fills him with dismay. "The company, besides ourselves, numbered some dozen. There was a sailor, with vine leaves in his hair, singing love songs to another sailor, who had removed a boot, which he was laboriously polishing by means of natural moisture and a coat-sleeve. And a gentleman in a mauve squash hat was undertaking to explain to another gentleman in a fawn squash hat exactly why the harness-buckle industry had left Birmingham for Belgium. . . . Another group consisted of Trooper Alfred and Miss Hopper and Kitty and her spouse and a poor verminous old tramp: and a vain, half-witted, resentful little drab," with whom "a drayman begins to exchange witticisms,an occasion which the drayman's boy made use of to exchange coffee cups, to his own advantage, with the drayman." It is the accepted "dregs" of the City life: the product which is the despair of philanthropist and reformer, which civilisation, as Socialistic ideas develop, is going to regiment, classify, subject to medicinal and penal treatment in various forms of "home." Till that blessed day arrives it is good to think that amongst these broken people the observer can find human kindliness, and "that sweetest of all gospels—the gospel of tolerance"; and no inconsiderable amount of the happiness which comes from life lived dangerously—always just eluding the forces which make for destruction on the one hand, for good citizenship and ordered, regulated life on the other.

A NEW YEAR ENTERTAINMENT.

Not since the famous days when we were "locating" De Wet has the nation enjoyed such a riot of sensational romance as during the fortnight of the finding of Miss Violet Charlesworth. Possibly the demand for some "relief" against the fearful realism of the great Sicilian tragedy may have helped the St. Asaph mystery in its earlier stage. But the general and absorbing interest of its unravelling deserves closer consideration. Treated as a mere story its artistry would have commanded the admiration of the great American master whose genius we have just been commemorating. The writer of "The Purloined Letter" and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" might have lifted the Charlesworth episode almost intact from life to literature, and have explained the secret of its making as he feigned to do the composition of "The Raven." The staggering audacity of the original incident, the sudden midnight disappearance of a lady, young and handsome, flung through the glass screen of her motor car down a cliff into the sea, was needed to arrest the public mind torpid with Christmas and sated with earthquake. No detail in the physical environment of mystery was lacking, and the full potentiality of the motor car as an instrument of modern romance was here first utilised. Then with what admirable firmness and resource the history unfolded itself day by day in the columns of the Press as soon as the pristine simplicity of the accident was "blown upon!" The lady of the red cloak with the St. Bernard dogs, the diamonds, and the motor cars, who took great country houses, filled them with luxurious furniture, appearing and disappearing no one knew where, but from her mien and bearing evidently "one of our conquerors," was all that could be desired for a heroine. With what consummate ceremony the early hints of suspicion were pressed, gently at first, then more firmly as the clues appeared and the fond mind of the public began to settle down to disbelief in the accident! Not until then did the real zest of the hunt begin. Backwards and forwards the writer worked, probing for traces in the past, interviewing humble relatives, ransacking hotel books and the records of stockbrokers, and marking the bright outlines of a meteoric ascent from the dingy shop parlor of a Midland industrial town to the giddy heights of a plutocracy which floats from one resort of fashion to another, spreading the glory of their patronage among hotels and confiding shopkeepers, and using their stately homes as occasional places of entertainment. And how excellently did the minor characters—the sister, the chauffeur, and the friend of the family—play up to the heroine! Their firm reiteration of the original story, their masterly reticence in the face of gathering evidence, the barricaded mansion with its horde of baffled spies, the lightning visit to London, the authoritative declaration of the solicitors—what a consummate understanding of the emotions of suspicion and suspense the details of the episode appear to exhibit. It seems hard to believe that the entire play was not preconcerted and rehearsed, including the half-glimpses of the missing lady, travelling South, crossing the Irish Channel, and scattering her trunks at various railway cloak-rooms, to be duly discovered whenever the scent was beginning to grow faint. And yet the undesigned co-operation of our Press must not be denied its meed of praise in the elaboration of this famous game. For in such dramas the up-to-date reporter plays the joint parts of Chorus and Messenger in Greek tragedy. By cryptic commentary he feeds the mind of the spectators with the irony of the situation, he bandies words in rapid dialogue with the chief actors by question and answer, offering sage commonplace advice and receiving small doles of truth or falsehood for communication to the audience; he organises the slow process of discovery, retarding the premature dénouement and getting out of it the full length and variety of sensationalism, which the episode demands and admits. In the end it is he who as Messenger exhibits himself in the full pride of his garrulous impudence, telling how, disregarding every decent social convention, he managed to get on the straight track of events as they neared the climax, how he himself, as instrument of destiny, brought about the inevitable end, for the special benefit of his "halfpenny newspaper." "I have tracked her through blizzard and snowstorm across mountains and streams to the West Islands of Scotland." Then gather the secondary characters on to the scene and in accordance with the more complex economy of our modern stage no simple disclosure rings down the curtain, but instead we are left to grapple with a repudiated recognition, "She is not my sister!" a denial partly required by psychological consistency, partly dictated by a sense that the profitable possibilities of the romance may not yet be exhausted.

We have here treated the episode as a typical modern drama of notoriety, for it works out excellently upon this hypothesis. But the story is hardly less instructive if we take the more naïve supposition that Miss Violet Charlesworth and her friends conspired to get rid of her and her debts by a concocted accident, and that they were so "innocent" as to believe they could succeed by so clumsy an expedient. For the lighter self of our people has been so amply fed upon the detective novel that it is difficult to suppose that anyone capable of planning such a disappearance should not have recognised the certainty of failure.

Superior persons are busily denouncing in their superior manner the folly and sensational frivolity of the Press for its interest in such a case. We are familiar with this denunciation. But, apart from the retort that "every nation has the newspapers it deserves," there are two pleas of extenuation or explanation. The first consists in a scepticism of this superior attitude. Our experience shows that this superiority commonly consists in an emotional duplicity which first sucks the full sensational enjoyment from these vulgar episodes, and afterwards, by a backstroke of peculiarly Anglo-Saxon psychology, denounces the enjoyment got out of them by others. This is not hypocrisy in the proper meaning of that word, but belongs to that genius for getting the best out of both worlds that is so interesting a fruit of British respectability. The truth is, of course, that such a "real" story as that of Miss Charlesworth's disappearance is intrinsically exciting to every human being. It stirs a number of those most deeply-rooted instincts and emotions which are the real stuff out of which the energy of the great human drama is constituted. The passion of the hunt still survives in a thousand forms, sometimes retaining or simulating the crudest and fiercest lusts of the primitive struggle, sometimes elaborated and purified into the most refined intellectual pursuits. Hunting in packs intensifies the individual zest by a most powerful appeal to the

gregarious instinct. There is no doubt something brutal and contemptible in the seething mobs that surge round the hotels and stations for a glimpse of their quarry: even the far huger crowds which follow, in sympathetic imagination, through the columns of the newspapers might be "better occupied." But it is no use quarrelling with the nature of man, or pretending he "ought" to be very different from what he is.

Such incidents as this are really serviceable touch-stones. The ordinary quiet citizen in our civilised City life has shed from his own direct experience most of the bolder mysteries and hazards in which the foundations of human nature were laid, and these disused cravings blossom in an irrepressible demand for crude romance. Much injurious satisfaction is doubtless rendered by an irresponsible Press through vulgar tales of crime and passion. But occasionally there emerges in the annals of sensational realism the comic episode of a Kœpernick or a Charlesworth case, which furnishes a rich fund of really innocent excitement. Why should it be grudged? Nor do we feel disposed to fall heavily upon any delinquencies which may attach to so entertaining a career: we rather feel that such magnificent audacity and resource have won some degree of immunity. It is, perhaps, the remnant of a Christmas mood in most of us craving entertainment, and full of gratitude towards those who please us. For the Charlesworth mystery is of a far higher order of comedy than is contained in the single romance of the motor-car. There lies a whole humorous sociology in the possibility of such a career. Trace its by-paths and secret supports, and the full complicated irrationality of our higher civilisation is exposed, with its absurd canons of social reputation, its aimless squandering of unearned resources, its wasteful ostentation, and the childish folly of that famous "credit" system which is the boast of modern economic science, and can yet be twisted to meet the pecuniary needs of a clever girl. We are thus indebted to Miss Charlesworth for a very pretty Christmas game which is not only entertaining but very educative.

THE WINTER GARDEN.

We are not about to write of hot-house flowers. They live a summer life in the midst of, but away from, the winter. More estimable are the flowers that brave the assaults of frost and snow, and the still more trying east wind, and present us with beauty in the midst of desolation. The winter blossom is as precious as it is rare. The daisy that opens now at our feet, or the catkin that swings on the bough, secures complete attention, which summer congeners usually fail to obtain. In the garden we can with care ensure, immediately after Christmas, a display of bloom that astonishes those who live in the belief that flowers belong only to the summer. It is a keen pleasure to take the uninitiated to our long border where the genus *Helleborus* is invited to flourish. Chief of them all is *niger*, with pure white blossoms of astonishing size and delicacy, and a great bundle of yellow stamens to lift it out of its order and justify the name of Christmas rose. But there are others, each with its own note of beauty, each marked in flower and stem and leaf with delicate distinction. *H. angustifolius* droops its head more, and has the back of its petals purple, and we have usually to tilt up the flower in order to see that the inner face is a green that seems trying to become white. The Caucasian hellebore is almost as white as the big Christmas rose, but wears its flowers two or three on a common stalk. In shape they resemble the Maréchal Niel rather than the Gloire de Dijon. Another from nearer home is *orientalis*, which grows in Greece, and reminds us a little more closely of our own setter-wort, now blossoming in the wood. None is prettier than that same setter-wort, and none resembles it in its almost armful of winter growth of blossom-like green, whence the perfectly proportioned and daintily colored flowers open smilingly to the keenest winds.

The long border of Christmas roses is further whitened just now with snowdrops and snowflakes, of which *L. hernandesii* is the earliest. And it is splashed with the warmer yellow of aconite and the purple of colchicum, with more orthodox crocuses galore to take up the running long before the present display is finished or tired of. There is blossom in the Alpine garden too. The chief of the groundlings is the Manchurian *Adonis*, pushing up great blossoms like a brighter and larger colt's-foot, but destined to unfold a leaf finely cut as parsley and huge as plane. The earliest of our rhododendrons has been blossoming for nearly a fortnight, and its branches are still lit with startlingly bright mauve flowers. It is *R. dauricum*, still too little known, and the most cheerful shrub that can grace an English garden. *R. compactum* follows closely after it, the buds already bursting their cerements, and by its side the especially precocious *Magnolia*, well-known as *stellata*, daily expands its hare's-foot-like buds under the pressure of the flowers within. Eyes, descending to earth once more, are greeted with the full fire-blue gaze of an anemone that, under the shelter of a warm oolitic rock, has opened its astonishing petals. Blue as *hepatica*, which will soon join it, this rejoices in the name of *angulosa*, earned, no doubt, by some quality not apparent in the flower. There are no leaves yet, as is the case with most of the very early spring flowers. It enables them to make a splash on the bare soil that is far more effective than that of even the most solitary of summer blossoms.

The flower that we would like most to welcome in our Alpine garden as early in the year as this is the papery *Soldanella*, which at home is the earliest of the Alpines, yet sleeps in its English rockery even to the time of bluebells. If some year we may have six inches of snow on the ground for three or four weeks, we shall expect to see *Soldanella* come up as in Switzerland, as soon as ever the snow vanishes, or even making a little cave for itself under the frozen crust. But, paradoxically, our mild English winters seem too severe for many of the Alpines, and they keep time not by temperature but by length of day. We must go south for our precocious blossoms. It is thence that we have got our early brooms, that are now showing their cream-colored, folded butterflies among the small but wonderfully sheltering leaves. Thence, too, the winter blossoming heathers, of which the best known are *mediterranea* and *carnea*. Every winter gardener must have these. They are a floral joy at the bleakest time of the year, and tender nurses just now to the bulbs that in March will shoot through their branches and use them as a pretty foil for their broad, clean blossoms. From further south still comes *Erica lusitanica*, a taller plant, now decked even more generously than *carnea* with creamy, almost rosy white, flowers. Beneath them is blossoming an early purple crocus that is labelled *imperati*. The shelter is evidently not necessary, for the same gem blossoms, this year at all events, on a higher and more exposed corner.

Flowers are not always the brightest things in the garden. Gardeners who deem it necessary to choose between winter and summer blossoms must at least have their winter berries. The brightest of them all are those with which *Skimmia japonica* plentifully decks itself. They are almost as clean and bright as the fruit of the wild guelder rose in hottest autumn and, thanks to their nauseous quality, now known to the birds, their number is intact. And the tips of all the branches above them are full of little flower buds eager to present us with a further crop. Better still do we like the cottager's favorite, cotoneaster or rockspray, of which there are over twenty varieties, and the pyracanthus, but, as Kipling would say, berries are another story. A beauty more nearly floral because it is vernal is that of the cornel, whose twigs are now blushing with sap till at a distance they look like bushes of bloom. They are coral. A rich yellow of the same origin is supplied by *Forsythia suspensa*, which is, moreover, almost prepared to deck itself in those trails of yellow bloom that make the whole shrubbery seem in flower. It is beaten in time if not in intensity of tone by *Hamamelis mollis*, which is, this week, easily the pride of the garden. Every little bush of it has the bare branches crusted with the rich gold. The uncalyxed petals do not stand so thick as the later, though

only slightly later, daphnes, but thicker on the stiff branches than the trails of *Forsythia*.

The sacred Glastonbury thorn is usually accounted a thing unattainable by ordinary garden lovers. Yet science knows it under the prosaic name of "*var precox*," and it is not unlikely that a nurseryman would undertake to supply it. If the right variety is obtained it can be relied upon to blossom about the first week in January in fair profusion. This season it was forced out in November, and those shrivelled blossoms now accompany the haws of last summer on the tree. But now it is on the verge of opening fire again. The buds can be counted as easily as on the more usual variety in the middle of April, but, unlike that, *precox* blooms now without the preliminary of putting forth leaves. But with the mere mention of the calmias and of *Lonicera standishii* let us finish with the winter flowers in the more generally accepted sense of the term. Call them flowers or not, we cannot enjoy our garden without the rain of long, green catkins with which *Garrya elliptica* covers its brilliant evergreen at Christmas. And we are glad to see from the window, though not strictly in the garden, the soft silver buds that the willows and sallows are turning into gold for the ecstasy of the bees. Those who are for the spring stimulation of brood cannot have sallow catkins too near the hive, and, for other reasons, if they were not so common in the woods, most gardens would be proud to have a bush of them for spring flowering. The same or even more is to be said for fragrant colt's-foot or winter heliotrope, whether we have seen it in our own woods or sheeting a glacier's bank in Switzerland. Earliest of them all, it is a most grateful blossom; far too rarely found in gardens; not merely a pleasure to the eye but, with the exception of "winter sweet" *(Chimonanthus fragrans)*, delicious *Berberis bealii*, almost the only winter flower that is scented. So winter heliotrope, last but not least of the blossoms here set down, shall bloom in our garden while the garden lasts.

Contrasts.

THE PRINCESS AND THE MESSENGER BOY.

It was long past midnight when Miss Dorothy, a fairy princess in sheeny satin and shoes of silver, swept down the staircase of the house in Onslow Gardens. The dance was still in full progress, and the music of the violins throbbed from the open doors of the drawing-room.

"You are going early," said Dorothy's last partner. "May I not see you home?"

"No, thank you. My protector will have come for me. Ah, there he is!"

The cavalier in question was on a chair in a corner of the hall: asleep. He wore the badge and belts of a District Messenger, and was fifteen years old though he looked younger.

"Mother is not well enough to take me to dances," Dorothy explained; "and father won't go. So they send a messenger-boy with a taxi to bring me home. Would you mind waking him, while I get my cloak?"

The Messenger Boy rubbed his eyes and looked up sleepily when the young man shook his shoulder. He was very tired. He had been running about through many hours; and he was rather hungry, for his supper, taken some time ago, had been light. Consequently he was less impressed by the beatific vision of Dorothy, with her golden hair, and her golden cloak thrown back from her white bosom, than by the glimpse of tables spread with food seen through a half-opened door. Then he sighed and touched his forehead and applied himself to his responsibilities.

He went out and sought the taxicab and held the door open while Dorothy got in. She lay back and thought of her dances while the vehicle hummed smoothly through the streets. The Messenger Boy sat on the seat beside the chauffeur and thought—of bed.

When the cab drew up by the curb in Warwick Square he jumped down and rang the bell and offered a hand to help the young lady out. But Dorothy shrank from the grimy touch on her garments and passed by him up the steps and into the house. Somebody came out and paid the driver and gave Dorothy's chaperon the sum of eighteen pence.

The cab glided away, and the Messenger Boy was left standing alone on the damp pavement. He put the money in his leather satchel, and began his journey to Walworth where his parents lived.

He strode sturdily along, though with dragging feet, through Lupus Street, and across Vauxhall Bridge Road, and down through narrow and darkling ways in Westminster, till he emerged under the gleam of the electric lamps shedding their white radiance upon the vacant spaces of the Embankment and the dusky levels of the river. As he turned to cross the road, a horrible figure, slouching along in filthy rags, lurched against him. "Garn, you young limb!" said a voice, hoarse from bronchitis and drink. "What d'yer mean by shoving a honest working-man? Get out of my way, you ——" But the volley of blasphemy was lost on the Messenger Boy, who put on a spurt across the bridge to catch the County Council tram waiting at the other end.

The car was already full inside with late workers going home, and the Messenger Boy shivered in the dank air as he dozed on the roof. He was chilled and stiff when he descended, and dragged himself wearily through some back streets to that one of the row of shabby cottages which was his Home.

With his latch-key, for his profession required him to possess this token of emancipation, he opened the door, and stole as softly as his thick boots allowed into the little chamber he shared with his two younger brothers. But a baby cried in the next room, and a woman's voice was heard soothing it, and he knew that he was not the only person awake.

"Mother!" he called through the thin partition; "I am so hungry. Ain't you left nothing out for me?"

"No, Tommy; your father come in late, and he hadn't had nothing since his dinner, so he ate up all the bread and cheese. Go to sleep like a good boy, and I will get out in the morning and bring you in a kipper."

Tommy sighed once more. Then he kicked off his muddy boots and piled his uniform on the broken-backed chair already encumbered with the vestments of his brethren, and got into bed, and drew the patched counterpane over him: and presently there descended upon him the infinite blessing of Sleep. But to his unawakened young soul there came no vision of the Fairy Princess in satin and silver. Instead, he dreamed of a raised pie seen through the open door in Warwick Square, and of a great dish heaped with pink and white pastry and small delicious tarts.

. . . . . .

It was past ten o'clock the next morning when Tommy, white and wearied but with a good appetite, consumed the kipper and a big hunch of bread anointed with margarine. Being on evening duty he could permit himself the luxury of a late breakfast. It was about the same time that the maid entered the warm and fragrant little room in which Dorothy reposed, drew back the window-curtains to let in the wintry sun, and placed a tray by the bedside. The girl sat up and yawned and stretched round white arms from her frillings.

"I have brought you your breakfast, miss," said the maid. "Your mother said that you had better have it in bed. I hope you enjoyed the ball."

"Oh, it was all right; rather a dull lot, and some of the men couldn't dance a step. Will you pour out the tea, please, and give me some of that omelette? I must be getting up soon Let me see. Yes: Mummy and I are lunching out, and after that we shall be rehearsing for those theatricals all the afternoon, and then, you know, we have some people coming to dinner. I shall have quite a hard day."

SIDNEY LOW.

Open Questions.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH LAND.

THERE are many things in Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," that have never yet received all the consideration they deserve from constructive politicians. Kropotkin claims that England could feed her own people, and adduces a vast array of facts to prove his contention. In summing up he puts his case very moderately indeed, considering the collection of evidence in the book. Briefly, if Kropotkin's evidences are of any value at all, the British people could be fed from the produce of a very much smaller area than that of their own land. The United Kingdom, though Kropotkin fails to draw the moral of the fact, is not too small, but needlessly large for its present population. With a thoroughly scientific agriculture, we should be able to live on the product of our own land, and yet have as many millions of acres lying waste as we have at the present day.

I do not think that land reformers as a class have quite realised the importance of this. We frequently hear, for instance, from advocates of land reform, complaints, not only of the difficulty of obtaining allotments or opportunities for more modern methods of culture than those of the present-day tenant farmer, but of the millions of acres landlordism has allowed to remain undeveloped at all. Such complaints are justified if we are really short of land; but how if, scientifically worked, we could raise all we needed on the land already under tillage? One market-gardener known to me, employs so much labour on twenty acres of land, that his pay-bill amounts to £30 a week. As he is a prosperous man, he must, one would think, raise no less than two thousand pounds' worth of produce annually from his twenty acres. At that rate, the whole population of the United Kingdom might be fed on an acreage not greater than that of Yorkshire! No doubt, the staple food-stuffs, corn and wheat, could not be raised to the same value on a given area; but, when one thinks of what Kropotkin has to tell about Mr. Hallett's corn seeds, and the prodigious amount of cattle food raised by scientific agriculturalists in various places already, even that hardly appears impossible.

We have now taken the first really valuable step in the direction of land reform, and the Small Holdings Act of last Session may be the beginning of a new time of transition, during which our soil will be transferred from private landlords to the people. Nay, more, the old conservatism of agricultural method may give way under better land laws to a thoroughly scientific system of culture. Then, if the evidence collected by Kropotkin and others counts for anything, we shall be able to feed our people on a small portion of the soil of England, leaving millions of acres free, if we choose to use it so, for other purposes. No doubt science could make, of our wastes and heaths, gardens as fertile as those of Essex or Kent. In my own part of the country, there are many districts yet called "moors," where the land has been under the plough for generations. Here and there, perhaps, a solitary heath plant cropping up among the grasses, may serve to remind the visitor that the fertility around him is due to the industry of man, and not to the generosity of Nature. But such instances are rare indeed, and these "moors" resemble the fields and pastures around them perfectly enough.

Land reformers, forgetting their Kropotkin, and failing to realise how much they may reasonably expect from a better land system, snatch at such illustrations eagerly enough. How many peat lands have been brought under the plough during this last generation? And how long will it be, if the present land system continues, before our mountain ranges are made to yield the food that might conceivably be raised from them? So long as we import half our food-stuffs from abroad, every unused piece of land appears as a visible condemnation of landlordism to those who know that such land might support many people. The parks of country gentlemen, as well as the deer forests of Scotland, come in for vigorous criticism, and our millions of acres of uncultivated land are part of the land-reformers' stock-in-trade of invective.

But this, as I said above, is only justifiable if we allow ourselves to lose sight of the higher possibilities of culture. Landlordism has got many sins to answer for, but that of leaving a vast part of the country untouched by the spade or the plough is not one of them. The fault is in the antiquated and imperfect cultivation of the area already reclaimed; for that acreage ought to be amply sufficient for all our needs. That landlordism has left a large part of England waste may readily be its one redeeming virtue in the eyes of posterity, who will be less desirous of more land for culture—on a very small acreage they will know well how to raise a very large quantity of food—as for recreation. Science may enable us to get an indefinite increase in the yield of an acre used for raising food-stuffs; but, in no way, can it increase the size of a given area devoted to health and pleasure.

If, by a reform of our land system, we can reorganise agriculture so effectually as to be able to raise from our present pastures and plough lands enough to feed our people, enlightened humanism will have better uses for our mountains and heaths than to plough them up also. Our great mountain ranges are the natural parks of the British people, though we have not yet learnt to understand our need for such things. It is only within the last generation that our manufacturing towns have come to feel the need for recreation grounds and parks for their inhabitants. In a pitiful way, they have tried to provide their peoples with places where the children may play on Saturday, or where their elders may take a walk in the summer evenings. Some towns, indeed, whose populations run into hundreds of thousands, which are, in consequence, collectively almost as rich as a duke is individually, have public parks as good as the private one of a wealthy country gentleman. In the smaller towns, unless open spaces have been inherited from a more leisured age, when land had not risen to famine prices, the parks are depressing enough, hardly better than nothing.

Fortunately, the age of landlordism has not found it profitable to break up the greater commons of England. From Cheviot Hill to the Peak stretches a vast natural park, not much short of two hundred miles long, dividing the busy industrialism of North-Eastern and North-Western England by miles and miles of breezy heath land. Further westward again, rise the peaks of the lake country, from the summits of which you can look across the sea, almost to the Snowdon range—another magnificent natural park. Dartmoor, with its red deer, is yet another area, ready formed by Nature for the recreation ground of the peoples of Bristol and Plymouth. These lands have at present very little money value; and if we introduce scientific culture into the lowlands, never need have, even under the most perfect and effective land system. The food of England may be grown, and the people of England scattered upon the intervening space, with room enough and to spare for their daily work, leaving this natural heritage for other national purposes, as important as money-making.

We want places where, not only the favored few, but, in turn, all the hard-working people of the nation, can spend, not a Saturday afternoon, but a long holiday in communion with untamed, ungardened Nature, without overcrowding. We shall want, even in the highest civilisation, at least the possibility of occasional solitude, if only to learn the value of human fellowship. These things the preservation of our heaths and mountains in their wild state can alone provide. The vision of an England cultivated, from the coasts to the top of Skiddaw, is a vision possible enough, perhaps, for science can do greater wonders than that; but it is a vision of an England whose inhabitants must live an incomplete, because too regular a life, unless they can afford the time and money for that commune with Nature only possible abroad. We should preserve our national parks, in order that our future citizens may grow up, not Philistines, but complete and humanised men and women.

It seems to me that enlightened progressivism in the

country demands, not only policies of the town and of the country, but of the waste also. Our mountain lands are not, indeed, useful only as parks. The lower slopes of the hills should be made practically useful as public forests. Private enterprise will always lag behind in the matter of afforestation; for private enterprise does not like to wait until trees grow for a return on its investments. Yet we import millions of pounds' worth of timber yearly; and are likely, as the forests of the world shrink, to have to pay very dearly for this in the future. Again, the mountain ranges are the gathering grounds of our water supply, a thing done in a very piecemeal, unsatisfactory fashion, alike by private and municipal enterprise. The national water supply should be a national undertaking; neither a private company nor a corporation should have the power to exploit for its own use, irrespective of the needs of other districts, the rainfall of any of our large mountain gathering grounds. The whole thing should be organised from the centre, and the water needed for every town and village distributed evenly, as it is required.

Advanced politicians should cultivate a vision of the England they desire to build. To me it seems that the sort of society we may be able to create with a generation of successful effort is something like this: More scattered and varied towns, with houses rarely or never more than twelve to the acre, almost insensibly passing into suburbs, and then into thickly peopled country lands, connected everywhere by electric rail and tramways. As we passed from town to country, we should be conscious chiefly of a reduction in the number of shops and business places, and of an increase in the size, together with a certain change in the general character of the garden lands. There would be in the larger gardens, a greater proportion of room for vegetables, and a growing tendency to devote strips of suitable land to the growth of carefully selected wheat, from seeds bearing from 500 to 2,500 grains each, and yielding sixty or seventy bushels per acre. Here and there, heavy crops of beet or other cattle food would be keeping two head of kine to the acre; until, as we got further from the town market for vegetables, the greater proportion of the land would be utilised in this way, and the population would have been reduced by insensible degrees, from fifty or sixty to the acre, to about one.

Behind all this, however, would still stretch the great playgrounds of the nation, inhabited permanently by only four classes of people: woodmen; those who warded the herds of red deer and other harmless animals, which it might be the study of the nation not to hunt, but to preserve; the workmen and officials of the national water supply; and those who had charge of the numerous guest-houses, temporary or permanent, in the clearances of the forest or the solitude of the moor. For these national parks would contain a numerous enough population of visitors, though not crowded as they are in the watering-places of present-day England; for the area over which they would be spread would suffice to bear a million visitors at a time, without spoiling the quiet, for the sake of which they had left their homes.

BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

Letters to the Editor.

"WHY?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I did not see the letter in THE NATION, of January 9th, headed "Why?" and signed "Fiat Lux," till late in the week, and then felt sure, as it has proved, that many would feel impelled to write of other aspects of the case, beside that of the terror and dismay which are the first natural feelings of us all in face of so awful a catastrophe.

A friend who lived through similar terrors in the earthquake of 1887 on the Riviera, wrote of the strangeness and the desolation around him, while above the terrible scene "stretched the clear still heavens and the fading morning stars, which gave no answer to the human question 'Why?' No answer? None *there*, because the answer is so wide, and long, and deep."

But, sir, as many writers have suggested in your pages, there are other considerations. And one is—that the natural forces which, at times working according to their own laws, make havoc on the earth's surface, are the very same forces which have brought into being the wonder and the beauty of this fair world, in which we live, and love and suffer. Again, is it not the magnitude of the scale on which we see these natural forces act in such a disaster as an earthquake, which appals our imagination, and blinds us for a moment to the spiritual invisible world, of which the world we see is but a garment?

The everyday experience that the fire by whose warmth the little child plays merrily, can also, by its natural forces, consume in a moment that happy innocence if unguarded, this does not appal us in the same way, because of its familiarity. But it is a problem to which the huge disaster in Calabria is only a parallel. Is not the thought which alone has power to dispel the terror of the ruthless natural forces under whose laws we live as physical beings, this—that in them we do not, cannot see, for they are not there, the spiritual forces whose laws operate in their own sphere, where man lives as a spirit? It is in that sphere that man may dare to say he knows God—the God who is the "Father of spirits." And it is surely possible to believe that in the horrors of earthquake, no less than in the lonely agonising sufferings of disease or in the fiery torments of the martyr at the stake, the immortal spirit is sustained and borne through the awful hour by virtue of its eternal union with God. This faith should quiet us, by reminding us that when we speak of the life of the spirit, we speak of that which is eternal by its very nature, since "God is not a God of the dead, but of the living." In other words, the existence of God carries with it the continued existence of those who have lived for His service. —Yours, &c.,

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

January 20th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the discussion aroused in your columns by the Messina disaster as to the compatability of Divine omnipotence with Divine love, two facts may claim to have weight.

First, no prophet was needed to proclaim in 1908 the dangers of the Messina region. Of those dangers merciful warning has been reiterated by past experience.

Secondly, men are not compelled by Divine omnipotence to live amongst predicted dangers; to question the Divine mercy, therefore, as permitting the Messina holocaust appears as little just as it would be to lay the blame for a shipwreck on the hoister of the storm-cone.—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) A. S. BEVERIDGE.

Pitfold, Shottermill, Haslemere, R.S.O.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is not the question of "Why the Messina Earthquake?" mere pother, arising from man's self-complacency arrogating to him a preposterous place in creation?

The universe is known to be boundless, all that that word involves in its simple nakedness. Joshua's command to one sun to stand still was meekness itself in comparison with the claim that this transcendent machine should go out of its way in evolution for the convenience of a few thousands of human beings, during a very limited period!

Man uses Nature merely for his own immediate advantage, without any pretence of altruistic or higher aim. The lower animals are allowed no regard at all where this is concerned. But the interval between the Author of Creation and mankind is infinitely greater than that between man and the worm (of one sort or other) that, for a mere whim, he crushes to accidental death and torture beneath his motor-car wheel.—Yours, &c.,

M.

January 16th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Fiat Lux," in his sincere and pathetic letter of January 9th, utters the cry of all men to whom life is a deeply serious concern, and to whom reverence for the highest and holiest is a necessity. It is pathetic because it is the cry of all humanity, in its fullest development, and because it is as the cry of a suffering child to whom nothing we can do will afford relief.

But the great catastrophe does not appear to me to be more than one of the infinite number of events in human experience which present the same unanswerable enquiry. The mere quantitative gravity of the event—the massing together of tragedies by the thousand—is nothing more than the presentation, at once, of all the tragedies which at any moment are being enacted over the whole world, and they are not less significant because they are separate events. Those who at this moment are dying slowly and inevitably from some dreadful disease are suffering torture which is tragic.

Why is it so? I agree with the writer that there is no complete answer which we are able to give. The obvious reply, and, equally obviously, the insufficient reply, is because this great population was housed in a region where the crust of the earth is too thin, and liable to crack. The answer is the same as that which must be given if it were asked why those skaters on the Regent's Park water years ago were suddenly immersed and, many of them, drowned: They ought not to have been there, if safety from death by drowning were the supreme object for them.

But are we bound to form a more complete answer in order to maintain a standing ground for our faith in God? It is beyond question that such a faith implies a sphere of action entirely beyond our narrow limitations. Centuries ago an event such as that which has just occurred was attributed to the direct action of God in punishment of wickedness. In the same history, recording a much later event, the wholesale destruction of the opponents of the Hebrews was represented as commanded by God. Another aspect presents itself to-day. We require an answer to the question raised because we have an ideal by which we judge the event. It seems a gross failure of justice in the light of this ideal. But from what source have we obtained our ideal? Is it not from the spirit of reason and justice which is God's gift to man? Was it not from the life of One who suffered in a manner, which, judged from our limited standpoint, involved all the horrible injustice of tragedies, whenever they occur; and from such as He who have been God's messengers to us, to teach us a more righteous judgment than the judgment of the ancient Hebrews? The enquiry from this point of view involves the question: "What, then, is the source of our enlightenment—of our inspiration?" How does it happen that there is a clearly observable evolution in the character of man with a constant tendency to develop higher traits, and to assert the superiority of the spiritual to the merely physical? Any answer dependent alone on a tendency to find the way of life which is most convenient, and produces the least friction, is wholly unsatisfactory. We do not invent our system of thought—we discover it: the truth was always there, but at first unseen. Man finds himself in his true character when he recognises that which is divine as his true self. It is the revelation to him of absolute reality, otherwise undiscoverable.

Thus the problem is not to find why life is filled with suffering, is tragic, but to determine whether we have a sure ground of faith. Suffering seems to need justification because our ideal which it offends is so full of beauty and happiness. To us suffering is an offence; but in the coarser world of the ancients it presented no problem such as it presents to us.

Clearly the way towards solution is in the direction of our Faith. A fuller knowledge of how the spiritual elements in our being involve all its ultimate issues may bring us harmony. The denial of our Faith is utter and hopeless discord—the pure negative. It is the belief that life has no meaning, no end, that, although everything in the universe has its position of relative sufficiency, life, in its highest forms, is without any justification.

But is not such a denial really unfounded in fact? Is there not good reason for believing that the whole course of development is from and through the physical upward to the spiritual? All science is an expression of existence in terms of reason, always tending to the negation of every diversity in some greater unity. And are not the laws of the spirit world—the special sphere of man—in like manner a development; every negation being resolved in a greater affirmation right up to the conception of the absolute—the *idea*, as Hegel terms it?

We have before us now a terrible presentation of the negative side of life. We, as yet at any rate, cannot resolve it satisfactorily with the knowledge we have. It is precisely here that the demand for Faith comes in. Faith is the acknowledgment—the worship of that which is infinitely good, and the absolute surrender to it. Its object—the supremely good—is not destroyed by difficulties which we are wholly unable to solve in any completely satisfactory manner.

In history we have never found that suffering has destroyed faith—often enough, both in individuals and in States, ease and luxury have done so. The destruction has been not only of the Faith, but also of those who have been faithless. Faith can always appeal to its fruits—from it comes the fullest possible life and vigor.

But it will be said the basis of the argument is sentiment, not hard fact. To such a criticism I will only suggest an indirect reply. If one appeals to intelligence or looks for appreciation of any pure sentiment, and finds no response, he may be annoyed, he may be pitiful, he will certainly be sorrowful, but he will not think himself the one who is to be counted as wanting, or the others as being the more reasonable. And if this is so in simple things, is it not equally so in the highest, even right up to the sense of the presence in human experience of the supreme reality?—Yours, &c.,

WALTER HOWARD.

Croxley, Weybridge,
January 16th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of the letter signed "Fiat Lux" in your issue of the 9th inst. has my sincere sympathy, for I suffered for many years more or less as he—in contemplation of the Sicilian disaster—now does.

I can only recommend him to study and to adopt—not necessarily as facts, but at least as "working hypotheses"—the Eastern beliefs of Re-incarnation and Karma, and he will find his difficulties disappear like mist before the rising sun.

That these doctrines are explicit or implicit in the inner teachings of all the great religions of the world should be good evidence of their truth; but still better evidence, to my mind, is the fact that they "justify the ways of God to Man" as our modern orthodoxy cannot hope to do; that they explain numberless mysteries of life, from the puzzles of heredity upwards; that they harmonise with all other truths; and that they show the world to be after all a sane world, pervaded by Love and managed on principles of the strictest Justice.—Yours, &c.,

January 11th, 1909.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The simple answer to the question of "Fiat Lux" is that men who choose to live on an earthquake belt must bear the risks. But your correspondent raises again the questions which man in the presence of pain and death has been for ever asking, and the answer in its complete form is yet to seek. But is it true that there is no answer to these questions? Surely there are aspects of the problem, points of view, from which it is possible to descry some more or less distinct vision of a balanced whole.

"Fiat Lux" half grasps a clue in saying, "Go and tell it to the orphans and the widows . . . . to the maimed and crushed and dying, and see what their answer will be," only to miss it. The problem of pain was just as acute before Messina as after. In London and Italy, in every home, in every life there is, or is to come, a great burden of suffering, mental and physical. It is fair to say the earthquake has not greatly altered the sum of pain in the world—and with pain I, of course, include unhappiness—one way or the other. Many victims of the disaster have found a

blessed relief; certainly many have learnt new truths giving new hope, faith, purpose in life. Go to those who have suffered, not to-day, but to-morrow, and ask them of the road God has led them; aye, "go to the orphans and the widows, to those who have lost their all . . . to the maimed and crushed and dying, and see what their answer will be." If experience is worth anything, few of those who have spiritual life will fail to say that the pain was good; and those who know God by experience best will be clearest in their testimony. Those who remain most like animals will fail to see good; they *may* fail to get it, but that is another question.

The issue is confused if we try to think in big numbers. If we could add together and consider the pain among 200,000 people in any one day anywhere we should be appalled. But if we think of them as individuals, we realise that they are but as we are—men "born to trouble"—and we see with greater or less clearness that the school in which we live and learn, suffer and grow strong, lose and become thankful is the school which also suits the individuals who make the world's millions—I write only of those who have living faith in God; I do not expect others to answer the question, "Why?" Who is there who has put his trust and his life in his Maker's keeping who does not believe that any sorrow far enough behind to be seen in perspective was a blessing? May we be saved from failure when our next trial comes, lest, being tried, we are found wanting! Let me quote lines written recently by a wise and good woman: "The longer I live, the more I feel that all will be well in everything, even though it seems hard to understand—and that God has a wonderful way, not only of leading us when we suffer through no fault of our own, but of turning even our frailties and wilfulnesses to good, and bringing the whole ugly world into harmony with His being."

Has "Fiat Lux" tried to picture the world of men as they now are with pain absent? That problem, if fairly tackled will, I believe, go far to answer the "Why?" And in the search he may find that it is not *of itself* "sinful to question or to doubt." A father expects to be asked questions by his children and some he answers.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH LEADER.

January 11th, 1909.

THE DOMINATING ISSUE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one of your constant subscribers, I have read with interest your powerful article on "The Dominating Issue." I should much esteem the privilege of a little of your valuable space for comment.

Like many other hardworking Liberals, I have advocated a limitation of the powers of the House of Lords to reject Bills sent up from the Commons, and I consider that limitation a necessary preliminary to some of the most important and necessary reforms; but I look upon the House of Lords as a general would look upon a strong fortress—as a stronghold to be attacked by mine and parallel and with powerful batteries, and not as a place to taken by direct assault.

For many years I have considered how the Commons can gain the victory, and it appears that there is only one way, and that is by means of the Royal prerogative.

I have no doubt that prerogative will be exercised as desired by the Commons when it becomes evident to the Sovereign that the steadfast will of the people is on the side of the Commons.

Hitherto, such evidence has not been forthcoming. In 1868 the people elected a Liberal House. After six years of the best government this country had hitherto known, the people returned the Conservatives to power—a party which "thanks God for the House of Lords." In 1880, aided by the matchless eloquence of Gladstone, the Liberals again came into power. In 1886 the party that "thanks God for the House of Lords" was again returned with a large majority. In 1892, thanks again to Gladstone's eloquence, the Liberals came in with a small majority. In 1895, in response to Lord Rosebery's appeal to the nation to return him to power with such a majority that he could curb the dominating spirit of the House of Lords, the nation instead returned the opposite party to power with an overwhelming majority. This majority was repeated in 1900, and up to that date, at any rate, it must have been evident to the Sovereign that the House of Commons did not desire any limitation of the powers of the Lords. In 1906 at last the people, well led it is true, but without the inspiring eloquence of a Gladstone, returned the Liberal Party with an unprecedented majority in the Commons. But is this one election enough to satisfy the Sovereign that he must modify the Constitution in a most important matter? I hardly think so. I do not think the King would be justified in making a change in the Constitution simply upon the results of one election. I think he would justly say, "Let me see the result of the next election. If after six years of Liberal Government, upon appeal to the nation, the Liberal Party is again returned with a large majority, then I may consider that the electors are steadfast in their desire to limit the powers of the House of Peers, and I will then use my prerogative to give effect to what is obviously the will of the nation."

Let the Liberal Government continue to use its great majority in the Commons for such good work as it can effect. For my part, I consider that it is a happy thing to live under such a Government, as compared with the Government that preceded it. Most of us are prepared to fight when the next election comes, and, for my part, I think we shall win, but I am quite sure the electors do not desire perpetual turmoil. They sent this Government to power to do what it could. Every person of common sense knew that the House of Lords would reject many measures passed through the Commons, but I am quite sure those who worked to put the present Government in power never did so with the intention that they should spend their forces in a contest with the Upper House before this Parliament had run its proper course. We wish to see if the nation can be steadfast. If it cannot be—if there is to be a perpetual wobble—on what ground can the Sovereign alter our ancient Constitution?—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.
January 17th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is it not very problematical that the scheme proposed by the late Prime Minister can pass through the Lords? And even if the Lords accepted that scheme, we should still have a great hindrance to be overcome. And if the power of the Lords is taken away, we might just as well do without a second Chamber altogether. Are the people ready to end the Lords by a revolutionary movement? If not, we may adopt the theory of J. S. Mill: that in this democratic country the Lords will never oppose anything that they judge the country really wants. So that if the country can be got to go on voting against the peers, we shall in time get things done, as, in fact, things have been done in the past. The peers are really helped by voters turning from Liberals into disappointed mugwumps. Mending the Lords is a slow and not a sure finish to their power. To end them is a revolution, and some of us are ready if the thing is to be really put through to a settlement. There are certain great reforms that people say we shall never get until the Lords are ended. If we are not ready to exercise the amount of force necessary to end the hereditary chamber, then we ought to slowly kill it by steadily voting at by-elections and general elections against Toryism. May I suggest that Progressives all over the country adopt this slow poisoning, by means of steady voting, if we cannot have our revolution as in the days of the Stuarts.—Yours, &c.,

X.

Leamington, January 16th, 1909.

MR. SEAMAN'S PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In to-day's NATION you say that you were trained in the Whig tradition of pronunciation, and that, therefore, you cannot allow that "the last letters in 'satiate' have the same value as the last letters in 'palliate.'"

I, too, am a Whig *pur sang*; but for the life of me I cannot imagine any difference in sound between the termination of "satiate" and the termination of "palliate."

The other instance which you cite—of "Ate" made to rhyme with "Plate"—of course is shocking. The Whigs pronounced "ate" as if it were "et"—and so, I imagine, did everyone else.—Yours, &c., G. W. E. R.

January 16th, 1909.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE DEATH PENALTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You must have relied on the statement of some imaginative reporter when you said last week that "the Parisian population turn out in multitudes to cheer" the executioner. No such incident has been heard of in Paris. A crowd of no very large dimensions assembled at the station to meet Deibler when he returned from Béthune, but the cries of "Vive Deibler" which were raised by a few persons were not taken up by the crowd, composed (as may be imagined) of not the best elements of Parisian society. I have been out on the boulevards to find the postcards of Deibler with the guillotine which you say "are selling like wildfire in the streets of Paris," but cannot find them, and nobody whom I have asked has seen one. Very probably there are such postcards, but I do not think that they are selling like wildfire.

The truth is that public opinion is so hostile, at any rate, to public executions, that the authorities are gravely embarrassed by the protests of every quarter of the city against the erection of the guillotine in its midst. So much so, that they are considering the expedient of holding an execution without any notice, before the inhabitants of the favored quarter have had time to show their resentment.

It is most improbable that the reaction in favor of capital punishment, which has been worked up by the "Matin" with the assistance of the Conservative press, will be of long duration. Before long we shall again see juries finding "extenuating circumstances" in almost every murder case, in order to prevent a capital sentence. The result, as before, will be that murderers will be executed in a few departments, such as Seine-et-Oise, and not in the others, unless, as before, the President intervenes. What is wanted in France is not capital punishment, but some corrective of the vagaries of juries, which make it a matter of chance whether a criminal will be convicted at all. If the people who have been clamoring for blood had directed their energies towards working up an agitation against the practice of acquitting every murderer whose crime can, by any stretch of imagination, be called a "crime passionnel," they might have done some good.—Yours, &c.,

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT IN FRANCE.

Paris, January 16th, 1909.

"SUFFRAGETTE HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some time ago you kindly published a letter I wrote under the above heading. I am now the fortunate possessor of a treatise entitled: "The Sphere of Man," from which I am informed Miss Pankhurst derives some of her most startling "facts." It is an historical work from the pen of a Mrs. Stopes, and to do it full justice would require a Macaulay in his most vitriolic mood.

It appears that the rights of woman are really founded on the provisions of Magna Carta, which Mrs. Stopes spells "Charta," and to which she assigns the date 1214! In this document we are told the word "homo" includes woman as well as man; and the rest of the book is devoted to proving the "hominal" rights of woman. The only ground for this translation of homo vouchsafed by Mrs. Stopes is the statement that, in Magna Carta, "vir" stands for "man, not woman," while "baron and femme represented husband and wife." As a matter of fact, the word "vir" only occurs once in the Charter, and there it is used (clause 54) in the sense of "husband." The Norman French word "feme" (not femme) used in later legal documents does not occur in Magna Carta at all; and "baron" certainly does not mean husband. I presume that Mrs. Stopes would translate clause 21 "Comites et barones non amercientur nisi per pares suos" as applicable to earls and *husbands*.

The assumption that "homo" includes woman is difficult to accept. For example, in clause 4, where wardship is to be entrusted "duobus legalibus et discretis hominibus." The legal woman was unknown to the thirteenth century, but that was far before the era of Mrs. Stopes. Nor, again, can the provisions as to "homo" and "liber homo" in clauses 23 and 27 be reasonably supposed to include woman as well as man. Woman under Magna Carta enjoyed, we are told, "*all* the privileges of men." This statement is based on clause 40, which Mrs. Stopes says is the "main clause"; although Stubbs—poor ignorant man—thought clauses 12-15 the most important.

Clause 40 reads: "Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus rectum aut justiciam"; and "nulli," according to Mrs. Stopes, includes woman.

But alas for the chivalry of our forefathers, since clause 54 enacts "Nullus capiatur nec imprisonetur propter appellum foeminae de morte alterius quam viri sui."

A very proper restriction no doubt; but if woman was to enjoy all the privileges of man, it is curious that she was not allowed to bring any criminal charge except concerning the death of her own husband. And this is the only reference to woman in the Charter, except in the character of "vidua" or "uxor."—Yours, &c.,

W. A. JOLLY.

5H, Portman Mansions, W.
January 20th, 1909.

EQUAL WORK FOR EQUAL WAGES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Women, I suppose, ought to read with gratitude the concession, granted in quite the "Spectatorial" manner by THE NATION this week—that any wage court or tribunal for determining wages ought to be endowed with a discretion to make equal payment to women employees wherever positive evidence is brought, that she does in point of fact act as the chief wage-earner.

It is rather disheartening to find that a leader writer in a paper of democratic and Radical idealist sympathies fails to state that this principle of equal pay for equal work done is wider and deeper than anything suggested by him in that article. His misconceptions ooze out even in his counsels of perfection. It is the woman, we notice, who must bring the positive evidence that she is the chief wage-earner, before she may receive equal pay for the equal service rendered to the employer. We suppose that the woman who is straining every effort with a view to support her mother and to relieve her elder sisters of their burden in the near future (and there are such cases) is to be told that she must remain content to receive less pay than her work is worth according to the male standard of value. However, she might possibly be kindly permitted to take—if she could get them—equal wages with a man if she explained her ideals and intentions to the Wages Board, presumably composed of men. It is at this injustice of sex-discrimination, of which your leader writer has gratuitously invented a fresh instance, that the advancing women are now tilting with all the force that absence of effective political significance leaves them. It is not sex antagonism, on the contrary, it is the liberating movement for a removal of artificial barriers based on sex distinctions.

The discovery that the application of the principle, equal pay for equal work done, will lead to a displacement in employment is, after all, not so new to the "advancing," we are glad to note the adjective, woman as apparently your writer thinks. After all, common sense and discoveries are monopolies of no one sex. But it has occurred, further, to some of us that the principle we support leads to efficiency and suitability as the tests of employment. And we would be glad to merge the question of sex in the wider considerations of efficiency. Whether the displacement of employment caused by the application of the sole test of efficiency would be confined mainly to men or mainly to women is a question to which no certain answer can yet be given.

It is an old, old story, though we had hoped to have been spared it as a sublimation of the advanced Radical mind. Every alternative is utilised and every contrivance invented rather than admit the woman's point of view. If women ask for direct Parliamentary influence they are told

that Royal Commissions sometimes receive the evidence of women, and if they ask for economic equality, the question (to be applied solely to women) is sprung on them as to how large a family do they keep. It all heaps emphasis on the contention that the women's point of view can never be voiced properly except by women and can never be effective in action or debate until they gain their share in the common denominator of political action. Until that be won they can never have means to accomplish what they may will or hope or dream of political good.—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN M. TREGEAR.

Pendeen, Sandringham Road, Petersfield,
January 7th, 1909.

"THE HOME LIFE OF JESUS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your excellent article on "The Home Life of Jesus" fails to notice an inference which, I think, may be fairly drawn from an undoubed fact, and is in itself note worthy. This fact is that when Jesus paid his first visit to Nazareth after beginning his public ministry and causing considerable excitement at Capernaum, his fellow-townsmen were altogether unprepared to recognise him as a prophet or a distinguished rabbi. The inference we may draw is that during the years that Jesus lived at Nazareth he did nothing to lead his friends to expect that he would thus distinguish himself. The boy of twelve who aroused much interest among the learned men at Jerusalem returned to his home and devoted himself entirely to his duties. Nor was there any change when the boy became a man so long as home claims were paramount. He did one thing at a time. He did not practise preaching. But, as your article well points out, the experience of home life and the doing of home duty furnished him with the material which formed the vehicle of his subsequent religious teaching. He was prepared for his prophetic work, though Nazareth was not prepared to expect it. May I add that the scenes described in Mark III., when his friends declare he is out of his mind and endeavor to lay hold of him, when his mother and his brethren come seeking him, and Jesus, looking on the multitude around him, declares of them, "Behold my mother and my brethren!" are a touching indication of the sorrow which must have marked the close of that happy, loving, home life at Nazareth. It was joy and peace while it lasted, but it had to be given up when yet higher claims of duty made themselves heard, first, through the preaching, and, then, through the imprisonment of John the Baptist.—Yours, &c.,

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

Alexandra Road, Parkstone,
January 19th, 1909.

OLD AGE PENSIONERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I ask for further figures than those you give on January 2nd as to the working of the Old Age Pensions Act? Your commentary—that in the case of Ireland "there was obvious fraud," has set me trying to fit in your statistics with those of the census of 1901, and also leads me to ask your readers to look at any mere figures by the light of actual conditions of life in Ireland.

The total of claims is stated by you to be 690,000, but that would not represent even the lowest of the percentages you name on the Blue-book total of persons of 70 and above, even minus those in receipt of relief. I ask myself whether 690,000 can mean, allowing for other omissions, the total of claims from Ireland? For that might represent a possible 128 per cent., and, further, any comparison naturally should be based upon the respective totals, seeing that the number of persons of the stated age in Ireland is, roughly, to those of England and Wales as 7 to 5. But there are other things that occur to anyone who knows Ireland. For instance, the common poverty. Thirty pounds a year is not a large sum, but it is more than a great number of the middle-class, not to speak of the poor, can look to in old age—at least, as regards women. Further, applications were asked for in October, and certificates were not to be had immediately, if at all, so the age had to be filled in according to the applicants' recollection of some event—the "night of the big wind," or a memory of the age he or she was "in the bad times," or of the age that a relative long dead had sometime said that he or she was.

Such condemnation as yours has been already often made by persons who do not reflect that they accuse not only the poor, but also those persons in positions of trust often equal to their own who were witnesses to the applications. But it is for the poor I write, who should be given the benefit of any doubt, since they cannot defend themselves, and to whom the Act was known as "The Charity"—a word which, I think, has among themselves often but one limit, that of absolute inability to help.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIFFIN.

15, Milton Chambers,
Cheyne Walk, London, S.W.
January 19, 1909.

[We think that the expression we used was a mistaken one.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

A MENDIP WITCH.

I HEATE that Susie Ann, I do!
And many a time I've prayed her dead.
Vor I'm so shart that silly Sue
Could eat her dinner off my head.
Aye, set her up, a long-legged gawk!
A scrawny stick for beäns to climb!
When she goes down the gearden walk
The birds do think 'tis Maypole time.

And Geargey Moon, he loved I once;
But his w'old mother ruleth he.
And she have told the gert beg dunce
He marnt have no more trade wi' me.
And Gearge, he be so nasty good
He've gone took up wi' Susan Ann!
A man should have more sperit, he should:—
But Geargey Moon, he *baint* a man.

Zo, I've been to Saunders' Well
And spoke a word wi' Nanny Hart,
And I've a got a sartin spell
To meake yon little messan smart.
The yarbs and roots was long to search;
But one thing more and 'twill be good.
O Zunday next, to Hinton Church,
I'll dra' a drop o' Susie's blood.

I got a niddle on my chearm:
A long'un wi' a sharpened p'int.
Just vit to stick droo Susie's arm
An inch below the elbow j'int.
'Twill warm my heart to hear her squeak;
But when behind her she do look,
I'm zittun there zo meek as meek,
Wi' both my eyes upon my book.

And when the spell be mixed and made,
Like craiping fire 'twill bite and gnaw;
And cut her like a reazor blade,
And nip her like a partan's claw;
And vear and vret her day and night,
And break her sleep wi' ugly drames,
Till she do wake in awful vright
And rouse the neighbors wi' her scrames.

And when she can no more endure,
Then she shall come and beg and pray
Vor just one word her pains to cure:
But that one word I'll niver zay,
Till she be on her dyin' bed
And gives me back my vancy man.
And Geargey Moon and me will wed
The day they bury Susie Ann.

EDWARD S. TYLEE.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE recent prize competitions for novels have called into existence a huge crowd of manuscripts which now threatens to cause some embarrassment to publishers and their readers. One of the firms offering a prize for the best novel sent them received nearly four hundred manuscripts, and allowing for an equal number having been called forth by other competitions—a very moderate estimate—we have a total of eight hundred new novels aspiring for publication in addition to the normal supply which comes from practised writers of fiction. Most of the writers who failed to gain a prize are now offering their manuscripts to other publishers, and we have heard of one reader who received four large boxes filled with manuscript fiction in a single week. One publisher suggests that the best way of dealing with the congestion is to have a central office in which all readers' reports might be filed for reference.

* * *

UNDER the title "Oxford Lectures on Poetry," a selection from the lectures delivered by Dr. A. C. Bradley while Professor at Oxford will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan. There are to be twelve lectures included in the volume, four on Shakespeare, two on Wordsworth, and one each on Shelley and Keats. The titles of the remaining four are "The Long Poem in the Nineteenth Century," "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," "The Sublime," and "Hegel's View of Tragedy." Holders of the Oxford Chair of Poetry have given us some fine criticism, among which must be reckoned Dr. Bradley's former work on Shakespearean Tragedy. In the meantime we may ask when is the next instalment of Professor Courthope's masterly "History of English Poetry" to make its appearance? The fifth volume, which brings the work down to the end of the eighteenth century, was published in 1905. We hope that Professor Courthope will soon complete a work which, within its limits, is one of the ablest contributions to literary history made by the present generation.

* * *

A BIOGRAPHY of the Rev. Thomas Short, the famous Vice-President of Trinity College, Oxford, has been written by Mr. C. E. H. Edwards, and will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. In his entertaining "Reminiscences of Oxford," the Rev. W. Tuckwell tells some delightful stories of Short, who was a noted talker in days when conversation was cultivated at Oxford as a fine art. Short himself used to say that the Oriel men, including Whately and Davison, habitually crammed for after-dinner talk. His own colloquial felicities showed no signs of preparation. When asked to furnish a motto for Rugby in the days when the school was ruled by Dr. Wooll, a small man with a great belief in the cane, Short instantly answered, "Great cry and little Wooll." Once, when examining in the Schools, Short asked an undergraduate what mention is made of Marriage in the Articles. The reply given without hesitation was, "That it is a fond thing vainly invented, without any warrant either in antiquity or Scripture." Another story told by Mr. Tuckwell is that Short, arriving late at a house where he usually could count on a rubber of whist, learned that Hugh McNeile, the famous Evangelical preacher, had unexpectedly come upon a visit, and that whist was to be supplanted by a Scripture reading and exposition. Very cross, he sat down to endure. The preacher read a passage from the "Acts": "They knew that the island was called Melita." "The d—— they did!" was heard from Short's corner. Newman was one of Short's pupils, and when the future Cardinal was being examined for the Oriel Fellowship, which practically determined his career, he went to Short, saying that he had broken down completely, and it was useless for him to go on with the examination. Short gave Newman a good luncheon and advised him to persevere, with the result that the day following Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel.

* * *

A HISTORY of "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero," by Mr. W. Warde Fowler, will be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Fowler believes that his book will fill a gap, for although "the society of the Augustan age, which in many ways was very different, is known much better, and Professor Dill's fascinating volumes have familiarised us with the social life of two several periods of the Roman Empire," still there is "no book in our language which supplies a picture of life and manners, of education, morals, and religion in that intensely interesting period," the age of Cicero. This is all the more remarkable considering that in the Ciceronian correspondence there is abundant material for such a work. There is, however, an English translation of the late Gaston Boissier's suggestive and very scholarly "Cicero and His Friends."

* * *

"THE BRITISH TAR IN FACT AND FICTION" is the title of a work by Commander C. N. Robinson and Mr. John Leyland, which Messrs. Harper will have ready for publication early next month. The book is designed to show the large place which personal influence has always held in naval warfare, but there are chapters dealing with the sailor in fiction, drama, and song, which promise to be of special interest since the subject has never been thoroughly dealt with. The sailors of Defoe, Smollett, and Marryat provide plenty of attractive material, while "The Sea Language and the Dramatic Poets," "The Sailors in the Restoration Drama," and "The Evolution of the Nautical Play" are all interesting headings. Most English novelists have drawn their sailors as kindly and engaging, though superficially rough and fond of horse-play, though Fanny Burney is a marked exception. "The more I see of sea captains," she wrote, "the less reason I have to be ashamed of Captain Mirvan . . . I quite rejoice I showed the book to no one 'ere printed, lest I should have been prevailed on to soften his character."

* * *

THE manuscript of "Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann" has been recently discovered among the archives of the publishing firm of Brockhaus at Leipzig. It differs considerably from the published text, and an edition showing the variations will be published in German during the present year.

* * *

MR. HEINEMANN has acquired the English rights of the "Chronique de 1831-1862" of Talleyrand's niece, the Duchesse de Dino, the first volume of which was published some weeks ago in Paris. The "Chronique" bristles with "indiscretions," many of them relating to the leaders of English society and politics during the years covered by the Duchess's frank reminiscences There is a vivid, though rather spiteful, account of Lady Jersey, and Brougham fares even worse. The Duke of Wellington is almost the sole personality in English social and political life against whom the Duchess does not aim her shafts. All this makes her diary lively reading; it is full of anecdotes, and the English translation, when it appears, may count on a big crowd of readers

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MR. F. A. MACNUTT, whose edition of "The Letters of Cortes" won him a place as an authority on America in the early sixteenth century, has just finished a biography of Bartholomew de Las Casas, the historian of Spanish America and champion of the Indians against the tyranny of their conquerors. Mr. MacNutt is at present working on a "Life of Cortes," which will appear in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series. Both books will be published by Messrs. Putnam.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Acropolis of Athens." By Professor M. L. D'Ooge. (Macmillan, 17s. net.)

"The Scottish Staple at Veere: A Study in the Economic History of Scotland." By John Davidson and Alexander Gray. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

"George Brown, D.D., Pioneer-Missionary and Explorer: An Autobiography." (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s. net.)

"The Transformations of the Animal World." By Charles Depéret. (Kegan Paul, 5s.)

"The British Empire: Its Past, Its Present, and Its Future." Edited by A. F. Pollard, M.A. (The League of the Empire, 5s. net.)

"The Faith of a Modern Protestant." By Wilhelm Bousset. (Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

"Rachel Lorian." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann, 6s.)

"In the Potter's House." By G. D. Eldridge. (Methuen, 6s.)

"Marie-Louise et la cour d'Autriche." Par le Baron de Méneval. (Paris: Emile-Paul, 5fr.)

"Mariage Americain." Par Georges Ohnet. (Paris: Ollendorff, 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

"THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT." *

THE position of philosophy in the present age is questionable and precarious. For centuries it claimed to have answers to all the questions most important for human life; to tell us the truth about our relation to the external world, about God, and about the nature and immortality of the soul. The Greeks asked and answered these questions, in different ways, it is true, but with perfect confidence in their power to attain true results. Christianity, though it claimed a special revelation, derived from a source superior to human reason, still, in Scholasticism, left to reason a real place and power. The Renaissance, if in Protestantism it discredited philosophy, yet inaugurated that modern movement which, from Descartes to Hegel, in spite of the scepticism of Hume and the relativism of Kant, affirmed the competency of the mind to deal with these ultimate problems. But after Hegel there is a debâcle. The method calling itself scientific has set itself in sharp antagonism to all methods calling themselves philosophic. Driven back from point to point, philosophy has dwindled to logic. Part of its old field has been occupied by science, the rest is relegated to agnosticism. The problems of God, of the soul, and of the Universe are problems which science does not profess to be able to solve, which it denies the competency of philosophy to attack, and in which, indeed, it is hardly willing to admit that there is any sense or meaning. Never in the history of the world has the human mind, in the midst of its triumphs in particular fields, confessed to such a bankruptcy in respect to all ultimate questions.

Of this situation philosophy appears to be only just becoming aware. For philosophy is peculiarly capable of "dogmatic slumber," and continues to hug what it holds to be the truth long that after that treasure has been stolen from it in its sleep. For some years past, however, even in England, there have been signs of an awakening, and we begin to be aware that philosophy is endeavouring to re-establish itself as a separate discipline with a method of its own.

What is that method? It is, perhaps, premature to formulate it, for it is only in process of elaboration. But broadly one may say that the attempt is being made to discover, or to throw into relief, a special kind of experience as an object for philosophy and a special way of handling it as its method. A prominent example of this tendency is the work of Professor Eucken, who, it will be remembered, has gained a position so distinguished in the world of thought that he was recently awarded the Nobel prize, and whose "Life of the Spirit," now published in an English translation, will make the trend of his ideas generally accessible to readers in this country.

Professor Eucken starts from direct observation of the inner effort of life towards ends. His method, however, is not simple observation. That would give merely a psychology of religion, of ethics, or of art, such as has long been endeavoring to come into being in many volumes by many sociologists. Professor Eucken's method is not merely to describe the phenomena of the inner life, but to evaluate its essence. His thinking involves and presupposes a practical laying hold of, a believing in, and a furthering of the experience he is analysing. It is only, he would say, when the experience is so handled that it shows what it is; it can only be comprehended in so far as it is embraced. Philosophy thus becomes the intellectual aspect of religion. It implies not observation only, but sympathy and effort; it issues not in prevision, but in prophecy. "The struggle for truth," Professor Eucken says (and the word "struggle" is symptomatic), "rests on the craving after a life which partakes of the essence of things"; and thus "it cannot possibly divest itself of all strong emotions and become an affair of quiet contemplation and selfless resignation."

What, then, is it, in Professor Eucken's view, which is the object at once of philosophy and of religion? It is, as we said, the effort of life towards ends. Professor Eucken calls it the inner, or spiritual life. This life he finds to be common to all men, in the sense that it is operative on all and that all have access to it. He finds it manifesting itself throughout history, and undergoing, in our time, a peculiarly difficult and complicated crisis which it is the business of philosophy to help us to surmount. If we ask for the content of this experience we are referred to the course of events in which it is represented as progressively manifesting itself; and from this point of view Professor Eucken's work is a philosophy of history. But further, we are told, in general terms, that it is a life which is "new," which is "complete" and "independent," and which "transcends time." The implications of these terms it is not very easy to discover, for Professor Eucken's language suffers from the pedantic obscurity traditional in German philosophy. It appears, however, that when he calls this life "new" he is opposing it, on the one hand, to nature, as distinguished from human nature; on the other hand, in man, to his spiritual, as distinguished from his natural life. This point is cardinal in Professor Eucken's vision. A man who lays hold of the life recognises it not as part of, but as above and independent of himself. It is something that somehow comes into him from without. And for this reason it is called "complete" and "independent," in contradistinction to the life of the natural man, so limited, so transitory, and so imperfect. Further, this life is somehow also the life of the universe. For that reason it can lay hold of and transform both the Man and the phenomenal world. That is our guarantee that we may trust ourselves to it and that it will lead us to victory—a victory which will be an eternal life; for the spiritual substance, though it manifests itself in time, nevertheless transcends time, and points to a satisfaction free from temporal limits.

These propositions may seem to be very vague and general; but, if true, they involve important consequences. For they guarantee to us an objectivity in our standards of Good and True, and a successful issue to our struggles to impose them on the World. And this, in brief, is the sum of what men have demanded ever since they began to reflect.

Are the propositions true? It is clear that no cut-and-dried answer can be given to this question. It would be difficult to refute Professor Eucken, partly because he leaves so much vague and undetermined, partly because he appeals not to a definite fact or facts, or a definite series of inferences, but to what he affirms to be a growing experience. Certain questions, however, inevitably arise in the mind even of a sympathetic reader, and will be ruthlessly pressed home by opponents. How can it be demonstrated that an individual comes into touch with a Substance and a Life which is universal and eternal, and operative not only upon him but upon all men? Professor Eucken, it is true, appeals to a particular interpretation of history, whereby it appears as an unfolding of this life. But the interpretation itself would have to be regarded as a merely subjective view, unless the underlying verity were presupposed. How, then, are we to escape from the objection that this postulated spiritual life may be a subjective construction by the author out of the facts of his inner consciousness, an "idol" and not a real fact at all? To this objection there can be no answer except an appeal to the consciousness of the objector—"Do you, in fact, not find as I do, that you come into touch with such a life?" If the objector replies in the negative, there is for the moment nothing further to be said. But can there be any doubt that a large number, that the immense majority of people would, if they could understand the question, reply in the negative? It is, indeed, precisely Professor Eucken's complaint that the "average man" does not get hold of this spiritual life. Is that fact, then, a refutation of his philosophy? Hardly! For he will, of course, reply that the life is in them or above them, whether they know it or no; and will point to their discontent, to the sense, chronic or occasional, of emptiness in their life, as testimony to the presence of that which they cannot perceive. The object of his work, indeed, is to bring this new life to consciousness. In so far as he does so, he has accomplished his demonstration; in so far as he does not, he has failed. But there is no logical compulsion upon him to regard his failure as proof that the object of his study and propaganda does not exist.

Objections of a different order arise from the very

* "The Life of the Spirit." By Rudolph Eucken. Translated by F. L. Pogson. Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.

general and indefinite character of the conclusions we are asked to accept. We are told, as we saw, that the life with which we come into contact is "independent" and "eternal." What precisely does this mean? Does it mean that there exists eternally a Consciousness embracing, or being, the whole universe? In that case, why is this Consciousness endeavoring, through blood and tears, to realise itself somehow in a world of time and space? Or is this eternal Being something only potential which acquires real existence only through and in a temporal process? In that case it seems a misdescription to call it "eternal" and "independent."

Again—what for men is a more urgent question—what is the kind of life towards which this philosophy encourages us to strive? It is said to be a timeless life; and though it includes happiness, its happiness is sharply contrasted with that of the mere natural man. What, then, are we promised? A perfect society here on earth? What, then, will be the form and content of that society? An eternal life elsewhere, a kingdom of saints? Is, then, the individual soul immortal, or is it not? What answer, if any, has Professor Eucken to give to these questions? Perhaps he has none. Perhaps, if he were perfectly candid, if he could disentangle himself from a vague jargon and say exactly what he thinks, he would say something of this kind: "If human life is to have any meaning and any greatness, if it is to be saved from mere materialism, mere pleasure-seeking, mere scepticism, and the despair that ultimately comes of these things, it is necessary to believe that our pursuit of Truth and Good is destined somehow to be crowned with success; that the history of Mankind and of the individual soul is significant, in the sense that it is a process leading towards perfection; and that the course of the world, of all that we call Nature in distinction from man, is at bottom somehow contributing to that process. To this belief I myself have attained, and I believe that you will attain to it if you try. I believe further that it is consistent with, not opposed to, all our positive knowledge; that, indeed, without this belief, all our knowledge is hollow, all our history futile, all our effort vain; and of this I can convince you, if you will listen to me. Perform with me this act of faith and a new world of truth will open to you which will include, not omit or conflict with, all that you now call knowledge. There will open also a new world of action which will complete, not repudiate, all the achievement of mankind up to this date. Philosophy depends and is built upon this act of choice. Make it, and I will guide you further. Refuse it, and I can only leave you alone."

Something of this kind appears to lie behind all Professor Eucken's reasoning. And if that be so, he is to be classed among the "Pragmatists," although, no doubt, he would refuse to identify himself with many of the tenets of what is not so much a school as a tendency. The tendency is of the utmost importance. It inaugurates, in a sense, a new era of Faith. That word, however, is ambiguous, and is not Professor Eucken's. It may too readily be taken to mean a belief in a special revelation interpreted by an ecclesiastical organisation. To "faith" of that kind Professor Eucken gives no support. No one could be more explicit and uncompromising than he in repudiation of the mediæval system which the Roman Catholic Church exists to maintain. Professor Eucken is the champion of religion, but not of ecclesiasticism or of dogma. He appeals to a growing experience, about which, indeed, definite things may be said, but which is always more than what is said about it, so that the "theology" of this religion demands a constant and progressive revision. For any given age it may be interpreted more or less by philosophy; but some passages in this book suggest that, in the author's view, better interpreters may be the musicians and the poets.

MR. LECKY'S POSTHUMOUS ESSAYS.*

Mr. Lecky had begun to make a collection of his contributions to magazines and reviews before his death, and this volume, which includes also two presidential addresses, has been prepared by his widow in fulfilment of his design. The subjects are those that one would expect to find in such a volume, and the same may be said of their treatment. In some respects the most interesting essay is that entitled "Formative Influences," which describes how the historian of European morals started life with the less ambitious prospect of a family living near Cork, and was drawn aside by his studies of Butler and his association with Whateley. If we remember rightly, when forty years later Mr. Lecky became member for his University, there were some complaints about the religious opinions of the historian who had originally been destined for the Church. One incident in his early literary career is not mentioned in these reminiscences. When Mr. Lecky was twenty-two he published anonymously a series of biographical studies under the title of "Leaders of Irish Public Opinion," discussing Irish history in a spirit of passionate nationalism. The tone of this youthful volume was a good deal softened in the later editions that appeared in 1871 and 1903. Among the historical essays now republished we may mention as particularly interesting those on Sir Robert Peel and the fifteenth Earl of Derby. Mr. Lecky was able, in spite of his Irish sympathies, to do justice to the statesman who was for six years of his life the chief support of the Anti-Catholic Party in Parliament. Lord Derby, a politician who "when a Conservative always represented the Liberal, and when a Liberal the Conservative wing of his party," was an eminently congenial subject, and the essay on him is written with admiration and sincere feeling.

The addresses on the "Political Value of History" and "Thoughts on History" would probably have been found disappointing if Mr. Lecky had not supplemented his earlier historical work by so colorless a book as the "Map of Life." Mr. Lecky was at the time of his death the greatest living English historian, but many a historian with infinitely less knowledge and much less culture would have displayed a larger reach and compass in dealing with that subject. These addresses are characterised by the lack of distinction and originality that marked all Mr. Lecky's non-historical writings, and the reader who remembers that Mr. Lecky is unsurpassed in particular as the historian of opinion, wonders again on taking up this volume that when the historian turns to speculate or moralise he should have so little that is of interest or importance to say. His contributions to contemporary questions are animated, and for a man of contemplative tastes a little vehement in tone. They are interesting as showing how completely the particular eighteenth century atmosphere in which Mr. Lecky's mind was steeped had dominated his outlook on all questions. In his address on "Thoughts on History," he warned his readers against "the fatal and very common error of judging the actions of the past by the moral standard of our own age." Perhaps the disposition to look at modern facts through the ideas of an earlier age is less common, if not less truly fatal, to sound conclusions. Mr. Lecky's ideal Ireland, for example, the Ireland governed by the eighteenth century gentry, has disappeared, and Mr. Lecky shows his loyalty to that lost *régime* by refusing to see anything good in the Ireland with which we have to deal. Yet the modern statesman, confronted with the Ireland that we know, is not likely to make much way with his problem by mere fulminations against the course of events that have sapped the powers of the Irish landlords. The essay on Old Age Pensions again illustrates very well Mr. Lecky's incapacity to escape from the world he lives in to the world of reality. Take this sentence: "No form of State Socialism is more dangerous than the doctrine which has been countenanced by Prince Bismarck, and which is making many disciples in England—namely, that an industrious man who has pursued his course in life with perfect independence, made his own contracts, chosen his own work, and been paid for it by stipulated wages, is entitled if he fails in obtaining a sufficiency for his old age, to be placed, as a 'soldier of industry,' in the same category as State servants, and to receive, like them, not on the ground of compassion but of right, a State pension, drawn from the taxation of the community." Mr. Lecky writes in this passage as though the English working-man can survey the situation, and make his choice with something of the independence with which Mr. Lecky himself weighed the rival attractions of the family living in Cork and an historian's career, beginning with some years of study in the libraries of Europe. But this picture of work-

* "Historical and Political Essays." By W. E. H. Lecky. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

ing-men as free agents in a world where everyone's responsibilities are separate and definite, has been rudely destroyed by the experience of the actual conditions of industrial life, and Mr. Lecky still writes as if all the easy and comfortable generalisations of the *laissez faire* school were still accepted. Mr. Lecky lived in these illusions, and thus it happens that whereas many men who have studied any given age bring a mind enriched by their special research to the study of the affairs of their own times, Mr. Lecky's great services to thought and knowledge end very definitely with the age which he had explored with such patience and success.

THE NAVY FROM WITHIN.*

Mr. Yexley is an old coastguardsman with the pen of the ready writer, the heart of a reformer, and the nose of a born journalist. The present book deals with the inner life of the Navy so far as the lower deck is concerned. If Mr. Yexley has not enjoyed recent experience in sea-going warships, as "Editor of the Fleet" and the "Log" series, he is in close touch with the British bluejacket, and may be considered a faithful exponent of their opinions and desires.

Mr. Yexley's work is not without value to the future historian. Into the past four years have been crowded the reforms of a generation, and in re-organisation and change in material and in the classification, training, and duties of the *personnel*, more has been done by the Admiralty before the first decade of the present century has expired than during the whole of the nineteenth century. For a hundred years previous to the accession of Sir John Fisher to High Office at the Admiralty, the Navy as a Conservative body shunned reform, was always in a state of quiescence, and worm eaten with artificial rules and conventions which obliterated the idea that a navy exists for war and nothing else. The notion that naval gunnery required reform was regarded as rank blasphemy, and when it was proved that ammunition was habitually thrown overboard in order to save the trouble of firing it, the dry bones were stirred in a way that would have made St. Vincent gasp and stare.

A quaver arose from every bath chair from Bournemouth to Cheltenham, and every ex-Admiral who had ever hoisted his flag or commanded a squadron, deplored with tears in his voice the abolition of mast and sails. The reformation of the dockyards was a Herculean task which had broken the teeth of successive Governments for eighty years. But the reform of the dockyards was accomplished.

While these reforms were coming along it was discovered that the discipline of the lower deck was a relic of the eighteenth century. Intelligent officers quickly appreciated the impossibility of punishing men as an inducement for quick hitting with modern big guns. The operation of firing 12-inch guns requires the synchronous and intensive effort of sixty-three men. The whole operation is thrown out of gear by the indifference of one unwilling member of the band. The smartest officers accordingly laid themselves out to draw from the men willingness to excel, leaving to the public opinion of the lower deck the punishment of shirkers.

Mr. Yexley's book is not a happy one; at least it does not leave a happy impression upon the mind. He candidly admits that the bright side of Service life does not appear largely in these pages. All was not well with the Navy in the days just gone by when the public had been lulled into a false sense of security. The average Briton thought then what many think now—that the expenditure of money on the Navy is the only thing needed to buy security. If money was spent on buying ammunition which was thrown in the sea, the matter was hushed up until it was almost too late to stop it. Millions and millions of money have been wasted on bricks and mortar for no earthly purpose as far as the Navy is concerned. The waste of money in Gibraltar and Malta by the late Government is appalling since the naval strength of Britain is in no wise increased thereby.

Mr. Yexley entered the Navy under an illusion:—

> "The 'Impregnable' at Devonport was the one chosen, and when Sergeant —— saw us off from Paddington on the appointed day, he wished us well and comforted us with the assurance that when we arrived at our journey's end a nice hot supper would be awaiting us. He even went into details, and mentioned beef-steak pie and sundry other choice viands. What a romancer that man was!"

But he quickly discovered the truth for himself:—

> "As late as 1903 an admiral who had held the position of First Sea Lord objected to the abolition of masts and sails because:—'You have got an established system and a time-honoured one, so why alter it?' To-day that admiral is on the side of those who object to recent changes. He would be! But is he a safe guide to follow?"

Even a few years ago the men of the lower deck were swindled right and left by contractors for provision.

Here is a letter from a Maltese firm anxious to secure the canteen custom of a battleship:—

> "To Ship's Company—H.M.S. 'Hibernia.'—
> "Dear Sirs,—I most respectfully solicit your votes on behalf of my firm Our terms are unequalled for best goods supplied at 5 per cent. discount Six men to insure good attendance Boat furnished all knows its use fullness. We are born in the business and knows better your wants; the old 'Hibernia' was one of our first instalation of canteen being Irish named ship; in addition to the proposed terms we should like to commemorate St. Patrick's Day 17th March by allowing free dinner not exceeding 2s. 6d. Our prices are to be those lowest quoted by other competing firms and so much each man monthly or yearly as agreed. Testimonials in possession from every ship served. Wish you a happy new year and commission. I thank you one and all."

Even such obvious reforms as the punishment of these persons and the abolition of a system by which similar scandals could recur, were opposed by the retiring admirals who loom large to-day as naval authorities.

The reforms in which Mr. Yexley has had a share were invariably opposed by naval officers on the retired list who were accepted by the public as experts. When a gunboat went down with all hands off the coast of Vancouver Island, the abolition of mast and sails was an inevitable reform. The gunnery chapter in this book is interesting, but not well informed. Mr. Yexley evidently knows little or nothing of the currents or influence that convulsed the Board of Admiralty when the battle of reform was being fought, and he claims more credit for the share in that reform than rightly belongs to him. When the time comes to record the history of gunnery reform, Mr. Yexley will deserve his share of praise, but he would be the last to deny that he does not belong to the class of reformer who is unrewarded.

We have no space to deal with Mr. Yexley's excellent chapters on the tyrannous and unintelligent regulations affecting the dress and comfort of the lower deck. The old Navy had its good points, but between 1814 and 1904 an immense fungus of ritual and false discipline grew up. The worship of uniformity was Chinese in its stupidity. The evolutions were stupid and artificial, initiative sank to zero, competition was ignored, and full seamanship encouraged. It is only to-day when we are still in a state of naval evolution that people are waking up to the idea that everything from an admiral to a button is contributory to the quick hitting of the gun on a floating platform called a warship.

* "The Inner Life of the Navy." By Lionel Yexley. Pitmans.

A MODEST EMPIRE-BUILDER.*

It is, perhaps, not curious that our Imperialistic fever of ten years ago yielded no response in literature from the Colonies. The thrill of kinship flashing between the Mother Country and the "daughter nations" which brought Australian and Canadian contingents into South Africa did not produce, so far as we are aware, a fine piece of literature throughout the whole of the British Empire—one that could survive the disillusionment of the end of the campaign. The patriotic impulse was genuine and sincere, but the foundation of private and national profit-hunting that underlay the whole political issue could not inspire any fine mind to any genuine expression—save, indeed, the chilling disdain voiced by Sir William Butler before his recall from South Africa. The Briton at home, or overseas, is not, indeed, addicted to literary expression of the faith that is in him, but the inner weakness of Imperialism is attested by the paralysing lack of interest shown by the British public in the life of their kinsmen overseas. The drum was beaten bravely by Kipling and

* "Thrice Armed." By Harold Bindloss. John Long. 6s.

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T. WERNER LAURIE, Clifford's Inn, London.

Henley before the war; but what did we harvest afterwards in literature but the modest narratives of a few officers and war correspondents, such as Captain March Phillips and Mr. Nevinson? Modesty was, perhaps, the literary quality most called for after the blare of the politicians' brass. And yet there are plenty of writers, men and women, who could instruct the British public as to the actual life of their cousins overseas if this inertness of our imagination did not block the way. We have the faculty of being mildly interested when a product of Pall Mall or South Kensington, transported to Khartoum or Lhassa, records its typical sensations, but we cannot pretend to any interest at all when the genuine voice of Sydney, Bombay, or even Cape Town is transmitted to us. It does not, in fact, succeed in reaching us. Mention the name of Henry Lawson, the genuine spokesman of one of Mr. Kipling's "daughter nations," to an educated Englishman, and he cannot tell you from what quarter of the British Empire Lawson hails. If you ask him whether he knows of any good novel in English by a Hindu describing native life from the inside, he will be offended. As though a Hindu's account of his own countrymen were of any special value! We do not desire to know; that is the truth of it. And it is probable that this blank indifference on our part will lead more and more to an accumulation of long-delayed but very disagreeable national surprises.

Mr. Bindloss's modest talent is all the more to be welcomed by intelligent people, because it has not yet been stimulated by public approval to give us of its best. More than ten years ago, Mr. Bindloss, in "A Wide Dominion," wrote an admirable narrative of an English settler's rough life in Canada, but he did not bang away lustily on the Imperial drum, and, consequently, his work is as little known to his countrymen as is Mr. Morley Roberts's "A Western Avernus," which contains a similar record of enterprise and manly endurance. And yet Mr. Bindloss, in the tone and temperament of his writings, is a more typical Englishman than Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He lacks the latter's magnetism, genius, and vulgarity. He does not shout loudly of Providence: he is, we must confess, as lacking in audacity of verbal imagery as in emotional coloring. But he is genuine. Mr. Bindloss merely represents, so far as a critic of his work can judge, those qualities of doggedness, love of roving, and ability to worry through disconcerting situations, that have brought the British Empire into being. There is always something a little touching in the literary work of a man of action, on whom necessity, bearing hardly, has begotten necessity of utterance. He is too good, in a sense, for the dubious job of putting into cold print the realities he has endured. His best qualities are called forth by action, not by talking of what he has seen and known. And Mr. Bindloss seems to write with the mental hesitancy of a sailor who shifts his quid and spits when he has to bring himself into the story. And that is what is interesting in "Thrice Armed," "The League of the Leopard," and other of Mr. Bindloss's novels: his heroes, traders, ranchers, sailors, explorers, who knock about the world, are really Englishmen of the best type, staunch, reticent, hard workers, with a great distaste for the picturesque limelight and Kipling orchestra. "All the pride of Empire, all the intoxication of power, all the ardor, the energy, the masterful strength, and the wonderful endurance and death-scorning pluck" which, according to the "Daily Mail," "are the very bone and fibre and marrow of the British character," are no more conspicuous in Mr. Bindloss's pictures of colonial and oversea life than they were in Miss Mary Kingsley's. His heroes do their best, say very little, and have their share of human infirmities. In "Thrice Armed," his hero, Jimmy Wheelock, a Naval Reserve man who comes back to British Columbia to look after his old father, Tom Wheelock, the owner of a trading schooner, the "Tyee," is simply concerned with fighting and breaking the monopoly of the sleek and scheming business man, Merril, who is squeezing the life out of his father. The story is simple, and rather naïve. Jimmy falls in love with Miss Merril, and we have the usual emotional perplexities incidental to this time-honored situation. But we do not go to Mr. Bindloss for a love story, which we suspect is inserted to please the taste of his British audience. We go to Mr. Bindloss for quiet and truthful descriptions of open-air life, in the bush, on the forest trail, and of handling a thirty-ton cutter in the teeth of a hard gale. Whenever he speaks of the practical aspects of rough pioneering life he commands our respect, for though his gift of language is not remarkable, there is a convincing realism in his descriptions born of actual experience. And few of our novelists have a first-hand acquaintance with the life of the rancher, the sailor, the engineer, and the road-maker overseas. It is a pity, indeed, that Mr. Bindloss should be turning out regulation pieces of fiction, for he ought still to be leading a roving life, and only at intervals ought he to sit down and narrate his travel experiences in the simple form which he adopted in "A Wide Dominion." If, indeed, the lack of interest shown by the British public in the actual conditions of the life of their Colonial kinsfolk were not so paralysing, some publisher might commission the author to hump his swag on fresh explorations, east or west, with a view to our gaining a fresh travel-book from Mr. Bindloss every two years.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THERE is scarcely a country on the globe which Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun has not managed to visit, and the recollections of his roving career given in "Dan to Beersheba" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d., net) make excellent reading. Travel has been the main interest of his life, and aptly enough he was born on board ship off the Cape of Good Hope some sixty years ago. He went out to India in 1869, where he served in the Public Works Department, but the chance of his life came ten years later in the shape of his appointment as head of a forest mission to Siam. From Siam he made the famous journey through Southern China into Burmah which he has described in "Across Chrysé." That book established Mr. Colquhoun's reputation. It won him the gold medal of the Geographical Society, and led to his being sent as special correspondent of the "Times" in the Tonking Campaign of 1883. Thenceforward Mr. Colquhoun's history has been a history of travel with intervals of rest, during which he wrote the many excellent books that stand to his credit. Mr. Colquhoun's travels brought him into the company of several of the famous men of his time, and he gives us vivid glimpses of some of them, from Dickens and Richard Burton to Li Hung Chang and Cecil Rhodes. Of Rhodes he holds the view that "no man of our times has exercised the same domination over men of all degrees," though many people will be surprised by Mr. Colquhoun's further statement that Rhodes was not "the type of man who is constitutionally brave." At a time when so many people who have little or nothing to tell us and no special gift of telling feel it encumbent upon them to publish their recollections, it is pleasant to come upon a volume of memoirs so fresh and full of interest as this.

* * *

IN writing the life of his uncle, "John Pettie" (Black, 20s. net), Mr. Martin Hardie has performed a service not merely to an individual artist, but to a group whose importance in the annals of modern Scottish painting has hardly been sufficiently realised. This group included, besides Pettie and others, Messrs. Orchardson and W. McTaggart, the Grahams, the Faeds, and George Paul Chalmers; and it owed its origin very largely to the teaching of one man, Robert Scott Lauder, of the Trustees' Academy. The Scott Lauder school, as it may be termed, was contemporary with the English pre-Raphaelite movement, and the two were alike in this respect, that the ostensible aim of both was a return to Nature; but the development of the one differed very materially from that of the other, the Scottish painters avoiding the archaistic mannerisms of the Southern school, and, as regards their figure-painters, being "literary" only in that they sometimes went to modern history for their subjects. Their main characteristic was virile color, and their principal reform the introduction of atmosphere into figure-subjects, which had previously been treated in accordance with the lifeless Academic formula that enjoined attention to correct drawing, and little else. Pettie is one of the most brilliant and most popular exponents of this school. His technical facility, acquired in the first instance by

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prodigiously hard work, was equal to Millais'. His success, after he migrated to London, was extremely rapid, and although in his later years his market suffered from the reaction against any picture that told a story, he never wholly lost his hold upon the public. Constrained to paint more portraits towards the end of his life than he would have done if the fashion had remained the same, he acquired reputation in this branch, though his portraits have not the subtle appreciation of individual character that marks the master. Surface characteristics are, however, faithfully observed in them; and in all, particularly in the costume portraits which he specialised in for a while, the strong pictorial idea shows the individual quality of his genius.

That genius, beyond a doubt, is seen at its best in the historical genre of the kind represented by his diploma picture, "The Jacobites." With a keen sense of drama, he loved most to paint the dramatic episodes of our history. He was specially fond of rendering vehement movement, of visualising plot and tragedy, in a vivid and dramatic color scheme. The Great Rebellion and the Jacobite up-risings of the eighteenth century provided him with a great number of subjects, and his impressive interpretation of these never fails to quicken the imagination. Mr. Hardie's book is an excellent summary of the painter's powerful and curiously frank and sincere art. The complete descriptive catalogue of Pettie's works is a valuable feature, and the reproductions in color of several famous pictures help to recall an artist whose very exuberance, apart from the draughtmanship of which he was a master, and from his innate pictorialism, has a peculiar fascination even for the rigorous devotee of low tones and intricately subtle harmonies. Oddly enough, neither Edinburgh nor London possesses a really good Pettie of its own. There is no example at all in the National Gallery of Scotland, and "The Vigil" in the Tate Gallery, though clever enough, is not as representative as the "Jacobites," or as two or three others that were owned by the late Mr. McCulloch. This deficiency seems to call for attention.

The Week in the City.

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The New Canadian Loan.

The most interesting emission for a long time past, and, indeed, an absolutely unique one, is the new Canadian loan. I have long wondered why neither the English Colonies nor the Home Government has made any attempt to popularise its securities for the small investor. The Irish Land issues might have been taken up with enthusiasm by the Irish peasants if Mr. Wyndham or Mr. Bryce or Mr. Birrell had seen that small bonds, with coupons attached, were provided. However, Mr. Fielding, the able and astute Finance Minister for Canada, has led the way, and the loan, which is being issued to-day by the Bank of Montreal, will be in small as well as large denominations, in fact, in ten pound bonds with coupons attached. So that anyone who buys a ten pound bond will get about 7s. 6d. a year in interest, as the loan yields 3¾ per cent. The debt, like that of the new Prussian Fours, is irredeemable for ten years. Altogether one hopes that thousands of small investors will become aware of this opportunity and seize it. Instead of 2½ per cent. in the Post Office savings bank they will get 3¾—a very considerable attraction. The loan may be recommended to anybody who has money to invest.

Other New Issues.

Besides these six millions of Canadian debt, the Grand Trunk Pacific wants more money, but that is a very different proposition Grand Trunk finance is highly unsatisfactory, and there is a growing feeling that the London board has not done well. A big Argentine loan of ten millions, largely for armaments—to build "Dreadnoughts" in competition with Brazil—is also said to be impending, and there are various railway issues in Argentina and Mexico. Considering that capital issues last year reached a record, I would not be at all surprised to see all these new loans causing a general shrinkage in Stock Exchange values. The premium on the Russian loan has dwindled, and the six millions issued in London, though three times over subscribed, were only at a premium of ⅛ the day after the issue. I am told there has been very little investment. The Paris premium dropped from 3 to 1½ on the day of issue. Russia is suspect just now, while Japan, thanks to her policy of retrenchment, is much in favor. The strength of Japanese bonds has been quite a feature in the last few days, and on Thursday the budget figures telegraphed from Tokio were received quite enthusiastically on the Stock Exchange. Yet trade is very bad, indeed, in Japan, though the worst has probably been passed.

"The Three Bad Taxes."

The Japanese Chambers of Commerce are agitating against what are called the three bad taxes—the recent addition to the sugar duties, the salt duties, and the transit duty. The price of sugar has been forced to such a height that the people have begun to use malt as a substitute, and consumption has declined heavily. Sugar is said to be dearer in Japan than in any other country in the world. But the Japanese Government is bent upon maintaining a large sinking fund, and it is not disposed to make further reductions in armaments. There is already a heavily graduated income tax; so the country being poor and ambitious, the people will probably have to grin and bear the three bad taxes as best they can. Anyhow, they are much better off and much better governed than the Russians.

Banking and Discounts.

At the meeting of the London and Westminster Bank, Mr. Sturgis, who presided, rightly described the past half-year as a particularly bad one for bankers, as low rates of money have been combined with bad trade. But he spoke with welcome emphasis of "signs of improvement in trade," which, however, might be retarded by political complications or dear money. The "Frankfürter Zeitung," the leading German authority on finance, in its annual review sums up the past year in Germany as "a year of unemployment." It evidently has not heard of the prosperity which Mr. F. E. Smith and other Tariff Reformers attribute to the Fatherland. Nor is the outlook in Germany now so hopeful as it is here. Though our banks have done badly, the London discount houses have prospered owing to the handsome margin between discount and deposit rates. I see that Mr. Doxat, on Wednesday, described this year's balance-sheet of the National Discount Company as "the best for many years past."

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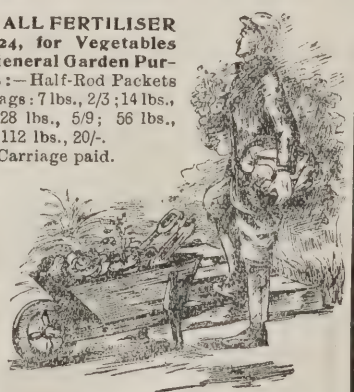

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Diary of the Week.

The week's Cabinet Councils are understood to have revealed a preponderant opinion in favor of passing over the rejection of the Licensing Bill and, therefore, declining or postponing the battle with the House of Lords. This course is suggested and faintly excused in an article in the "Westminster Gazette," which nominally rejects the policy of "ploughing the sands," and declares for concentration on what it vaguely calls "measures of social reform which the Government has a fair prospect of carrying through both Houses." Questions which are likely to cause conflict with the Lords are to be "reduced to a minimum," and "carefully selected and deferred." This inspiring policy—to be pursued by a party with a majority of nearly 200 votes on capital issues—is to be extended to the Budget, which is also to be drafted on lines of avoiding "a quarrel with the Lords." The opinion of the Liberal Press, however, inclines decidedly to more courageous tactics, the "Daily News," the "Morning Leader," the "Star," the "Manchester Guardian," and, with great emphasis, the "British Weekly," all insisting, in the words of the "Manchester Guardian," that the Government, instead of evading causes for conflict, should welcome them when they are good and fair ones.

* * *

Meanwhile, a tactical difficulty of the first importance at once presents itself. What is to happen to Welsh Disestablishment? On this, it is said that the Cabinet has as yet come to no decision. But an elaborate scheme has been drawn up by the Campaign Committee of the Free Churches of Wales, and presented to the Cabinet for consideration. What will the Government do? If Mr. Asquith's pledge is insisted upon, the Government, it is thought, will introduce a Bill. But to do so without a promise that its rejection or mutilation by the Lords will be followed by an instant production of an Anti-Veto Bill, is to invite Parliament to enact a farce. If the Government take this course, they must pursue it right up to its electoral consequences. If they decline it, and refuse both the Bill and a fight with the Lords, the Welshmen will probably revolt. Either course, however, would have a measure of reason and consistency behind it. Neither one merit nor the other belongs to the idea of once more deliberately yoking the Ministerial team to the business of "ploughing the sands."

* * *

Sir Edward Grey made a speech at Coldstream on Friday week, which, in spite of some German coldness and criticism, has contributed to peace. He hoped not only that there would be peace in the Near East, but a state of greater confidence among the Powers which had worked for it, among which he properly mentioned Germany. He rightly and with perfect truth repudiated the charge of British malevolence towards Austria. He said of the Navy that the post of a British Foreign Secretary would be intolerable from the moment when the fleet ceased to be safe against any "probable combination," which is exactly the right formula. The cement which bound the colonies to this country was liberty; as to Protection, with it the purity of public life must disappear.

* * *

Contrary to expectations Sir Edward Grey said not a word at Coldstream about Persia, and official statements issued in London and St. Petersburg on Sunday have not been reassuring. The London *communiqué* professed the loyalty of Russia and England to the principle of "non-intervention," but explained that the two Governments were going to "advise" the Shah to introduce a "practicable form of representative government to assure the realisation of indispensable economic, financial, and administrative reforms." The St. Petersburg *communiqué* omitted the word "representative," and it is obvious that "non-intervention" is barely distinguishable from an extreme form of "intervention." Meanwhile in Persia the collapse of the Shah's authority becomes more and more complete every day. Khorassan, the Caspian provinces, Luristan, as well as Azerbaijan and Ispahan, are in the hands of the Constitutionalists, who likewise control the South, and are active even as far as Baluchistan. The Shah rules only in Teheran, and his military expedition against Tabriz has again failed lamentably. An exchange of telegrams between his War Minister, the Emir Djeng, and Satar Khan shows that the Shah knows that the game is nearly up. The Emir Djeng offered Satar Khan a free pardon, a Khanate, and the stewardship of the Royal domains if he would lay down arms. Satar Khan returned thanks, but repeated that all he and his fol-

lowers wanted was a Constitution. If that were accorded they would lay down arms and kneel at the Shah's feet.

* * *

In the course of his Coldstream speech Sir Edward Grey welcomed the "appearance of some blue sky" in the Near East, but on Monday the blue was blotted out by the announcement that Bulgaria had resolved to mobilise the 8th Division, to prevent a Turkish *coup de main*. The Bulgarian Foreign Minister explained to his Parliament that Turkey had been suggesting to certain Embassies the advisability of rectifying the East Roumelian frontier north-west of Adrianople, and that his Government feared she would execute the suggestion. It is admitted that the idea of demanding territorial concessions as a substitute for part of the monetary compensation is being played with in Turkey, but the Bulgarian Government cannot have seriously feared armed aggression. Bulgaria's partial mobilisation is doubtless intended to induce the Turkish Government to come to terms. Since Kiamil Pasha told the Turkish Chamber that the settlement with Bulgaria should be left to the Conference, no step towards an agreement has been taken. The difference is purely financial. Turkey wants £5,000,000 compensation, which is universally recognised as excessive, and Bulgaria offers between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000, which is probably as much as she can afford. The Powers have at last acted, we think wisely, through a Russian initiative. A Russian circular Note suggests representations to both parties against military demonstrations and a refusal to allow changes in the boundary lines.

* * *

The South Africa Closer Union Convention was expected to finish its work last week, but after settling harmoniously the big questions, it has, so far, not been able to agree on a Federal capital. Cape Town and Pretoria are the rivals, and so keen are the supporters of either that the decision may be left over for a referendum or for the future South Africa Parliament to determine—a course which might imperil the whole scheme of Union. The week has brought two notable pronouncements on the main Constitutional issue. "Olive Schreiner" declares strongly for Federation, while Mr. Watson, a former Labor Premier of Australia, told the people of Natal to avoid Australia's mistake, and plump for Unification. It is pretty certain that the Convention has fixed on a compromise—the Canadian system—which retains provincial Parliaments, but limits their powers, gives the Dominion Government a veto on provincial legislation, and reserves to the Dominion Parliament powers not specifically allocated to the provinces, together with a general authority to legislate for "peace, order, and good government." Such an arrangement would exclude Downing Street, give the South African Parliament ample enough control over social legislation to equate the standard of life throughout South Africa, and permit the development of a uniform native policy. The native Protectorates, it is also understood, will remain under Imperial rule until the South African Government has proved its capacity to administer them skilfully and generously.

* * *

The agreement for submitting the Newfoundland fisheries dispute to the Hague Tribunal, in accordance with last year's British-American arbitration treaty, has not yet been completed. A conference was held at Washington on Sunday, and Great Britain, Canada, and the United States came to terms, but Newfoundland still stood out. Sir Robert Bond, who is afraid that the Colony may be cast in heavy damages, wants the American claim for compensation to go before the Newfoundland Supreme Court instead of before the Hague Tribunal. On the main point of submitting Article I. of the treaty of 1818 to arbitration, agreement has apparently been reached, and the United States is said to have been unusually complacent. Sir Robert Bond's stiffness is perhaps to be explained by the difficulty of the political situation in Newfoundland. In default of his assent the unusual course has been taken of signing a draft agreement to be laid before the Senate for discussion on the understanding that it is purely tentative. The explanation given is that Mr. Root, the State Secretary, who has conducted the negotiations, retires this week; the idea of compelling Newfoundland to submit to an accomplished fact is disavowed.

* * *

The Conference of the Labor Party at Portsmouth has thus far proceeded with what Mr. Keir Hardie described as "honeymoon" peace. The amendment of the Paper Stainers' Union, which revived the attempt made at Hull to give a definitely Socialist basis to the party, was ruled out of order. Should it be revived later on, it will certainly be defeated, with little friction, and no secessions. The general line of Mr. Clynes's address, and of the party feeling, was strongly Free Trade, and showed a disposition to work electorally for it in combination with Free Trade societies. The chief practical proposal was that to concentrate on unemployment. It was decided to increase the payment to the Parliamentary representatives of the party by £20, on the ground of their work during the autumn Session, which seems to us rather a niggardly decision. But the whole question is to be referred to a Committee. The tone of the speeches was remarkably moderate, and the party seems able to retain its force without disturbing the central direction. The trade unionist element is morally as well as materially supreme.

* * *

We do not profess to understand all the circumstances of Mr. Sinclair's removal from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, while retaining his Secretaryship of Scotland, but we appreciate his keen regret at parting from his Forfarshire constituents. The reason assigned for the deference shown to the Lords by removing the centre of Scottish administration from the Commons and by the creation of a new Minister-peer during an acute conflict with the Upper Chamber is that of late Scottish business suffered from the absence of peers familiar with Scotland. The Lord Advocate is to undertake Scottish business in the House of Commons, and will, of course, do it superlatively well. Is the new peer to be called in to witness the rejection of more Scottish Bills?

* * *

The new science and the old seaman's virtue of courage were well blended in the story of the saving of the passengers and crew of the White Star liner, the "Republic," which was rammed by the Italian liner, the "Florida," in a dense fog, near the Nantucket lightship, 175 miles from New York. Both ships, crowded as they were with passengers, were in great danger. They were saved by the perfect coolness of Captain Sealby, of the "Republic," the bravery of the Italian captain, and the resolution of a wireless telegraph operator, named John Binns, who stood to his shattered cabin, on a sinking ship, till he had sent off message after message to neighboring vessels and stations on the shore. As soon as these messages had been deciphered, there was a race of relievers. The "Baltic" arrived first, and carried the swarm of imperilled lives—including excitable

Italians and Calabrian refugees—to New York. The chief answering telegraph operator remained fifty-three hours at his post. Captain Sealby and his first officer were—need it be said?—the last to leave their ship, leaping from the masts as she went down, and being rescued with difficulty from the whirlpool she made.

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Anarchy is infectious. The Russian Government, which breeds lawless men by the thousand, has thrown two of them on our shores, and these men, Jacob and Hefeld, who are apparently Letts by birth, organised an audacious highway robbery in the neighborhood of Tottenham Marshes. The crime ended in a street battle, continued through miles of streets, in which scores of enraged citizens took part. The criminals boarded a motor-car, carrying £80 for wages for the employees of Messrs. Schuurmann's factory. They secured the bag, which has not been recovered, and made off, turning savagely on their pursuers with revolver shots. In the pursuit a policeman and a child were shot dead, and nineteen people were wounded. Every device was used to aid the brigands' escape. An electric tramcar was boarded, and the conductor forced to run it with a revolver at his head, a milk-cart was used, and finally both men were brought to bay—one, Jacob, in a cottage, which was surrounded, the other, Hefeld, before a high iron fence, which he could not scale. The latter shot himself but not fatally, the other either committed suicide or was killed by a policeman named Eagles. The wounded man is in hospital, and may recover. Both appeared to belong to the left wing of Anarchist societies, which rarely or never keep clear of a criminal element. There is a cry for strong anti-Anarchist measures, but our real quarrel is with a Government which cannot govern.

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The scheme for the establishment of an institute for the medical treatment of patients with radium, and for research into its curative properties, has made great progress, and the first meeting of the council of the new institute was held on Thursday. A site has been obtained, and a double endowment has been provided by Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Iveagh. The possibilities of research into the influence of radium in diseases, especially in cancer, have thoroughly taken hold of the public mind. Sir Frederic Treves's lecture on the subject was guarded, though hopeful. The experiments related in a communication which we print in this issue show that medical opinion is inclined to look for developments of great value.

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Our Paris correspondent writes:—"It is evident, from the proceedings in the Chamber of Depties on Tuesday, that the measure for making executions private, which has been passed by the Senate, will not go through the Chamber without strong opposition. M. Castillard, the Reporter of the Commission which is considering the whole question and has already persuaded the Chamber to retain the death penalty, proposed a special sitting on Thursday morning to consider the measure sent down from the Senate. His motion was supported by M. Briand, on behalf of the Government, but was rejected by 344 votes against 201, nearly all the abolitionists voting in the majority. Several papers, among others the 'Journal,' the 'Petite République,' and the 'Humanité,' claim that this vote shows a reaction against capital punishment, but it is doubtful whether this is the case. There is already a certain reaction in the country, but it can hardly yet have made itself felt in Parliament to such an extent as the division of Tuesday would indicate, were it entirely due to that cause. The Chamber does not like special morning sittings so early in the session. But the vote undoubtedly shows that the great majority of abolitionists in the Chamber are inclined to oppose the privacy of executions."

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January is the rainiest month in the Transvaal, and the rains culminated last Friday in the heaviest downpour recorded in the history of the Colony. In the North West district nine inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours, while in Johannesburg itself the fall was seven inches. The rivers were converted into torrents; bridges were destroyed; roads and railways flooded; houses swept away, and the telegraph lines broken down. The severest damage was done on the Rand. The mines require large quantities of water, which is stored in great reservoirs. Swelled by the tropical downpour, the water in several of these reservoirs burst the containing dam, and swept into the mines, flooding the lower levels. Not much serious hurt was done to property, but many miners, white and native, who were at work in the lower levels, were surprised by the sudden inrush of water and drowned.

* * *

M. Coquelin, the greatest of contemporary actors, and one of the greatest comedians who have ever lived, died on Wednesday while rehearsing his part in M. Rostand's new play, "Chantécler." In no conventional sense such a death may be said to eclipse the gaiety of nations. It is hardly possible to conceive the rising again of such a fount of public pleasure as sprang from M. Coquelin's representations of Molière. The great actor seemed especially made for the great master. Above all, M. Coquelin's "M. Jourdain" appeared to be less an effort of the mimetic art than an actual incarnation of the character, endowed with the poetic simplicity that attested the artist's delight in his creation. It was impossible for the spectator to take his eyes for a moment from the wonderful, ever-changing mask that gave it life. Irving could set up a similar attraction by virtue of the extraordinary beauty and refinement of his face; Coquelin worked through the greater power of moulding his whole body and personality to the type he represented. No artist ever radiated a wider joy.

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The Royal Academy elections, held last Wednesday evening, provided nothing sensational. Messrs. W. Goscombe John and John Belcher were promoted to full Academic rank, Mr. Bertram Mackennal was made an Associate, and M. Jean Paul Laurens an Honorary Foreign Academician. While public interest is apt to attach itself to the election of Associates rather than to that of Academicians, the choice of Mr. Belcher to be one of the Forty is perhaps the most satisfactory result of the recent ballot. Not only was it desirable that architecture should be represented more strongly; it is also very gratifying that an architect of Mr. Belcher's ability and sympathies should have been chosen. We owe most of what is best in recent architecture to the revival of taste for the English Renaissance style, and with that revival Mr. Belcher has been very prominently identified. Of the others who have been honored, Mr. Goscombe John during his nine years' Associateship has proved himself an accomplished and dainty, rather than a powerful sculptor; Mr. Mackennal's election was foreshadowed eighteen months ago by the purchase of his beautiful marble "Earth and the Elements," by the Chantrey Trustees; and M. Laurens, who is over seventy years of age, is known as a master of the *panneau décoratif*.

Politics and Affairs.

THE EFFECT OF "BLUFF" IN POLITICS.

The Attorney-General, in his excellent speech on the House of Lords at South Shields, referred to what we may almost call the current speculation that the next election will seat what he called the "food-taxing and trade-taxing party" in power. Sir William Robson was careful to say that he regarded the hypothesis as absurd. Nevertheless, we are afraid that it enters not a little into the thoughts and even the half-conscious calculations of some Liberal politicians, and we have no doubt that it is beginning to influence the minds of the people. The effect is properly described by Professor Minchin, in a letter which we publish elsewhere, as one of "bluff." And "bluff" is becoming an agent of no small weight in the manufacture of popular opinion, or perhaps we should say of popular emotion. Announce a proposition, however absurd, or a line of thought, however unacceptable to the sensible man, repeat, adorn, and even magnify it by the arts of advertisement and rhetoric, and with the peculiarly impressionable "mass-mind," you will have gone some way to establishing the position you have advanced. Mr. Graham Wallas, in his interesting study of the play of human nature in politics, believes that this art of suggestion was largely responsible for the creation of the hostile body of opinion which destroyed the Progressive majority on the London County Council. We can see a similar process at work with similar effect in the controversy between the Liberal Party and the House of Lords. Not one Liberal in ten thousand who had been told within a week of the General Election that the House of Lords would have destroyed the Government's proposals on electoral reform, education, temperance, and Scottish land tenure would have credited such a phantasy. But since then the legend of a House of Lords dowered by Providence and the British Constitution with a mission to set a limit to the extravagance of a piratical Administration, has gained so much ground that Liberals accept each knock-down blow with a fainter and fainter emotion. So far has it modified our political thinking that we see Ministers themselves calmly discussing the prospect that the Lords will throw out, not a visible project of taxation, but an unseen, unprepared Budget.

Unfortunately, this nervous sensitiveness acts not merely on the electorate, but on the Lords themselves. They think that the atmosphere which hustling partisans have brought about is the real one, and that, in fact, they can act on finance with much the same freedom as on the legislative programme of the Government. The "sub-conscious inference," to use Mr. Wallas's phrase, is that the Government are at the end of their power and popularity, and that a clique of second-rate politicians, lacking either a pledged leader or a definite policy, and possessing no more ability on its Front Bench than is necessary to run a County Council, is about to step into their shoes. All the intellectual and moral processes—the attainment of unity within even the Conservative Party, the conversion of the country to a serious belief in Tariff Reform, the thinking out of the preferential policy, the settling of the vital differences between retaliation and protection, the reconciling of the inherent and vital contradictions between Colonial and English protection, or between the urban and the rural demand in our own country, and the ordering even of the preliminary lines of a scientific tariff—are brushed aside or ignored. It is assumed that the election of 1906 is already forgotten, that the growth of a Labor Party is nothing, or merely an incidental freak of the changeable democracy—above all, that the solid interests which our insular position sets up in favor of the Free Trade position can be treated as nought. Tariff Reform is just to have its "turn." It is to be "fair play" between the two creeds—Free Trade to-day, Protection to-morrow; and meanwhile, thank God, a House of Lords to save us from rampant Socialists like Lord Morley and Sir Edward Grey!

Now this vein of shallow time-serving, which exists both in the tactics of modern Toryism and to some degree in the mind of our urban democracy, is peculiarly dangerous both to Liberalism and to the present Administration. It favors the presentment of politics as an irrational movement of men's wills rather than as a deliberate process, designed for the discovery of means for the better government of the people. It lends itself to the most insincere devices of the popular Press, and to the manipulation of a single powerful, and not too scrupulous, personality. Indeed, we are not sure, if Mr. Chamberlain were at the height of his power, that it would not enable him to advance at least the first step towards the achievement of his fantastic later purpose by a kind of limelight effect, thrown by the popular speakers and newspapers of the Tariff Reform Party on to the screen of the national imagination. Now we cannot help this development, and the Ministry must not be indifferent to it. They have many admirable qualities, they are united, they have more than the average ability and resources of a good British Government. But their weak point is lack of pugnacity, the quality which all democracies, and especially all Englishmen, love and admire. Absorbed in their work, they forget that the first business of a party is to live, and that unless it carries with it the beliefs and sympathies of the public, even its work will be mere paper achievement. The country needs to be impressed with a lively image of the Government as a powerful organ of opinion and activity, which is not to be rebuffed by a body so essentially feeble in prestige and constitutional rights as the House of Lords. It needs to be thoroughly disabused of the notion that the next election will yield power to a ragged band of "Confederates," acting on their own party men in the spirit of the masked pirates of "Punch's" cartoon. It is on this side that the continuous yielding to the Lords, the failure to act up to definite and repeated pledges of action, has done so much harm. It has not only encouraged the Lords to unheard-of abuses of their power, but it has given a false notion of political values, and has put heart and seeming authority into a body of obscure, impracticable fanatics, who cannot get even a little of their way without damaging some

of the most stable and firmly seated of our commercial interests.

It will be a great discredit to England if a Government so honest and public-spirited as this Administration goes under before a movement as intellectually and morally weak as that of the neo-Protectionists. No Liberal should admit, even to himself, that so humiliating an issue is possible. It is just as true to-day as it was on the morning after the General Election that there is no alternative to a Liberal-Radical and Free Trade administration, and that it is heresy to suppose that a force so powerful, with so much good work to do, and with so harmonious a relationship to popular needs, will yield its place either to the hereditary principle, which no democracy but our own has ever endured, or to a disunited and intriguing faction. We do not believe that the "Confederates" and their like will ever succeed. They are not of the stuff of which British Governments are made. Their proceedings are repellent to the "plain, honest man" whom Bishop Butler supposed to be the judge of our faith, and their economic creed is not understood by themselves or by the public. But their chief, perhaps their only, chance of success lies in the fear which the Government seem to entertain of the electorate. That fear, and the "doubling," feinting tactics to which it led, destroyed Mr. Balfour. It will work with still more pernicious effect on Liberalism, for if the party elects for the policy outlined by the "Westminster," with a timid, crouching attitude in face of the Lords, and the ideas and fighting energy of Radicalism left out, enthusiasm will ebb away from the party as the receding tide leaves a sandy shore. Socialism will then be left as the one fearless, combative party in the State, sucking up the flower of its serious youth and moral force. And that, in turn, would mean an indefinite lease of power for Toryism.

THE "DOMINATING" *FACT.*

When Mr. Asquith declared the question of the House of Lords to be the dominant issue in politics he was not merely announcing a policy but stating a fact. The policy may be weakened, impaired, rendered nugatory, or reversed. But the fact remains, and is none the less awkward however people may seek to ignore it. The natural inference from Mr. Asquith's words hardly needs to be pointed out. When the leader of a party has recognised and impressed on his followers that there is one issue which dominates all others, he naturally directs all his policy to dealing with that issue. He makes his preparations without delay for the inevitable encounter, he chooses his ground, lays out his plan of action, marshals his forces, and takes care that none of them are wasted on minor controversies. It was natural to infer from Mr. Asquith's speech at the National Liberal Club in December that this would be the line of action followed in regard to the House of Lords. A constitutional question had been raised which must ultimately be settled either by the vindication of the popular will or by the abdication of the Liberal Party. The challenge had gone forth from the Peers again and again, and at length it was understood that it would be taken up in earnest. By the Licensing Bill, Mr. Asquith had declared, the Government would "stand or fall." The Lords had rejected the Bill and challenged the Government to assail their position. Who could doubt the reply? Few would have doubted it if the speeches of some of Mr. Asquith's colleagues—men who used to pass for fighting spirits—had not developed a remarkable weakening on their leader's position.

Now that the Session draws near, and the decisive step of challenging the position of the Lords by Bill would have to be taken, voices are raised in more than one quarter on behalf of discretion and delay. Great things, it is said, remain for the Government to do. It cannot, indeed, deal with the land. It cannot reorganise local taxation. It cannot touch that part of the housing problem which raises these questions. It cannot carry out its pledges with regard to education. It cannot give the Welsh disestablishment. It cannot deal with Irish government. It cannot compass electoral reform. But a Liberal Government may safely acquiesce in the transference of the dispensing power in all these matters to an irresponsible chamber provided that it can organise labor bureaux, and carry some useful non-contentious measure for the relief of sweated industries, from which anything that meets with Mr. Balfour's disapproval will be carefully erased. As for the war with the Lords, it will be waged on the platform. Strong language will make up for weak action, and when the time comes the electors will do the fighting. "You do de pulling dis cow," said Brer Rabbit, "and I'll do de grunting, sez 'ee." Ministerial orators will do the indignation, and in the fullness of time Liberal electors, wrought to the highest pitch of indignation, will swarm to the ballot box in their millions and throw off the hereditary incubus.

Unfortunately, though the policy may be abandoned, the fact remains. Ministers may not choose to make the veto of the Lords the dominant issue in their policy. That is to say, they may do their utmost to postpone and avoid, instead of courting, the encounter. But dominant the issue will none the less remain. If they elect to remain in power as long as they can, two courses are open to them, and either of these is controlled at every turn by the shadow of the Lords. They may elect to press forward democratic measures which they believe to be just, which have the support of their party, and to which they themselves are pledged. If they do so, they will simply ask the House of Commons to spend its time in discussing Bills which the House of Lords will in due course reject. They may, for example, bring in a Bill for Welsh Disestablishment. If they do so, they will occupy the greater part of a session in passing it through its stages with the knowledge that in the end the whole of the Bill is not worth to Wales the paper that it is printed on. Welshmen are said to be very anxious that they should follow this course. We sympathise with them. But unless they secure a pledge from the Government to go to the country on Disestablishment, how far are they advanced? It is to be presumed that Welshmen are genuinely desirous of effecting disestablishment in Wales. If so, the way and means

thereto are plain enough. They have to work for the removal of the present veto on Liberal legislation. Why they should interest themselves in the academic discussion of a measure which can never see the inside of the Statute Book is not easily to be comprehended by those who suppose them to be gifted with a full share of political intelligence. The same thing may be said of other democratic measures. What cannot be brought within the four corners of the Budget cannot be passed into law except by favor of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour. To continue to bring forward such measures is to repeat over and over again the exhibition, of which we have surely had enough, of the impotence of the House of Commons and the persistent authority of the Lords. There can be no doubt of the "dominance" of the House of Lords on these lines.

The alternative policy is for the Government to confine itself to measures which it believes itself able to pass into law. It is, of course, possible that some useful work may be done on these lines. There are some palliatives for unemployment, for example, which might go through by general agreement. There may be proposals in the forthcoming reports of the Poor Law Commission which would command general assent and might be embodied in a successful Bill. What is clear, however, about any such Bills is that they would have to be pared down to suit Lord Lansdowne's appetite. For example, there might be a measure for afforestation, and use might be made of it to provide some amount of employment for unskilled laborers. But it is clear that in such a measure any proposal for the acquisition of land must be put in a form which will suit the views of landowners. There may again be an Irish Land Bill, and it may pass, but only on terms which the landlords will cheerfully accept, and we know by experience what manner of terms those are. There may be some humane plans for dealing with the poor generally, but if they involve any serious increase of the rates or of the burden of taxation on property, we know beforehand what reception they will encounter. We cannot, after what has passed, expect the Lords to abate a jot or a tittle of their power. Their strength grows by exercise. Their moral authority increases with every successful enforcement of their legal rights, and they would be less than human if they did not gain in courage from the manifest reluctance of their adversaries to give blow for blow. On these lines also their position is the dominating issue. It determines policy all along the line.

This particular policy is, if we are to choose, the weaker of the two. It is frankly to acknowledge the dispensing power of the Peers, and to acquiesce in the humiliating position in which they have placed the representatives of the people. It is also to place those who have received definite pledges from the Government in an intolerable position. How, indeed, on these lines can the Government meet their Welsh supporters when they claim time and place for a measure of Disestablishment? Here is a Bill pledged as distinctly as any measure has been pledged. What is the Prime Minister to say when he is asked to redeem that pledge? Is he to plead precedence for other measures? The Welsh Liberals may point to long years of faithful support, given in patient hope of return in the shape of this particular measure of justice. Is he to plead incapacity? The retort is obvious. If the constitutional position has become such that the mere introduction of such a Bill is waste of time—and it would be waste of time—then it has become urgent that that position should be faced without further delay. The way to Welsh Disestablishment, like the way to land reform, to an educational settlement, to licensing reform, lies through the House of Lords, and over the obstruction of the veto. The time is approaching when the different political groups which are specially interested, one in this reform and one in that, will recognise that there is a single barrier which blocks them all, and will demand that the forces of the Government shall be turned upon that barrier. Then, perhaps, we shall see at length the desired co-operation of progressive forces. During the present, as under the last, Liberal administration, these forces have wasted three parts of their strength in struggling against one another for precedence—a vain precedence which could at best yield them the barren honor of cccupying the House of Commons with the fruitless discussion of abortive Bills. Experience must force on them the admission that he who wills the end must use the necessary means, and that, instead of severally clamoring for favor in the King's Speech, they must unite in urging on the Government the need for those effective measures which alone can clear the path for democratic legislation

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AN EQUITABLE BUDGET.

Now that the declared attitude of the House of Lords renders it impossible for the Government to press forward any legislative measures of the first importance, they will, we suppose, devote their chief energies to the financial and administrative reforms which are within their competence. In the forefront of this labor stands the Budget, which, from the necessities of the financial situation, must involve important innovations in our revenue policy. In anticipation of the proposals for increased taxation, certain organs of the Opposition are raising the cry of "A vindictive Budget." They represent the Government as designing to punish the Lords for destroying their licensing and education bills, by fining the landowning, brewing and other propertied interests with which they are so closely identified. The sole fact which lends color to the suggestion is the avowed determination to increase the duties upon liquor licences. Had the Licensing Bill passed into law, the obligation thrown upon the Trade of making adequate provision against the ultimate withdrawal of the annual gift so wastefully bestowed upon it by the Licensing Authority, would have precluded any large increase of Licence duties. But now that their monopoly has been temporarily secured to them, the right and duty of taxing it revive. The proposal is, of course, no novel one. Long before the recent Licensing Bill was framed the high licence policy, pursued so successfully in the United States and in some of our own Colonies, was advocated in this country both by financiers and by many temperance advocates.

High licence duties will be imposed primarily for purposes of revenue, because more money is wanted, and the valuable privilege of selling liquor can be made an equitable and a profitable instrument for getting it. For the first canon of sound taxation is that taxes should be imposed in proportion to ability to pay. A legal restraint of competition, such as our licensing policy imposes, enables a trade to earn a surplus rate of profits, and this surplus has an absolute ability to pay. Other taxation, similiarly directed, must be associated with licence duties in the revenue proposals. Land values, though due only in part to legal restrictions, and chiefly to natural scarcity and human wants, are of the same economic character in respect of ability to bear taxation. Though in neither case can a very large and sudden burden be equitably placed upon properties and incomes which have in current usage been regarded as ordinary instruments of investment, this consideration must not deter a Government in need of increased revenue from seeking it in quarters where it can be obtained, without great sacrifice upon the part of individual owners, and without injurious reactions upon industry. The same reasons of equity support the proposal, which the Government is believed to have under contemplation, of a surtax upon high incomes. Whether we regard the origin of high incomes, derived largely from the profitable use of special advantages, natural, social, or educational, or the utility and enjoyment of their expenditure, it is equally clear that their owners have an ability to pay which is not possessed by the poorer classes.

It is very important that this principle should be clearly grasped. For we observe, even in certain Liberal quarters, the notion that an equitable increase of taxation consists in a proportionate increase of the existing taxes borne by the various classes of our population. It is held by those who entertain this notion that the imposition of some fresh indirect taxes upon articles of general consumption is justifiable, as the most feasible way of enabling the working classes to contribute their share. If we believed that the Chancellor of the Exchequer held in his mind any such design, we should not hesitate to denounce its impolicy, not upon grounds of electioneering tactics, but as a violation of sound principles of taxation. For although the working classes of this country, and the many types of small clerks and tradesmen, may not pay a larger proportion of their income in taxation than the better-to-do classes, the taxation which they bear is already in excess of any true "ability to pay," in the sense that the incomes of the majority of them are not adequate to support them in full physical and economic efficiency. Any increased taxation upon articles consumed by the workers would, by reducing the purchasing power of their wages or salaries, tend further to impair the productive efficiency of labor, and would thus diminish the output of national wealth and the national capacity to bear taxation in the future. It is no answer to this contention to urge that there is a large working-class expenditure on alcohol and upon other useless or noxious articles, for there is no means of fastening the incidence of working-class taxation so as to revolutionise their customary standards of consumption. Any increase of taxation, however small, upon the workers, will necessarily take its toll from the lives of their families. It will mean worse and less food for the children, more over-crowding, damaged health, and an increased death-rate. It is obvious that the poorer grades of workers have no "ability to pay," and it is highly probable that any attempt to impose increased taxes, direct or indirect, upon any class of our people below the level of the income tax would react detrimentally upon their vital conditions and their economic efficiency.

These considerations of national economy compel us to derive the required increase of revenue from properties and incomes which are created or enhanced by natural monopoly, legal privilege, or other advantages of opportunity. While the immediate necessities of revenue would of themselves suffice to justify the forms of new taxation here discussed, it must not be forgotten that this Government entered on its tenure of office with a peculiar fiscal mission. The defence of Free Trade committed to its charge is not realised by a mere conservative maintenance of freedom of imports. Free Trade is not safe unless a sound policy of constructive finance, sufficiently productive to supply all reasonably growing needs of public revenue, is established and set in operation before the alternative fiscal policy of Protection can be attempted. By a reduction upon military and naval expenditure the Government might have removed the whole body of breakfast table duties which still lie upon the consumers, and thus have further enforced the sound policy of direct as opposed to indirect taxation. But if this is impracticable, it remains none the less a matter of supreme importance that the Government should make its final impression upon our national polity by constructing a reformed system of revenue based upon the equitable and scientific principle of taxing incomes and properties which, because they are wholly or in part "unearned," have the maximum ability to pay.

CHINA'S ANTI-OPIUM CRUSADE.

With the assembling on Monday at Shanghai of the International Commission, the opium question enters a decisive, possibly its final, phase. China in the past few years has given many proofs of an awakening vitality, but none so moving and momentous as her declaration of war on opium. Her other efforts at reform in the spheres of education, of governmental administration, and of military organisation are sufficiently remarkable. The rise of a new, national, self-assertive, and independent spirit among her meek and disjointed millions is more remarkable still. But none of these phenomena is comparable, either in kind or degree, to the task she is now essaying. In attempting to achieve a moral conquest over herself, and to eradicate a national vice, China has embarked on an undertaking by the side of which our little temperance movements seem trivial, and the abolition of slavery a simple operation of cash remittances. China cannot free herself from the toils of opium by mere executive decree or the easy expedient of voting millions. She can only free herself if the force of an aroused public conscience is brought to bear upon scores of millions of individuals,

each one of whom must be simultaneously making his own attempt at redemption. Such an endeavor on such a scale is without precedent in history, and its appeal to the sympathy, interest, and assistance of mankind is irresistible.

To ourselves especially its appeal comes home direct. There are few pages in British history less creditable than those which record the tale of our determination to force opium upon China in the interests of Indian revenues, and against the impassioned protests of the Chinese Government and people. It is true we were not the first to introduce the drug into China. But it is not less true that in the nineteenth century we twice went to war to coerce China into legalising a traffic she had declared to be contraband; that by smuggling and force we fastened the vice upon millions of Chinamen who might and probably would have escaped it; and that but for our actions China would not have relaxed the prohibition on the growth of native opium, in the desperate hope that the Indian drug might be driven out, and the Chinese Government left with a comparatively free hand for dealing with its own people. We cannot, therefore, evade some of the responsibility for whatever misery the habit of opium-smoking may have inflicted upon a country inhabited by one-fifth of the human race. Moreover, we are to-day virtually the only Power under whose auspices an export trade in the drug is carried on. The House of Commons has since unanimously condemned the traffic as "morally indefensible," and there is something instinctively repugnant to the best feelings of the nation in the thought of the Indian Exchequer being replenished from the assisted degradation of the Chinese people, and in the spectacle of our Colonies and settlements in the Far East deriving a considerable portion of their revenues from licensing opium dens. We do not wish to get entangled in any controversy over the physical, mental, and moral effects of opium-smoking. Those who assert that it is no more injurious than alcohol may be perfectly right, though the contention is scarcely reassuring. Those, again, who maintain that, consumed in moderation, it does no harm at all, and that the vast majority of the Chinese who indulge in the habit are moderate consumers, may also be perfectly right. But that does not alter the fact that the Chinese Government, which has after all the nearest and clearest view of the effects of the drug, has found them to be so disastrous to the national well-being that it has initiated a vast and unparalleled campaign of total prohibition. Without British support that campaign cannot possibly succeed. China will reduce the cultivation of native opium to little purpose if it continues to be smuggled or imported from India. Without eradicating the vice, she would in that case be merely depriving herself of revenue, and at the same time filling the coffers of the Indian Treasury. The assistance and co-operation of the Indian Government are, therefore, vital to China's hopes.

That assistance and co-operation have been cheerfully forthcoming, and forthcoming, too, on China's own terms. The Celestial Empire, ever sanguine, undertook to reduce the area under the cultivation of the poppy by one-ninth in each year. The Indian Government—the growth, manufacture, and sale of opium in India is a Government monopoly—agreed on its side to diminish its export of the drug by one-tenth annually. This arrangement holds good till 1910, when it will have been in operation for three years. It is to be continued on proof that China has fulfilled her part of the bargain, until, if all goes well, if no opium is exported from other countries, such as Turkey and Persia, the whole question will have settled itself at the end of the decade. But it is clear already that China has undertaken more than she can carry out in the prescribed time. That the use and cultivation of opium have both considerably diminished since the famous decree of September, 1906, is an undoubted fact. That they have diminished to the extent of one-ninth seems not only impossible to prove, but unlikely to be true. There can be little question either of the sincerity of the Chinese Government or of the sentiment it has awakened among the masses against opium-smoking. But the effect given to the Imperial Edict has, as usual, been haphazard, desultory, and unequal. In some provinces the Viceroys, the mandarins, and the educated classes have joined hands in a vigorous anti-opium crusade, have closed up the opium-dens, made bonfires of the pipes, opened free dispensaries for the cure of the habit, and organised meetings and leagues for combating the vice. In others the Edict has been either ignored or evaded, partly because many of the officials are themselves addicted to opium, partly because the revenue raised from the taxation of the poppy is an important asset in the provincial finances, and partly because the Chinese, the most democratic of peoples, decide for themselves how far the example or wishes of Pekin are worth complying with. The Central Government has undoubtedly done all that could be expected of it, and where the Viceroys have shown themselves equally energetic, they have never had to appeal in vain for popular support. The British Legation in Pekin reports that already smoking in public has become "bad form," and that should this sentiment gain in moral force, there seems no reason why it should not develop into "losing face," the most powerful of all the rules of Chinese conduct.

On the while, we think a good case has been made out for treating China generously in this matter, and for not insisting too stringently on the strict letter of the bond. If, indeed, the whole anti-opium movement peters out, the Indian Government is necessarily released from its obligations, and the question will have to be reconsidered, if at all, on a new basis. But while there is a reasonable prospect that China, by her own exertions, will ultimately succeed in her valorous object, she ought not to be held to a too rigid covenant. Every allowance should be made for the unprecedented difficulties of her task, and the Indian Government, which has seconded her initial efforts in an admirable spirit, should be encouraged to persevere in its generous course. We do not, however, hide from ourselves for one moment that the whole problem is wrapped in perplexities. The loss of three and a-half or four millions sterling a year to the Indian revenues is a very serious prospect, and

the difficulties of prohibiting the cultivation of the poppy in the native States would be not less serious. Then, again, if the House of Commons orders the Governments of Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and the Federated Malay States to forego the revenue they have hitherto derived from licensing opium dens, the question of compensation from the Imperial Treasury is bound to arise, and cannot, in justice, be evaded. And, finally—and here the International Commission ought to be of real service—it is of great interest and of more than a little importance to determine how far the diminution, such as it is, in opium-smoking among the Chinese masses has been offset by the growth of opium-eating or by addiction to alcohol, morphia, or cocaine.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE NAVY.

We hope that the usually well-informed London correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" is wide of the mark when he predicts that the Navy Estimates will show an increase of six millions, *i.e.*, that our naval expenditure will rise to about 38 millions. Now let us be clear in this matter. Many Liberals have never been greatly attached to the formula of the two-Power standard, because of its inelasticity, and the way in which it seems to stereotype naval policy at periods when it should follow the movements of our diplomacy, and the new incidents and groupings in the world of foreign affairs. Our naval policy in the past was built on tolerably safe, if not very scientific, lines. We looked after the next strongest Power, which was usually France, and, if we were alert, kept well in front of her. Then came the period of continental combinations, and, sliding into the two-Power standard, we held France and Russia—then in marked unfriendly relationship to Great Britain—in our minds' eye. In a word, naval and foreign policy coincided. But great changes followed, all but one favorable to ourselves. Russia ceased to be a naval Power, having been crushed by an ally of our own—the new force of Japan. France passed from hostility to a warm and close association with us. An American *entente* removed another source of peril, and was followed by the practical withdrawal of the British fleet from the American-Atlantic zone. And the general and very real anti-British sentiment which arose out of the South African settlement vanished into air. Only one new and serious phenomenon occurred, and that was the growing alienation of Germany from England and the growth of the German Navy. That was a single measurable peril, to which the formula of the two-Power standard happened to be inapplicable. But so long as that form of words was governed by the phrase well used by Sir Edward Grey at Coldstream—namely, that it applied only to a "probable combination," its retention formed no ground of quarrel with the Government, and no reason for breaking up the national unity on the subject of naval strength.

But now an attempt is being made to crystallise the two-Power standard in a form in which it constitutes an offence to the United States, and a grievous new burden on the electorate. With no disrepect to Mr. Lee or Mr. Bellairs, we decline to take either as authorities on the mixed problem of policy and defence which constitutes the measure of our Naval Estimates. Least of all, have they a right to interpret Ministerial policy or the feeling of the Liberal Party. There is a sentence in Mr. McKenna's rather excessive speech on the Navy at the Fishmongers' Hall which seems to suggest a desire to give the hardest and most literal interpretation to the Prime Minister's answers to Mr. Lee—in other words, to direct our naval strength against a possible combination of the German and American fleets, *plus* ten per cent. There has been some misapprehension on this point, which we understand that the Prime Minister's communications to Mr. Murray Macdonald and his friends have set at rest. We are quite willing to leave out many almost certain calculations—such as the union of the French and British sea-power in the event, for which no reason in policy or nature exists, of a war with Germany. But we are not willing, not merely to ignore these factors, but to give shape to the monstrous spectre projected by Mr. Lee, and if the Naval Estimates are framed on such an hypothesis, the Liberal comity about the Navy will be destroyed. The Prime Minister's pledges are not only incompatible with it, but can be cited in direct support of a policy of retrenchment.

Moreover, no need for such an increment as six millions exists in the competition of the German programme. The critical point in that instrument, so far as we are concerned, arises in 1911 and 1912. It is possible, by supposing that Germany comes up to date with all her constructive work, to say that for some weeks of these years the power of the two countries in "Dreadnoughts" alone will be nearly on a parity. But if we build four such ships every year, begin them a little earlier than usual, and finish them within two years, 1912 will leave us with a start of at least five such ships. But with the "Dreadnought" type the German strength in great battleships almost ends. We, on the other hand, have our two Nelsons, our eight King Edwards, our five Duncans, and our six Formidables. We also have an overwhelming preponderance in first-class cruisers, and only the other day the "Times" was arguing in favor of reckoning the strongest and swiftest of these vessels as "capital" ships. Such a standard of strength as this, which yields every canon of safety and preponderant force laid down by the naval school, can be maintained without a plunge into thoughtless extravagance. No Liberal Government concerned both for the credit of the country and the raising of its standard of civilisation, can decree a rise of six millions at one bound of the Naval Estimates. Such a step would destroy its unity, would falsify the personal pledges of every one of its leading members, including Mr. McKenna himself, and would be an act of useless incitement to the growth of armed force in the world. We have no monopoly of the power of production. Where we build others build. But we set the pace, and, being first, our neighbours naturally quicken their step when we take a fresh

stride forward. On safety we are all agreed, and also on the lines which secure safety. But a step beyond safety is waste, and worse than waste.

The vast insuring public cannot fail to welcome the announcement that the Government propose to require some provision against the promotion of irresponsible fire insurance companies. Under the Life Assurance Companies Acts a deposit of £20,000 is the preliminary essential to the launching of a new life insurance company. A similar requirement is enforced under the Act of 1907 before the business of employers' liability can be pursued, but hitherto no provision has been enacted with respect to fire insurance. There can be no reasonable excuse for this exception, for the public require quite as much protection in this branch of insurance. The number of new fire insurance companies has increased of late years altogether out of proportion to real requirements. It is hard for the ordinary insurer to discriminate between the good, bad, and indifferent. It is, therefore, well that the Board of Trade should lend its assistance to the unwary, and guide them in the direction of security. The wholesale cutting of rates is an easily obscured process. But it can have but one result, and in most cases the lesson is learned too late.

Life and Letters.

THE ENJOYMENT OF THE EARTH.

"Further," says Mr. Thomas Traherne, "you never enjoy the world aright, till you so love the beauty of enjoying it that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it." Most of those who in latter years of depression and grey skies have revealed themselves as "covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it," have been great physical sufferers—from a life of physical torment, perhaps intensified and heightened by that torment, "corroborating forever the triumph of things." Stevenson and Henley, Walt Whitman, and Richard Jefferies, all those who, in Mr. Edward Thomas's eloquent definition, have "made to-day the first of days and this field Eden," have learnt this intoxication of present pleasure from association with present pain. "He was a very marked case of hysteria in man," was one medical verdict upon Jefferies. In the long years of torture which terminated in premature death, "in some way not yet to be explained," says his latest biographer, "the mortal pining of his body was related to the intense vivacity of his last years." "Some of my best work," he wrote, "was done in this intense agony." In this latest and best of his biographies, "Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work," by Edward Thomas (Hutchinson & Co.), the irrelevant part of his writing is placed in its suitable position. He appears sometimes in description and commentary of the life of rural England, a life crumbling in his day and now already becoming a memory. He plunged occasionally into politics, first as a violent opponent of Joseph Arch and the Laborers' agitation—the voice of the tenant farmer class from whom he sprang; later as a kind of Socialistic Radical, a bitter opponent of the feudal system. There have been claims advanced for him as a naturalist, an observer of the ways of beasts and birds; claims which, before criticism, are compelled to abandon any extravagant demands. For none of these things will he be remembered; but as one of the company of "Life Worshippers" who, awakening while other men were asleep, could behold something of the splendor of the world, the magic of each moment as it passes, vindicating its existence before it dies.

And here is the ultimate relationship with Whitman; no more of a naturalist, no more of a politician. Jefferies died when he was thirty-eight, Whitman lived to a ripe old age. One possessed a physical vigor lacking in the other, and a quick, exuberant response to human comradeship and affection. In outward and visible form, in texture of mind, there was no obvious resemblance. But in each there was the same gluttonous grasping at the present, the sucking of the rind and core of its delights; in each the same response to the consciousness of the crowd; in each the same refusal to accept any standard but the standard of Life, before which many impulses and all inhibitions stand judged and condemned. "I believe in the Body," is the beginning of the creed of either. "I believe all manner of asceticism," is the confession of Jefferies, "to be the vilest blasphemy; blasphemy towards the whole of the human race. I believe in the flesh and the body, which is worthy of worship. . . . The ascetics are the only persons that are impure." So his worship of natural things became a kind of physical avidity; intensified by a sense of touch and vision exceedingly delicate and violent. He devoured color, finding "every spot of it a sort of food." In the later spring "the ears listen and want more," he writes: "the eyes are gratified with gazing, and desire yet further; the nostrils are filled with sweet odours of flower and sap. The touch, too, has its pleasures, dallying with leaf and flower." "Can you not almost grasp the odour-laden air," he asks, "and hold it in the hollow of the hand?" It is a riot of sense-given impression, accepting, without questioning, very content. For this man is of the company who find the world "more to man since he is fallen than it was before," accepting the challenge of the mystic—"you never enjoy the world aright till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the Heavens and crowned with the Stars."

It is a Pageant, the pageant of the moment which passes and yet abides, ever old and ever young. It delights in "the old road, the same flowers." It accepts the wind's whispering that "there never was a yesterday and never will be to-morrow." It finds "always hope in the hills." "All the grasses of the meadow were my pets," wrote Jefferies of his childhood's days. "I loved them all." Of poppies, "there is genius in them," he proclaims, "the genius of color, and they are saved." With Thoreau he will abandon all that most men care for to hear one cricket sing. "I found from the dandelion," he cries, "that there were no books." "The sunlight puts out the words of the printed books as it puts out the fire; the very grass blades confound the wise." To that sunlight he brings as a testing instrument all clamorous and appealing things; the hopes and dreams and perplexing ways of men. He is a worshipper of the sun, falling in the afternoon in Trafalgar-square, on the crowded Brighton promenade, in the woods of high June, or under a cold November day. He applauds it stored in the gold of the wheat or woven into the petals of the rose. "More sunshine; more flowers" is a perpetual hope for the future of mankind. For this sunshine is life—riotous, confident, unashamed; life congruous to and illuminating all the physical beauty of the human body, of the world of out of doors; the life which made him almost intoxicated with the marbles in the British Museum, which drew him, resisting, to the unknown city multitudes; which left him in childhood on the downs, "utterly alone with the sun and the earth," lost in an ecstasy, an inflatus at "the inexpressible beauty of it all."

And as it approved so it condemned; all energies directed towards blind alleys, burrowings underground; all that was unable to encounter with exultation the test of that strong stimulus and fever. "It rebels," says Mr. Thomas of his work, "against all the gods, against all things except life." Jefferies is a rebel as

Blake was a rebel, and Lafcadio Hearn and Thoreau and Whitman; against the mechanic pacing to and fro; the set, grey life; the apathetic end. His vision of his generation was of the man with the muck-rake, ever being offered the golden crown, ever assiduously and with downcast eyes raking together the sticks and small stones and the dust of the floor. "The pageantry of power," he affirms, "the still more foolish pageantry of wealth; the senseless precedence of place; words fail me to express my utter contempt for such pleasure or such ambitions." He is dissatisfied that life for the general is "so little and so mean." "Back to the sun," he is always preaching, from "house life"—"house life" which he denounces as the creed of the half-alive. "Remain; be content; go round and round in one barren path, a little money, a little food and sleep, some ancient fables, old age, and death." As a mystic he belongs to the class of those who aspire, rather than of those who acquiesce. He was never in danger of becoming a quietist. Rejoicing in the moment, he was never content with the moment, demanding always that which the moment, with all its rich benefits, could never bestow. He asks "for a larger frame, a longer day, more sunshine, a longer sleep." He rises from the banquet of life, never satisfied; encouraging illimitable desires. Longing—an invalid—for "the unwearied strength of Ninus to hunt unceasingly in the fierce sun," "still I should desire greater strength and a stouter bow," he acknowledges; "wilder creatures to combat." "The intense life of the senses," he cries, "there is never enough of them." "I should like to be loved by every beautiful woman on earth." Meat and wine he finds pleasant and most refreshing, but "these are the least of all." He has never had enough of the vehemence of exertion, the vehemence of sunlight and life, the insatiate desire of love, divine and beautiful, the uncontrollable desire of beauty. "Give me these in greater abundance," he prays, "than was ever known to man or woman." It is the prayer of a cripple, in poverty and pain, stricken down ere the journey has well-nigh begun; so soon to pass to where all journeys end.

And what he desired for himself he desired for all his companions; a life which will transfer no affections to some problematical future, but here and now will riot and rejoice in the glory of the sum of things. He is perplexed and saddened by the confusion that man has made of his world. "In twelve thousand written years the world has not yet built itself a House, nor filled a Granary, nor organised itself for its own comfort. It is so marvellous I cannot express the wonder with which it fills me." Yet he believes that there would be enough for all, if only all were willing to share it. He brushes aside the ordinary ambitions which inflame mankind: "money, furniture, affected show, and the pageantry of wealth." He longs for the coming of a day when the ambition of the multitude will be fixed on the idea of form and beauty. "I would submit to a severe discipline," he declares, "and to go without many things cheerfully, for the good and happiness of the human race in the future." "The labor of our predecessors in this country, in all other countries of the earth is entirely wasted. We live—that is, we snatch an existence—and our works become nothing. The piling up of fortunes, the building of cities, the establishment of immense commerce, end in a cypher. These objects are so outside my idea that I cannot understand them, and look upon the struggle in amazement. Not even the pressure of poverty can force upon me an understanding of, and sympathy with, these things." But he does not despair of the future. "Earth," he asserts in "The Pageant of Summer," "holds secrets enough to give them the life of the favored immortals." His heart was fixed firm and stable in the belief that "ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence." "There is so much for us yet to come," he believes, "so much to be gathered and enjoyed."

He is one of the very few writers who can look towards the future with hope, whose visions and Utopias do not end in a sense of dust and ashes—an infinite weariness. The cities ever growing higher of M. Anatole France, in the heart of which men piled up wealth on a diet of sour milk and digestive tablets, the fat, settled comfort of Mr. Bellamy, even the playing at children of William Morris, all leave an impression of emptiness and fatigue, life settling down upon the leas. John Stuart Mill, while oppressed by the problem of what mankind would do when all the old wrongs were righted, found consolation in the poems of Wordsworth, in the vision of the world learning from Wordsworth serenity and content. There is more satisfaction to be obtained from the writings of Jefferies and Whitman. Wordsworth assumes a nature benignant and responsive, a spirit whose dwelling is the light of setting suns and in the mind of man. The result is a kind of refined and sometimes too rarefied Pantheism, which is compelled often to shut its eyes to the Nature which is "red in tooth and claw," and equally bestows increase and destruction. Jefferies was no nature worshipper. He wove from his dawns and sunsets no roseate scheme of natural religion. He acknowledged the "blunt cruelty" of natural things. He always confessed no intelligence in human affairs: outside—a Nature not so much hostile as utterly indifferent to all the ardours of mankind. "The sea, the earth, the sun, the trees, the hills, care nothing for human life." He had no specific "humanitarian" teaching, and in early days delighted in the work of devastation and of slaughter. He was bored by the claims of science, and thought nothing of the jargon of "Evolution." The strength of his position rests in his association of these realities with the overmastering "passion of life." To him it was an adventure always, into a region of fairyland, occupied as to another modern mystic with "dust like the wreck of temples and thistle-down like the ruin of stars." His strength was in himself. It was from that hidden, mysterious source of vitality that the colors appeared which he sought in field and flower, that rain of fairy gold which flung itself over the common things until every bush was burning with fire. He did not find a Presence which disturbed with the joy of elevating thoughts. He found a glamor—inimitable, inexplicable—which excited to delirious emotion. Others have demanded Order, Understanding, evidence of Purpose or Compassion. He asked only for Beauty. And that Beauty was not denied to the supplicant. The Seasons passed in their procession; Birth and Death wove their webs of being; men were seeking, and in vain, for sympathy and pity behind the veil of visible things. Enough for him that here the sunlight flickering on the stems of old trees, the sap creeping up through a million tiny stems, the changes of expanding petals and of withered autumn leaves, could reveal a magic and a mystery which time could never dim nor age destroy.

BURNS THE REALIST.

It was a hundred and fifty years this week since the birth of Burns, and if we were to say that we could mark the beginning of modern English literature with that event, every Scotsman in the Lowlands would spring from his chair and protest that it was impossible, because Burns was a Scot. We are quite aware that Burns was a Scot. It is only as a Scot that he counts. The moment he tried to be English he dropped his distinction, and ceased to be a writer of much significance. Like so many of the Irish poets, he wrote English as a foreign language, always moving stiffly in it, as one unaware of the intimate value of its words, so that his English verses seldom rose above the level of the album. Take his English at its very best. Take the famous and often quoted lines from "Tam o' Shanter":—

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-falls in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

It is all very pretty, but with what relief, with what sense of power renewed we reach the next line:—

"The hour approaches Tam maun ride!"

Or what a change from the sickly, stuffy atmosphere of drawing-room verse it is to go back to the free air of gutter and tavern in the poem's opening lines:—

"When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

After comparing these two passages within a few lines of each other in the same poem, no one could doubt that the Burns who counts—the Burns of poetry—is the born Scot and not the sham Englishman. If one had to make a selection from Burns, the surest way to begin would be to cut out everything he wrote in English. We may be told this would cut out the admired lines "To Mary in Heaven." Let them go, then; they are not the true Burns. They do not compare in passion or expression with "The Banks o' Doon," or even with "Highland Mary." The poet is working in a material of which he is not master, and he is hampered by exactly those traditions and well-worn uses which it was his distinction to break through or throw aside. Let it be granted that Burns was, before all things, a Scots poet. No Scotsman could outdo us on that article of faith though he preached it through a week of Sabbaths. We will even say that the nearer Burns came to writing like an Englishman the less of a poet he was.

And yet we find in him for the first time some of the most distinctive notes of our modern English literature. There is in him the clinging to reality, the determination to see things as they are, and to report them without the embellishments of tender or poetic convention. In Collins's "Ode to Evening," and even in the spirit of Gray's "Elegy," we may trace the beginnings of the revolt against the frigid tradition of the classic school. It is a revolt that we specially connect with Wordsworth's name, and it was developed in such opposite writers as William Blake and Crabbe; but Wordsworth himself always owned his debt to Burns:—

"Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth."

Burns seldom reached the depths of passionate emotion. He never touched such strings as "A slumber did my spirit seal," or "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree," and a few other poems that since his time have become part of our common inheritance. The nearest he came to passion was in the "Banks o' Doon," and the nearest he came to magic was in the haunting and exquisite lines:—

"The pale moon is setting beyond the white wave,
And Time is setting wi' me, O!"

Certainly he has many charming and tender lovesongs—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," "O, my love's like a red, red rose," and "Mary Morison," which he ends with the very rare achievement of an epigrammatic form that does not spoil the beauty:—

"If love for love thou wiltna gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison."

But it was not in depth of passion that he was greatest. It was in his intimate touch with outside reality in man, beast, and nature that he was the first of our poets, and has remained unsurpassed even by Wordsworth. Sometimes, it is true, our weak English throats have to gulp his words like burnt porridge, and when in the fate of the Auld Brig we come upon the line "And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies," we look round for the burbling Jabberwock to come whiffling past. But if we could drop out the three words borrowed from chilly tradition, what a first-hand picture of a driving winter's day is in the verse:—

"When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower,
And Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r
Or whirling drift."

And even more intimate is the similar glimpse of the mouse exposed to winter's misery:—

"That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!"

Wordsworth, as he said, followed that line of humble truth; most of our greatest poets have followed it since then, even when their sublime theme has been most aloof from mice and men. But the man who does a thing first generally does it best, because he needs more stuff in him to clear the path of tangle and choke-weed. It was not Burns's life as a small farmer that made him a poet, but as he happened to have genius too, his life as a small farmer gave him a sureness of touch, a closeness of affection for bird and beast and earth such as no scholar in universities or suburbs can ever hope to acquire.

Reality has been one dominant note in our literature for something over a century; humor has been the other, and in both Burns set the example that we were to follow. To be sure, he was not the first realist or the first humorist in our literature, but since his time the things have become more pervasive, and have taken a rather different sound. In his humor as in his realism the secret of Burns is again his intimacy, his personal closeness to man or beast, so that he always seems to be thinking from the inside, and becomes the very soul even of what he satirises. As with all true humorists, the best of Burns's humor is touched with sympathetic affection, such as is seen in the old farmer's salutation to his old mare, or in the sweet appeal of the girl in "Tam Glen," which Matthew Arnold thought such an excellent antidote to moonshiny lyrics:—

"My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?"

There is the same sympathetic insight in the "Jolly Beggars," the poet's masterpiece of rollicking humor, and one of the most genuine scenes of revelry outside Rabelais:—

"Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

Burns had, besides, the humor of satire in its finest form. "Death and Dr. Hornbook," "The Holy Fair"—there are many excellent examples, and they reach their highest perfection of malignant laughter in "Holy Willie's Prayer." Every verse is steeped in the finest venom, but take the second as most quotable for memory:—

"I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou has left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place."

Combine the satire with the affection and you get perhaps the highest form of Burns's humor, and a form very characteristic of the British mind. In Burns it reached perfection in the "Address to the De'il," and the ode "To a Louse, on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church," which concludes with the well-worn quotation:—

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae many a blunder free us

And foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!"

But if only one example of Burns's humor were allowed to survive, it would be the "Address to the De'il" that we should choose, for in that there is some touch of all his finest powers in humor—his irony, satire, intimate knowledge of the poor and their traditions, an unfailing command of strange but necessary language, and over all the queer glint of humorous affection, such as a nice child feels for a wicked doll:—

"But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben,
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den
Ev'n for your sake!"

It is hard to say how far one writer really influences his successors, or how far they would be different if he had never written. But if we may trace any tradition in literature at all, we may see in Burns a source of two great influences. On the side of his close intimacy with nature, his pitying affection for the country people, birds, beasts, and all things of low estate, his work was carried on by Wordsworth, and has descended to Thomas Hardy and to others who have found in humble truth "the aristocracy of passion." In satire, in humor, and prolific splendor of production he was the natural predecessor of Byron, though Byron surpassed him even in his unfaltering ease of expression. Both sides of his genius have, by one means or another, entered into the daily life and thought of our people. As one may see by associating with soldiers and ordinary workmen, an affectionate sympathy with common and unfortunate things characterises our country, and at the same time the people retain a freedom of satire and ironic criticism that saves them from sentimentality. We do not say that Burns was the origin of these characteristics. But it was because he possessed both beyond the limitations of others that his power survives, as Wordsworth said, deep in the general heart of men.

THE FORTUNATE MUSICIAN.

One cannot feel in approaching the centenary of Mendelssohn's birth the satisfaction of a posthumous reparation which is often a frequent justification for these festivals. Mankind has no need to repent in sackcloth when it hears his name. To him at least our fathers did not give a pauper's funeral as they gave to Mozart, nor bury him, as they buried Poe, under a tumulus of slander, which their sons have had to excavate. They baptised him Felix, and, as he lay dying, all Europe waited for the physician's bulletins. We miss the adventurous pleasure of snatching his work from oblivion, and recoil rather shyly from the attempt to compete with the plaudits which overwhelmed him living. We know that little girls through all these years have never ceased to practice the Songs without Words upon suburban pianos, that prodigies will continue to make their premature *débuts* with the violin concert, and that choral societies in every town of the North of England will go on performing the "Elijah" with an annual piety and a respectable zeal. The natural man is rather tempted to resent so much good fortune, and to deny to this facile conqueror a place among the heroes who have made garrets immortal, and caused our ears to throb with the melodious memory of their pain. And, indeed, the gods brought to his cradle every gift save the possibility of a profound experience. His very name was inherited fame. He had wise parents, devoted brothers, cultured sisters, enlightened teachers, and a whole salon of the great to applaud his earliest efforts. So soon as he could pen an exercise in counterpoint, a private orchestra was waiting to perform it in the family mansion. Hegel and Humboldt were proud to attend the lad's Sunday parties. Goethe received him even as a child. He was hailed at seventeen as a composer of distinction, and recognised at twenty as an Admirable Crichton. His competent water-colors and his capable verse translations of Terence and Dante attest the care with which every talent had been fostered. The natural deaths of mother and father and sister were the only griefs in his sunny career. Its one annoyance was the slightly embarrassing patronage of his Sovereign; its one disappointment that the enthusiasm of Paris and Berlin seemed cool in comparison with the devotion of London and Leipsig. He had his good things in this life, and posterity feels that the debt of gratitude to his genius was paid in full. It was a slight and charming personality that grew up amid the favors of a contented world, which only asked that he should please it. The longing, the struggle, the intensity of thwarted emotion, the devotional no less than the revolutionary spirit were absent from this genius, to whom fortune had given grace and tact and the plastic sense of beauty.

It would none the less be an unhistorical view, with would regret either the facility of Mendelssohn's talent, or the ease of his progress through the world. It is possible that poverty or friendlessness might have brought some new element of depth, or unrest, or rebellion into his work, and that his tact, learning, and industry would have enabled him to find for deeper thoughts a still beautiful expression. But his generation would have lost more than posterity could have gained. He stood at a turning point in the social and economic evolution of music, and he played in its development a part which cannot be measured by the intrinsic value of his compositions. Music had been, up to the death of Mozart, the exclusive amusement of the wealthy and the well-born. Executants and composers alike were the dependants, sometimes even the liveried servants, of nobles and princes. The earlier glories of the Viennese school were a decorative adjunct to the lives of feudal magnates and princely churchmen. Beethoven alone was too proud and too strong to live by patronage, yet too profound and too much an innovator to capture in his lifetime an intimate place in the affections of the middle-classes. It wanted no originality in Mendelssohn's time to conceive the possibility of this new *rôle*. But his inherited wealth, his charm of manner, and the immediate appeal of his compositions, even to the less educated taste of his day, were necessary elements in a success which helped to lay the foundations of the position that music holds to-day. The modern industrial town was springing up, with leisure and wealth enough to have æsthetic needs, but without traditions, without education, and with little of the curiosity which can to-day win a hearing even for Strauss. Birmingham and Leipsig were typical of the age, and it was precisely in Birmingham and Leipsig that Mendelssohn became a demi-god. He had all the qualifications, negative and positive, which made for a popular success, even in Early Victorian England—external grace, an affectionate and modest nature, the reputation of a good citizen who had none of the dreaded "Bohemian" eccentricities of manners and morals, an attitude towards religion which made the Churches his allies, and with it all, the gifts of a brilliant executant, and the suggestion of a not too dangerous or diabolic magic in his improvisations. His songs and his occasional writings for the piano perpetuated his influence in homes which would have given no welcome to greater music, while his more ambitious compositions had a tunefulness which captured the simple listener without the ordeal of a second hearing, and a technical mastery which secured the no less enthusiastic approbation of the learned. He was all the while recovering for this larger public the neglected legacies of the past. At his hands the world at last consented to receive the inheritance of Bach, for it was to his enthusiasm and insight that the Passion Music owned its second performance, and its subsequent conquest of Europe; and he it was, more than any other individual, who forced a sceptical world to realise the greatness of the later works of Beethoven. His Leipsig concerts set the model to civilisation, and the Conservatorium which he founded there perpetuated this tradition, and became the typical

school for an art which had at last freed itself from its dependence on courts, and based its future on the devotion of multitudes. In this broadening of the basis of music, this expansion of its appeal, which coincided so wonderfully with the recovery of so much that was abstruse, and with a general raising of standards, Mendelssohn was a pioneer whose triumphant personality compelled success and conjured with difficulty.

It would be an easy task to draft an effective speech for a Devil's advocate who should oppose the canonisation of Mendelssohn among the greater masters. Much of his more popular work has worn itself threadbare, but in the process what pleasure and uplifting, what consolation and contentment has it not brought with it to three generations. Even the symphonies, some movements excepted, sound to modern ears comparatively slight and superficial. The limitations of his talent are sufficiently obvious. For all his preoccupation with religion he never struck the devotional note which one hears in Bach and Handel and Beethoven. His lyrical gift is merely pretty when one compares it with Schumann's or Schubert's. Weber excelled him in reproducing the atmosphere of the German Romantics. His special talent was perhaps, to render the comparatively slight moods which an external scene may awaken—to paint the water-colors of music. But there remains, after all these deductions, an enduring performance of an unassailable beauty. No familarity can state the exquisite grace and appropriateness of the Midsummer Night overture, a miracle which ranks in the world's creations beside Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," as the fresh work of an inspired youth of seventeen. The Octett for strings retains its place among the unalloyed joys of the concert room, and in some degree that may be said of most of his chamber music. One may doubt whether any composition save the Dead March in Saul has been put to a test so severe as the Violin Concerto. One has heard it hurried by the virtuoso, labored by the child prodigy, and sugared by the conscious sentimentalist, yet its serene beauty survives untainted and unspoiled. A comparison with the greater works in the same form of Beethoven and Brahms, cannot degrade or unclass it. Even the simplicity of its slow movement, with its discreet suggestion of a still Sabbath evening in some Rhine valley in early summer, tranquil and God-fearing and gently melancholy, does not lose its abiding dignity. The supreme tact of the writing, which suggests in every bar a conscious adaptation to the resources of the violin, leaves it none the less spontaneous and lyrical. A severe measurer of words might refuse it the epithet "great," but in an age when every writer strains for profundity and meaning, for force and passion, it is a rarer praise that we can call it "beautiful." One may argue about Mendelssohn's precise place in the apostolic succession, but at least there is no one living to-day who deserves to rank beside him on any measurement of æsthetic values. The Germans, with their pedantic pursuit of the idea of development in art, are ready to hail any fanatic who will exaggerate a principle or carry some tendency a little further than his predecessors. They have all but sophisticated us into forgetting that a work of art is an appeal to the senses and the imagination. Beauty and pleasure are words which they have relegated to the vocabulary of Philistines and children. We stand to-day in need of a little shameless hedonism in our artistic valuations. When we return to that criterion we shall experience fewer doubts about the place of Mendelssohn in music. Strauss, they say, must be heard often to be understood. It is higher praise that Mendelssohn can be heard often and enjoyed.

OF GOOD AND EVIL.

It is sometimes remarked of the more thoughtful of the rising generation that they are cooler in their feelings about right and wrong and in their bestowal of praise and blame than seems consistent with the enthusiasm of youth. This is sometimes deplored as implying some laxity of moral fibre. But this, most likely, is an erroneous interpretation of what is rather to be regarded as a natural fruit of modern education. Though determinism as a set philosophic creed has never won wide ascendancy, the scientific treatment of history and human nature it expresses must have modified in various subtle ways the views and feelings of the younger generation upon those problems of good and evil which their parents solved by rule-of-thumb theology or merely traditional morality. Considerations of "heredity and environment" have come partly to temper, partly to displace, the older sense of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," for it is on the side of evil that the change of feeling is most evident. There is no straight denial of responsibility, but everywhere a growing tendency "to make allowances." Fragments of psychology and of sociology creep into the mind by a thousand channels, bringing some suspension or qualification of the old customary or instinctive feelings. Nor is it only the more scientific view of human nature that conduces to this change. Our ampler understanding of the economy of Nature seems to justify the existence of many beings and deeds that once from ignorance seemed purely noxious. An informed evolutionist can hardly keep the old anthropocentric view of the universe—regarding everything as made to serve some purely human end. No doubt we must still continue to kill man-eating tigers, garden slugs, and tuberculous bacilli. But as we comprehend more clearly the part they play in the scheme of things, we come to hate them less. The bacteriologist at any rate must acquire some positive sympathy with what may be termed the "point of view" of the bacillus. And so will not the wider Naturalist find in the various sorts of human parasites, who once seemed wholly evil—the criminal, the beggar, the usurer—their necessary functions in the cosmic order, and will not such discovery moderate his hostility towards them? Is not all this and much more involved in the aphorism "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner?" But scientific restriction is not the only tendency of modern thought that sets this way. Philosophy and religion have made various inroads upon the old sharp antagonism of good and evil. Though the central thought of Emerson's doctrine of compensation was old as reason itself, the freshness of its modern utterance chimed in with many spiritual and intellectual needs of the age. The vindication of the moral law "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," by linking it to the whole realm of natural causation, came as a welcome successor to the dying Calvinism of New England, while the optimist and the indifferentist alike turned the plastic teaching to their own temperamental purposes.

Though nothing was further from Emerson's meaning than any desire to weaken the human war against material or moral evils, a loose application of his doctrine of compensation as an argument for *laissez faire* is very common. A certain admitted relativity of pleasure and pain, of good and evil, success and failure, is treated as a natural balance which it is foolish or futile to seek to disturb. Though seldom openly applied to morals, it often serves to turn aside resentment against material injustice. The poor, they tell us, get quite as much enjoyment from their lives as the rich: the latter have pains as numerous and as intense as their pleasures; the balance of satisfaction for the upper and the lower classes, and even for individuals, is not very different, or, if it is, such remedies as reformers would apply will not secure a better adjustment. While this doctrine seldom comes out into the open, it underlies much of the emotional apathy of the ordinary well-to-do educated person in considering the poor.

Again, though the logic of Christian Science is contemptible enough, the attitude of thought and feeling which it represents is worthy of much consideration. The habit of "denying" evil, verbal in the first instance, cannot remain without influence upon feeling and action, and the willingness of millions of persons in civilised countries to adopt the ritual of such denial

indicates a previous softening of the older feelings of hate and indignation. No doubt Christian Scientists will retort that, instead of slackening in the struggle against evil, they are bringing the struggle to a triumphant victory, for to deny evil is to annihilate it. But this first principle of Christian Science will appear to most of us to beg the whole question. More subtle, though less popular in its immediate influence, is the new theistic monism struggling as Personalism to distinguish itself from the older forms of Pantheism, which finds such eloquent exponents as Dr. Campbell. Every attempt at interpreting the Universe as a single spiritual system is, of course, confronted with the same necessity of defining its attitude towards the sin, the pain, the falsehood, the ugliness, which appear either as breaches or as blemishes in the goodness and harmony of the whole. We do not say that the bold endeavors of the defenders of divine immanence to distinguish evil as the figment of a finite and separatist view, is unphilosophical. Philosophers, Eastern and Western, have, in many ages, held the doctrine of the purely partial or illusory nature of evil, and the subtlest of our living philosophers has expressed it in the forcible apothegm: "This is the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil."

But what concerns us here is not the truth or falsehood of these views or principles, but the fact that they are held, and that they are spreading throughout the intellectual atmosphere. To certain robust intelligences it appears that such thoughts are powerless to effect feeling and conduct. No abstract doctrines of fate or determinism, they contend, ever weaken the actual sense of liberty and responsibility, and no enhanced understanding of the uses of evil and pain will make us hate them less or slacken our efforts to abolish them. Our knowledge that the sun does not move every day from East to West does not interfere with our practical conviction that it moves this way. How much feebler will be the power of mere thought to alter the inherited tradition of feelings about good and evil evolved in long aeons of a struggle for morality!

But is this robust answer quite satisfactory? The reaction of the new thoughts about the meaning of good and evil is already visible in important acts of conduct, in education, the treatment of crime, and in the whole realm of psycho-therapeutics. Not only a few advanced men and women, but quite ordinary citizens, are coming to feel towards many crimes and vices, at any rate when they do not touch themselves too nearly, a toleration which would have shocked their grandfathers, as much as the cruelty with which the latter treated children, criminals, or lunatics shock the present generation. That there is still much to seek in all these acts of conduct we are aware, but about the steady stream of tendency there can be no dispute. The really interesting speculation is how far it will carry us. When scientific psychology and the new spiritual monism have had time to work, not only on the few, but on the many, so that a new moral atmosphere is generated, how far will it affect, not merely the intensity of the emotions which good and evil, noble and base characters and conduct evolve, but the very nature of the sentiments of praise and blame? Brought up to see in every soul the product of its ancestry and its human surroundings, shall we come to feel towards virtue and vice the same sort of likes and dislikes that we feel towards a shapely or an ugly plant, or towards a machine that runs smoothly or one that "goes wrong"? Or is there something so invincibly unique in human personality and the arts that emanate therefrom as to preserve the instinctive qualities of moral love and indignation against the allied invasion of scientific determinism and spiritual monism? Perhaps, indeed, the conflict may moderate the older Hebraic asperity of moral passion into a "sweet reasonability" which shall keep the glow of moral fervor without its consuming fire. Toleration and consideration are such priceless gains that it is difficult to believe that character and conduct can be enfeebled or imperilled by any changes in feeling about good and evil which they involve.

Contemporaries.

PROFESSOR MURRAY AND THE NEW HELLENISM.

"I remember about twenty years ago reading an obituary notice of Bohn, the editor of the library of translations, written by Mr. Labouchere. The writer attributed to Bohn the signal service to mankind of having finally shown up the Classics. As long as the Classics remained a sealed book to him, the ordinary man could be imposed upon. He could be induced to believe in their extraordinary merits. But when, thanks to Mr. Bohn, they all lay before him in plain English prose, he could estimate them at their proper worth and be rid for ever of a great incubus. Take Bohn's translation of the 'Agamemnon,' as we may presume it appeared to Mr. Labouchere, and take the 'Agamemnon' itself as it is to one of us: there is a broad gulf, and the bridging of that gulf is the chief part of our duty as interpreters."—*Professor Murray's Inaugural Address.*

By the application, in fact, of the newer geography, sociology, and economics, the Greek is at last attaining his true historical setting. But Hellenism has been taking an even greater step than this. As the modern scholar brings all his new material to bear, and grows nearer to the real meaning of Greek life and thought, he tends more keenly to realise how close akin it is to the life and thought of the modern world. Never since it ascended the throne of culture at the Renaissance has Greek thought exercised so wide an influence. Professor Murray believes that for more than a century past "certain mitigating and hopeful strands of feeling" in English political thought have been due to the permeation of Greek ideals: "an unquestioning respect for freedom of life and of thought, a mistrust of passion and a confidence in *Sophrosynê*, a sure consciousness that the poor are the fellow-citizens of the rich, and that statesmen must, as a matter of course, consider the welfare of the whole State." And to-day the practical influence of Greek studies is everywhere gaining ground. Even writers of that school which insists on its intellectual aloofness from academic thought, such as Mr. Graham Wallas, or Mr. H. G. Wells, confess page by page their debt to Plato.

To keep alive this influence is the high function of modern scholarship—such is Professor Murray's main theme, and no one has striven with more patient erudition than he, with more poetic insight, with more widely human sympathy, to fulfil that function. Every scholar remembers the immediate effect of his first book, "Ancient Greek Literature," the fruits of over ten years of daily communing with the Greeks—remembers, and still registers his debt to it. After that masterly review of the whole range of Greek writers, he chose out the narrower field in which perhaps he has become best known to the general public—Greek poetry, and especially the editing, interpreting, and, to that end, translating of Euripides. The result is ancient history now, the creation of a new and lovely store of English verse, and the revelation of Euripides as a thinker so earnest, so "modern," that two thousand years are as yesterday, and many a problem of our present world is touched by and responds to the magic of his thought. Some of our deepest religious emotions have been stirred by that brilliant exposition of the last phase of Euripides' ideas in the "Introductory Essay," and the translation of the "Bacchae":—

"Love thou the day and the night" . . . "It is only so that life can be made what it really is, a Joy: by loving not only your neighbor—he is so vivid an element in life that, unless you do love him, he will spoil all the rest!—but the actual details and processes of loving."

"Happy he on the weary sea
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven.
Happy whoso hath risen, free,
Above his striving. For strangely graven
Is the orb of life, that one and another
In gold and power may outpass his brother.
And men in their millions float and flow
And seeth with a million hopes as leaven;
And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pined for still;
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That To Live is happy, has found his Heaven!"

And how aptly did some of the translations fit

the dominant political situation! It was at a moment when we in England were particularly concerned with the ethics of conquest that the "Trojan Women" appeared, emphasising with almost unbearable realism the ghastly side of war, "the crying of one of the great wrongs of the world," "the first great expression of the spirit of pity for mankind, exalted into a moving principle," The "Medea," too, was staged not long after "Votes for Women." How many a husband has told his wife, somewhat in the spirit of that famous speech of Jason's, to be content with the position he has won her? Or what keener satire could we write on the claims of the imperialist gin-seller to civilise the inferior races!

Apply the same method—a minute appreciation of the fine shades of language, wedded to a sympathetic and human imagination—apply it to Homer, and the epic of the springtime of the Greek world comes straight into our life side by side with the tragedy of its autumn. To those who had been used to read Homer with a "slack imagination," the "Rise of the Great Epic" must have been as a key to Olympian mansions unknown and unsuspected. The Homeric problem, which had long seemed to the layman nothing but a typical academic dispute, a mystery of armour and pottery and dialects, suddenly becomes a matter of intense human interest—the story of the moral progress of a race, eliminating from its literature the relics of barbarism that lay so close behind it. The analysis of Aidôs (Shame or Sense of Honor) and Nemesis (Righteous Indignation) is a permanent contribution to the history of moral evolution; and, as we turn the pages, the ethical creed, thus revealed in Homer, primitive as it is, stings again and again our private and even our national conscience.

Thus has Professor Murray's work exemplified the treatment of Greek literature which he recommends to the students and teachers of Oxford. First to understand: for this, all the scrupulous attention of the old scholars to the words, aided by a new visualisation of the life in which those words were written. Then to interpret, to the pupil and to the world: for this, the enthusiasm for humanity, the wide historical view, the knowledge of modern needs; so that the ideals of Pericles may be indeed a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, a possession *for ever* and Plato's "Republic" may be still "a pattern laid up in Heaven" for our guidance.

With such a purpose the scholar's life needs no apology. "However unworthy we ourselves may be, let us not despise our calling." That is the new Professor's message to Greek scholars at Oxford. "It is not to be made light of because it produces no great discoveries or inventions, no stir and change upon the face of the world." "We have, more than most people, the joy of having given ourselves up to something greater than ourselves. We stand between the living and the dead. We are mediators through whom the power of great men over their kind may still live after death; through whom the living may catch the tones of more august voices than are now to be heard upon the earth."

Letters from Abroad.

THE GREAT AGENT PROVOCATEUR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is well-known that the social and revolutionary movement in Russia is divided into two main currents. On one side is the Socialist-Democratic Party, which includes the great majority of the town workmen, and played the decisive part in the general strikes of 1905 to 1906. On the other side is the Revolutionary Socialist Party, which has followers chiefly among the intellectuals of the towns and among the peasants, who are also, of course, attached to the Social-Democrats.

The principal difference between these organisations consists in tactics, their object being identical, that is to say, the attainment of international Socialism. But this difference of tactics is so profound and springs from ideas as to the evolution of modern society so essentially opposed, that in spite of the decision of the International Congress at Amsterdam in favor of Socialist unity all over the world, the two great Socialist parties in Russia remain entirely distinct.

The Social Democrats rest their tactics on the action of the organised masses. They look for the fall of Tsarism, and the final victory of Socialism to an essentially working-class movement. Therefore, they think that it is only the political and economic organisation of the workers, their "direct action" in strikes or at the barricades, and their political and parliamentary activities, which can lead to decisive results.

The Revolutionary Socialists, on the other hand, attach much importance to the individual action of heroic fighters who, by striking at the chief representatives of power, can, they think, destroy its authority. This is the origin of Terrorism. They also think that the primitive communal organisation of the Mir contains elements suited to the immediate formation of a Socialist society, and makes it unnecessary for the peasants to pass through the proletarian phase which Marx's theory declares to be inevitable.

The Revolutionary-Socialist party is, above all, concerned to carry on the work of the "Narodnaia Volia," which, from 1879 to 1884, made the autocracy tremble, but, at the same time, achieved nothing practical, showing that a mere isolated handful of heroic personalities cannot change the constitution of a country, even after succeeding in a series of sensational acts of violence, such as the death of Alexander the Second.

It was after the disappearance of the "Narodnaia Volia" that the Social-Democratic party took shape, about 1890, under the influence of Plekhanoff, Axelrod, Deutsch, and Vera Sassoulitch. It soon obtained an influence so considerable as apparently to wipe out every other organisation. Its part in the revolution, and also in the second Duma, to which it sent seventy deputies, is well known.

However, several years after its formation in 1895 there was formed the Union of Revolutionary Socialists, which was really the nucleus of the other great organisation, and which carried on the theoretical work of the "Narodnistes," and, in particular, insisted on the necessity of violence. The new group was a small one, and until about 1903 it merely vegetated. Then, with the murder of the Minister, Sipiaguine, it began a series of reprisals.

From the beginning the new party included among its most influential members a student of the School of Mines, eventually an engineer. He was called Eugène Phillipovitch Azeff. Azeff, no less than M. Guerchouni, or even more, as some say, was the soul, the supreme head, of the secret group specially charged with the preparation and execution of outrages.

You can imagine, therefore, the sensation caused when the report began to spread that Azeff, "the great chieftain," was merely an agent provocateur, the tool of a body of high police officials.

The disclosures of the author of this article, and of one of his Russian friends in the "Daily News," in "The Times," and simultaneously in the "Journal," and "l'Humanité" in Paris, were reproduced in all the great European newspapers, and had a stupifying effect in Russian Revolutionary quarters. At first attempts were made to minimise the importance of the part played by Azeff, and the extent of his betrayal, but details more and more numerous and precise were published by the "Journal" and "l'Humanité." It was necessary to acknowledge the weight of the evidence, and the fighting spirits were at last obliged to ask themselves this terrible question:—"Had not their party for seven years been a mere puppet in the hands of the police officers of the Tsar, and an involuntary instrument of the criminal coterie who create and sustain the Autocracy?"

In any case, it now appears that acts of physical force which for five years have struck consternation into the official world of Europe, and

have excited the enthusiasm of friends of Russian liberty, were known beforehand to members of the Tsar's police. The attempt against the Governor of Oufa, Bogdanovitch, "the execution" of the sinister Dictator, Plehve, the murder of the Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor General of Moscow, the successful assault on Launitz, the Prefect of St. Petersburg, and many other unsuccessful attempts on the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Vladimir, on General Trepoff, on the Department of Police, on Kleigels, Governor General of Keiff, *on the Tsar himself*, were believed to be known in advance to persons attached to the detective service or to the Court.

All the attempts which failed were condemned to failure in advance by Azeff. Those which succeeded only owed their success to the fact that he desired success, or to circumstances which at the last moment defeated his purpose.

The first of these outrages, that on Bogdanovitch, was specially organised by the famous revolutionary, Guerchouni, whose funeral in Paris last year was attended by more than 15,000 persons. The police were warned by Azeff, and one of his most important agents, a man named Mednikoff, left for Oufa in order to arrest the famous terrorist after having received the promised reward of 10,000 roubles. However, Guerchouni, disregarding Azeff's advice, had forestalled the hour for which the attack had been arranged. Mednikoff learned by a telegram which he received in the train, that Bogdanovitch had been killed, and that Guerchouni had fled to Kieff. He telegraphed to the police of that town, where Guerchouni was arrested, transferred to Schlusselburg, and sometime afterwards to Siberia. The indomitable Terrorist managed to escape and to reach America by way of Japan.

The circumstances of the Grand Duke Sergius's death are, in the words of Jaurès, "terrible and mysterious." In any case, it is certain that members of the Moscow police were cognisant of the proceedings of the bomb thrower, and of those of his associates. Azeff, who organised the crime, kept them fully informed of its smallest details. When things were coming to a crisis, the innocent detectives asked if it was not time to put an end to this dangerous game. The answer from headquarters was that no one was to be touched. Several hours later the Tsar's uncle was killed by Kalaieff.

It seems that a Court faction, of which the Grand Duke was the chief, aimed at nothing less than the dethronement of the Tsar, who was thought to be too "liberal" or too "weak," in face of the growing revolution. It was to get rid of this violent and despotic man that Azeff, "the greatest 'agent provocateur' of his age," as Bourtseff, his chief accuser, called him, was set to work.

Amongst the acts of force which succeeded in spite of Azeff must be mentioned that of which the Prefect of St. Petersburg, Launitz, was the victim. The Terrorist who was ordered to carry it into effect, and was to have been arrested after being denounced by the Agent Provocateur, received, no one knows how, a card inviting him to be present at the opening of a hospital which the Prefect was attending. He took advantage of this to put forward the outrage by a single day. He fired two revolver shots at Launitz, and was killed by an officer.

I should be exceeding the limits of this article if I referred to all the crimes which were directed by Azeff. Among those which did not succeed was the attempt on Trepoff on a train in which the Grand Duke Nicholas was travelling, but, above all, a plot to destroy the Sûreté in St. Petersburg, the details of which are extremely dramatic.

The fighting organisation had decided to blow this office up, but Azeff betrayed and arrested those to whom he had assigned the task. One does not know whether to admire the courage of the Terrorists or to shudder at the horror of their plans. These young men were to turn themselves into "living tombs." After fastening belts stuffed with dynamite round their bodies, they were to have entered the Sûreté, and then to have blown up themselves, the building, and every soul it contained.

But the most formidable attempt organised by Azeff aimed at nothing less than the person of the Tsar. The Agent Provocateur then acted in the interests of a coterie similar to that of which the Grand Duke Sergius had been the chief, and which aimed at changing the occupant of the Throne. The seriousness of the plot was increased by the fact that the Tsar was to be murdered at the moment of his meeting with the chief of a great foreign State, who must have perished with him. No human power could have hindered the success of this conspiracy, which only failed through the hesitation at the last moment of its immediate agents. If we are to credit the information which we possess, the part played by Azeff in the risings at Moscow and Cronstadt, where his arrangements led inevitably to the failure of the revolt, was also considerable. From the same source we learn that it was under Azeff's orders that Gapon was killed. Azeff suspected Gapon's loyalty, and feared possible disclosures to the authorities, with whom the ex-priest had better relations than himself.

The part played by this Satanic personality extended to every conspicuous drama in the Russian revolution, and the number of his victims, young men and girls, old men and women, despatched by him to the scaffold, to the whipping-posts, to Schlusselburg, or to Siberia, cannot be numbered. To these must be added the unhappy creatures whom he had executed as traitors because he feared that they guessed his true character.

By dint of continued watchfulness, maintained at the peril of his life, Azeff had contrived to get rid of his less dangerous antagonists, and it is to the patient sagacity of an older revolutionist, Vladimir Bourtseff, that we owe the discovery of his treachery, in spite of the protests of the heads of the party who, up to the last moment, refused to believe that their "head" was an *agent provocateur*. Bourtseff, convinced by the proofs that he had accumulated and by those furnished him by the former chief of the detective service at Varsovia, persisted in his charges and their truth was finally accepted by the Tribunal composed of Prince Kropotkin, Vera Figner, and of the friend of Marx and translator of "Capital," Herman Lopatine, the veteran of the "Narodnaia Volia." Before the Tribunal could come to its decision, Azeff fled, thus apparently acknowledging his guilt. It seems that he is actually in Russia.

It is impossible as yet to estimate all the political consequences of this business. If it has produced discouragement and despair among the Revolutionary-Socialist party, the blow is likely to fall still more heavily on Tsarism. Never,, to use Jaurès's words, have "the foul and bloody depths" of Autocracy been brought so clearly to light as in this story of mysterious crime done to the order of the representatives of authority. As for the Russian revolutionaries, they would do well to draw from these events the necessary conclusions in theory and practice. Tsarism will never fall save through the collective efforts of the organised people.—

Yours, &c.,
JEAN LONGUET.

Paris, January 25th, 1909.

Communications.

THE MYSTERY OF RADIO-ACTIVITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The novelty of the treatment of disease by light has worn off, and the general public do not nowadays read so much about the mysterious influences of radium and the "X"-rays. But what was wonderful a few years ago is still more wonderful to-day, if only the skilled "X"-ray operators, swathed up with professional etiquette, would openly confess their beliefs.

Lately I spent a few instructive hours in the crowded "X"-ray department of a London hospital. The medical officer was following up a suggestion from the U.S.A. that a certain action of the diaphragm had a bad influence in

the early stages of consumption. A young, weedy, Cockney lad of eighteen, stripped to the waist, lay down on the canvas stretcher bed in the dark room. The "X"-ray bulb hissed and spluttered as it filled the room with a weird light, and lit up with phosphorescence the screen swaying closely over the patient's chest. There were two fine cross lines intersecting each other on the screen, just as in a telescopic gun-sight, and a clever dotting mechanism communicated with a large sheet of paper lying directly below on the floor. To the medical operator's eyes, the contents of the chest cavity were as clearly defined on the screen as if it were laid open, and as the cross lines followed the outlines of the several organs within, a line of dots covered the paper underneath. To me, this marvellous screen-work seems always to possess the spirit of the supernatural.

You cannot stay, indeed, long in a light treatment department before its associations raise speculations upon the dread disease that haunts so many thoughts. It was in this department, during the early unprotected stages of "X"-ray treatment, that an ulcer of undoubted carcinoma was produced upon a healthy finger. Two successive operations saved the hand, but the discovery that the mineral, lead, in its various properties was impervious, in some marvellous way, to the penetration of the terrible ions of the destructive "X"-ray has obviated such dreadful perils to present-day operators.

"This remaining ulcer," observed my friend, pointing to the spot on his ray-mutilated hand, "I'm to have cut out shortly." "These three small, hard brown spots here (showing me his right hand) are also malignant." "Is that, then, the beginning of an "X" ray carcinomalous sore?" I remarked. "Yes! It is so diagnosed now, and the elimination of each by the knife at this early stage will prevent further development." "So that it is carcinoma produced by radio-activity, without a doubt?" I continued. "Yes." "Do you support, then, the suggestion that radio-activity is at the root of all cancerous troubles?"

"I think it is just possible. I am almost convinced the cause will be discovered by following closely this line of investigation. It is a line that the research department investigators are now closely engaged upon. There is radio-activity, just possibly with malign influence upon the surrounding tissues in which it is embedded, in a renal calculus."

"Then," I interpolated, "a facial rodent ulcer may commence, by this theory, on the cheek through the malign radio-activity from the facial bones?" "It may be," said my friend; "it is quite probable."

And now, sir, why is it, I ask, that the specific cause of this dreaded disease has baffled the efforts of the research laboratories of the entire world? The years of investigation are passing on now. Consider what in other respects has been achieved during the past two decades. The specific bacillus of cholera, tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid, Malta fever, beri-beri, syphilis, with others, have all been revealed, and in cases the evil effects mitigated. If cancer is caused by a malignant microbe it is nothing less than extraordinary that it should have escaped detection so long. If the disease is really caused by radio-activity from within the human body, just as we know that it can be created from without, then the mysterious delay is explainable.

As the world knows now, the "X"-rays and radium have effected wonderful cures in skin diseases. It is a pity that the professional knowledge of the treatment by ultra-violet rays is not as old as that of medicine. Results, by its treatment, have been, it must be confessed, irregular; success, in many instances, has accompanied failure in others, without any apparent reason.

Of course, what I have written has not much bearing on the equally awful problem of the large, profound tumors. The knife still remains the radical cure, with the subsequent pain of the severed nerves and glands. But even these sarcomatous tumors in hospitals in Continental Europe are being treated in instances with success, partly by extirpation and by radium.

There is no lack of inventive initiative in the light treatment department. I was shown before leaving a new method of rodent ulcer treatment in initial stages. "When a wart on a cheek begins to break down, and show its malignancy," observed my surgeon friend, "I coat it over thickly with zinc powder, cover this with cotton-wool, place the electrode on the top, and pass through the electric current." "Is that method better than injection?" I queried. "Much more so! When injected, the fluid is at once passed into the blood circulation, and swept away; when flashed through by electricity, the powder passes into the skin-tissues, and remains there." "And the effect," I observed, "is beneficial?" "Marvellous, the results have been!" the surgeon added.—Yours, &c., J. Reid.

Inner Temple.
January 28th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

"WHY?"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There is a passage in "Le Jardin d'Epicure" which seems apposite to the present discussion:—

"Le mal est nécessaire. S'il n'existait pas, le bien n'existerait non plus. Le mal est l'unique raison d'être du bien. Que serait le courage loin du péril et la pitié sans la douleur? Que deviendraient le dévouement et le sacrifice au milieu du bonheur universel? Peut-on concevoir la vertu sans le vice, l'amour sans la haine, la beauté sans la laideur? C'est grâce au mal et à la souffrance que la terre peut être habitée et que la vie vaut la peine d'être vécue."

A world of absolute happiness and goodness is ideally possible, and may exist somewhere, but we can form no conception of such a world, and we should have to be radically changed in order to find it tolerable. As Anatole France says in the passage immediately preceding that quoted above:—

"Quand on dit que la vie est bonne et quand on dit qu'elle est mauvaise, on dit une chose qui n'a point de sens. Il faut dire qu'elle est bonne et mauvaise à la fois, car c'est par elle, et par elle seule, que nous avons l'idée du bon et du mauvais. La vérité est que la vie est délicieuse, horrible, charmante, affreuse, douce, amère, et qu'elle est tout."—Yours, etc., R. E. D.

January 23rd, 1909.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed., Nation.]

THE BEAUTY OF A NATIVE TONGUE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have read your article on this subject with very great interest and pleasure. May I suggest that if the works of Sir Walter Scott were read and studied in schools, the days of Romance would be recalled, if not the thing itself revived. There are those who hold that history can be most effectively taught through Scott's works; and the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, of which I have the honor to be an original member, gives prizes for the best essays by school children on a given work each year, with highly satisfactory results. I can hardly imagine any boy reading "Rob Roy" or "Ivanhoe," or "The Fortunes of Nigel," without being saturated with romance; or any girl reading "The Heart of Midlothian" or "The Bride of Lammermoor," or "Red Gauntlet," without a similar result. I have heard it objected that Scott could not have written what is called in these days of hurry and trashy literature a "short story"; but I conclude that the objectors have never heard of, much less read, "Wandering Willie's Tale," which is probably the best short story ever written, or likely to be. Of course, I include the poems amongst Scott's works, and I know of nothing better calculated to arouse the imaginative faculty than the perusal of such pieces as "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion." As you read, you can hear the tramp of armed men and the sound of martial music, and feel the breeze on your cheek as it is wafted along the heather-clad hillside. After all, this is education of the highest and best kind.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

10, Woodstock Road, Croydon, Surrey.
January 23rd, 1909.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The statement of the Prime Minister that those who wanted land to cultivate themselves had a "statutory right" to it stands in serious danger at present of taking its place in some districts amongst other more or less shadowy privileges of the freeborn Englishman.

In making this carefully considered statement, it is not my intention to adopt a hopelessly pessimistic view either of the Small Holdings Act itself or of the prospect of its provisions being eventually complied with. A somewhat wide knowledge of what is being done to carry out the provisions of the Act only convinces me that the chief requisite for a good while to come is vigorous and unresting action by the Board of Agriculture, which, it must be remembered, is anticipated and provided for in the Act.

As chairman of the Allotments and Small Holdings Association, and a member of the Allotments and Small Holdings Committee of the Worcestershire County Council, I can testify that, broadly speaking, everyone knows that the Act has come to stay, and I gladly recognise the hearty support which is being given by many Conservatives to the adoption of the Act and its principle of supplying land to those who intend themselves to cultivate it. In this county about 12½ per cent. of the approved applications for land, which amounted to 7,300 acres, have been already supplied, either through public or private action. If the same were true of the whole of the country there would probably be three or four times as many new small holders as we have been told there are.

From correspondents in every part of the country, from reports in newspapers, and the information supplied by the travelling agent and lecturer of our association, it is perfectly clear that many county councils have done very little indeed to carry out the Act. Northumberland, it is stated, places the responsibility for administering the Act on the Board of Agriculture, and from many other counties reports are to hand that very little is being done.

One could enlarge almost indefinitely in giving chapter and verse for this assertion, but that it is the fact very few people in a position to know will be prepared to dispute.

Let us not disguise for one moment that the difficulties of getting land and interfering with existing tenancies are in themselves genuine and great hindrances. No reasonable person doubts that there must be delay. What is requisite is that a period should now be named when these delays must be overcome.

This can only be done by means of resolute and untiring action by the Board of Agriculture through its Commissioners, and backed up by the approval and influence of the Cabinet and Parliament and by the force of public opinion.

This is too serious a matter in the national welfare and the life of this Government and the Liberal Party to be left to the usual administrative action of a Government department.

The passing of the Act was a distinct and definite break with the recent past of the land law and land customs of England, and consequently demands special watchfulness and special energy. I cannot help pointing out the advantage there would be in a permanent Parliamentary Committee, which should watch over the progress of the Act—and what better time for prompt action in Parliament could be found than in the debate upon the Address? It is certain that unless some such action is taken there will be deep discontent amongst a large section of the supporters of the Government in the country districts, which it is to be hoped may be more or less satisfactorily met when the annual report required by the Act is laid before Parliament by the Board of Agriculture.

Not only are certain county councils to be found serious fault with, but some departments of the Government will have difficulty in showing that their action has not had the effect of delaying and hampering the progress of the Act.

The inspector of the Board of Agriculture when in this county stated that the Local Government Board would not sanction loans for buildings on small holdings beyond thirty years, although the Act allows fifty years, but after protest this instruction was speedily withdrawn.

Again, there have been bitter complaints of the action of the Woods and Forests Department, which one critic, an alderman of a southern county council, described as a "humbugging lot."

The Board of Agriculture is doubtless conscious of the need for action; perhaps it may be understaffed, and apparently there has been no record kept there of the applications for small holdings, which might well have been done. The statement of the Board of Agriculture that it is advised that a man holding several small holdings under 50 acres apiece is only to be held as the occupier of one holding for the purposes of the Act, unless it is withdrawn, will put an end to the hope of extending the number of small holders in many districts.

Again, it is to be deeply lamented that the Board of Agriculture has encountered difficulty from the Government Law Officers giving their opinion in favor of the view that when a council has bought land and let it to tenants, the rent should include the cost of the sinking fund for repaying the principal as well as the interest on the loan.

Recently, after protest, it has been laid down by the same bewildering authorities that in this matter a council may do as it likes! But what is the law, and should it not be made clear that a tenant should not both rent and pay for his land at the same time?

The time has come, after twelve months' experience of the working of the Act, for the Board of Agriculture to give notice to the county councils who have not succeeded in procuring land that the Commissioners will after a stated period be required to enter upon the duties prescribed by the Act as those they must adopt where a demand for land from suitable persons is believed to exist, and for which demand a proper provision is not being made.

Only by this action will the well-grounded hopes of widespread social improvement in our rural districts be properly met. It is safe to say that for one man already applying for land there are many more waiting for the result before themselves making an application.

Enough promise of good from the Act has been afforded to justify resolute action on the part of the Government, which is undoubtedly suffering from the present condition of things, which should be speedily and effectively altered.

Deep disappointment is natural to men who applied for land, and, so far as they can see, are no nearer getting it than they were a year ago.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC IMPEY,
Chairman, Allotments and Small Holdings Association.

Northfield, Worcestershire,
January 27th, 1909.

THE CITY MEETING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The City meeting is to support the Prime Minister's own statement as to the two-Power standard. The official declaration happens to coincide with the definition unanimously accepted by the Navy Committee of the House of Commons, on whose behalf Mr. Arthur Lee asked the questions to which Mr. Asquith gave such emphatic and satisfactory answers. You state that "we know well that the Prime Minister repudiates any such interpretation" as a two-Power standard involving a ten per cent. superiority over Germany and America combined. What is your authority for this grave contradiction of the Premier's official utterance? Personally, I believe your quoted words merely represent your own wishes; but they certainly show the necessity of a City meeting to confirm the Government in their official utterances. May I also suggest that your estimate that such a two-Power standard would cost £52,000,000 a year is ludicrously exaggerated?—Yours, &c.,

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

The Savile Club.
January 23rd, 1909.

[Mr. Bellairs will not have failed to observe that the Lord Mayor has withheld his concurrence from the meeting in question, doubtless for excellent reasons. Mr. Bellairs might use the interval thus provided in working for those

economies in naval and military expenditure to which his election address pledged him. As for the Prime Minister's declaration, Mr. Bellairs may rest assured that neither the Government nor the Admiralty contemplate building against America and Germany combined, with ten per cent. over, and that the body of Liberals who approached Mr. Asquith are satisfied on this point. The two-Power standard rests on its old basis—that of superiority to what Sir Edward Grey called at Coldstream a "probable combination"—not on Mr. Lee's and Mr. Bellairs' additions to it.—Ed. NATION.]

"A NEW YEAR ENTERTAINMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your very entertaining article under the above heading, and dealing with the discovery of Miss Charlesworth, may I beg of you a tiny corner of space in justice to myself, the luckless wight who "spotted the lady." It was not the full pride of my garrulous impudence that set me on this entertaining hunt, but merely love of adventure. Surely such an amazing young person was worthy the steel of the "halfpenny newspaper," at which the sixpenny NATION sneers, and out of which it makes a two-column story of entertainment for its own readers?

And, finally, is meeting this merry young Jill o' the Wisp in a public drawing-room, recognising her, and taxing her with the identity she disowns, "disregarding every social convention"?

Are you not unnecessarily cruel to a newspaper (of your own kidney) which managed to bring off this small "exclusive," and then left to other journals the joy of paying large sums of money to the lady to induce her to admit her identity?—Yours, &c.,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE LADY.

The Press Club, 6 and 7, Wine Office Court,
Fleet Street, E.C.
January 25th, 1909.

BLUFF.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are at the present moment two supreme instances of Bluff before the British people—namely, the Motor Bluff and the Tory Bluff.

The essence of Bluff consists in a defiance of Fact. About two years ago, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, acting the character of Mr. Micawber to the life, assured the House of Lords that popular "prejudice" against motorists had greatly diminished, that friendly relations would soon be established, and that we might look with confidence to the near advent of the time when the lion would lie down with the lamb. The volume of correspondence which last year appeared in THE NATION, and still more markedly in the "Times," was an illustration of public feeling towards "the tyrants of the road," who have bluffed the people out of their right to safety on the highways. But it is of the essence of Bluff to ignore all this; and the Bluffers have recently formulated the demands which *must* be conceded for their satisfaction.

The first demand is one which for every true motorist is the dearest object in life—Abolition of the Speed-Limit. Grant him this, and he will submit to all else—well knowing that there will be nothing else for him in the way of hindrance. The Secretary of the Automobile Association approves highly of the new proposals, in which No. 1 is Abolition of the Speed-Limit. Indeed, he exhibits a candour and a real fairness which are beyond praise; he would increase some of the penalties on "discourteous" drivers. Verily, it is a case of "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." But Mr. Stenson Cooke knows well that when a definite speed-limit is abolished and replaced by the vague expression, "driving to the common danger," there is not a motorist in the kingdom who will admit transgression; and the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of witnesses will, in almost every case, ensure immunity to the motorist.

However, the thing is as good as settled. The British Public, which has already taken with culpable equanimity the death and maiming of thousands of victims, with meek verdicts of "Accidental death," is certain to accept "No. 1—Abolition of the Speed-Limit," provided only that the Bluffers keep repeating and publishing it often enough. The people will be driven later to an effective remedy.

As regards the Tory Bluff, I sometimes feel uncertain whether we have a Liberal Government with more than a few weeks' tenure of office or not. I gather from almost every newspaper that Mr. Balfour is making his Cabinet. True, a few posts are not definitely filled; but practically the thing is settled. Bluff says—and repeats incessantly—that the Tories are just in, and that it is now important to weed out all those who are not "whole-hoggers," so that Mr. Balfour may have a homogeneous vote and a substantial majority when, a month or two hence, he brings in his Protection Bill. The feeble tone of the Liberal organs indicates that Bluff has knocked all the spirit out of them.

So much for the effect of Bluff on a people who, almost but yesterday, sent to Parliament a "Liberal" Party with an unprecedented majority, to carry Liberal measures!—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE M. MINCHIN.

January 28th, 1909.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You are probably correct as to the public opinion in England not being, as yet, prepared for the abolition of the death-penalty for murder; but the great number of cases in which there are petitions for a reprieve, most of them bearing a large number of signatures, affords evidence that the public is prepared to go a considerable distance in that direction. A number of death-sentences are commuted every year, and I think the Home Secretary is more frequently blamed for carrying out a sentence than for commuting it.

There are, I think, two distinct questions to be considered. First, should the English definition of the term "murder" be amended?—for many offences are considered murder here which are not so regarded in other countries; and, secondly, should the death-penalty be the ordinary punishment for the crime of murder after the definition had been amended?

When I speak of the definition of murder, perhaps I should rather complain of the want of a definition. Murder is killing another person "wilfully, feloniously, and of malice aforethought." That sounds simple enough, but if we recollect that manslaughter is a felony, the use of the term "feloniously" becomes objectionable; and, moreover, whether a particular act is felonious or not is often a question of law rather than of fact. But the main difficulty lies in "malice aforethought." When a judge tells the jury (as was done in the case of Lieutenant Wark) that "malice" does not imply ill-will, and is even consistent with positive affection, and that "aforethought" does not imply premeditation, the ordinary juror is set to solve a very difficult *conundrum;* and the judge, when telling him what the words do not mean (in which he flatly contradicts the best English dictionaries), usually takes care not to tell him what they *do* mean. That is too difficult a question, even for a judge. At all events, the net is spread wide enough to catch a man who causes death by means of an illegal operation, though performed at the request of the deceased woman, and to catch the survivor of two persons who have agreed to commit suicide together, but one of whom failed to effect that object, or who causes the death of an officer of justice while engaged in the discharge of his duty, provided that he had any illegal intention in what he was doing when he caused it.

Insanity is a defence to the crime of murder, though a recent Statute permits a verdict of "Guilty, but insane." But what is meant by "insane"? Here the English judges seem to be hopelessly at variance with the medical profession, and I think, on the whole, that the doctors are likely to know a little more about insanity than the judges—especially the judges of a past generation. Perhaps some of the judges who fixed what is called the existing law were insane, and thus had a personal experience which the doctors did not possess; but this kind of experi-

ence does not carry much weight with the public. The new verdict implies that a man may kill another "wilfully, feloniously, and of his malice aforethought," and yet be "insane"; and this may be true in the legal (?) meaning—or unmeaningness—of the words in the indictment. A mere provision that these words should in future be taken in their plain, literal, and grammatical sense, without regard to any non-natural sense that may have been attached to them by judges on previous occasions, would do a good deal towards placing the law of murder on a satisfactory basis.

But there are often extenuating circumstances—such as very strong provocation—which ought to prevent an execution, although the prisoner had committed a [illegible] murder, instead of a "constructive" one. To meet such cases, I would propose to give the judge the same discretionary power as in other cases, and to sentence the prisoner to death *or* penal servitude—the sentence thus pronounced being open to appeal on the same grounds as any other discretionary sentence. I do not think public opinion would pronounce against either of these alterations, and both would, I think, prove beneficial.—Yours, &c.,

JURIST.

January 26th, 1909.

"THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your recent interesting article on the "Oxford English Dictionary" prompts me to ask you to give some of your readers the opportunity of filling up one little gap that remains in its massive perfection. Neither it nor any other dictionary I have been able to consult gives any account of the origin of the use in modern European languages of the terms of altitude for the facts of musical pitch, the description of the notes of the scale as "high" and "low." The earliest instance of the usage given in the "Oxford Dictionary" is from Shakespeare, but its origin is not discussed. Sir James Murray, to whom I wrote on the subject, says that "apparently the question has not been investigated, or has been investigated without result—a common result." He refers me to Grove's "Dictionary of Music," *s.v. Acuteness*, where the question is raised, but left quite unanswered—as is also the question as to the quite different Latin and Greek use of *acutus* and *gravis*, *ὀξὺς* and *βαρὺς* with the same reference. In that article Dr. Pole says, "The ancient appears to have imagined that the acute sounds of the voice were produced from the higher parts of the throat, and the grave ones from lower parts." (He gives a reference to a passage from Aristides Quintilianus.) "And this has been supposed by some writers to have been the origin of the terms; but the idea is incorrect and far-fetched, and can hardly be considered a justification."

In spite of Dr. Pole's authority, it seems to me there can be little doubt that the usage did arise from such incorrect idea as he refers to, or rather from the singer's feeling of a *lift* in the throat as he ascends the scale. That feeling, which finds expression in the common unscientific terms, "head-notes," "chest-notes," is surely undeniable and universal. Even if that origin for the usage be admitted, there remains the questions where and when it began and how far it extends. Is it found in Hindustani and Chinese, for example?

The origin of the classical "sharp" and "heavy" is, I should say, even more obscure.

Perhaps it is worth mentioning that in Greek *ὕψιστη* feminine of *ὕψιστος*, highest, was used to mean the lowest note on the harp, obviously because its string, being the longest, reached furthest from the ground. The usage would, of course, have been impossible if the idea of altitude in pitch were as inevitable as it appears to us, or if it had been in the Greek mind at all.

It is curious that these obvious questions of etymology seem hardly to have been raised at all. That is my excuse for raising them, if you will allow me, in your columns.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN D. SINCLAIR.

East United Free Manse,
Cluny, Aberdeenshire.
January 19th, 1909.

"SUFFRAGETTE HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I cannot help writing on Mr. Jolly's letter, entitled "Suffragette History." According to him, "homo," in Magna Carta, does not include woman, and woman, therefore, has not "hominal" rights. Grant it all; but what follows? Simply this, that the disabilities of women in English Law are much more serious than many of us had thought.

If, as he says, or his letter implies, women have been, literally, outlaws, from Magna Carta onwards, then the case for the immediate enfranchisement of them on the same terms as men receives a new and powerful argument from an unexpected quarter. They need counterbalancing advantages as soon as ever these can be given.

If Mr. Jolly is right, he has presented poor, ignorant Miss Pankhurst with a new weapon, of which she will not be slow to avail herself.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN IVORY CRIPPS.

Bath Road, Swindon.
January 23rd, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Jolly, in his letter under this heading in your issue of the 23rd denies that the word "homo" in Magna Carta stands for "man and woman." He states that "the only ground for this translation is vouchsafed by Mrs. Stopes," &c. He does not know that Coke in his Institutes II., 14, 17, 29, and 45, definitely states that "homo" extends to both sexes, and that all other legal elucidations of Magna Carta do the same. Mrs. Stopes refers to all these authorities in her larger book, "British Freewoman," p. 75, which evidently Mr. Jolly has not seen; neither has he apparently read the little book called "The Sphere of Man," which he acknowledges he possesses. Because in it he might learn that all the companies of freemen included women, *by custom;* and Lord Brougham's Act of 1850, and the Interpretation Act, of 1889, by Statute, ruled that the word man should always include women, except where otherwise is directly expressed.—Yours, &c.,

VERITAS.

January 28th, 1909.

MR. SEAMAN'S PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The highest authority we have on the English vocabulary is the "Oxford English Dictionary," in which the pronunciation is settled by the consensus of opinion of scholars—men of catholic education. The dictionary gives two sounds for the word "ate"—one to rhyme with "plate," the other with "net," and *gives preference to the former*, which you and G. W. E. R.—Whigs both—find "shocking"! The Editor, however, adds, in the etymological note: "The pronunciation 'et' is commonly associated with the written 'ate,' but, perhaps, belongs rather to 'eat,' with shortened vowel after analogy with the verbs 'read,' 'lead'; compare the dialectal 'bet,' past tense of 'beat'."

The dictionary has not reached "satiate" yet, but there is no disputing that it is a dissyllable, while the work distinctly gives "palliate," a trisyllabic pronunciation—"pall-i-ate."—Yours, &c.,

L.

A DIRGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I correct the third line in "The Dirge," quoted by the writer of the article on "The Beauty of a Native Tongue"? I always think the line should be—

"Fire and *flete* and candlelight."

This makes sense of the lament. Flete—*i.e.*, shelter. Doubtlessly, the old long "s" (*ſ*) was put for the "f," and then the word was changed from the little-known flete to the better-known sleet.—Yours, &c.,

SUSANNA CORNER.

48, The Ropewalk, Nottingham.
January 23rd, 1909.

THE WORKS OF PATER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I, too, would like to see the works of Pater published at a much lower price—if it can be done; and beg to endorse the suggestion made by L. B. in your issue of January 9th.

Perhaps I may be allowed to express the opinion that it is an unfortunate fact that very few of the works of the Elizabethan Dramatists are available in a *complete* form. For the excellent "Mermaid" Series I am, of course, thankful—but these volumes contain, with very few exceptions, only a *selection* of each writer's plays.

I would venture to suggest that Messrs. Chatto & Windus might issue more volumes of complete plays like their excellent edition of Massinger. I wonder why Messrs. Macmillan do not issue some complete editions of Elizabethan Plays in the "Globe" Series.

I have never been able to understand why none of the works of the great contemporaries of Shakespeare have yet been issued in "Everyman's Library," or in "The World's Classics," or in the "New Universal Library." Surely it would be worth while for the publishers of these and similar series to try the experiment of endeavoring to meet what I know to be a real want, viz., complete editions of the works of these masters, in handy volumes, at a reasonable price.—Yours, &c.,

A. T. W.

39, Carey Road, Leytonstone, E.
January 18th, 1909.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his interesting appreciation of Edgar Allan Poe, says that Poe's story of the short-sighted gentleman who married his grandmother was offered to an English magazine, which regretted that its "deplorable immorality" "made it for ever impossible in England." That magazine must itself have been particularly short-sighted, for the story in question I remember reading, as a boy, between forty and fifty years ago in one of a number of volumes of "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," which my parents possessed. "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" must have been an enterprising publication, for these volumes contained not only this story and two or three others of Poe's (including "The Lady Ligeia"), but also Longfellow's "Kavanagh" and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."—Yours, &c.,

D. R.

Rose Villa, Church End, Finchley.
January 21st, 1909.

WOMEN'S WAGES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You suggest that any Government tribunal for determining wages should be endowed with a discretion to pay a woman men's wages, "whenever positive evidence is brought that she does in point of fact act as the chief wage-earner in the support of a family." That would be a way of familiarising people with the idea of equal pay for equal work, and a kindly disposed Government might possibly employ women breadwinners on the terms you suggest. I have heard of a group of workmen's societies who have adopted the plan, and they do employ one woman who supports a family; but how would it appeal to the ordinary employer?

I wish I could bring in evidence a certain director's laugh that I heard lately. He had been told that he was employing girls at 8s. a week who had to support relations. "Are we to pay different wages according to what family there is?" he asked. "That's sentiment, not business." Then came the laugh, which was not pretty; but I don't think he was altogether wrong. If employers or wages boards were to begin to ask how many mouths there were in the homes, the idea of a worker's common standard of needs must disappear, and we are hardly ripe for that. Even if the inquiry is carried no farther than you suggest, it is surely pretty clear what the result would be, of putting two sets of women in competition—one at men's and one at women's wages.

Can this ever be more than a "fancy" plan? And ought not Government to set an example that employers would follow?—Yours, &c.,

R. N.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Travers, expresses her doubts as to the power of the vote to raise wages. We women suffragists are quite aware that wages are controlled by many and complicated causes, but we believe that if the suffrage were granted to women it would help to raise their whole status in the community, their standard of life, their political sagacity, and their power to combine. This last especially would be the strongest lever that could be applied to the wages of women. As for the agricultural laborers, they may be, as Mrs. Travers says, in "a desperate plight"; but have not their wages risen by something like two shillings a week since 1884?

Mrs. Travers raises another point in her argument—that women will most quickly get the vote by patient devotion to the work of local government. There are at present over 1,200 women serving on Boards of Guardians throughout the country, and there would be a much larger number than there are on Borough Councils were it not for the absurd legal restrictions (due, no doubt, in part to the voteless condition of women), which prevent any married woman from standing for election except in London. The value of women's work in local government has been fully proved again and again, and may be used as an argument for women's suffrage—if any arguments beyond the claims of justice and equity are needed. But surely it would seem that the exercise of the simplest right of citizenship would naturally precede and prepare for any active part in even local administration.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) C. D. RACKHAM.

4, Grange Terrace, Cambridge,

Poetry.

THE SEER.

"Churches are best for prayer that have least light."

I.

BROTHER ANDREAS in the convent dwelt,
As flesh may dwell among the souls set free.
For there the stately Prior in zeal must melt,
The dullest novice had the eyes that see.
And, when the choir with mystic light would glow,
Or, near as touch, the blessed forms would glide,—
"Seest thou not *now?*" his neighbors whispered low;
"Pray for me! Pray!" his weary voice replied.

II.

What time they gathered faggots in the brake,
He guessed what visions led them through the trees,
And, when they cast their nets upon the lake,
What unseen Presence sent them to their knees.
"Yet grieve not, Brother, for thy lack of grace!
God for a little from thee hides His smile!"
Andreas answered, with averted face:—
"I know, indeed, 'tis but a little while!"

III.

So, to the last, they held him deaf and blind,
Whose soul was sated with the Mystic Flame,
Who sought, ere death, to hide among his kind
The Light from which those vagrant shadows came...
God's seer must claim one twilit holiday
That faith may win her spurs and find her wings!
Now sleeps his clay upon the kindred clay;
And all the Brethren dream of common things.

G. M. HORT.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

IN his address to the members of the Authors' Club on Monday last, Mr. St. Loe Strachey spoke in very interesting fashion upon a very interesting theme, though he hardly did much to define the boundary between literature and journalism. The fact of the matter is there is no distinction between journalism and literature; there is merely the difference between good writing and bad. Addison's essays in the "Spectator," or Johnson's in the "Rambler," much of De Quincey's work and some of Pater's, Stevenson's, and Matthew Arnold's were journalism, but they are also literature. Journalism is just a convenient label for writing which makes its first appearance in periodicals, and in proportion as the writer's aim comes to be the transcribing not mere fact, but his sense of it—if we may use Pater's definition—he becomes an artist, and his work is literature. Journalism, said Mr. Strachey, might become literature if those who practised it took trouble enough about their style. In other words, the highest journalism is literature. Mr. Bernard Shaw tells us that all the highest literature is journalism, and that the writer who aims at producing the platitudes which are "not for an age, but for all time," has his reward in being unreadable in all ages. There is no real difference between the views of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Strachey, and both bear witness to the fact that it is impossible to draw a boundary line between literature and journalism.

* * *

WHAT Mr. Strachey said about style, and in particular about the value of simplicity and of short sentences, was admirable. But here again we do not feel that he said the whole truth. Style is "Fame's great anti-septic" but unless the writer has something to say his style will avail him little. At the present moment the average writer, whether of prose or verse, is more "correct," both in diction and grammar, more careful to avoid solecisms, than he has ever been, but will anyone maintain that a high proportion of what is now published deserves to be called literature? To speak without saying anything is the unpardonable sin, and more books perish for lack of substance than for lack of form.

* * *

THE late Professor Jebb's edition and translation of the "Characters" of Theophrastus, which was first published in 1878, has been out of print for some time, though nothing has since appeared to supersede it. Many readers will be pleased to learn that the work has been revised and further notes added by Dr. J. E. Sandys, and that it will be re-issued by Messrs. Macmillan during the present season. Dr. Sandys' preface contains a letter written by Jebb in 1870, giving his view of the "real interest" of Theophrastus. "Other writers," he says, "whose name is legion, prove to us that all the great organic lines of human nature are the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. Theophrastus is one of the few who survive to remind us that the lighter traits also of character are permanent and universal."

* * *

ACCORDING to the "British Weekly" Mr. Kipling has ready for publication a new novel—his first long story since "Kim." It is a romance of the future, when aeroplanes will be common, and other visions—we presume, of purely material progress—have been turned into realities. The title is "With the Night Mail."

* * *

"THE Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh," which Mr. Lane is to issue early in the season, will contain an introduction by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, in which he declares that the correspondence "should convince even the most prejudiced and unfriendly that Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh were essentially generous, self-sacrificing, and noble." There are to be 176 letters, together with an appendix, containing the poems of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, and four articles, entitled "Sartor Resartus," "Margaret Gordon and Blumine," "Edward Irving and Jane Welsh," and "Catherine Aurora Kirkpatrick and Blumine." We hope that the publication will not cause the wretched and useless quarrel regarding the married relations of the Carlyles to be reopened.

ANOTHER book to be published shortly by Mr. Lane is "A Sister of Prince Rupert: Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, Abbess of Hereford," by Miss Elizabeth Godfrey, a writer who has already shown skill in exploring historical by-paths. The coming book is described as "a study of a temperament and of an epoch." Princess Elizabeth is in many ways typical of the cultured princess of the seventeenth century. She took some share in most of the great political and religious movements of her time, though for English readers her fame has been overshadowed by that of her picturesque brother, Prince Rupert.

* * *

MR. MURRAY has in the press an interesting series of letters written from the Peninsula between 1808 and 1812 by Lieut.-General Sir William Warre, who was for several years attached to Marshal Beresford's personal staff. Warre was present at the battles of Rolica, Vimiero, Corunna, and Salamanca, as well as the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos. He knew Portuguese, and was therefore able to come into closer touch with the native population than were most other English officers. The letters, which form an almost continuous narrative of the main events of the war down to the battle of Salamanca, are said to be of much historical value. The book has been prepared for publication by Sir William Warre's nephew, Prebendary Edmund Warre.

* * *

MR. FISHER UNWIN has in the press a biography of the late Sir Randal Cremer, by Mr. Howard Evans. His work in connection with the peace movement and the International Arbitration League brought Sir Randal Cremer into contact with many leading Continental statesmen and diplomatists. A little crabbed and hard, he was one of the most honest of politicians, and his personal eccentricities seemed only a piquant set-off to his zeal and sincerity.

* * *

SIR HUBERT PARRY has finished a book on Johann Sebastian Bach, which will be published in a few weeks by Messrs. Putnam. The book is partly biographical and partly a critical and historical study of the work of the great eighteenth-century composer, to whom, not unnaturally, musical opinion, both in Germany and in England, is beginning to look as the "perfect musician."

* * *

A TRANSLATION of Dr. Witkowski's "The German Drama in the Nineteenth Century" is to be published during the spring. The book deals chronologically with the distinct periods which marked German dramatic literature during the past century, special attention being given to Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ludwig, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann. There is also a series of chapters dealing with the minor dramatists.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Ancient Greek Historians." (Harvard Lectures.) By Professor J. B. Bury. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Recollections of Baron de Frénilly, Peer of France, 1768-1828." Edited with Introduction and Notes by Arthur Chuquet. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

"Richard Jefferies: His Life and Work." By Edward Thomas. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Dublin Castle and the Irish People." By R. Barry O'Brien. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Life of Lord Norton." By W. S. Childe Pemberton. (Murray. 12s net.)

"Æneas Silvius: Orator, Man of Letters, and Pope." By William Boulting. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Teaching of Jesus." By Leo Tolstoy. (Harpers. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Three Plays of Shakespeare." By A. C. Swinburne. (Harpers. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Personal Religion in Egypt before Christianity." By W. Flinders Petrie. (Harpers. 2s. 6d. net.)

"One Immortality." A novel. By H. Fielding Hall. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"The Faith of His Fathers." By A. E. Jacomb. (Melrose. 6s.)

"Taine, Historien et Sociologue." Par Paul Lacombe. (Paris: Giard. 5 fr.)

"Mémoires de Général Griois, 1792-1822." (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)

"Paradis laïques: Le Paradis de Zola. Le Fouriérisme et ses Survivances. Le Paradis d'Anatole France, etc." Par Jules Sageret. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

"Die deutsche Musik der Gegenwart." Von R. Louis. (Münschen: Müller. M. 6.)

Reviews.

THE ANATOLIAN CHURCH.*

The paper which gives its title to the latest book by Sir William Ramsay is far from being the most interesting in this valuable collection of studies. "Luke the Physician," is a somewhat minute criticism of Harnack's work under the same title. Sir William Ramsay's attitude to the great German writer is sufficiently indicated in the sentence that Harnack's book shows him "on the threshold of the twentieth century thought, yet not able completely to shake off the fetters and emerge out of the methods of the nineteenth century." Yet Sir William is careful to point out that in reference to the main position of Harnack regarding the writings of Luke he is in agreement. But he claims that the literary criticism of the last fifty years has demonstrated that "one can prove anything and nothing" by such purely verbal criticism as Harnack has employed. The real progress that has been made "comes from the discovery of new evidence and not from verbal criticism of the old books. It is only by bringing the old books into comparison with facts and life that they can be profitably studied." Most readers of this essay will only agree with this statement with certain reserves; but if they are fairly familiar with the writings of Harnack and his critic, they will be disposed to add that whatever Sir W. Ramsay's services have been to criticism they pale in interest before the "discovery of new evidence" made by him. In a subsequent essay, entitled "The Oldest Written Gospel," he agrees with Harnack that Luke and Matthew were adapted from a common source earlier than Mark. Such source was in Aramaic, and is now, for the most part, hopelessly lost. It was written while Christ was still living, and this early date was that which gave it the high value which Matthew and Luke attributed to it, and yet justified the freedom with which they modified and added to it.

The points suggested by both these essays deserve attention, and no students of the New Testament can afford to neglect them. In both, and still more in the subsequent papers, there are facts produced from the writer's own observation which add greatly to the value of his arguments. It is, indeed, in the fullness of his knowledge on matters connected with the local circumstances, the geography and the history of Anatolia that the great value of Sir William's observations is to be found. For no man has done more towards clearing up the many historical and archæological questions connected with Asia Minor than he. No one has identified so many sites of forgotten cities and of historical events in Asia Minor. The present writer spent an evening upwards of twenty years ago in Smyrna with Mr. Humann, the explorer of Pergamos. Speaking of the archæological work done, he had much praise for what the Austrians were doing at Ephesus, the French and Germans in various places, but, said he, "that young Englishman without any backing from his Government is doing more real archæological work than any of us." Since then, down to last year, he has been steadily working, and has added largely to the world's store of historical knowledge and especially to that which relates to the illustration of the New Testament.

Sir William Ramsay is at his best when treating of the religions of Asia Minor. Knowing the country, perhaps, as no other Englishman knows it, he is able to apply his large stores of learning to the solution of the many difficult problems connected with the history and religion of the various races who have inhabited it. In this volume he brings out in several places the continuity of religious feeling in regard to various sites. One of his most striking illustrations of this continuity is of a Hittite High Place on a mountain top 7,000 feet high, near Barata. The temple probably went back to a very remote antiquity; but the time came when it was transformed into a Christian church. The High Place had a sanctity attached to it which the Christians did not think it expedient to disregard. He points out that even in Ephesus where Hellenic influence was always strong, the Pagan temple gives way to a church of St. John the Theologian, and that then on nearly the same site, reverenced as such through all historical time, the Turk built his mosque. Religious awe clung permanently to the ancient sites. The new religion, whether Christian or Moslem, found it necessary to attach the sacred place. Underlying new and old were the same religious conceptions, and the author's attempt to define what these conceptions were is noteworthy. While the fatherhood of God is the dominant note in other lands, "it was the motherhood of the divine nature that was the great feature in the Anatolian worship. The male element in the divine nature was recognised only as an occasional and subsidiary actor in the drama of nature and life" (p. 130). The transition was made in due course from the god-mother to the Mother of God. The earliest known trace, according to our author, of the veneration of the Virgin Mary in the Christian religion is in a Phrygian inscription of the second century. It is in suggestions like these that this book is valuable, and it has many which throw light on the character and history of the Anatolian races. He shows how the mountain ranges and especially the Taurus, separated the peoples and isolated them. This isolation served to preserve distinct types of religious belief, manners, customs, and even physical features. The nomadisation of Asia Minor following the conquest by the Ottoman Turks still further completed the isolation. Around all the coasts of the country Greek influence prevailed, but it seldom went far into the interior. During all the time of our present era, the difficulty of communication between various places in the Empire, due mainly to physical causes, has continued. It was, of course, largely increased when the Yuruks and other nomads took possession of the extramural country. The result is seen in the markedly distinct physical features which distinguish the inhabitants of Asia Minor and in the arrest of the progress of welding the people into a common type.

It is equally remarkable in reference to religion. It is perhaps too much to say that there has never been a heresy in the country which is not represented now, but the statement has a large measure of truth. Yet under all the diversities of race and of traditional religion, certain general ideas of religion show themselves which now, as in the time of the Empire, mark a broad distinction between the religious tendencies of Eastern Europe and of Anatolia. The Orthodox Church has always two great currents of tendency, one Hellenistic, the other Anatolian. Pantheism was the underlying thought of Greece. It had a constant tendency to develop into Polytheism. After Constantine's edict and the decrees of Theodosius ordering every subject to become Christian, the church took over many of the Greek gods and a bulk of superstitions. To this extent it became Paganised. But Anatolia always revolted against this Paganism. It was essentially monotheist before the time of Constantine, and continued to be the opponent of Paganism. When the two great iconoclastic movements occurred, the Anatolians were against image worship and were the true breakers of images. The supporters of such worship were either Greeks of race or those who had come under Greek influence. The great iconoclast emperors were both from Asia Minor. A recent Roman Catholic writer, Père Pargoire, says that Leo the Isaurian, while placing himself at the head of what the Latin Church calls a heretical movement, was yet acting upon personal conviction against image worship in any form. Indeed, the Emperor seems to have been conscientiously shocked at the multiplicity of images and the development of Paganism. When he had completed his glorious task of defending the imperial city against the greatest army which ever laid siege to its walls, he set himself steadily to work to put an end to image worship. On the other hand, the ruler who was more zealous than any other in restoring the polytheism of the Church, and was, more than any other, the champion of reaction, was the remarkable Empress Irene. She represented the Hellenic spirit in its fullest development. Born and brought up in Athens, educated in the still existing Greek philosophy, she was Pagan through and through. After her triumph at the second Council of Nicaea, in 787, once more the movement against image worship developed, and once more its most effective leader was from Asia Minor. Leo the Armenian, like his predecessors of the same name, was monotheistic rather than Pagan in tendency.

It would be interesting to point out how in various other ways the religious sentiment of Asia Minor influenced the course of history. Valuable suggestions on this subject

* "Luke the Physician, and other Studies in the History of Religion." By Sir William Ramsay. Hodder & Stoughton.

abound in the volume under consideration. There are indications given in the volume that the author has accumulated evidence regarding the development of Byzantine architecture. Possibly his journey in 1907, when he was accompanied by Lady Ramsay and Miss G. L. Bell, had this object largely in view. There is no work in English which deals with this subject in a satisfactory manner, and if our surmise is correct that Sir W. Ramsay proposes to publish one, all interested in the subject will be grateful.

A MIXED QUIRE.*

A POET'S motive is his own affair. It matters not at all why he writes poetry; the only thing that matters is whether the poetry be good or bad. Mr. John Davidson is a materialist, or rather, a monist; a monist, moreover, of a very definite kind. He has built the latest hypotheses of physical science into a creed which he holds passionately, and, indeed, arrogantly. It is a creed which presents quite as many difficulties as any of the more usual ones, and Mr. Davidson, like all devotees, bridges the gaps in it by faith and vehement assertion. He has his devil, too; all things immaterial are powers of evil to Mr. Davidson. Passion, imagination, reason, thought, are, of course, material; gods, pixies, and demons are, he says, immaterial. But he does not explain how these latter, which are forms of thought, and so material, can be at the same time immaterial. A sound, workable religion, however, must have a devil of some kind, so we may allow Mr. Davidson to have his. The enunciation of his creed is accompanied by a tremendous egotism; he is fond of saying, "I am the first person to think or feel this, and probably the last person too." But when he tells us what this singular thought or feeling is, it turns out to be nothing extraordinarily notable. Mr. Davidson asserts that in him the universe has become aware; in himself he feels all the agelong energies of stars, atoms, and lightnings. We do not doubt it; but we dare say there are some hundreds of people who have gone through precisely the same processes of thought and feeling as Mr. Davidson's. It is, indeed, hardly possible for anyone with an imagination to read the generalisations of modern science without experiencing the emotions and ecstasies which are admirably described in "The Testament of John Davidson." However, not only, as Coleridge said, the egotism of Milton, but all egotism is in some sort a revelation of spirit. So we must allow Mr. Davidson, the hater of spirit, his egotism.

But the kind of creed which Mr. Davidson holds is of small moment compared with the kind of poetry which he makes out of it. We must reckon it a good thing that he is so vehement and arrogant in his faith, since he has turned this faith into a splendidly vehement, arrogant poesy. "The Testament of John Davidson" is cast in a sort of epical soliloquy; and it is full of dazzling word-craft. He carries us into the eternal void, and fills the darkness with showers of gorgeous fire. We follow with excitement his cosmic experiences, his ferocious wooing of Diana, his account of his warfare against the gods, and the fantastic vision of the gods in hell. There are many lines of exceedingly beautiful poetry, such as—

> "Before the galaxies with silver seamed
> The swart oblivion of the Universe."

Throughout Mr. Davidson poetises his monism with wonderful passion and splendor, and this testament of his is a noble and stirring poem. It contains, however, some serious faults. The metre, invigorating at first, becomes monotonous in the end; not even Mr. Davidson can dispense with inflection in blank verse. Then there is far too much that reads like a versified text-book; such words as electron, ion, molecule, hydrogen, amœba, bacteria, are all very well in scientific treatises, but poetry should have nothing to do with them. They are not yet alive; they are empty of suggestion. Definite meaning they may have, but poetry demands that words shall not only mean, but suggest.

On the whole, "The Testament of John Davidson" must be accounted inferior to its predecessors. Nevertheless, the torrential rush of the verse, and the brilliance of the images, make it a poem which, to paraphrase Mr. Davidson—

> "leaves the lonely mind and tranquil thought
> A thoroughfare of beauty."

We hope he will fulfil the promise with which the poem ends, and will for many years—

> "into music change the tumult high
> That echoes through the vast unvaulted courts."

If he does, then we will heartily thank Artemis for frustrating his contemplated suicide.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is also a poet with a motive—a motive, we suspect, that he owes to Nietzsche. He appears to hate equally our modern mob-rule and our self-styled aristocracy, and he shows a naïve distrust of Woman in general, which looks suspiciously like a pose. He applies to modern politics, in a fine sonnet to the German Emperor, Nietzsche's famous dictum that a good war justifies any cause; and he has a healthy, savage detestation for Mammon and the works of Mammon, which finds vigorous expression in "The Devil on Dartmoor," a little supernatural drama full of admirable energetic poetry. Put broadly, he passionately demands individual, rather than communistic righteousness. This is, we believe, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's first book, and, from an intellectual point of view, a very remarkable first book it is. We recommend that his name be remembered, for he will do better things than any of the poems in "The Call of the Dawn." At present, his poetry lacks a severe discipline; we give him credit for aiming at directness and strength of diction, rather than at conceited complexity; but he often disconcerts us with trite phrases and well-worn images in the midst of fine and original writings. His poetry, in fact, is not yet as genuine as his thought; nevertheless, his demand for beauty is frequently answered in his own verse. We heartily welcome a new singer with such great potentialities.

In "The Dowager of Jerusalem," by Mr. Reginald Farrer, we need not, fortunately, worry ourselves overmuch about motives. Mr. Farrer's motive is that very old one, that most excellent of all motives—the desire to write a good poem. We can proceed to an examination of his poetry without being forced to examine the reason for the poetry's existence. It is a play out of Gibbon, that unrifled treasury of drama, laid in the times of the Comnenian Emperors. It is frankly a study-play, but even so, we are uncomfortably conscious of padding and long speeches in it. The versification is sometimes dull, and the short spells of rhyming that are introduced seem to have no particular object. There are really only three essential characters in the drama, but the list of *dramatis personæ* extends to considerably over twenty. We can forgive all these faults, however, for the really admirable studies of the three important persons. As a ruthless, sensual, splendid scoundrel, winning men's fear and women's love wherever he goes, Mr. Farrer's portrayal of Andronikos Komnenos is magnificent. The Countess Philippe and the Queen Theodora are rather dangerously alike; but, perhaps, this is intentional. The speech wherein Philippe praises her own body because it is—

> "The sacred pyx in which his love is stored.
> The cup from which he drinks the wine of life,"

contains the kernel of the play, feminine love contrasted with masculine—the women's love of being loved, and the man's love of his own pleasure. The drama ends with a fine piece of ironic psychology. Altogether, in spite of its prolixity, Mr. Farrer has written a play that is worth reading more than once.

Another study-play is "Queen Mariamne," an anonymous composition. There is no prolixity here, no superflu-

* "The Testament of John Davidson." Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.
"The Call of Dawn." By Esmé C. Wingfield-Stratford. John Lane. 5s. net.
"The Dowager of Jerusalem." By Reginald Farrer. Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.
"Queen Mariamne." By the Author of "Borgia." Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.
"Songs of Good Fighting." By Eugene R. White. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.
"Dramatic Odes and Rhapsodies." By F. P. B. Osmaston. Kegan Paul. 5s. net.
"A Shropshire Lad." By A. E. Housman. Illustrated by William Hyde. Grant Richards. 6s. net.
"Thysia: An Elegy." George Bell & Sons. 1s.

ous crowding of the stage. The characters are many, but they are all required, and all differentiated with consummate skill. Mr. Farrer often has to work himself up into poetry; but the substantial thought of "Queen Mariamne" is poetry, which continually flashes into exquisite word-craft. Consider this, of Cleopatra handling jewels—

> "Pale are my fingers from this luxury
> And contact as they pat the crystal flesh
> Of all this light."

Or this, of Herod brooding on his love—

> "Mariamne! Very oft
> I call down to my soul to her, and there
> She answers in abundance, as the corn
> That the large waters woo to sudden tilth."

Continually we feel ourselves in the presence of a mind that knows all the wonder and power that is in words. And, eloquent of full emotion as the speeches are, the pauses and hesitations in the drama are often more eloquent still. The psychology of the play is as strong as it is supple. The racked spirit of Herod, tormented by love and afflicted by beauty, not daring to think of death unless Mariamne die with him, driven by gusts of madness into murdering those he loves, by turns tender and cruel, dignified and pitiable—it is a triumph of characterisation. Not less so is Mariamne herself, calm amidst conflicting urgencies, serenely above the insane passions of Herod and the plots of Herod's enemies, hardly seeming to partake in life, yet exquisitely human, and at times roused into beautiful indignation. The play ends with the reiteration of Mariamne's name, having an effect of the most moving poignancy. We dare to say that, as far as England is concerned, the story of Herod and Mariamne has now received its final literary treatment.

As far as can be judged from "Songs of Good Fighting," the late Eugene R. White would, if he had lived, have done better work in prose than in verse. The single prose-tale that is included in this slim volume, "The Festin d'Adieu," is much better of its kind than the strenuous buccaneering and filibustering songs are of theirs. It is a delicate, pathetic, and charming piece of work, told with considerable skill. Mr. White, however, never arrived at mastery over the very difficult metres which he chose for his songs. Many of them can only be described as jingle; and a painful effort to achieve muscularity is always apparent. Still, behind his technical deficiencies, there is evidence of a large imagination; and we have no doubt that his untimely death meant a serious loss to prose literature. Of Mr. F. P. B. Osmaston's "Dramatic Odes and Rhapsodies," there is not, we are afraid, much to be said. Browning was a great poet, but to imitate Browning is not necessarily to write poetry. Considering the amount of intellectual energy that must have been expended on these odes and rhapsodies, the scantiness of poetry in them is quite surprising. Mr. Osmaston admits that Browning is his exemplar, and anticipates reproof therefor. We, however, have no quarrel with his choice of master, nor with the poet that he imitates, but only with the fact that he imitates so feebly. The prologue to the book consists mainly of an attack on Mr. Davidson; and from it we can only conclude that Mr. Osmaston has read Mr. Davidson as superficially as he has, apparently, read Browning. There is not much, again, to be said of Mr. A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," but for a very different reason. It is some years ago that this exquisite series of lyrics was first published; now it is known to everybody—one of the most popular poems, we should say, of recent years. There can be no question that it deserves its popularity, for all that it is preoccupied overmuch with the thought of death. Now it has arrived at the dignity of an illustrated edition, Mr. William Hyde's colored drawings are extremely beautiful, showing a subtle sense of color and a delight in the marvellous qualities of the English atmosphere. We have not, indeed, seen more successful color-illustrations than these.

Recently Mr. Frederic Harrison has drawn attention to an elegy, in the form of a sonnet-sequence, called "Thysia." It is a husband's lamentation for the death of his wife, and is unquestionably a fine poem. The sonnets are on the Shakespearean model, and sometimes end with an Alexandrine, which is, we think, a mistake; otherwise, they show little trace of the amateur. We hardly believe, indeed, that the anonymous author is an amateur, so unerringly does he achieve that pinnacle of poetic art, simplicity. In every one of the sonnets, grief is expressed with almost intolerable directness, a grief not mixed with desperation, but with a noble faith and courage. Mr. Harrison speaks of some of these poems as having been composed in the very presence of the coffin, which, we hope, is no more than a figure of speech. But in whatever manner they were composed, they are wonderfully moving poetry. We may almost say of them, that their sorrow has made "sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self." Such pure, unaffected music, made out of such a terrible affliction, will surely not be "alms for oblivion."

THE GOSSIP.*

Mr. Tollemache's reminiscences do not pretend to be either novel or instructive. They are trivial in substance, but agreeably garrulous in form. Some of them have already been published. The rest are strung together at haphazard, and yet so arranged as not to fatigue the general reader. Mr. Tollemache has known, as he says, a great many interesting people, and has something characteristic to record about each of them. There is an absence of ostentation which disarms criticism, and the easy flow of the style carries one with it down the stream. There is no art in Mr. Tollemache's simplicity. He goes where chance takes him, picking up whatever is to be found by the way. It may be matter of historical interest and importance. It may be the merest gossip. It fills its place all the same, and diversifies a chronicle which is never tedious. To criticise such a volume as Mr. Tollemache has put together is practically impossible. We can only take what he offers, observing the entire lack of effort in a spontaneity which is never forced. Mr. Tollemache tells his stories in his own fashion, often recognising that they are not new, and sometimes claiming to decide the true authorship of a familiar remark. But that does not prevent him from reporting it on his own account, or from embellishing it with such ornaments as suggest themselves to him from time to time. The result is a collection, or rather an assemblage, of jottings, observations, legends, and anecdotes of all kinds, from which anyone may take what suits his particular fancy. As we have said, to criticise such a performance in the ordinary way is impossible. There is no use in complaining that a book is not what it does not profess to be. One might ask, for instance, whether Mr. Tollemache has written a book at all. His answer would be that he has put down what came into his head, and that he never professed to do anything else.

Mr. Tollemache's characters of individuals are not always sympathetic. When he dislikes a man he shows it. He was at Harrow under Dr. Vaughan, and his remarks upon Vaughan's methods are not complimentary. Vaughan was an exceedingly successful head master, and Mr. Tollemache's pleasantry will not injure his reputation. There is nothing really ill-natured in it. But Mr. Tollemache does not always seem to know what the bearing of a story is, or how it affects the received ideas of the persons concerned. If he can weave it into his narrative, or into one of the digressions which interrupt his narrative, that is enough for him. It ought, perhaps, to be enough also for his readers. For, after all, they are provided with such an abundance of material that they can well afford to deal with it for themselves, and they are in no way bound to adopt Mr. Tollemache's interpretation of such facts as he records. Herodotus has been called prolix, and Mr. Tollemache is no Herodotus. He resembles the Father of History in turning aside to the right or to the left, as the humor takes him, not in the philosophic passion for inquiry which made Herodotus ask so many interesting questions that he could not answer himself. Mr. Tollemache has no scientific aims. The law of association seems to be the only principle underlying his discursive proclivities. One thing leads to another with him, until he has exhausted one stage of his journey, and is obliged to begin another. He does his best to avoid jolting, and that is really the sum of his endeavor. There is a good deal in assuming the interest of what you have to say, and that Mr. Tollemache always assumes. He

* "Old and Odd Memories." By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

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does not regard it as his business to prove the importance or the relevancy of his points. Having made them, he leaves them with the air of a man who has discharged his duty. There is a fascination in this complete detachment from literary methods which can be more easily felt than described.

It would defeat Mr. Tollemache's object and diminish the number of his readers if we were to quote the stories with which he has enriched his pages. They are liberally diffused, and yet at the same time they do not clog the narrative or interrupt the reflections. They simply serve to illustrate and to heighten the meaning which Mr. Tollemache seeks at the moment to convey. They are in their proper places, and would suffer by removal. It is not merely that they belong to particular points and passages. They come in the order of time where Mr. Tollemache has put them, and without disturbing the framework of his design they cannot be arranged in any other way. A less pretentious volume never appeared, and this is perhaps the reason why it never disappoints the expectation of the critic. If Mr. Tollemache had had a moral to point, or a proposition to prove, or a theory to establish, he would have laid himself open to numerous charges which he now escapes by the simplicity of his method. He goes on his way regardless of appearances, chattering as he goes, not for want of material, but because that is the most natural form of his thoughts.

THE ROMANCE OF REALITY.*

In the Dedication of "The Flower of the Heart" to Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Marriott Watson says: "You have long been wanting me, I know, to write a novel of modern life. Well, here it is . . Here I have turned my back fully on romance and adventure." It is always interesting when a painter or writer essays a new style, for either he discovers in himself new qualities, or the audience recognises the old under the mask of novelty. The novel before us leaves us speculating as to what artistic rank Mr. Marriott Watson would have attained had he not, nearly twenty years back, definitely enlisted and marched under the romantic banner, borne so gallantly by Mr. Henley and the brave spirits of "The Scots Observer." What did our literature gain by that belated after-glow of the European Romantic movement? Stevenson was, of course, the central figure, attracting to the standard many a young man who might have sworn allegiance to another flag. But Stevenson himself sought in California and the South Seas that revivifying breath of reality, without which romanticism is as a wandering spirit seeking in vain the body through which it can manifest its power. Romanticism divorced from reality is for the majority of writers a mere *cul-de-sac*. How little of permanent worth is left to us in Romance from the European movement that raged so furiously after Byron's death! The claim on us to-day of Scott, Balzac, and Dickens is surely derived from their direct observation of the life around them, and the heel of Achilles in each of these great writers is surely the romantic unrealities which are now exposed, transfixed by the arrow of Time.

It is, perhaps, indeed, the neat revenge of time that has led Mr. Marriott Watson to turn at last from chronicling the fortunes of his "gentlemen of the road," cavaliers, privateers, and other engaging adventurers whom Mr. Henley and his school loved to honor, to setting forth the career of Mr. Sam Eversley, City financier, the managing director of the Imperial Mines Corporation, the Colorado Bonzana Ltd., and various subsidiary companies. For the City privateersman and the financial buccaneer have been flourishing in our midst, making the public stand and deliver, year in and year out, and taking toll of every unwary passer-by, nay, stripping the widow and the orphan, lured within their clutches, while the "National Observer" was dividing its praises between the feats of "Gentleman Dick" and the Empire-building of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Why should Mr. Sam Eversley, the City "bull's," claims be ignored when he was bearing the heat and burden of the day in Throgmorton Avenue, plotting to scoop the British public in the "Thieves' Kitchen" (as the City Stock Exchange Club is called), with his "jobbers and brokers on strings, while directing his campaign from his luxurious chambers at the Denmark House, E.C."? Without Mr. Sam Eversley's activities in the Equatorial Oil and Exploration Co., how meaningless would be the classic phrase, "Trade follows the Flag," and how little chance would there be for our "little wars," if Mr. Sam Eversley and his followers did not flourish the "concessions" from Tumba in the public's face. No; it is evident to us all, as well as to Mr. Marriott Watson, that the home of Romance to-day is no longer situated on Bagshot Heath, but has passed to Basinghall Street, Denmark House, Copthall Chambers, or wherever the offices of these "speculative trusts" may be, where "shareholders are quietened, balance-sheets rigged, shop-windows dressed, auditors soothed," &c. The career of a Jabez Balfour, to speak only of a great brigand of yesterday, was, indeed, more picturesquely romantic than that of Claude Duval, though the former wore broadcloth and the latter went to his work in laced silks and a crape mask. We have always regretted that the "National Observer" school should have spent its energies in idealising the memories of Captain Kidd, when much greater living adventurers, Jewish and Gentile, were planning raids on the gold reefs of the veld and sailing home to Park Lane with argosies of diamonds and the glowing reports of their subsidised mining experts.

The picture of Sam Eversley's operations in the Amalgamated Gold Company, of his difficulties with the flotation of the Equatorial Company, of the financial manœuvres of the Imperial Corporation (*i.e.*, Sam) to maintain the market in all its bantlings, of Sam's own relations with his attendant jackals, Phillips and Bob Hewitt, with his co-directors, the Earl of Thwaite, Sir Joseph Webb, Mr. Carton, etc., and with the world of dealers, jobbers, "stags," "underwriters," etc.: all this is done with convincing detail. The plot of the story is, however, chiefly concerned with the relations between Frank Lassetter, the heir of Lord Bracondale, and Sam's beautiful and unsophisticated girl wife, Alice. Sam has taken a country house on the Bracondale estate, with the view of getting into county society, and the accidental *rencontre* between the financialist and the aristocrat ends in Lassetter's becoming a pawn in Sam's game, and in accepting a seat on the board of the Equatorial Oil Company. No doubt this is quite true to life, and is fairly typical of the bargain struck between our South African financialists and many of our nobility and gentry a few years back. We could wish, however, that Mr. Marriott Watson had followed the example of the late Frank Norris, and had developed Mr. Sam Eversley's career in a series of two or three novels, and not compressed so big a subject into one. For his limited space does not give him room enough to do justice to both Sam and his dual relations with his wife and Miss Kitty Larose of the Melpomene Theatre. Our interest is shifted to the more "romantic" aspect of Alice Eversley's growing passion for her country neighbor, Frank Lassetter, and of her repulse of Colonel Devigne, late of Equatoria, who plays a waiting and watching part in the game. The analysis of the budding and breaking into flower of Alice's secret love for Lassetter is very delicately handled, and justifies our author's title, "The Flower of the Heart," but he has made the mistake of throwing too many figures into the foreground of his picture, and of not concentrating the light on the three leading figures. In consequence his exposition of the emotional crisis when Lassetter meets with a gun accident, and Alice flies from her home to his side, and of her position as his mistress, is hurried and unsatisfying. Sam takes his wife's defection with amazing indifference, considering the hot-blooded nature of the man, but from the point, indeed, of Chapter XVIII., where a romantic accident suddenly springs an unnatural and stagey situation upon us, we begin to doubt the author's avowal that he has turned his back "fully on romance and adventure."

It is not easy for a novelist to reverse engines and to turn aside from the flowery path of romance and take to the stern road of realism. In romance it is easy to generalise, to conceal the paucity of fine living touches that must go with every good drawing from nature, under the attractive dress of picturesque externals. Mr. Marriott Watson's portrait, however, of Sam Eversley, this indomitable City

* "The Flower of the Heart." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Methuen. 6s.

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SOME CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS.*

It has been said that the difference between journalism and literature is that, while journalistic work is done with the expectation that it must perish, literary work is done "in the high hope that it might be eternal." Mr. Gardiner would be the last to deny that he designs his volume, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," mainly for its present use and effect. He takes a salient trait in the person under discussion, enlarges and decorates it with much skill, minimises whatever may run counter to its full development, and thus presents us with a portrait which has unity and resemblance. In planning out a series of articles for a daily newspaper—the contents of this book first appeared in the "Daily News"—no better method could be devised, and Mr. Gardiner is almost uniformly successful in applying it. Take for example the portrait of Mr. John Burns. The dominant characteristics here are energy and vitality, and on these Mr. Gardiner lays full stress. Mr. Burns is "boisterous, confident, gaily aggressive, honest as the day, full of the egotism of the child with the child's delighted interest in the passing show of things." "He stands four square to all the winds that blow . . . his great eyes flashing scorn and challenge from under the terrific eyebrows, his nostrils swelling with defiance, his voice bursting in upon the tranquillities like a foghorn, thick and hoarse from thundering in the open air, his grey hair and beard belying the enormous vitality of mind and muscle." This is pictorial truth, and Mr. Gardiner excels in telling it. Moreover, he cultivates with success many agreeable literary gifts, notably the gift of quotation. Nothing, for example, could be happier than to describe George Meredith's attitude to life through the following lines:—

> "Death, shall I shrink from loving thee?
> Into the breast that gives the rose
> Shall I with shuddering fall?"

We also like many of Mr. Gardiner's characterisations. For example, this of the Speaker, "He says unpleasant things in a pleasant way." Of Mr. Lloyd George: "He does not learn, he absorbs." Of General Booth: "He never argues; he simply goes on as if he did not hear." And of Mr. Keir Hardie: "He is the only man who could have created the Labour Party, for concentration and intensity are the creative impulses. But he is almost the only man in the Party who is not fitted to lead it." Mr. Gardiner, in a word, has used his experience well; his book is instructive to those who know the characters with whom he deals, and it must be brilliantly interesting to those who do not.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Louis Napoleon and the Genesis of the Second Empire" (Lane, 16s. net) is described by its author, Mr. F. H. Cheetham, as "a biographical study rather than an attempt at a contribution to history. It is, in fact, both, and the reader will gain from its perusal an understanding of the forces and events that led up to the *coup d'état* of 1848. It is doubtful whether many people will be led to rate Louis Napoleon as high as Mr. Cheetham does, though undoubtedly a strong case is made out for a more favorable verdict than that commonly given. "Though greatly inferior to his uncle," says Mr. Cheetham, "he was a man of superior intelligence, and had he not been a Prince and a Bonaparte, he would still have been in the front rank of the men of his time." He was far less of an egoist than Napoleon I., and it is arguable that he was far more of a patriot. Perhaps the best fate that could have befallen him would have been an opportunity to follow the career of letters for which he was in many ways admirably fitted. De Tocqueville declared that Napoleon III. was the only man living who could write "monumental French," while Cobden spoke of the "absolute perfection of the style of his occasional addresses." Mr. Cheetham adds that "imagination . . . was Louis Napoleon's mastering quality, and it is everywhere apparent, together with elevated thought and clearness of expression in his literary work." As a ruler and statesman, Louis Napoleon must be pronounced a failure, though whether this was due to circumstances or to inherent defects in character is a nice question, to which it is difficult to give an unqualified answer. An anecdote furnished to Mr. Cheetham by Mr. Thomas Hardy, and printed as a postscript to the present volume, may possibly throw some light on Louis Napoleon's character. When William Barnes, the Dorset poet—who told the story to Mr. Hardy—was a schoolmaster in Dorchester, he had as usher a certain Mr. Hann, "a fair and rather choleric young man from the Vale of Blackmoor." It was the custom for the Dorchester burghers, with their visitors, to promenade round the older part of the town on Sundays. On one occasion Barnes and Hann met a band of strollers, among them Louis Napoleon, who, "in a sort of freak, put out his walking-cane between Hann's legs so unexpectedly that the latter staggered and nearly fell, which caused laughter among the other promenaders. The next thing of which Barnes was conscious was of having Hann's coat tossed into his arms by his furious usher, and of seeing Hann in his shirt-sleeves spring in a pugilistic attitude in front of Louis Napoleon, and call upon him to defend himself before he was laid flat on the gravel." Louis Napoleon, seeing he had mistaken his man, apologised profusely. However, it was rather want of will than of personal courage that he showed during his political career.

* * *

Among the "other essays" in Mr. John Buchan's "Some Eighteenth Century Byways, and Other Essays" (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net) are to be found such subjects as Bunyan, Tolstoy, Rabelais, Mommsen, the Victorian Chancellors, the Heroic Age of Ireland, and Mr. Balfour, so that the title of the book is somewhat misleading. Many of the papers are merely reviews of books such as Mr. Atlay's "Victorian Chancellors," or Mr. Andrew Lang's "Prince Charles Edward," or the third volume of the same author's "History of Scotland," while others are short essays, which made excellent journalism, but seem to us of slight permanent interest. On the other hand, some of those essays which come properly under the title Mr. Buchan has chosen are well worth reprinting. "A Comic Chesterfield" gives an entertaining account of the eleventh Earl of Buchan, whose many eccentricities have not won for him the immortality he deserves. There is also a vivid account of Lady Louisa Stuart, "one of the best of English letter-writers, equal—though of a very different type—to her more famous grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," and a judicious estimate of Lord Mansfield. Mr. Buchan regards Mr. Balfour as "in many ways, *the* representative Scotsman." He has every characteristic with which the world at large credits the Scot, and which the Scot flatters himself that he possesses." One may accept this, but we certainly demur to the verdict which rates Mr. Balfour "higher than any other literary statesman of to-day." It is sheer nonsense to set Mr. Balfour's achievement as a man of letters above that of Lord Morley or of Mr. Bryce; but here, as in some other parts of his volume, Mr. Buchan allows political prejudice to pervert his judgment. This is to be regretted, because Mr. Buchan's characterisation contains much that is of value. We quote two sentences which show his power of analysis: "Mr. Balfour is always destructive when he is at his best." "Thinness, as of a too dry wine, is the defect of Mr. Balfour's finely critical spirit." The essay is laudatory, but, with the exception we have noted, not too laudatory, for Mr. Balfour's dialectical bent is seen to great advantage when treating such philosophical questions as have engaged most of his literary work.

* "Prophets, Priests, and Kings." By A. G. Gardiner. Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d. net.

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* * *

It has been left to a little knot of French economists to maintain in its pristine rigor that "simple system of natural liberty" which once dominated industrial theory and practice in this country. Professor Leroy Beaulieu is a master of this individualistic interpretation of social progress, and his latest volume, entitled "Collectivism," carefully translated by Sir Arthur Clay (Murray. 10s. 6d. net), applies the pure logic of this doctrine in criticism of current Socialism. For M. Beaulieu all forms and degrees of Socialism are varieties of the same destructive malady. Under all of these the worker will lose his individual liberty, becoming the slave, not of the State, but rather of the gang of politicians who will "run" the State. Since all the springs of industry will be weakened, the product of industry will be diminished, and the arts of industry will no longer advance; so there will be loss for all the classes and individuals of which society consists. "In the course of two or three generations only, the material impoverishment and moral weakening of humanity would be considerable; in a century the face of the world would be entirely changed; not only would all improvement in production have ceased, but even the technical arts already acquired would have deteriorated, owing to the want of personal interest in the practice of them, and humanity would soon revert to the ignorance, indolence, and poverty of primitive ages." To sustain his thesis the author argues that there is really no such thing as "unearned increments," that all payments which rank as such are really necessary stimuli to owners of land, capital, and ability. Trusts, combines, and other limitations of competition are trifling and purely ephemeral phenomena, not seriously contravening the practice of free competition which directs production and secures an equitable distribution of the product.

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In compiling his volume, "Anne Seymour Damer: A Woman of Art and Fashion, 1748-1828" (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Percy Noble has been faced by the difficulty that the subject of his biography left instructions that all her letters and papers should be destroyed at her death. There are, however, numerous references to her in contemporary memoirs, and from these, as well as from a few autograph papers and letters that have survived, Mr. Noble has put together a fairly interesting biography. Anne Seymour Damer was the daughter of Field-Marshal Conway, and, in the opinion of her friends, a woman of great wit and vivacity, with a talent for sculpture that was little short of genius. Among her works are the colossal statue of George III. at Edinburgh, the sculptured heads of "Thame" and "Isis," that stand below Henley Bridge, and busts of Nelson and Sir Joseph Banks. Horace Walpole was her father's cousin, and she eventually inherited the famous house at Strawberry Hill, with its wealth of curios and £2,000 a year for its upkeep. She took a leading part in the Whig society of her day, and supported Fox in his candidature for Westminster. Indeed, Fox seems to have been one of her heroes, for within a few weeks of the Battle of Waterloo she presented Napoleon with a bust of Fox, receiving in exchange a snuff-box set with diamonds with Napoleon's portrait on the cover. Mrs. Damer bequeathed this snuff-box to the British Museum "under the injunction of never allowing the portrait to be copied." Despite the injunction, a reproduction of the miniature is one of the illustrations in Mr. Noble's book. Considering the difficulties of Mr. Noble's task, he has acquitted himself well. His picture of Mrs. Damer is necessarily rather blurred in outline. But it shows us a woman of character and achievement.

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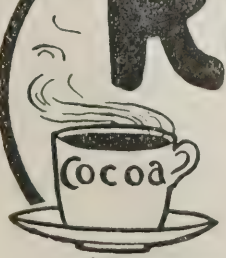

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THE GRAND TRUNK AND THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

A good deal of anxiety has been felt lately about the Grand Trunk system. It had some prosperous years, and people began to think that even the Third Preference would turn out a good security. But the American panic, coupled with the bad harvest of 1907 in Canada and a severe trade depression, have hit the whole line very severely. Moreover, the new transcontinental line (the Grand Trunk Pacific) is sufficiently connected with its parent to put a very heavy strain on Grand Trunk finances before long. It is impossible to say how soon after completion the western portion of the line will pay. That it will pay in the end, and make a magnificent contribution to Canada's development there can be no doubt. The resignation of the Grand Trunk Pacific manager is attributed to disclosures of financial corruption in connection with some contracts for railroad construction. A great effort is being made just to purify public finance in Canada.

THE LONDON BANKS.

The banks, of course, all suffered more or less in 1908 as compared with 1907, and some of them have only maintained their dividends by giving the shareholders more than they earned. Fortunately, the London and County, whose report appears elsewhere, has a very wide margin, and has been able to maintain its 20 per cent. dividend quite comfortably, although its profits were £100,000 less than in the preceding year. The profits of the National Provincial were sufficient to provide a dividend of 17 per cent. as in 1907, leaving a handsome balance. This is a very strong position. It is very fortunate that English banks as a whole have such stability. It is just because they are managed as a rule by cautious men on conservative lines.

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BALANCE SHEET, 31*st December*, 1908.

LIABILITIES.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
CAPITAL—		
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid	420,000 0 0	
215,000 Shares of £60 each, £12 paid...	2,580,000 0 0	
	3,000,000 0 0	
RESERVE FUND	2,350,000 0 0	
CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c.	59,265,659 8 9	
ACCEPTANCES and ENDORSEMENTS of FOREIGN BILLS, on Account of Customers	746,359 0 8	
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT—		
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £81,839 8s. 9d. brought from year 1907	£607,590 6 4	
Less Interim Dividend, 8 per cent. paid in Aug. last ... £240,000 0 0		
,, Dividend of 9 per cent. payable 5th February next ... 270,000 0 0		
	510,000 0 0	
	97,590 6 4	
	£65,459,608 15 9	

ASSETS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
CASH—		
At Bank of England and at Head Office and Branches		10,355,939 11 11
,, Call and Short Notice		3,984,994 7 10
		14,340,933 19 9
INVESTMENTS—		
English Government Securities ... £8,960,633 6 8 (Of which £115,500 is lodged for public accounts)		
Indian and Colonial Government Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks of British Railways; British Corporation, and Waterworks Stocks	5,864,709 13 9	
Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and other Investments	309,143 13 11	
		15,134,486 14 4
LIABILITY of CUSTOMERS for ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per Contra		746,359 0 8
BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c.		34,607,483 15 11
BANK PREMISES in London and Country		630,345 5 1
		£65,459,608 15 9

M. O. FITZGERALD, G. F. MALCOLMSON, ROBERT WIGRAM, } *Directors.*

R. T. HAINES, T. ESTALL, D. J. H. CUNNICK, } *Joint General Managers.*

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CHIEF INSPECTOR.
FRANK WILLIAM HOWETT.

SECRETARY.
EDGAR FRANCIS ROBINSON.

HEAD OFFICE - 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

FOREIGN BRANCH - 80, CORNHILL, E.C.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1908.

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.
CAPITAL—Subscribed £3,000,000			
100,000 Shares of £80 each, £20 paid	2,000,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND	1,650,000	0	0
INVESTMENTS DEPRECIATION FUND	150,000	0	0
CURRENT, DEPOSIT AND OTHER ACCOUNTS, including provision for contingencies	44,407,095	19	6
ACCEPTANCES FOR CUSTOMERS	3,049,981	19	3
Contingent Liability on Endorsements ... £303,933			
REBATE on Bills not due	19,616	10	1
PROFIT AND LOSS BALANCE, as below	304,178	13	5
	£51,580,873	2	3

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
CASH—						
In hand and at Bank of England ...	8,171,200	9	5			
At Call and Short Notice	4,169,735	0	0			
				12,340,935	9	5
BILLS DISCOUNTED				6,524,414	2	1
INVESTMENTS—						
Consols (of which £357,000 is lodged for Public Accounts), and other Securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government	6,060,243	13	5			
Indian Government Stock, and Indian Government Guaranteed Railway Stocks and Debentures	802,699	15	0			
Colonial Government Securities, British Corporation Stocks, and British Railway Debenture Stocks	2,010,055	10	5			
Other Investments	79,890	7	9			
				8,952,889	6	7
ADVANCES TO CUSTOMERS, &c.				19,931,567	12	7
LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, as per contra				3,049,981	19	3
BANK PREMISES				781,084	12	4
				£51,580,873	2	3

Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1908. Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers	264,751	13	11
,, Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	695,792	0	1
,, Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account ...	19,616	10	1
,, Interim Dividend for Half-year ended 30th June, at 20 per cent. per annum	200,000	0	0
,, Bank Premises Account	(75,000	0	0
,, Reserve Fund	50,000	0	0
,, Dividend for Half-year ended 31st Dec., at 20 per cent. per annum £200,000 0 0			
,, Balance carried forward £104,178 13 5			
	304,178	13	5
	£1,609,338	17	6

	£	s.	d.
By Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1907	101,446	9	7
,, Gross Profit for the Year, after making provision for Bad Debts and Contingencies, and including Rebate £43,730 19s. 2d brought from 31st December last ...	1,507,892	7	11
	£1,609,338	17	6

E. H. CUNARD,
GOSCHEN,
W. G. RATHBONE, } *Directors.*

H. R. WYATT, *Head Office Manager.*
W. G. GRIBBLE, *Country Manager.*
T. J. CARPENTER, *Chief Accountant.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account dated 31st December, 1908, with the Books and Vouchers, and certified Returns shewing the Cash Balances, Bills and other amounts set forth.

We have verified the Cash Balance at the Bank of England, and the various Investments of the Bank, and have received all the information and explanations we have required

In our opinion the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shewn by the Books of the Company.

HY. GRANT,
THOS. HORWOOD,
STUART PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, } *Auditors.*

16*th January*, 1909.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened on the usual terms. Facilities are given Customers at any Branch for the transfer of money to or from any other Branch.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.—Sums of £10 and upwards are received on deposit at Interest, subject to notice of withdrawal, or by special agreement, in accordance with the usual custom.

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APPROVED FOREIGN DRAFTS are purchased, and Collections undertaken.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The King visits Berlin on Tuesday next. A brilliant programme, with the family element strongly emphasised, is being arranged for him, and we need not say how earnestly we desire that his journey will bring success with it. We wish we could add that all the arrangements associated with this important event were ideal. We do not profess to understand why the association of Sir Charles Hardinge with the King's State or semi-State interviews with other Sovereigns is continued. The practice is thoroughly unconstitutional, and we believe that, so far from adding to the weight of the King's proper influence in foreign affairs, it detracts from it. In the case of the Berlin visit, we are glad to see that the King will also be accompanied by a Minister of State. He could not be joined to a more agreeable and tactful personality than that of the Colonial Secretary; but the first remark which suggests itself in connection with the choice of Lord Crewe is: "Why is not the Foreign Secretary to be present on an occasion on which issues of foreign policy alone arise?" Is Sir Edward Grey's absence really meant to emphasise the fact that no real approach to Germany is intended? We hope not. But in that case why do we not use to the uttermost Sir Edward Grey's remarkable power of impressing everyone with whom he is brought into contact?

* * *

The Russian Government has intervened to suggest a solution of the difficulty between Turkey and Bulgaria. Turkey demands £5,000,000 compensation; Bulgaria offers only £3,280,000. Turkey, however, owes Russia an annual indemnity of £320,000, and Russia proposes to remit this for a term of years sufficient to make up the larger sum, and herself to get an equivalent from Bulgaria. There are countless descriptions of this suggested transaction, all conflicting. Some reduce it to a mere matter of book-keeping; others assert that Russia is making Bulgaria a subvention from her own pocket; while from others again it would appear to be a profitable business speculation. The Bulgarian Government have approved the principle of the solution because it would save them raising a loan, and France and Great Britain are pressing its acceptance upon Constantinople.

* * *

On the other hand, Austria and Germany are decidedly against it. Russia's purpose is plainly to break the alliance between Austria and Bulgaria, and to establish her hegemony in the Balkans beyond dispute, for Bulgaria, the only independent Slav State in the Balkans, would be delivered over to Russia if the Russian scheme were adopted. Turkey also is disposed against the scheme, on financial grounds because she never paid the Russian indemnity regularly, and it is not clear that she would get the ready money she needs, and on political grounds because it is her plain interest to oppose the extension of Russian influence in the Balkans, and herself to get on good terms again with Bulgaria, the strongest of her Balkan neighbors. Apart from this it is feared that Russia may ask for the opening of the Dardanelles as an additional reward for her "generosity." Turkish opinion is said to be greatly disturbed by the action of our Foreign Office in backing up Russia.

* * *

All the delegates to the South African Convention have signed the draft Constitution which will make South Africa a Commonwealth, and it will be published next week, and discussed by the State Parliaments next month. The framers of this great instrument—the special work of Liberalism and of a British Prime Minister of the "Little England" school—have worked in perfect harmony, and the "Times" correspondent says that General Botha has gained everyone's admiration by his "breadth of view." The compromise on the capital is a curious one. Cape Town—much the most famous and beautiful of South African cities—is to have the Parliament: Pretoria is to be the administrative centre; and Bloemfontein—the central town—gets the Appeal Court. It is hard for us to imagine a Parliament working with its administrative offices a thousand miles off—here they are even transferred for a good part of the day from Whitehall to the Palace of Westminster. But Botha and the veteran and sagacious Mr. Hofmeyr seem to think that the arrangement is practicable.

* * *

Mr. Churchill spoke at Nottingham with force and sympathy on the social question and on the policy of constructive legislation to which it is understood that his department is especially devoting itself. The line to which the Government are apparently fixed forbids the raising of the great political issue, but Mr. Churchill declared that they were bent on placing before the

nation what he called a "wide, comprehensive, interdependent scheme of social organisation" in the shape of "a massive series of legislative proposals and administrative acts." We suppose the specific allusion is to the kindred problems of the Poor Law and Unemployment. The design, apparently, is to present a connected series of reforms within the next two years, beginning with labor exchanges and ending up with a scheme revolutionising Poor Law administration in respect of vagrancy, the treatment of children, outdoor relief, and old age. Unemployment may be dealt with in the form of Bills setting up plans of afforestation, of Wages Boards for the sweated industries, and of industrial and invalidity insurance. Such a programme—as Mr. Masterman hinted in a powerful speech at Yarmouth—necessarily involves new friction, and eventually direct conflict, with the House of Lords.

* * *

We observe that Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's late Secretary, took the fighting line with great directness and energy in a speech at Stirling Burghs. Mr. Ponsonby thought that the credit of Liberalism depended on the prompt handling of the question of the Lords, and insisted that the ranks were "united and thirsting for the fray." "The time," he said, "has now come for action; the Liberal Party are ready, the bugle has been sounded. The decks must be cleared—cleared for action." We are quite sure that when this spirit gets firm hold of the party, it will make short work of the calculations and plans of delay.

* * *

On Tuesday Baron Komura, the Japanese Premier, made an important statement on foreign policy to the Japanese Diet. Peace, he said, was so well secured that the country should concentrate on domestic development. In that connection she must discourage random emigration and direct the flow of population to her own Asiatic possessions. The regulation of emigration was bound up with the prosperity of Japan's international commerce, and these considerations explained the compacts that she had entered into with the United States and Canada. A new customs tariff would be introduced, and for that purpose existing commercial treaties would be denounced. Japan's relations with France and Germany were excellent and growing in cordiality. The agreement with the United States had confirmed a traditional friendship and contributed to the repose of the Orient, and the Japanese Government relied upon the sense of justice of the American people and the friendly disposition of the Federal Government to prevent anti-Japanese legislation.

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By far the most interesting passage in the speech referred to Great Britain and China. Baron Komura remarked that though "various events of far-reaching importance" had occurred in the relations of the two countries with other Powers, the alliance with Great Britain had steadily grown in strength and solidity, and to-day stood upon a perfectly firm and enduring foundation. Some long-pending questions with China had been adjusted, and in the case of others a satisfactory solution should not be "altogether impossible" if approached in a spirit of conciliation. Japan had invariably made it her guiding rule to observe the principle of the open door. The severest comment upon these two passages is a leader in the "Times." The "Times" until now has been strongly pro-Japanese, but its leader on Wednesday was an unveiled attack on Japan's treason to the "open door" principle, especially in the matter of the Fakumann railway. Can it be doubted that this change of tone is one result of the Anglo-Russian alliance?

* * *

The Conference of the Labor Party at Portsmouth has had a somewhat inconsequential end. Having repudiated dogmatic Socialism as a test, the Conference adopted, by 362 votes to 313, the stock Marxian resolution in favor of the socialisation of the "means of production, distribution, and exchange," and the "complete emancipation of labor from the dominion of capitalism and landlordism." As a matter of practical policy, the resolution asked the Labor members to frame, and the Government to support, Bills for the nationalisation of land, railways, and mines. We suppose these verbal pieties are thought necessary to secure the adherence of the minority, not one member of which can think them out. But they obviously play the game of the two kinds of politicians who wish to discredit the Labor Party as a practical force, and those who never think of political action at all. As a rule, the more extreme the theoretical basis of an English Labor Party is, the less effective is its practical action on the Left wing of the Liberal Party.

* * *

The negotiations with the United States are not yet quite secure. The Fisheries Agreement has at last been accepted by the Newfoundland Government, but the Waterways Treaty is hung up in the Senate. Responsible Senators are talking of its ratification being postponed for months. The criticism to which it is subjected is directed chiefly to two points—a demand that the distribution of the water-power from the river joining Lake Superior and Lake Huron should be arranged for in the treaty, and an objection to the pollution clause, which is held to be unfair to the United States, which has most large towns on the border. If the treaty is amended by the Senate on these points, the weary round of negotiations will have to begin over again. Meanwhile, a section of the Canadian Press utilise the opportunity for girding at Downing Street. These papers think it humiliating that the Canadian Parliament should not be in possession of a treaty which is under discussion in the United States Senate. The complaint is unfounded, because the American Senate, unlike the Canadian Parliament, shares the treaty-making power, and must, therefore, be informed. Apart from this, it is notorious that the treaty was drafted in Canada by a Canadian statesman, and that no step in the negotiations was conducted by Mr. Bryce except according to the wishes of the Canadian Government.

* * *

The Confederates' plans for the forcible eviction from the Conservative Party of all Free-traders, Free-fooders, doubtfuls, and moderates have been advanced this week by the practical exclusion of Mr. Abel Smith, the sitting Unionist member for East Herts. Mr. Smith had a pistol put to his head in the shape of a pledge that he would support a 2s. tax on foreign corn, and a maximum tariff of 10 per cent. on foreign manufactured goods. This was ironically called a compromise. It is, of course, Mr. Chamberlain's old policy. Mr. Smith refused to accept it. The local Association has disowned him, but he keeps his position, which personally is a very strong one, as an independent candidate. The same deadly war is being carried on at Reading and at East Marylebone, where the Confederates have not yet succeeded in driving out Lord Robert Cecil. Lord Robert's meeting in St. James's Hall was practically broken up by "Confederates," who, borrowing a hint from the "suffragettes," appear to have acted through various London branches of the

Tariff Reform League. Bitter recriminations have been exchanged in the party Press.

* * *

The French Cabinet, like our own, is discussing the Navy Estimates. M. Picard, it will be remembered, took office a few months ago, when a fierce onslaught, led by M. Delcassé, on the administration of the Navy Department, led to the fall of M. Thompson. A report prepared by M. Picard is said to assert that half the ships are practically valueless, and that France had sunk from the second to the fifth place among Naval Powers. M. Picard is a big navy man, and ambitious not merely to reform his Department and introduce efficiency, but to enter France for the naval armaments race. The spending of large sums is, of course, much easier than the securing of technical and administrative efficiency, and M. Picard's estimates were at first so heavy that M. Caillaux, the Finance Minister, threatened to resign. They have been revised since, and M. Caillaux is reported more tractable.

* * *

The Azeff scandal produced astonishing fruit on Sunday, when M. Lopukhin, a former chief of the secret police, was arrested on a charge of high treason. M. Lopukhin is believed to have revealed to the revolutionaries Azeff's relations with the police, and he certainly refused to deny to them that Azeff was an *agent provocateur* when asked to do so by the spy and high police officials. The arrest has caused a tremendous sensation in Russia, because it indicates the complete collapse of the effort to hush up the revelations made in Paris. With the association between police and revolutionaries so intimate that a police agent co-operates in the murder of some of the greatest Russian personages, the feeling is general that the whole State system is even more utterly chaotic than the most pessimistic had believed. The Duma discussed the scandal on Tuesday, and during the debate it was pointed out that the Government had denied the existence of *agents provocateurs* at the very moment that M. Stolypin held a letter from M. Lopukhin asking for protection against Azeff and Azeff's friends in the police department. No party in the Duma defended the employment of *agents provocateurs*, and the Government forbore to attend the discussion. The arrest of M. Lopukhin is generally believed to be an act of revenge for the exposure of Azeff, and the charges of high treason are discredited.

* * *

Lord Robertson, one of the Lords of Appeal, and a very familiar and, in his way, a brilliant figure in politics, died on Tuesday at Cap Martin, aged 63. He belonged to a vigorous, rather narrow type of Tory lawyer and politician, and his speeches in both capacities reflected at once the keen polish of his style and his somewhat infertile quality of mind. He was a strong Free Trader, and emphasised his dislike of Protection with the same unsparing force as that with which, a few weeks ago, he attacked the Licensing Bill. The vacancy among the Lords of Appeal will, beyond all doubt, be filled by the present Lord Advocate, whose personal and political claims stand alone. It is essential that the Law Lords should have a due infusion of men of broad and progressive thought, especially in view of the unsettled industrial problems which continually arise before them. Mr. Shaw's elevation, therefore, commends itself, not only as a proper recognition of a distinguished political career, but of a kind of service of which the country stands continually in need on the higher judicial seats.—Meanwhile, the Lord Chancellor has made three judicial changes, all of them well-considered. Sir Gorell Barnes goes to the Court of Appeal, and his place in the Divorce Court is taken by Mr. Justice Bigham, whose competence cannot be questioned. His successor again is Mr. J. A. Hamilton, a commercial lawyer of the highest standing, and of very large practice.

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The Registrar-General's return of births, marriages and deaths for 1907 has two mutually destructive features, the decrease of the birth rate, which, standing at 26·3 per 1,000, is the lowest on record, and the fall of the death rate, which has sunk as low as 15 per 1,000, and is also the lowest known. Thus civilisation begins in some measure to defeat itself, through its tendency to save existing life on the one hand, and to avoid new life on the other. A welcome feature of the returns is that at last the increase of mortality from cancer has been checked, although science has, up to the present, achieved nothing more than exploratory work in regard to it. The more efficient working of sanitary law is specially seen in the remarkable decrease in child mortality. We are saving to-day thousands of young lives, though all through last century we threw them away.

* * *

We are glad to see that Lord Carrington has promised to create new central Commissioners in order to quicken up the working of the Small Holdings Act, and to "look after" those County Councils which have proved themselves to be "very slow movers." A second very admirable spur to small culture has been furnished by Mr. Frank Lloyd, who has offered, through "Lloyd's News," prizes of £1,000 for the best cultivated small holdings and allotments in seven typical English counties. The prizes are carefully divided among cultivators of ten acres, less than ten acres, and less than two acres in the selected counties, and "intelligence, care, industry, and economy" are to be considered rather than mere expenditure. Lord Carrington is to nominate the judges; and, for our part, we shall be happy to detail the results of this very interesting and promising experiment.

* * *

The "Manitoba Free Press" and other influential Canadian newspapers are denouncing with severity what they regard as "a conspiracy" of English Protectionists and their Press to deceive the people of this country by a gross misrepresentation of the Canadian situation. Appeals to Canada to cease negotiating commercial treaties with foreign countries until a Conservative Government is here in office, and declarations on this side of Canada's intention to seek commercial, and possibly political, union with the United States unless we give them preference, are stigmatised as "nauseating misrepresentations." Lord Milner and Lord Northcliffe are expressly named as giving circulation to these absurdities. The outcries of the "Daily Mail" and the "Observer" against the growing Americanisation of Canada, as illustrated by the proposal of Mr. Hill to extend his Great Northern system to Winnipeg, are cited as impertinent interference with matters which Canadians understand and we do not. Speaking of what is here called Mr. Hill's "threat," the "Free Press" remarks: "Nothing could delight the people of this country more than to hear more 'threats' of that kind, and see them carried out at the earliest moment." The notion that Canada will be influenced in her railroad policy or her tariff arrangements by anything said or done here is only entertained by Imperialists "who only England know."

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEW SCARE ABOUT THE NAVY.

> The Army and Navy present fields of possible extravagance, and certainly not of possible but of PRACTICABLE reductions. There is no man in this House who entertains that sentiment more profoundly than I do myself; but let me point out that there are only two ways, two PRACTICABLE WAYS, in which you can reduce expenditure upon the Army and Navy. What are they? In the case of the Army by reducing the numbers of your permanent fighting force. There is no other way of doing it. And in the case of the Navy by CONTRACTING YOUR SHIPBUILDING PROGRAMME.—*The Prime Minister on Warlike Expenditure.*

It seems to us extremely unfortunate that the visit of the King to Berlin should have been chosen by our Jingoes as a moment for the propagation of a new Navy scare, and by our naval organisers for the formal announcement that we are transferring a fresh detachment of battleships from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, where we already possess an overwhelming superiority of strength. A smaller, but still a significant, event is the production and ostentatious patronage by "society" of a play which plainly describes the invasion of England by a German army. Wisdom and tact in procedure are not, we imagine, dispensable weapons in the conduct of affairs, and they may, on occasion, weigh even heavier than material strength. But the ordering of our naval affairs becomes still more serious when a Liberal Government is invited by its opponents not only to write off the pledges of its chief and of his predecessor as to economy in the war services, but to initiate a scale of expenditure of unheard-of excess. Ten years ago, under a Conservative Government, the Navy Estimates were less than £24,000,000. In the aftermath of the South African War, a period of undoubted danger to the country, even of something approaching European combination against her, they never reached £37,000,000. We are now asked to raise them to £35,000,000 for this year and to £38,000,000 for the next. This is what the demand of the "Times" for six Dreadnoughts, each costing over £2,000,000 apiece, means. There is nothing new in this kind of pressure. It has been put upon every Liberal Government in our remembrance, and it always proceeds from the same quarter. But there is something especially daring, not to say insulting, in the present attack. The appeal is avowedly made to those members of the Cabinet who are supposed to be identified with the policy of the Liberal League. These gentlemen are to act against the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the rest of their colleagues, first, in order to enforce a definition of the two-Power standard which we venture to say the Prime Minister and every sensible man repudiate; and, secondly, to bring up the Estimates to a point in harmony with this doctrine. Where, then, do we stand? Is it conceivable that the Government are ready to abandon the express promises of the Prime Minister and his colleagues as to retrenchment—promises which the House of Lords has no power to qualify—and even to screw up war expenditure higher than their Tory opponents? This would seem to be the demand of the "Times." Under what circumstances is it made? The Prime Minister has handed over to Mr. Lloyd-George the control of the Exchequer, and the financing of Old Age Pensions on a wider scale than that which he himself anticipated. He has pledged himself to a large extension of this immense boon. He and his colleagues are also responsible for British credit during a severe depression which has not yet passed away. These two historic functions of Liberalism—social reform and economy in the war services—are to be abandoned at the behest of the "Times" and the "Standard," and the new taxes are to be converted into a form of war levy, set up in a time of profound peace in Europe and the world.

We may well ask ourselves what policy it is which calls for such an expansion of the lavish provision that the country has hitherto cheerfully made for the maintenance of the first arm of its defence. It can be no immediate danger. Judged by the Tweedmouth return, and by the plain facts of the naval situation, the British Navy stands in regard to its two closest European rivals much nearer a three or a four-Power than a two-Power standard. But, in fact, we have no European combination to deal with. It does not exist, save on lines of express co-operation with ourselves. We have therefore to come to the hateful and recurring calculation as to the Anglo-German situation. Here, again, no suggestion of an immediate balance of naval forces suggests itself. Our fleet is not less than four times as strong as Germany's in the modern criteria of fighting strength, *i.e.*, in first-class battleships and first-class cruisers. Taking the last of the new types, the "Dreadnought" and the "Invincible," the British superiority is still more overwhelming. Germany has at this moment no "Dreadnoughts" fit for sea. By the end of this year she may have two or three. But we shall have ten. Or we may take expenditure. Germany is now spending £20,000,000 a year on her Navy, a great, in our view a gravely excessive, sum. At the highest point of her revised programme she will not greatly exceed 23 millions. We are spending 32 millions. Is it contended that a parity of strength, or anything like it, is produced by these two scales of expenditure?

The proposition, however, of our scare-mongers is not that an immediate ground of comparison exists between the two navies, as to which we freely admit that we can allow no parity of strength, and that Germany will vainly aim at attaining it. The argument is that, by some mysterious turn of fortune, and some all-powerful effect of the new German scheme of shipbuilding, this relationship of the two forces will be altered at some not precisely dated period towards the end of 1911 or the beginning of 1912. We should like to know what theory lies behind such calculations. Is it that Germany is preparing a blow at us, to be delivered in the fatal week or weeks when, owing to the rapid turning off of "Dreadnoughts" now on her stocks, we shall have only a small superiority in this one type of warship? If so, we have rarely heard a more ridiculous proposition. In the first place, no such inferiority can well arise. The Navy League "Annual" admits (p. 67) that up to March, 1911, we shall have a superiority of five ships

in this largest class—a total of 14 to 9. Counting the omitted "Dreadnought" of last year, we shall, in the normal course of things, add four "Dreadnoughts" this year, and, we suppose, four next year. If we begin the first instalment in reasonable time this year, and finish the vessels in two years, we retain our supremacy of five ships, with some months to spare. No one can object to the Navy League's reasonable plea for a certain promptitude in securing the advantage we have named. Hitherto we have built these great ships faster than the Germans. Is it credible that within a few months we have lost this advantage, and that it has been transferred to the other side?

But this calculation does not exhaust the superiority of the British Navy at the point on which the alarmists, searching the horizon for a cause of fresh stimulation for the war of armaments, fix their eyes. Supposing that a collision between British and German "Dreadnoughts" resulted in the mutual destruction of these types of ships. What would remain? On the German side not one non-obsolete warship of over 13,000 tons. On our side, there would be nine "Magnificents" of 14,900 tons, eight "Formidables" of 15,000 tons, five "Duncans" of 14,000 tons, and eight "King Edwards" of 16,350 tons, practical "Dreadnoughts," superior to the slightly larger type in variety of armament. Against such a fleet no German Admiral would dream of keeping the seas. But that does not exhaust our strength. We possess thirty-five first-class armored cruisers, some classes of which, according to the judgment of the "Times," would be put in line of battle. Germany, according to the Navy League "Annual," has eight. Is it with such forces as these that, two years' hence, she will attempt to wrest from us the primacy of the waters and to invade our shores?

For these reasons we do not think that any reasonable man can conclude that either now or at any proximate period a challenge will be offered to the supremacy of the British Navy. What need, therefore, exists for a further enormous extension of naval armaments? There being no reason for such an extension, a whole forest of arguments presents itself against it. Is not the financial credit of this country, of which the Prime Minister was a recent guardian, an object of first-rate importance, in war as in peace? And is not the policy of this Government a peaceful, orderly, unaggressive policy, which has its inevitable expression in a moderate display of physical strength? If it is otherwise, then we can only say that any individual or group of individuals in this or any other Liberal Cabinet setting up a rival ideal will soon find themselves to be statesmen without a party. And, finally, is not the pursuit of economy in the Navy an object which Mr. McKenna, with his Treasury experience, was expressly urged to pursue? Is expenditure the one criterion of efficiency? We believe the Navy to be an entirely splendid and adequate force. But we are informed by friends as devoted as Lord Brassey that its strength in *personnel* is grossly excessive, and ought to be reduced. Has Mr. McKenna made any proposition on this point? Has the enormous expenditure on the new types been balanced by economies on other types and in other directions? These are questions which the First Lord of the Admiralty will have to face next Session, and to which, we hope, he will have a good answer. But on one matter no room for doubt exists. The Liberal Party sustains the Prime Minister and his colleagues for ends consonant with European peace and with social progress. If these are abandoned or qualified, the reasons for such a Government cease, and the whole body of forces, moral and political, which brought it into being is paralysed. We cannot conceive that within the next few days the Cabinet will take steps to create an irreparable breach between the forces which sustain Liberalism and those which are now directing it. And we hope that as soon as Parliament meets, the Government will be formally asked to reassure its followers as to our relations with Germany, and the means that have been taken to give them a complexion suited to two Christian and civilised States.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN TENSION.

We have referred in the foregoing article to the fatality of coincidences which seems to attend the efforts made by royal visits to ease the relations between Great Britain and Germany. By a luckless train of happenings, we seem to be repeating the incidents which destroyed the sentimental value of the Kaiser's visit to our Court. It happened to synchronise with the revision of the German building programme, and moved the "Times" to pen a leading article warning Prince Bülow that his presence would be unwelcome in England. It is true that in the diplomatic sphere there has been no overt or public conflict, but that is, after all, the constant feature of this long Anglo-German tension. The two Empires are nowhere at issue over any direct or concrete difference. Our quarrels are invariably over the body of some third Power, and France or Austria bears the brunt of our mutual suspicions. Even the Balkan crisis, thanks mainly to the reticence and self-suppression of German diplomacy, has led to no public encounter between Germany and ourselves. But it has been marked by an isolation of Germany which was, perhaps, even more deplorable than a real difference of opinion. French diplomacy, if the "Temps" at all represents it, has been of late alarmed by the extent to which Berlin has been ignored in all the Balkan negotiations. There has been no attempt to create a concert, or to invoke the joint mediation of England, France, and Germany. Our Foreign Office has spent immense pains in securing unity of action between London and St. Petersburg, and in the end it has pledged itself to promote a Russian solution, of which the egoism is only too apparent. At no point have we attempted to bring Germany into the combination, though her influence in moderating the claims and assuaging the suspicions of Austria would have been invaluable. In such a situation it would be an extravagance to hope that the formal courtesies of a royal visit can go far to remove estrangement.

This disquieting relationship would be intelligible, perhaps even excusable, if it were possible to see in it

the working of some broad conflict of principle. When we first concluded our pact with France, progressives in both countries hailed the partnership as a natural grouping of two Liberal Powers in a league of peace, and bright hopes were entertained in this country that some new strength would come from it to the forces working for disarmament and for such causes as the liberation of Macedonia and the Congo. Those hopes are far behind us to-day. France was annoyed by our policy at the Hague, gave but a cold and halting support to our efforts for Macedonia, and never disguised her indifference towards the fate of the Congo. The *entente* has meant in practice three things—the penetration of Morocco under the cover of our support, a recurring risk of war with Germany, and the inevitable corollary of a close *rapprochement* with bureaucratic Russia. These consequences were the fault, not of the French people, the most pacific of all European nations; they flowed from the treaty itself, which was a sanction to a policy of expansion, an implicit denial of the ideal of a European Concert. With the inclusion of Russia in the triple pact, the last vestige of its Liberal character disappeared, and a new chapter of expansive Imperialism was opened, this time in Persia. It is hard to see what real advantage we have derived from these arrangements, save the questionable privilege of lending money to Russia. Was there any reason why we should not have put our relations with Germany on a footing as cordial as our relations with Russia? Germany is a Conservative Power, but Russia is reactionary. German diplomacy has often been tortuous and Machiavellian, but it has never revealed quite the same chaos of intrigue as Russian policy has exhibited in the Balkans, and exhibits in Persia to-day. It is the will to make terms which is lacking. Contrast for a moment the attitude of such a newspaper as the "Times" in the presence of such parallel incidents as that of Casa Blanca on the one hand, and the besetting of our Legation in Teheran by Colonel Liakhoff's men on the other. In the first case a trivial broil, in which our friends were involved, is exaggerated into a possible *casus belli*. In the second case, an affront to our own agents is passed over in silence. The obstacles which might have prevented a *rapprochement* with Russia—historic enmity, divergence of interests, incompatibility of political views, and the ill-repute of her official tradition—vanished at the first effort to come to terms. None of these obstacles exist to anything like the same extent in the case of Germany. Yet the mere shadows of them suffice to keep us apart.

Our diplomacy in the past three years has allowed itself to interpret continuity of policy in a spirit too passive and uncritical. It has been a loyal ally and a zealous partisan, but it has shown no fertility of ideas, no inspiration in method. It launched its programme for the Hague with little attempt to prepare the way at Berlin, and refused to utilise the right of capture at sea as the obvious line of approach to an arrangement about naval armaments. There has been in our dealings with Berlin no such unconventional departure as the sending of Mr. Bryce to Washington, though a special envoy, free from the jealousies and suspicions which are now so deeply-seated among our professional diplomatists, might have done much to slacken the tension. The method of royal visits has, indeed, been used, but unluckily it is in our Court that German critics are inclined to locate the seat of the tendency to isolate and checkmate their country. The causes of the estrangement are so vague that little direct negotiation is necessary to remove it. The method of approach which might best have succeeded, would rather have been some public and friendly attempt to secure German co-operation in a common European affair, like the Balkan crisis. By omitting that chance, we have confirmed her fears of isolation; by embracing it we might have done much to remove them. It is useless to go to a Power, which is sore and suspicious, with some direct proposal to reduce armaments. Such a proposal could be acceptable only in an atmosphere of cordiality and trust. There is now on both sides a brooding and sedulously cultivated fear, which condemns both alike to a competitive policy of defence. We are nearing the point at which mere nervous tension seeks relief in action, and the economic burden of armaments causes even sane men to suggest—as a writer suggests in a naval annual just issued—that an immediate trial of strength might in the end be the cheaper course.

There has rarely been a Foreign Minister whose aversion from war was so marked as Sir Edward Grey's. But we sometimes fear that his very hatred of war blinds him to its possibility, and leads him into precautions which are themselves a provocation. The idea that Germany is a menace to peace has seemed to excuse a policy of boycott and isolation which has rendered any stable equilibrium in Europe impossible. Germany will not acquiesce in the position which has been assigned to her. She has a place, and a leading place, in the European family, and it is a fatuity to attempt to settle such essentially European questions as those of Morocco and the Balkans without her. Inevitably she is tempted to arm, in order to make good her position, and to threaten France when she cannot reach ourselves. Sir Edward Grey may be satisfied of his own ability to keep the peace. But he is leaving for his successor a heritage of problems and temptations which it should have been the first object of Liberal policy to remove. The past three years have brought us no nearer to an understanding with Germany. If the tension continues, the chances are that on the hazard of the next election we shall stake the future of European peace. A Tory Government would have behind it the Navy alarmists, the deliberate Jingo school, and the pressure of classes which might see in war a means of combating the commercial rivalry of Germany. If Liberalism cannot remove this problem, it is hardly likely that Toryism would even attempt or desire to solve it. Unsolved, it threatens to thwart social reform, to ruin Liberal finance, and so to compromise at once Free Trade and the cause of peace.

A GREAT AMBASSADOR.

Everyone who knew both Mr. Bryce and America felt two years ago, when he was appointed to the British Embassy at Washington, that no happier choice could

have been made. But they could hardly have foreseen how fruitful it was to prove. Four treaties already stand to Mr. Bryce's credit; three more have been negotiated with, we hope, in spite of some unfavorable circumstances, fair prospect of ratification; and it looks as though by the end of the present year the Anglo-American slate will have been wiped clean of every contentious issue. That in itself is a very remarkable achievement. It is true that the temper in which Downing Street and Washington and the peoples for whom they act approach their differences has happily within the past decade been revolutionised. None the less to have framed so many compacts and to have adapted them to the sensitiveness of Canadian and Newfoundland opinion on the one hand, and to the somewhat aggressive touchiness of the United States Senate on the other, is no mean feat. It ranks all the higher when one remembers that, when Mr. Bryce entered it, the influence and prestige of the British Embassy had been considerably impaired and that the social primacy it enjoyed in Lord Pauncefote's day had been pretty well wrested from it. But Mr. Bryce's political success is not to be measured solely by the number of agreements he has succeeded in concluding. Of much more moment is his conquest of Canadian and Newfoundland confidence. He is the first British Ambassador in Washington who has visited Ottawa during his term of office. He is the first who has secured for Canada a recognised status in the conduct of Anglo-American diplomacy. He is the first, in short, who has done something tangible towards disabusing the Canadian mind of the notion that the British Embassy in Washington exists to cultivate American good-will at the expense of Canadian interests. Too many British Ambassadors at Washington have forgotten that they represented the Empire as well as Great Britain. They have rather fallen into the way of looking upon Canada and Newfoundland and the diplomatic questions connected with them as unpalatable interruptions in their task of promoting Anglo-American amity. It has been left for Mr. Bryce—in such matters it usually is left for the "Little Englander"—to see his office in its true perspective.

But the political side of the British Ambassador's activities is, or should be, their least important side; and it is in the wide and fertile field that lies outside of protocols and despatch-boxes that Mr. Bryce has made his happiest innovations. His appointment was in itself a recognition, a very tardy one, of the fact that the kind of man who should represent Great Britain in the United States is the kind of man who for the past two generations has represented the United States in Great Britain. America has sent us an unrivalled succession of distinguished, broad-gauged, thoroughly human Ambassadors. Not one of them has been a trained diplomatist, yet all have been successes—and not least successful in their purely business and bargaining hours. They have come to us as national guests far more than as official representatives. They have felt themselves as much accredited to the people as to the Court. They have warmed both hands before the cheerful fire of English existence, have never screened themselves behind the ramparts of officialdom, have partaken freely in the public life of the nation. Mr. Bryce has broken all precedents by adapting their example to American conditions. He has made a point of seeing something of the country and the people. He has declined to confine himself to the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue and his summer home in Massachusetts. He has made himself an intimate part of the world of American letters and of the yet larger world of public endeavor. He has delivered addresses at meetings, congresses, and universities. He has not concealed—there is not the least reason why he should—his passionate interest in all that touches on American life. For the first time the British Ambassador is something more than a name to the masses of the people. He occupies, at last, a distinctive position. He is marked out from his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps to a degree that corresponds with the special relationship that obtains between the two main branches of the English-speaking peoples. No one could have won this privileged position for the British representative but Mr. Bryce, and no one, having won it, could hold it more easily and acceptably. For twenty years at least no Englishman, no foreigner of any nationality, has had a quarter of his influence with American opinion. His book on the American Commonwealth became a classic within a year of its appearance, and still retains an unapproached pre-eminence, is still the text-book on the American system of government in America itself. All thinking America has long felt and acknowledged itself in debt to him, and even those Americans who do not think know him by name and reputation, and are aware that as an authority on their country and its institutions and its essential spirit he stands first and alone. Both he and his wife were acclimatised to the peculiar social atmosphere of Washington and of America long before they went there as their country's representatives. They knew beforehand what to discount, how to make allowances, what to ignore, how to accommodate themselves. Their knowledge, and the use they have made of it, have restored to the British Embassy at Washington all, and more than all, its former prestige, and have initiated for the two great branches of Anglo-Saxon communities a new, and, we believe, permanent era of friendship and association.

THE MANNER OF SOCIAL REFORM.

We are not disposed to over-rate the significance of Lord Dalmeny's secession from the Liberal Party. The Whigs have lost their old courage and popular sympathies, and we might fairly expect a revolt of a great Scottish landowner's family against the really effective policy of land reform devised for the north of the Tweed by Mr. Sinclair. One cannot take a strong course without stirring opposition. A policy that makes no opponents is like a man who makes no enemies, a colorless creation. We must frankly anticipate that if the Government go forward in earnest with their policy of social reform, there will be more than one voice to cry, "Socialism," and to denounce as revolutionary precisely those improvements which by

going to the root of evils are the best calculated to avert the necessity for violent change. But we must not deceive ourselves. If the exigencies of social reform are to be put forward as a serious excuse for declining the encounter with the House of Lords, it must be reform of a far-reaching kind. If only agreed reforms are in the mind of Ministers, the retort is obvious that they would go forward as well under a Unionist as under a Liberal administration. If Ministers are to have anything to show as compensation for the loss of constitutional prestige which their policy of postponing the question of the veto inflicts on the House of Commons, it can only be some very decidedly democratic legislation which the opposite party would be most unlikely to adopt. Here, in fact, we stumble once again upon the old dilemma. If the legislation proposed is vigorous and democratic, will the Lords accept it? If it is tame and tepid, is it worth the cost of abandoning the fight and prejudicing the political career of democracy?

For the moment, however, we will not press this dilemma again. We are pretty confident that if the life of this Parliament continues the facts themselves will press it hard and repeatedly. We take for the moment at their word those Liberals who urge continuance in office for the sake of social reform. We assume that this reform is to be vigorous enough to make the game worth the candle, and we ask on what lines it is to be conceived. That it will be called socialistic, whatever it is, we may take for granted. The term has scarcely more force than a mere epithet of disparagement. It is applied daily to much that is in principle no more socialistic than the police force, and ethically much less so than a good deal of the official teaching of the churches to which men listen unruffled every Sunday. We will only say that on the side of democracy we see nothing to be gained by waving the socialistic red flag in the sight of an easily-roused John Bull, and for this reason we rather deplore academic resolutions affirming the Socialist Utopia, which add nothing to our knowledge of the roads which lead thither. What the Socialist who is enthusiastic for State action as such should concern himself with is not the word-painting of the possibilities of a regenerate life organised by blameless and certificated officials, but rather with the attempt to improve the amenities and mend the efficiency of State officialdom as it actually exists. The State institutions with which the ordinary citizen comes in contact are not, in point of fact, so worked as to make him desire more contact with them, or to fill him with enthusiasm for a world in which, say, every shop would be served on the principle of an average post office, and every business conducted on the lines of the Post Office Telephone system. That the average taxpayer should not fall in love at first sight with the average collector or assessor of taxes is, perhaps, natural enough. The tax-gatherer's task is not a happy one, but it might be conducted with more amenity than is sometimes found. To many middle-class men the only outward and visible sign and symptom of the Pension system which is bringing a new comfort and independence to more than half a million of the aged is that he is being worried earlier than usual and more actively than of old to pay his income-tax. This objectionable yellow paper is his concrete point of contact with the great State machine, and it does not fill him with enthusiasm. When he is pressed sooner and more heavily than before, and refers the change to pensions as a cause, his springs of benevolence are apt to dry up. To achieve social reform the State must act *fortiter in re*, but why not also with a little more of the *suaviter in modo?* Suppose, for instance, that instead of insistent and accelerated demands there were an attempt at suasion in the form of a more liberal discount. A nominal advantage is already offered to those who pay before each January 1st. Why should it not be a real discount, sufficient to induce payment three months before date, a discount that people would regard?

These considerations, however, touch the manner only of State action. They are important only as the oil that enables the wheels to turn. But they are not to be despised at a time when, if there is to be legislation, it will have to be such as will involve more of officialism and more of taxation. The great opportunity for social legislation this year will, of course, be the forthcoming Poor Law Report, which, arriving at the very moment when the question of unemployment is acute, naturally determines the point of attack. The problem of the unemployed is the most urgent part of the questions included under the general notion of poor relief, and will, we hope, be the first to which the Government will direct their efforts. We do not expect to find any panacea for this disease of modern industry; but, as we have often urged, we believe that some real mitigation can be found by applying different methods of treatment to the case of the skilled and unskilled workman respectively. The "right to work" at his own trade in his own way is one which, for the skilled workman, it is practically impossible to recognise. On the other hand, it is conceivable that he should, with a little assistance, make provision for himself by insurance against bad times. In fact, he does so already in many of the trade unions, and the trouble in his case arises very largely from the fact that union funds have proved inadequate to grapple with the whole expense. It is here that methods will have to be thought out of bringing national assistance to bear, and such assistance will cost money. On the other side, the unskilled workman is never able to provide adequately for seasons of depression. But his capacity is sufficiently unspecialised to make it possible to find him work, provided that any form of useful employment can be discovered which may, without prejudice to its efficiency, be increased or diminished as the fluctuations of the labor market require. That such employment may be found on a small scale in national afforestation has long been urged by a few social reformers, and their views are now endorsed by the Commission on Afforestation. We shall hope to see at least experimental legislation in this direction. It will be called socialistic. It will cost money, and if sufficiently drastic to be useful, it runs the risk of being thrown out by the Peers. But these conditions are all in the game, and if Ministers decide to play it in this way, they must take the risks.

Life and Letters.

THE GENIUS OF LINCOLN.

Foreigners, from De Tocqueville to Mr. Henry James, have complained of a lack of distinction in American life. So travellers, glutted with the glory of ancient temples and palaces in India, have found China uninteresting, for it contains so few great monuments. The complaint is raised against equality. For the architectural magnificence in India was reared upon forced labor and popular servitude. The distinction of manners and of personality which European visitors miss in America is a survival of feudal status. The imitative culture of the Eastern cities of the States has bowed shamefacedly before the taunt. For every nation has its own snobbishness, and this weak susceptibility to "a certain condescension in foreigners" has been America's. It is not true that Americans are "snobs" in our British manner; the worship even of aspiring American women for rank and social position does not carry the servile deference it carries here; the admiration of the millionaire is rather that of an image than of a personal superior.

But the imported culture standards of America have evoked a peculiar transatlantic snobbishness, which finds its plainest expression in the fact that most educated Americans are ashamed of their own distinctive literary man, Walt Whitman. The same deference to European valuations showed itself in a romantic parade of George Washington and "the fathers," and the craving for a national fame through war and empire, which even now is finding expression in the demand for a big navy and a world policy. Washington was certainly a great man, he was also a great Virginian, but he was not a great American in the sense of representing the life and spirit of the American experiment. The really representative American was he whose hundredth birthday is commemorated next week by all men and women capable of knowing in history a great man when they see him, Abraham Lincoln. The greatness of Lincoln was that of a common man raised to a high dimension. The possibility, still more the existence, of such a man is itself a justification of democracy. We do not say that so independent, so natural, so complete a man cannot in older societies come to wield so large a power over the affairs and the minds of men; we can only say he has not done so, amid all the stirring movements of the nineteenth century. For sheer romantic interest of personality and career there is, perhaps, one figure among popular leaders who seems to challenge comparison, that of Garibaldi. But though his personal magic, his practical resourcefulness, his fateful absorption in the passion of a national cause were not less admirable, there was not the same intellect behind all nor the same variety of achievement.

The keynote to such understanding of Lincoln as is possible is simply this fact that he was a common man, had lived a common life, and knew the common people. Once, in a dream, we are told Lincoln saw a great crowd of people and himself passing among them. As he passed he heard a scornful voice call out, "He's a common-looking fellow." "Friend," retorted Lincoln, "the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why He made so many of them." The existence of this widespread commonalty explains the rarity of personal eminence in America. There has been and still remains a higher general level of personality than in any European country, and the degree of eminence is correspondingly reduced. It is just because America has stood for opportunity that conspicuous individuals have been rare. Strong personality has not been rare; abundance of it has built up silently into the rising fabric of the American Commonwealth, pioneers, roadmakers, traders, lawyers, soldiers, teachers, toiling terribly over the material and moral foundations of the country, few of whose names have emerged or survived. Lincoln was of this stock, was reared among these rude energetic folk, had lived all those sorts of lives. He was no "sport"; his career is a triumphant refutation of the traditional views of genius. He had no special gift or quality to distinguish him; he was simply the best type of American at a historic juncture when the national safety wanted such a man. The confidence which all Americans express that their country will be equal to any emergency which threatens it is not so entirely superstitious as it seems at first sight. For the career of Lincoln shows how it has been done in a country where the "necessary man" can be drawn not from a few leading families, or an educated class, but from the millions. Born in a log-cabin of a frontier camp, rail-splitter and farm lad in his early teens, roaming with his nomad father over the newly opening West, inured to labor, sport, and fight of wits and fists from boyhood, trader and boatman down the Mississippi, storekeeper, road-surveyor, soldier, bar-tender, when he began to settle down to law and politics in Illinois at twenty-one he had already gathered into his personality a wider knowledge of the real life of a people than it is possible for the product of Eton and Oxford in this country, or of the most efficient pedagogy of Germany, to furnish for the service of the State. Lincoln "had not any education to speak of." Fond biographers tell how his early reading consisted in Shakespeare, the Bible, Æsop, Bunyan, and other great books, to which a profound influence is attributed. But this belongs to biographical hypocrisy. Abraham Lincoln, though fond at times of reading, owed little to books, and would have gained little, if he had not lost, from the best literary education of his time and country. For an inquisitive mind, with a Shakespearean power of assimilation, this early wandering life, with its direct knowledge of all kinds of people and of work, filled with incessant talk and streaks of love-making and physical adventure among unsophisticated, hard-living men and women, was an incomparably good nourishment. This method he kept up through all his early political career, as he "rode the circuit" or "took the stump" for some election. In a democracy what is pre-eminently wanted for a man who is to "save the people" is well-grounded confidence, in himself, in the people, and in his power to do what is wanted. So it was that when the great issue of slavery was moving swiftly towards open rebellion, a certain miraculous stroke of popular perspicacity saw and demanded Lincoln. For the conditions of a society which made it possible for an obscure small country lawyer-politician to enter the lists with so renowned an antagonist as Douglas, to arouse a swiftly-expanding recognition of his powers, and to force himself untried to the helm of the State, were not fortuitous, but of the very substance of American democracy. Lincoln was truly the choice of the wisdom of the mass, recognising the hazard of the situation and the need, not for an Eastern wire-puller or a statesman from the Harvard law school, but for a man of the people.

Lincoln's own wisdom, simple, compact, original, and pertinent, and not any of the ordinary qualities which are attached to the term demagogue, gave him his hold upon the popular will, at a time when every intrigue which the malignity of enemies and the jealousy of political associates could devise was directed to his overthrow. Strong enough in will to indulge smaller weaknesses both in himself and others, he was able to withstand the secret general hostility which saps the power of an Aristides. He suffered not only fools, but even rogues, gladly. For he had that humor which even in its lighter qualities is essential to sympathy with the people. Like every "good American," he could jest at the rudest blows of fortune, and at the evils he most reprobated. Harassed incessantly in the opening days of his administration by the selfish clamor of impudent office-seekers, he could pause to lay his hand on the

shoulder of an acquaintance who was passing in the White House corridor to say, "You haven't got such a thing as a postmaster in your pocket, have you?" —— stared at him in astonishment, as if suspecting a sudden attack of insanity. Then Lincoln went on: "You see, it seems to me kind of unnatural that you shouldn't have at least a postmaster in your pocket. Everybody I've seen for days past has had foreign ministers and collectors, and all kinds, and I thought you couldn't have got in here without having at least a postmaster get into your pocket."

His supreme greatness as statesman and as man is, of course, tested by the iron rod of single purpose with which he set himself to the policy of saving the Union, and for which he relentlessly kept under all other objects, even the suppression of the slavery he loathed. "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." To pursue an inevitable war with just the maximum of humanity circumstances would permit, to stifle the passion of abolition until the time was fully ripe and the Union was safe, to steer a devious path of necessary opportunism through years of unceasing and unforeseen crises, when the cauldron of human passions kept boiling up towards anarchy, such an achievement of the indomitable will of man has not before been witnessed.

A fiercer light beats upon such a man than upon any throne, and exhibits many flaws and deficiencies. His was no tight-spun efficiency or immaculate morality. His long, awkward, loose figure was characteristic of the man. "He always loafed a little," one of his most intelligent biographers informs us. Probably he would have endorsed Lamb's saying, "It is good sometimes to take an airing outside the strict diocese of the conscience," as a maxim of practical utility. But no man capable of such a burden as he bore could be a light-hearted or light-living man, and no little part of the fascination of his influence is due to what those who write of him, for lack of a better term, call his mysticism, or some dark, impenetrable undercurrent of his life, perhaps deriving from the puritanic inheritance re-formed under the early solitude and struggles with the untamed powers of nature in his childhood. Whatever its source, this tragic background of melancholy always remained a softening and a healing influence in his dealing with his fellow-men; it neither weakened the exuberance of his sympathy nor marred his steadiness of judgment.

Though the representative American even of this generation has shifted from the type of Lincoln, he stands, and long will stand, as the most effective personality which democracy has yet produced, testifying in his own manhood, as in his own words at Gettysberg, to the meaning of the American Commonwealth, the resolve "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." The restoration of such government is surely the great duty which the American people of to-day owes to itself, to the world, and to Abraham Lincoln, as his rightful monument.

THE CHILD OF THE YELLOW PRESS.

In the slack season before Parliament opens, and with a view to the pushing forward of a policy, the "Yellow Press" has been booming "An Englishman's Home." All London is fighting to get into the theatre. At last, we are told, there is presented the unanswerable arguments for conscription. Employees rush straight from the play full into the arms of the recruiting sergeants of the Territorial Army. Other vigorous patriots promise sums of money to a fund for the performance of the drama in every village in England. The performance—as drama—is criticised in another column. It may be good that a clever combination of farce and tragedy, competently acted, should thus receive its reward. It would be good, also—if the play were not so obviously dangerous in subject and treatment—that something which, if not real life, is at least more nearly approaching it than the "eternal triangular duel" should score a success at a London theatre. The irony of it all is probably unnoticed by the applauding public. To some it may well appear as an anti-German manifesto, to others as a condemnation of the civilian by the volunteers, to others again as a condemnation of the volunteers by the regulars. Deeper than all or any of these is the condemnation of the typical child of the modern sensational newspaper.

For what is the obvious plea against the verdict of "guilty" pronounced against "Geoff. Brown," the Cockney Cad, and "Reggie Brown," the studious Limerick hunter? The only thing needed for the completion of the play would be the labelling of each of these types with placards entitled "the Harmsworth Brand." "We have been nourished," they might say, "in sheer self-defence in this unreal world of impudence, nonsense, vacuous sport and gambling. We began with our boys' papers and guessing competitions. We were insensibly led on to efforts after a pound a week for life by estimating the money in the Bank of England on a certain day, or amassing gain in hundreds of pounds for guessing missing words or the last line of 'Limericks.' On Sunday, committed by our austere parents to some such drivel as the 'Sunday Companion,' we found there the same cheery game smeared with a grease of piety; rewards and prizes here for guessing anagrams and acrostics representing Kings and Queens of Israel. We were led on to talk and read and chatter about 'sports' in columns about various football heroes, in descriptive reports of football matches, ever deepening in imbecility until they became the image of the lunatic asylum; the stuff that 'Geoff.' Brown reads out to the family about 'netting the muddied orange' and the ubiquitous spheroid, 'impelling the pill between the uprights.' Our thought and growing interest were sedulously directed away from consideration of any rational or serious universe. We were exhorted to demonstrate patriotism by 'mafficking' and informed that when, like 'Geoff.,' we fell into the fountain at Trafalgar Square and subsequently embraced a policeman we were performing a virtuous action." Suddenly into this world of foolishness and frivolity there intrudes some grim reality. It happens to be, in this particular case, an impossible foreign invasion. It might equally have been, as Mr. Wells has exhibited, Martians descended from the clouds, or a war in the air, or social upheaval from below, or the coming of a kindly comet from above to sweep the whole affair away. This slight world pales before the challenge of real things like the daylight judging and condemning a scene of a night's orgie. "Geoff." disappears before a welcome bullet while he is mouthing his fantastic humors. "Reggie," the Limerick hunter, departs to find a lodging with "Aunt Emily," taking with him, actually on the stage, those yellow-covered Harmsworth publications which have made him what he is. "These may come in useful," he declares, as he returns to rescue them from the crumbling ruins of his home. "This short, slender, pale man," says M. Hanotaux of Taine in 1870, "munching his throat lozenges, with squinting grey eyes behind his thick glasses, had at last seen things which astonished him—dying men, flowing blood, burning cities." Dying men, flowing blood, and burning fires intrude suddenly into "Harmsworth Villa." And the thing is revealed in its stupidity and impotence at a crisis; as it is being revealed—to the discerning mind—by the judgment of every hour.

And to-day the "yellow press," either seriously or in its customary indifference, turns against the monster of its creation: lectures and scolds him because he has not resisted its allurements of sporting gossip and ingenious gambling, and become absorbed in the work of national defence. This is merely in line with a policy which will exploit its own ignominies as readily as its

own excellences. The "Daily Mail," when brought to justice for its attack on the soapmakers, printed the legal revelations at length, advertised them on headlines and placards, revealed itself as eating dirt and charging for admission to the spectacle. It is all "news," and, therefore, "stuff" to a syndicate organised on the principle that a newspaper serves the public with what it wants, and that the edition of to-morrow need never be ashamed of the edition of yesterday. In the "Daily Mirror," one day this week, the irony was almost defiant. In a double page of illustrations, on the one side were photographs of the "Englishman's Home," showing the products of spectacular sport and silly gambling falling amid their falling houses: on the other a negro on a raised platform pummelling an American, with tier upon tier of white blobs of faces—the Australian spectators—gazing with fierce approval. The reader passes—in such publications—from one frivolity to another. Now it is "Miss Charlesworth" on the music-hall stage, now the principal characters in some "sensational" divorce case, now a serial story in which the "bounder" expands himself, and is triumphant in an unreal world. In the midst of all comes an appeal which, if it were to excite even a limited response, would sweep all this nonsense away, and land in bankruptcy the vast apparatus of newspapers which exploit and encourage the hunger of the city-bred crowd.

The reply to such accusation would probably affirm that the charge was just but was a condemnation not of the supply but of the demand. The public wants guessing competitions, and football "slop," and so the public are supplied—on a strictly business footing. If the public wanted military intelligence, or articles on scouting and surgery, the syndicate would supply such alternatives with equal readiness. This attitude is not only in itself evil, it is a worse evil than if the attempt at corruption were part of a definite policy. This careless dismissal of responsibility for choice, selection, or guidance in the world of newspapers or journals is more menacing in its results than if the choice had been deliberate, and all its consequences faced. It is idle to affirm that here the public merely influence the papers, and not the papers the public. The work of corruption, for example—the word is not too violent—in the matter of frivolous gambling competitions, is a systematic whole, beginning with the papers designed for boys and children. From absorption in these, with occasional rewards of five or ten shillings, a box of paints, or a bicycle, the growing youth passes to the Limerick, the picture puzzle, and the missing-word competition. At the end this newspaper world becomes—to its victims—an epitome and mirror of the whole world. Divorced from the ancient sanities of manual or skilful labor, of exercise in the open air, absorbed for the bulk of his day in crowded offices adding small sums or writing letters, each a unit in a crowd which has drifted away from the realities of life in a complex, artificial city civilisation, he comes to see no other universe than this—the rejoicing over hired sportsmen who play before him, the ingenuities of sedentary guessing competitions, the huge frivolity and ignorance of the world of the music hall and the yellow newspaper. Having attained so dolorous a consummation, perhaps the best that can be hoped for him is the advent of that friendly bullet which will terminate his inglorious life. And as to this victim the next day his own newspapers, the high priests of his religion, will draw (as in one illustration this week of the death of "Geoff." Brown) the outline of the body in various positions as it falls, rejoice over his death, and shamelessly gird at him for being what he is—the faithfullest of worshippers at their shrine.

All of which is vehemently applauded by the "stalls"; by that luxurious and ease-loving society which is indignant with the lower classes for not offering themselves for conscription to defend their native land. The question whether they are being offered anything worth defending never crosses their minds, or is dismissed as tiresome. There was a sudden flash of it, however, in the play, when "Geoff." Brown turns for a moment to confront the advocate of "Bobs" and his policy with the reality of his own existence. Ten hours a day in a cellar office, looking at a dirty piece of blotting-paper, is aggravated by the spectacle of an advertisement opposite "Cheap trips to the land of the Midnight Sun." "Why shouldn't I do what I like?" he asks, defiantly, "in what time out of such an existence I can call my own?" Time and again various organisations of rich men have endeavored to explain that the disinherited populations should be pressing into enlistment, in order that those who have a stake in the country may sleep o' nights in safety, undeterred by fears of foreign invasion. Time and again the disinherited have exhibited a reluctance to respond to such an appeal. The great military Powers abroad can bear the immense burden of their military power because it ultimately rests on the back of the peasant proprietor; on the three million freeholders, for example, who beyond the Channel can interpret defence of France as defence of that tiny plot of ground and cottage which each can indubitably call his own. But our people have been swept from the land into the cities, until now whole square miles of the countryside are lying waste and empty, the abode of sport and pleasure instead of the breeding-place of men. These great territorial magnates, owning the land of England, are amongst the most clamorous for the "press gang" of conscription to be applied to landless laborers, who work for weekly wages in the country of which they cannot call a rood their own, in dwellings from which they can be dispossessed at the will of the owner; and to the city multitudes to whom "England" means the daily excursion, on some Bank Holiday, outside the encompassing labyrinth of the town. Their seriousness and disinterested enthusiasm would be more conspicuous if they were found accepting obligation; if, for example, they were offering freehold plots of property to all the young laborers who in return would enter the Territorial Army. Lacking such effective guarantees, the clamor appears as little but the selfishness of one class girding at the supposed selfishness of another; those who possess and enjoy filled with contempt because those who shamble through uncertain occupation in mean streets are not manifestly eager to defend property in which they have no lot or share. If conscription involved a real advance towards a social equality, especially in the ownership of land, its advocates would speedily decline in numbers and in position, just as "Imperialism" becomes a tremulous faith when it is interpreted as involving, not enrichment of every wife's husband, but some monetary sacrifice for the welfare of the poor. It is doubtful if even the Browns' household, with its absurdities and vulgarities and limitations, does not, after all, judge and condemn a far more dangerous ignorance and complacency. A theatre full of wealthy Geoffrey and Reggie Browns every night expresses its contempt for the Geoffrey and Reggie Browns of the middle classes and its disgust that the lower class Brown will not sacrifice his leisure and wages in order that they may continue their enjoyments undisturbed. In the smoking-room of Wyndham's Theatre there were young men using the same language and exhibiting the same character as the young cockney on the stage, with complete ignorance of the fact that the author was satirising not indeed them, but the poor unlettered imitation of their lives—the lives which, so far as the satire of "The Englishman's Home" is true and direct, are responsible for the kind of England whose ruin its author foretells.

ON ARTS AND MYSTERIES.

It recently fell to the writer's lot to read with some children, by way of a French lesson, a passage describing the various shops in the street of a country town. One could not help reflecting on the number of arts and mysteries which to-day for all practical purposes have vanished from the world, and how the reign of machinery has impoverished not only language, but life

itself, for the people of this latter time. We could translate the craftsmen's names in our French lesson, but many of the words called up no sensible image, brought nothing definite and concrete to our minds. A "serrurier" is, of course, a "locksmith," but who nowadays has ever seen a locksmith at work? A "glover" is even to us as a "gantier," that is, a word of which we know the bare meaning, but of which our minds have no immediate apprehension. One told them that a "teinturier" was a "dyer"; but the word left them blank. For them "the dyer" was not a picturesque figure, kindly or churlish, at the corner of the street. The teacher had to make a mental effort to realise that the art was an operation carried on at the Perth Dye Works. Yet the dyer was for centuries a familiar figure everywhere, and the name is a common surname in all European tongues. "Tintoretto," the name of the glorious Venetian, is, of course, "the little dyer." St. Catherine of Siena's father was a "tintore." The boy Shakespeare, whose keen eyes took in everything, must often have watched the dyer at work:—

"My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like a dyer's hand,"

he afterwards wrote. But the dyer is now the shadow of a name; he has gone from the world; he is no more watched by the big eyes of curious children as he cleans a piece of velvet over a pan of charcoal.

To see things made, to watch the shapeless material being fashioned by the craftsman into some thing of beauty and familiar use, is always a delight to children. Especially it would seem to have formed part of the education of the old-time poets as they learned *their* craft and mystery. How they delighted in the names of common things, the carpenter's tools, the different parts of the rigging of a ship! Dante, Shakespeare, the old ballads, are full of these things. The craftsmen themselves are figures that continually appear in the literature of the Middle Ages:—

"Daughter, it's the carpenter.
Mending planks upon the stair."

This is a great note of "romantic" art and literature. One of the first fruits of the Romantic Movement was the recovery of all this lost inheritance, after the unutterable dreariness of classicism, untouched by any sound of the real living world, or breath of the wholesome air of every day. The Romantic writers had only to write as the people were talking all around them. However colorless the literary vocabulary might have become, the popular speech had never done so. The people, always working at their trades, and seeing other craftsmen at work, making and mending and adorning all sorts of things, tailors and carpenters, blacksmiths and whitesmiths, cobblers and scissor grinders, drew as many images and similes from these things as Dante himself. At the present day the word "whitesmith," for instance, is a shadow without substance. The process goes on, and more and more things are made and done by who knows what inhuman machines, by what dreary "appliances," in what barrack factories and deadly "works." Things come to us from distant impersonal "stores." We live in a world of the "ready made." The writer here lays down his pen and glances at to-day's "Times." The first thing his eye lights upon is a really jubilant half-column headed "The Passing of the Lamplighter." The writer says: "The old method of lighting and extinguishing street lamps by hand is at best a crude method of doing the work, and compares very unfavorably with the ease of manipulation which characterises electric light. Many attempts have from time to time been made to dispense with the lamplighter, but he remains a familiar figure in our streets. . . . An apparatus invented by Dr. Rostin at last promises to attain the object." He discusses another method which would only secure the partial, not the total abolition of the lamplighter, nothing less than which will content him. "Delenda est Carthago." He ends by prophesying—alas! probably only too truly—the speedy and universal adoption of the Rostin method. Once again an apparatus is to be substituted for a person. It is difficult to imagine the state of mind which finds this matter for rejoicing. This is the way to rob the common life of all interest and variety and romance, and one would imagine, to diffuse among the mass of the people a general imbecility. One remembers one's own childhood, the eager watching for the advent of the figure with the long pole, and the appearance of the twinkling spark at the top of the lamp-post, and one thinks of Stevenson's poem about the child who would not go to bed till he had seen the lamplighter on his rounds:—

"Oh! Leary, see a little child and nod to him to-night."

Twentieth century children will have no such things to remember.

The kings of all craftsmen who ever worked were no doubt the great painters who painted sacred pictures for the whole people in the age and atmosphere of faith.

"Hans Memmeling and Jan Van Eyck
Keep state at Bruges. In sore shame
I scanned the works that bear their name,"

cried the poet painter of a far other day. One can, indeed imagine no worthier human happiness, no nobler human destiny, than to have been the painter of "St. Ursula," or the "Adoration of the Lamb."

The Russian icon-maker is a sacred craftsman, far below these great creative heights indeed, who still lives and works at this very day. He paints the Saints by an immutable tradition, which prescribes what every detail of their gesture and dress must be. For instance, in pictures of the Council of Nicea, St. Nicholas of Myra must be painted without his mitre, because at that assembly he struck Arius in the face. A bishop must be "no striker," St. Paul tells us. In old England the sign-painter was often literally a painter of sacred pictures. In the sign of the "Crispin and Crispinian," at Strood, after at least five centuries, the holy Martyrs of Soissons may still be dimly seen, cutting leather and clouting shoes.

Two métiers, above all, belong to the world of romance, those of the miller and the blacksmith. These are personages of Grimm and Hans Andersen, of folk-tales, fairy tales, nursery rhymes, of ballad poetry and saintly legend. One thinks of the Marquis of Carabas, of St. Dunstan and St. Eloi. It is hard to say which is the most delightful sight, a windmill turning in the brisk March morning, or the glow of a blacksmith's forge, as the children are coming out of school, at twilight in the village street. Small boys delight to see the bellows plied, and the fire leap into clear rejoicing flame, to see the shower of sparks fly up from the hot iron, to assist at the mysteries of the shoeing of a horse. The farrier's quick ear tells by the first hint of a difference in the sound if he is driving the nail beyond the hoof; if so, he draws it out at once, and slightly bends the point. Horses, at any rate, must always be shod on the spot. But the miller, as our fathers knew him, is passing from us. One almost never sees a windmill turning. They stand up in the landscape, gaunt and dead. One thinks of the time when they were alive, of the great circles of the sails,

"The meal sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal."

The English language is full of proverbs like "bringing grist to the mill," coming from these brisk and cheery things.

The cobbler is another figure who plays a great part in folk-lore and nursery rhymes:—

"Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Get it done by half-past two."

our old rhyme runs, and the words are accompanied by the gesture of the long drawing out of the needle and thread. The *sabotier*, the wandering maker of sabots, may still be seen in Brittany. In a wood outside the town he "chooses a tree," like the idol-maker in the Bible, he cuts it down, and as he converts it into wooden shoes, he sings at his work.

All these things belong to a time when work was human and personal. In those days nothing was mechanical, everything was humanised and personified.

This is seen in the old-time technical names of things which still survive in various trades. For instance, in the roof, say, of a barn, the support under the ridge which connects the collar-beam with the tie-beam, if it is in the centre, is called by builders a "king post." If there are two posts, one at each side, they are "queen posts." The smaller additional supports, if they are attendant upon a "king," are called "princes," if upon a "queen," "princesses." This is the touch of poetry, the play of fancy that fades from the world to-day. The age of machines and appliances, of factories and stores, robs the worker of pleasure in his work, and hides reality and truth from the eyes of numbers who not only never make anything themselves, but have no notion how the things they use are made. "I am going to get the carpenter to make a garden seat to put here," said a friend of the writer to a lady as they paced the walk together. "Oh! does the carpenter make garden seats?" was the reply. "I thought they came up from the stores."

"THE CLANGING ROOKERY."

Nut Hill, across the thirty-acre piece, has a rosy outline against the western sky. The century-withered oak is sharply silhouetted in all its fingers, and up from behind it comes the first rook of the string, that any evening this winter has come that way from the great fallows to their roosting-place in the woods. We think with Tennyson that it must be "the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home." But it is not yet home that he leads them, and his string is proportionately silent—until the roosting-place is reached, and the business of settling down for the night begins.

The string passes morning and evening within a hundred yards of the group of elms that holds the nests of last year, and frequently, both at morning and at evening, the rooks pay a visit to see that their summer habitation is properly weathering the storms. To-night, as in the golden glow of the sun's promise they approach the rookery, the troop, not excluding the many-wintered one, yields to the exciting suggestion it arouses, in a frenzy of "break-necking." As they pass, high up, a bird towards the rear suddenly dives towards earth, as if shot, then, two hundred feet lower, retrims his wings, and allows the impetus to slide him up again. Meanwhile, nearly a dozen of his companions have followed his example, and the air is full of downward darting, upward gliding rooks, and with the excited clamor that accompanies the manœuvre. "Means rain," says the gardener, who cannot resist standing to watch the performance he has witnessed annually for over sixty years. It may, for the rooks' resting-time falls in the time of the equinoctial gales, and "break-necking" means nesting.

Already the morning inspection of last summer's nests has become a little more than mere noting. A stick here and there has been readjusted, or just taken hold of and released, as we take up and put down again a garden tool that we encounter while the garden is in the hands of winter. Very soon, the ground beneath the nests will be littered with newly broken sticks, the peaceful "caw, caw," will be showered again on the house as though descending on the sun-beams, the slightly more agitated bickerings will be heard of rooks protesting against the rape of their tie-beams by lazier nest-builders, and all the comedies and the tragedies of the rookery, as far as we can understand them, will be re-enacted for our benefit.

The rooks will come again, of course, to our elms. There are other and more eligible trees. A neighbor has an ideal thin line of tall oak, into which he is taking pains to attract a rookery. He has woven baskets of green twigs, as much like rooks' nests as he can make them, and has fixed them in the tops of the trees, and this year he has filled them with waggon grease, and has watched the rooks with pleasure come and help themselves to the questionable dainty. It is a plan that has certainly succeeded before, and if some of the rooks that have roosted this winter with ours in the wood have been made homeless by the timber merchant, our neighbor may now get a "black republic" in his oaks. Though it is a question of a whole colony or none, we do not fear for our rooks. It is rarely that they change their quarters, except under dire compulsion, and when they seem to do so we give them credit for seeing some grave reason not apparent to us. No one suggests that the fact that their young are shot in May is a reason, and many go so far as to say that if this annual battue is omitted, the rooks will protest, as though on Malthusian grounds, by moving to livelier quarters. A feeble rookery has before now been driven away by a pair of crows taking too frequent toll of their eggs or young, and we do not doubt that great colonies have sometimes seen fit to move because a new style of agriculture has deprived them of their forage.

The habits of the rook have always been, and will always be, a subject of great interest to man, especially as they are wrapped in a mystery that we can never hope entirely to pierce. The gardener believes and is not alone in the belief, that the rook has become the wisest and most conventional of birds, because he has always lived within sight of human habitation. But the whole crow tribe, to which he belongs, is a wise one, and most of them are exceedingly chary, in this country, of coming near mankind. It is not so with the crows of India, or with the hooded crow when at home in Norway, where they hang closely about the house, and pick up, together with material trifles, doubtless many shreds of human wisdom. The crow wisdom, in which the rook excels, is an almost uncanny development of communalism. Two crows going through a hostile country give a very good exhibition of the art of scouting, while an army of rooks has always been noticeable for the careful way in which it sets sentinels. The sentinel who starves in a tree, while his fellows are engaged in loot, is a fine exhibition of unselfishness for the common cause. If sometimes he swoops down without waiting to be relieved, have there not been also human sentinels who have deserted their post? The reflection leads us up to those old stories still told of corvine courts martial, wherein defaulting sentinels and others are said to have been condemned and solemnly executed. They are possibly all myths, though we live in secret hope of some day seeing them authentically verified. But the undoubted things about rooks are, after all, interesting enough.

The social practice of the rooks has by no means eradicated their individual vices. The strong arm of the law, if there be such, is powerless to prevent one rook from pilfering in the openest fashion from the unguarded nest of another, so that during the building season there is almost always one rook guarding every nest, while another fetches the material. The grand offence against the community is to build in a tree, however near, that is not considered to be within the city boundary. Now, as in the days of Gilbert White, such a nest is "plundered and demolished at once." White also told us that some unfortunate young pairs are not allowed to build anywhere, till the rest have finished. "As soon as they get a few sticks together a party comes and demolishes the whole." Our own observation of these more or less corporate proceedings leads us to liken them to nothing so much as to one of those "rags" that periodically mark the annals of Army, University, or public school. The original rook attracts the attention of some self-constituted band of confederates, and the community is too little sympathetic to interfere in the individual's behalf. Let us hope that "rag" justice is somehow leading the rook towards some higher plane of civilisation.

It is not so much the bird's crimes against his fellows as his offences against mankind that concern the gardener. The rook has received the name of *frugilegus*, or fruit collector. We know how worthy the name is when the walnuts are a little beyond the pickling stage. Then a frequent joy with him is to take an acorn or other handy object, and play ball with it, dropping it for another to dive after it headlong, and become the dropper in turn. And a careful and apparently

conscientious observer startled the world the other day with the theory that in spring, rooks use small seed potatoes as gauges wherewith to get the dimensions of their nests right, choosing the tubers according to their memory of what an egg is, and then throwing them away with the rejected sticks that lie beneath their nesting-trees. Those potatoes, like the trials by jury, are something for the curious and not too sceptical, to look for.

We do not value the rook for his fruit-collecting qualities, but his Latin name appeals vaguely to us as a shield of virtue. We expect him to collect wire worms and other grubs, that we sometimes fail to recognise as a carnal diet. And now we are finding, as though it were a new fact, that the rook is so crow-like as to like eggs and young birds, and seems to know no difference between the offspring of the blackbird and the pheasant. The story even comes from Scotland that this new (?) carnivorous habit has given many rooks there the black whiskers that belong to the carrion crow, and that, generally, the rook is falling under the vices that characterise the villainous corbie. In so far as egg-stealing is a new habit, it comes of increased opportunities in the way of a flesh diet, and increased restriction of the supply of lesser life that arable fields afford. While agriculture wanes, a passing phase we truly hope, the rook is not of the supreme importance he once was. But we hope the country will long hold those whose æsthetic joy in him overwhelms the annoyance caused by his occasional departure from usefulness.

Present-Day Problems.

OXFORD AND THE PEOPLE.

We live in an age when it is becoming increasingly difficult, without conscious and deliberate thought, to believe in Democracy. In spite of the successes of the democratic idea among Eastern nations, for whom for generations we believed it had no message, our leaders, who have touched, and tasted, and handled it, are perplexed and disillusioned. One veteran Liberal teacher, thinking aloud in the House of Lords, shakes his head over these very successes. Others point to difficulties undreamt of by the confident idealists of half a century ago. The consistent and rational elector of the Benthamite school has become a frivolous and excitable "man in the street," who dissolves the deepest issues into frivolities, and is responsive, too often without knowing it, to the temper and suggestions of a sensational Press. English class distinctions, always the stoutest barriers against the democratic idea, have been accentuated by the increasing segregation of men of different classes and occupations into separate cities or suburbs and quarters of cities. Above all, those who are impressed—as Socialists and men of science are alike impressed—with "the belief that social arrangements can be transformed by means of conscious and deliberate contrivance," and with the urgent need of carrying this belief into action, are dismayed at the untrustworthiness of the weapon which Democracy sets in their hands. The people are discontented, and desire a change. But they have no open vision, and cannot tell a false prophet from a true. And Science asks from them what it rarely obtains from less heavily burdened spirits—a combination of moral earnestness and intellectual concentration, without the promise and inspiration of revolutionary change. It is no wonder that some of our more daring thinkers, alike among scientists and socialists, have grown impatient of the slow stumbling march of the democratic host, and have encamped with the aristocrats or the bureaucrats under the banner of efficiency.

Yet those to whom Liberalism is more than a programme and Democracy more than a system of Government, who feel that the creed of our grandfathers, however crudely expressed in the formulae of a narrow philosophy, gave utterance to some of the deepest elements in man's nature, can never rest satisfied with such a solution. To them one of the leading tasks of the new century must be to bring about, not merely a reconciliation, but an alliance, permanent, heartfelt, and fruitful of good, between Science and Democracy, between the movement towards greater social equality and the new conception of intellectual duty that inspires modern students and thinkers.

There is only one place in the community where such an alliance can be effected, and that place is the University. For the University—in England at any rate—has preserved throughout the centuries—in however attenuated a form—the double ideal of its medieval founders, the association of comrades in the pursuit of knowledge. This ideal, so familiar to the medieval world, when both knowledge and fellowship were confined, and thus intensified, within the limits of a great ecclesiastical corporation, has maintained itself with difficulty in the chaos of modern life. Continental Universities serve knowledge with devotion and insight; but their specialised Faculties have displaced the common culture of the humanities, and their students, living in lodgings, are never fully initiated into the fellowship of corporate life. But in England the college has always outshone the University, and "Fellow" has always seemed a title more enviable than "Professor." The industrial revolution, which passed like a blizzard over so many corporate relationships in English life, has left the college system almost untouched. Seen from the inside (not from the windows of a West End club) Oxford and Cambridge are among the most democratic places in England, and the newer Universities are open to the same influences. We need only broaden the basis and extend the range of a time-honored University system, so as to adapt it to the new democracy. For the democratic educational movement of to-day is not individualist; it does not seek, through free competition, to lift men out of their class, nor to enable them (in the words of the old-fashioned Radical who muses in "Blackwood") "to purchase education as they may purchase boots and hats." It desires rather to dignify and enrich the life of the working class itself, and to teach it to play its rightful part, with responsibility and honor, in the complex work of the modern State.

Viewed in this light, as a practical attempt to promote this alliance between Science and Democracy, the interesting report recently issued* on Oxford and working-class education, may fairly be regarded as of epoch-making importance. It deals, it is true, with only a small portion of the field—with the higher education of adult workpeople. It does not touch the burning question of the admission of students from the public secondary schools. It does not touch (except indirectly) the question of degrees for women. And it leaves on one side the whole group of pressing financial and administrative problems, from the raising and spending of college revenues to the composition of the chief legislative body, over which the efforts of the reformers were vainly expended the other day. But no one who reads the Report with care, and notes the scope and spirit of its recommendations, will doubt that it is destined to have indirect effects over the whole field of University reform. It may even pave the way, both by the combination of interests which it represents and its careful handling of a broad and difficult question, for that Royal Commission for which so much work has been accumulating during the last generation.

The Report is the work of a Joint Committee of University and working-class representatives, seven on each side, headed by the Dean of Christ Church, with Mr. Shackleton as Vice-Chairman. The working-class representatives were appointed by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, the National Conference of Friendly Societies, the Educational Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and the Workers' Educational Association. This last is a body which, since its foundation by a group of workpeople six years ago, has secured the affiliation of over a thousand working-class and educational associations throughout the

* "Oxford and Working-class Education." Clarendon Press. 1s.

country, and which, not only by its constitution, but by the spirit diffused among its members (as all who have come under its influence will testify), is truly representative of working-class educational ideals, and of the spirit of comradeship in which they are pursued. The University representatives were nominated by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in response to a resolution passed at a conference convened by the Workers' Educational Association in August, 1907. The Report is unanimous; its recommendations had already been accepted in part by the University before it was issued to the world, and the new scheme of study which it advocates has since the New Year been in full working order in eight working-class centres.

Broadly speaking, the object of the Committee is to democratise and deepen, to endow from permanent sources, and adapt to the use of workpeople with small leisure, the work of the University extension and working-class educational movements, and to bring them, both through the students and the teachers, into closer contact with Oxford itself. Under its scheme work is done through classes of not more than thirty students (women as well as men), who pursue a course of study over a period of not less than two (generally three) years, with fortnightly essays. A certificate, awarded on the work done in them, will entitle the student to enter upon a diploma course at Oxford. Thus the class teacher will be enabled to be in close touch with his students, and can give them something of the stimulus and guidance which are so marked a feature of the tutorial system at Oxford and Cambridge at its best. Anyone who has attended one of these "tutorial classes," in one of the Lancashire towns, for instance, marked the keenness of the faces during the hour's lecture, and enjoyed the keen thrust and parry of the hour's discussion that follows—as keen as that at a hecklers' meeting, though concerned with subjects so "useless" as the Elizabethan Poor Law or the Mercantile system—will come away feeling that here is a true University outpost, and perhaps a little ashamed (if he has ever lectured in a University) of the decorous languor of certain lecture-rooms nearer home. Where a body of keen students is gathered together, there, in the good medieval sense, is a University, and in the North at least this moving University is apt to adjourn from the lecture-room to the club, and spread itself out, in the familiar college manner, over the best part of a conversational evening. The latest reports to the Oxford Committee speak of over 200 students at work, and cry out for one thing only—books, more books. For books for University students are expensive; free libraries do not stock them, and the Workers' Educational Association, which has pledged itself to satisfy, and is satisfying, the appetite it has stimulated, cannot undertake indefinite liabilities.

The work at Oxford is directed by a Joint Committee, similar in constitution to that which has issued the report. Its creation last autumn marks the first admission of democratic and non-University representatives on to an administrative body at Oxford, "half of which," as the President of Corpus genially complains, "need not be members of the University, but may be members of trade unions." Its establishment marks the admission of an important principle already recognised and acted upon by some of the younger Universities—that the duty of a modern University does not cease with the teaching of resident students, but includes consultation with those best fitted to advise it outside as to educational movements in the country and the needs and desires of new classes of students. In the future, if Oxford sins, as she has sinned in the past, she will no longer sin in ignorance. The curtains of her Common Rooms, that have muffled and distorted so many appeals, have now been pushed aside, and "members of a trade union" have even been seen at High Table. What destiny has in store for this new alliance, sealed in the stronghold of lost causes, between scholar and workman, Time, who loves to blend his colors, alone can show; but at least the future of England and democracy is the brighter for their meeting.

The Drama.

PATRIOTISM, PASSION, AND PUGILISM.

In "An Englishman's Home," at Wyndham's Theatre, an anonymous "Patriot" makes a well-meant effort to allay those fears of invasion which certain generals and journalists have of late been conspiring to foment. The play shows, in the first place, how only an incredible concatenation of accidents could give invaders any chance at all; it shows, in the second place, with what dauntless heroism the invaders are encountered; in the third place, with what rapidity resistance is organised and the enemy sent to the right about. All this is very encouraging; and even if we have at some points to discount our "Patriot's" optimism, we cannot but feel grateful to him for his powerful and plausible sedative to jumpiness and antidote to panic.

He marshals his argument with singular art. It begins, if the expression be permissible, with a brilliant flash of silence: we hear nothing, absolutely nothing, as to how the invading force has eluded the fleet. So far as the action of the play is concerned, the British Navy does not exist. The argument is conducted on the tacit assumption of its impotence. The author "ignores the weight of the elephant." But since the problem works out in our favor, even with the weight of the elephant ignored, how manifestly must it do so with that far from negligible factor thrown in! The "Patriot," in short, declares: "We can give an invader fifty points in a hundred, and yet beat him." But the public well knows that this is a purely hypothetical calculation, and that, in fact, the invader, or would-be invader, could look for no such advantage. Thus, by a master-stroke of what may be called silent rhetoric, the author establishes in the hearer's sub-consciousness an immense reserve fund of security, to be drawn upon if the process of his more explicit argument should at any point seem unconvincing.

Next he sets forth the conditions which render invasion possible—to wit, a general strike of the postal and telegraphic services (why not also of the railways?) and a long continuance of impenetrable fog. It is clear that such an utter paralysis of our means of communication and intelligence—a paralysis which causes a half-penny paper to sell for two shillings in Essex—is in the highest degree improbable. It means something very like a revolution; and the natural inference is that with a revolution, but not till then, the invader's chance will come. As for the fog, I think we must interpret it in a symbolic rather than a literal sense. It so happens that almost at the moment when "An Englishman's Home" was produced I was on board a steamer groping and hooting its way through a dense fog up the estuary of the Thames: and it did not strike me that these were precisely the conditions any sane invader would choose for his landing. The author seems to assume that the fog, which blinds and bewilders England, is transpicuous to the eyes of the foreigner; and as this optical impossibility is represented as a large factor in what little success the invaders achieve, we have here another strong reinforcement to our sense of security.

But it is, after all, the intrepidity of the British character which the "Patriot" chiefly emphasises. Here, I think, he somewhat exaggerates. His most prominent personage is a young man, an auctioneer's clerk, in whom all the characteristics of the Cockney cad are found in high pefection. He is loud, bumptious, impudent, lazy, vulgarly cynical; and his whole soul is absorbed in that form of sport which consists in looking on and yelling while other people play our great national games. He is anything but an agreeable specimen, and he is drawn with unflinching fidelity. Yet when danger comes, is he downhearted? No! Taken prisoner by the invaders, he "cheeks" their commanding officer with magnificent coolness: and when the shells begin to whistle, instead of blenching and cowering, his gallant British heart feels nothing but exhilaration. This he expresses by dancing on a table between a window and a mirror; so that he naturally

gets a bullet through his heart. Foolhardy, you say? Yes; but think of the pluck of it! Foolhardiness can always be corrected and reduced to a rational fortitude; it is fool-cowardice that a country has to dread. If the British Mafficker can be trusted to face shrapnel-fire with the spirit of this humble hero, then Britain is safe indeed. But can he? I wish I could share the "Patriot's" confidence. Here, again, a personal experience recurs to me. I was once, by accident, under shell fire for about ten minutes; and I remember how strongly the impulse to take cover was developed by the descending sizzle of the first shell, and with what alacrity I obeyed it. For my own part, then, under the circumstances set forth by our "Patriot," I feel sure that the cellar would have had greater attractions for me than the dining table; and I strongly suspect that Messrs. Geoffrey Smith and Reggie Brown, in the play, would have shared this preference.

Finally, the "Patriot's" confidence in the promptitude and resource of the War Office is most reassuring. Thanks to the strike and the fog, the country is taken utterly by surprise; and we see that, very naturally, the handful of volunteers who first come in touch with the enemy, are rather helpless, bewildered, and uncertain where to turn. But twenty-four hours have barely elapsed before the national resistance is fully organised; we learn that the whole force of the British Army has been interposed between the invaders and London; and, as the curtain falls, we hear the skirl of the pipes (ever the accompaniment of victory) and see the tables turned upon the proud invader. The ringing cheers with which the final tableau is greeted are, in effect, an enthusiastic vote of confidence in Mr. Haldane. They show that the theatrical public, at any rate, has not been misled by the panic-mongers, and unreservedly accepts the patriot playwright's demonstration of the adequacy of our existing system of defence.

Let me now confess that this ironic analysis of "An Englishman's Home" probably does some injustice to the anonymous author. We may take it for granted, I think, that he is not responsible for the touches which finally stultify his argument, and make his play seem to mean precisely the opposite of what he intended. The skirl of the pipes, and the ridiculous final tableau, cannot have formed part of his original intention, but must have been added merely as a spoonful of jam to induce the British public to swallow a rather bitter pill. I suspect interpolation, too, in the part of Captain Lindsay, of the Cumberland Fusiliers, who describes the mobilisation of the British Army on motor 'buses. Some of the faults of logic, on the other hand, are the author's own. The silent elimination of the first line of defence necessarily weakens his case, and so does the emphasis laid on extremely exceptional and improbable circumstances as conditions precedent to invasion.

The plain truth is, however, that, with all its logical weaknesses, inherent and superadded, the play nevertheless serves its intended purpose, and brings home to us, with startling vividness, the folly of over-security. Quite seriously, I conceive the author's design to have been symbolic rather than realistic. He set forth, not to draw a prophetic picture, probable in all its details, but rather to depict and satirise what he rightly or wrongly considers to be a morbid condition of the national mind. It is not fearlessness that Geoffrey Smith exemplifies when he dances on the table, but the invincible stupidity which cannot conceive the existence of danger, the real presence of war. Symbolic, too, is the figure of old Mr. Brown, who in the first act, while the invaders are creeping up to his threshold, gives his whole mind to the study of diabolo; in the second act, sends for the police to turn out his unwelcome guests; and in the third act sacrifices his life to his mad rage, not at the downfall of his country, but at the interruption of his habits and the damage done to his villa residence. The fog, again, is introduced, I imagine, not so much to cloak the movements of the invaders, as to symbolise the bewilderment, and the total lack of light and guidance, with which (in the author's opinion) we should confront such a sudden peril. There is undeniable power and imagination in many scenes of the play. Again and again the shafts of satire go straight to the mark—especially those aimed at the football-cum-music-hall mania of the modern young man and woman. To my thinking, it does not greatly matter whether the actual risk of invasion is or is not exaggerated: the spirit of the play is good, wholesome, commendable. It is not a bellicose or a jingo spirit. The frame of mind which it satirises is not a guarantee of peace, but an invitation to war. Even if our insular inviolability is more real than the author believes it to be, we turn it into a curse rather than a blessing when we make it an excuse for bad citizenship, and for stupid triviality of life and thought.

It should be added that—though the precise moment of production is doubtless unfortunate—the play is tactfully written, and cannot give just offence to any foreign people. The invaders are invaders in the abstract. There is not a word to assign them to any existing Power, nor is there a word of animosity to any nation whatsoever. The conduct of the invading force is absolutely correct and even humane. The shooting of Mr. Brown is inevitable under the laws of war. In brief, there is no vulgar appeal to international malice, hatred, and uncharitableness. The play merely asserts what no one but Count Tolstoy denies—the right and duty of organised defence in the event of invasion.

Mr. Lawrence Grossmith's Geoffrey Smith is a remarkable performance — the irrepressible British bounder on a heroic scale. The cast, for the rest, is uniformly competent, without brilliance. To those who are trying to "boom" the play into a great national event I would venture to offer a word of advice. Now that it is fairly started and thoroughly advertised, they can afford to drop the childish turning of the tables at the end. Let the curtain fall upon the volley which closes the career of Mr. Brown; let that part, when another company is started, be played by an actor with something more than the steady-going adequacy of Mr. Charles Rock; and the piece may score a success indeed. The scene of Mr. Brown's frenzy is a superb opportunity.

I am sorry to have to deal quite briefly with "Olive Latimer's Husband," by Mr. Rudolf Besier. It is a remarkable play, more than confirming the estimate of the author's ability which one formed from "The Virgin Goddess." Mr. Besier has very distinctly the gift of inventing a dramatic complication and developing it in an effective way. He shows, as yet, no great originality in the study of character. In the present play we do not get really into the depths of Olive Latimer's nature—we learn no more of it than is necessary for the conduct of the action. A psychologist would have shown us much more of the subtle workings of her heart than Mr. Besier does. Contrast—though I admit it is scarcely fair to drag in Ibsen—contrast what we know of Olive Latimer with what we know of Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm," whose position is not quite dissimilar. Nevertheless, the character is credible enough so far as it goes, and the inweaving of "plot and passion" is very ingenious and very skilful. Unfortunately, Mr. Besier has been ill-served by his actors. I have seldom seen a play so inadequately presented from first to last. Of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance of the leading part I shall only say that it entirely confirmed the impression left by her Deirdre and Electra, that her strength lies in poetical rather than in modern drama. Of the other members of the cast not one—with the possible exception of Mr. Wilfred Draycott—seemed really well chosen or well inspired.

Mr. Shaw's "Admirable Bashville," revived at the Afternoon Theatre (His Majesty's) is most delectable fooling, done with excellent spirit. Nothing infuriates Mr. Shaw so much as the suggestion of any resemblance between his humor and Sir William Gilbert's; but if the satire of "Cashel Byron's Profession" be not Gilbertian, I do not know what is. "I don't think much of my profession," says the Pirate King, "but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest";

and here we have in a nutshell the philosophy, the social criticism, of "Cashel Byron," and of its dramatic transcript. In the form of the transcript, some people, I see, suspect Mr. Shaw of the intention of satirising Shakespeare. I do not share that suspicion; Mr. Shaw knows perfectly well the distinction between parody and satire. As parody his work is delightful: as satire it never "bites" for a moment. Irresponsible, irresistible fooling—that is the first word and the last respecting "The Admirable Bashville." To me, at any rate, it is irresistible; some people, I gather, resist it with a good deal of success. Miss Marie Löhr is singularly unlike the Lydia Carew of the novel—but what does it matter?—she, too, is irresistible. The rest of the cast are all more or less good; but one missed, in the part of the Policeman, Mr. Aubrey Smith's extremely amusing reproduction of Mr. Shaw himself.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art.

THE ART OF THE EAST.*

To the art lover of the West, for whom the classical art of Greece and Rome spells the beginning of all art worthy of the name, and the Italian Renaissance its climax, the subject of ancient Oriental painting and sculpture is apt to seem abstruse and perhaps a little uninteresting. This is largely due to ignorance born of want of opportunity to study the East as closely as the West; it is also owing, in great measure, to our innate lack of sympathy with Oriental ideals, and to a natural predisposition in favor of what is more familiar and more easily intelligible. Consequently it was not until a few years ago that the Western mind at large began to suspect that there was anything in Oriental fine art, that was not too rude and primitive to be considered seriously. A few savants, of course, knew better, and in this country the Eastern treasures at the British Museum bear witness to the fruits of their knowledge. But for the most part education in Oriental art took the form of the acquirement of a few hasty generalisations based on somewhat dubious facts, and in most cases concerned with the applied rather than the fine arts. Thus it was commonly realised that China had a great tradition in the making of porcelain, that precious carpets came from Persia, and that India was the country for an attractive but flimsy architecture, stuffs, inlay and filigree work. Japan also was credited with the production of color prints that more than held their own against anything of the kind in the Occident. The fact, however, that India could boast a great school of ancient sculptors, and several considerable painters; that the Chinese school of landscape painting, centuries before the Renaissance artists touched landscape seriously, was the prototype of the most modern landscapes now produced; that Persia had her school of miniaturists; and that Japan's color prints were but an offshoot of the art of painting which she learned from China and moulded into traditions of her own; this was left for discovery by a few students of Oriental life and character, who found in Oriental art the corollary or the complement to what had been laid bare by other kinds of Oriental research.

Quite recently, however, the public interest in art has shown some signs of turning towards the East. Whistler may be said to have popularised the Japanese print in England by borrowing, in his own work, from Hokusai and Hiroshige. The Japanese Alliance has doubtless done something to stimulate our interest in the inner refinements of our ally's national life, past and present, and further stimulus has been provided by the Japanese plays and pictures that have been imported. Similarly, though not to the same extent, political developments in India and China have helped to call attention to the artistic question in those countries, and to broaden the narrow view that the former never had any art of its own except what was Græco-Roman, and that the latter confined her best energies to porcelain. Doubtless, also, the new spirit that has come into the study of all art history, the spirit that regards art as part of the social and political fabric of a nation, is largely responsible for our wider appreciation of Oriental art. It would, indeed, be hopeless to attempt to understand Indian or Chinese art, without reference to the Buddhist creed which influenced its manifestations as potently as, and for a longer period than, Christianity swayed the art of Europe. Yet, with all these developments favorable to a more sympathetic attitude towards the painting and sculpture of the East—half of which would still appear hideous to the uneducated European and the other half incomprehensible—there lingers a host of misconceptions that will have to be done away with before the road is open to any proper appreciation.

We therefore welcome such volumes as "Painting in the Far East," in which Mr. Laurence Binyon treats of Chinese and Japanese painting, and Mr. E. B. Havell's "Indian Sculpture and Painting"; not only because the three countries dealt with have been connected artistically, as well as politically and religiously, from time immemorial, and the books taken together comprise a fairly complete survey of the whole of Oriental art, but also because they indicate those misconceptions to which we have referred, and thus give the student a chance to start independent investigation without any *à priori* arguments to put him on a false scent. Mr. Binyon's book summarises Chinese painting since the fourth century, and gives the important contemporary movements in Japan, concluding with a chapter on the color printers; it is interesting to note, by the way, that Hokusai, though admired in his own country, has not the honor there that is accorded him outside, and ranks below many of the masters of the fifteenth-century Chinese Renaissance. Of Indian art Mr. Havell is an even warmer champion. His work contains an almost bitter denunciation of the sham classic and Gothic architecture which the Europeans have imposed upon the natives; an equally vehement indictment of the arbiters of taste in the sister arts, who have not only failed to appreciate the artistic treasures of the country, but have taught the rising generation of educated natives to despise their own heritage and find nothing good but the third-class European pictures, &c., imported from outside. An apologist for Indian artistry, he places it on a considerably higher pedestal than does Mr. Binyon; claiming, indeed, that great injustice has been done to the purer styles by representing a degenerate Græco-Roman style, like that of the Gandhara sculptures, to be typical of the best. It is possible that he exalts Indian painting a little more than it deserves. Mr. Binyon and the majority of older critics give it a very secondary importance, compared with that of Indian sculpture. Yet his estimate, if open to contention, is not merely factious, and it is rendered doubly interesting by the very fine reproductions in color that embellish this handsome book. If Mr. Binyon's work, indeed, is quite adequately illustrated, this one is still more sumptuous.

We sincerely trust that these publications will finally explode several fallacies, in the form of general maxims, that have hitherto distorted the popular view of Oriental art. One of the most misleading of these generalisations is to the effect that, whereas European art is an art of form, the Asiatic is one of color. The coloring of Chinese porcelain and Japanese color prints fostered this notion; besides which there was the general idea that color, being sensuous, belongs to the sensuous East, and form, being intellectual, to the intellectual West. This apportionment may have a basis of truth, but it is not borne out by the stern facts about Chinese and Japanese painting. A vast proportion of the earlier Chinese landscapes were painted in monochrome, and both in Chinese painting and its Japanese derivative the advent of color synchronised with the de-

* "Painting in the Far East." By Laurence Binyon. Edward Arnold. 21s. net.
"Indian Sculpture and Painting." By E. B. Havell. John Murray. £3 3s. net.

cadence. Moreover, Japanese art, including the color prints, is mainly a linear art, dependent on the balance and rhythm of line. Another point which Mr. Binyon brings out very clearly is that of the realistic quality of Japanese art. The latter is based, from first to last, on the intimate observation of nature, and its primary aim is to represent nature. The difference between it and our own lies in a different conception of what nature and realism mean. Thus, while we talk of the decorative quality of a Japanese print—as if no other quality existed—the Japanese regard, first, its truth to nature, and then, incidentally, its decorativeness. And they do not, like Europeans, divorce the decorative from the realistic in pictorial art; the purely decorative painting and the purely realistic one, as we understand these descriptions, have no place in their æstheticism. Often what to us is a lively pattern of colors is to them simply *genre*. The shortest way to the understanding of Japanese pictures is, however, through the recognition of the fundamental difference between the arts of the East and West. This may be briefly expressed by saying that Europeans seek to represent the material facts of nature, and Orientals the ideas connected with those facts. Especially true is this of Chinese landscape, which is essentially the landscape of ideas, and in its execution the landscape of suggestion rather than delineation, the personal impression rather than the studiously wrought record of Earth's features. Landscape among all Oriental artists was the favorite medium for the expression of ideas. In this respect, again, they differ from Europeans, who have always regarded figure-painting as the more important branch. But then landscape contained for the Oriental everything that made life beautiful, and everything that was worthy of glorification. It was the visible embodiment of his ideal, just as the glorification of mankind was the root principle underlying the art of the Italian Renaissance. To the Christian painter man typified nobility in nature. The follower of Buddha was impressed mainly by his comparative insignificance.

A study of Buddhism would seem to be a necessary preliminary to any profitable investigation of Oriental painting and sculpture; while for certain periods of Chinese painting and Indian sculpture the history of Confucianism and Mahommedanism would reveal much that is otherwise inexplicable in the symbolism of these ancient arts. The European, however, forgetting that half of what he has learnt of Renaissance art would be unintelligible to him were he wholly ignorant of the social and religious history of medieval Italy, is very apt to pronounce judgment on Eastern Art without even the most superficial investigation of the circumstances surrounding it. If these two books can persuade him not merely to study Oriental art in the light of Oriental history and character, but also to discard utterly his European and so prejudiced standpoint, they will perform a great service to the cause of the wider culture.

Letters to the Editor

THE SHANGHAI CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All that is best in England must respond to the Eastern uprising, whether in near Turkey or in far China. The moral struggle of the latter, as you have said, is one of the greatest any nation has ever entered on. In the centre, and in many districts where it is being pressed home, it is as brave as it is great. (We have yet to hear of any of our Peers who have died through their efforts to qualify as temperance reformers.) Lord Morley has—no doubt truly—said that Britain's stipulations aim at helping, not hindering, the Chinese. Unfortunately, they are still bound hard and fast by the old treaties, and energetic viceroys and mandarins are stopped by Great Britain whenever they attempt to introduce the monopoly and registration system adopted by Japan in Formosa, the United States in the Philippines, and ourselves in Ceylon. Sir J. Jordan compares this to the position of England if she tried to suppress spirit drinking, whilst prevented by treaties from introducing efficient local control or stopping importations from abroad. We collect 283 per cent. duty on spirits. China as she is may only levy 16·3 per cent. on opium imports.

The Indian administration might help both China and India by adopting the recommendations of the late Mr. Haridas Veharidas, that the Indian cultivators should be distinctly notified that they are "not in any way bound to cultivate opium." It was objected at the time that this would result in "great loss to the opium revenue." It would do so still, as foodstuffs have become yet more profitable—an additional reason for withdrawing all pressure to plant the poppy.

Lord Curzon and Lord Morley have both declared that moral failure only can shatter Britain's position in the new conditions of the East. The Commission will test the sincerity of this country quite as searchingly as that of China. Will our religion of the West be fearless enough to win the respect of the great religions of the East? Will Britain's policy be wise enough to place her at the front of this great awakening?—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA ROWNTREE.

Scarborough, February 3rd, 1909.

THE CAUSE OF THE PROGRESSIVES' DEFEAT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest to you that you are being "bluffed" by Mr. Graham Wallas. It was something much more tangible than "suggestion" or "sub-conscious inference" which caused the defeat of Mr. Wallas and the Progressives in March, 1907. The malignant posters would, I am convinced, have had but little effect if it had not been for the fact that some of the most strenuous Progressives, who had always supported the advanced party on the School Board, were disgusted by the bluffing tactics of the L.C.C. majority—their refusal to call to their aid men like Lord Stanley of Alderley; their contemptuous way of dealing with the work of the School Board, as if by taking it over they were only adding one more committee to the couple of dozen then in existence. It was this great blunder (foreseen, probably, by those who passed the 1903 Act) which ruined the party.—Yours, &c.,

STEWART D. HEADLAM.

Wavertree, St. Margaret's, February 2nd, 1909.

THE LORDS AND THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last you term rejection of a Budget by the House of Lords an "unconstitutional action," while in a previous issue you admit their right to reject such a measure. Passing by the argument that an action done "of right" can hardly be "unconstitutional," other points deserve consideration.

It is a doctrine of the British Constitution (and of the Liberal Party) that all taxation demands the consent of the taxed—that taxation demands representation. Now members of the House of Lords are by law incapable of voting or taking part in the election of members of the House of Commons; also most peers are large taxpayers. If, therefore, your contention that they have no right to reject a Budget be upheld they would have no voice whatever in spending the money which they are taxed to provide, and this, as before mentioned, is contrary to our British doctrine of constitutional freedom. In suggesting that if the Budget be rejected it should be immediately re-introduced and again passed, word for word, and sent a second time to the Lords, you overlook the well-known rule that no rejected measure may be submitted a second time during one session of Parliament, and the suggestion that the King would consent to create sufficient peers to pass such a measure without a General Election is unthinkable, except on the assumption

that the King would take sides in a party fight—a supposition for which we have no shadow of warrant.—Yours, &c.,

BERNARD S. HARWOOD.

Colchester, January 27th, 1909.

[The Lords' right to reject a Budget is certainly nominal, but it is not actual. How can an unrepresentative House reject the entire annual provision made by the people's representatives for the country's needs? The technical difficulty to which our correspondent refers could, we think, be got over. But its suggestion shows how hard it is even to conceive the Lords' rejection of the Budget.—Ed. NATION.]

THE PEOPLE OR THE LORDS?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The able letter of Mr. Fowler Shore in to-day's "Daily News" only voices, or rather expresses, the conviction becoming general that the Government are not in deep earnest respecting the vital matters before the country. Those in official places, surrounded by official circumstances and official advisers, are always prone to forget that they exist for the sake of results. Earnest allies, attracted to the cause from many varied points, have for a long time been asking themselves what is the good of a Government with an overwhelming majority in the Commons if they cannot settle the Education Question, if they cannot carry forward the flag of Temperance Reform—to mention only two of the great issues. "'Tis not in mortals to command success," but they can at least "deserve it." The Government do not "deserve it" if they remain in their place a single day for purely official reasons. "For God and the Commonwealth" should be their cry, and it is fortunate for present day Democracy that in the New Reform Club is a band of earnest persons who place conviction before mere party adulation.

Let the Cabinet take their courage in both hands, and, while remembering Wellington's maxim, always to secure the means of retreat before giving battle, act zealously, and assure the Lords of an immediate increase in their numbers, if they do not, in the words of our great poet, Mr. Swinburne, "clear the way."—Yours, &c.,

MACKENZIE BELL.

London, February 3rd, 1909.

A NEW YEAR ENTERTAINMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article entitled "A New Year Entertainment," in last week's NATION, the writer has apparently come to the conclusion that the Charlesworth episode is of a very educative character, on the ground that it helps to expose our social system. I much fear that the only moral the public will draw from Miss Charlesworth's conduct is that advertising by means of lies is a very paying business. This young woman has been so successful in her mendacity that she is at once offered a big salary by the enterprising manager of a London music hall, and the public will no doubt show their appreciation of her "cleverness" by going in hundreds to see the "famous red cloak" of this modern young lady. I venture to suggest that this young woman's behavior will not assist in "exposing the higher civilisation." Nothing will change the public's love for vulgar display except a complete change in spirit, and this can be brought about, or at least assisted, by a high-toned Press. If all the newspapers in this country were conducted on the high tone of THE NATION there would be some chance of the public getting to dislike cheap sensationalism.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX-PITT.

War Coppice, Caterham,
February 2nd, 1909.

TAXATION AREAS AND TARIFF REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You rightly define "ability to pay" as a first test in the consideration of the incidence of taxation. In determining general policy upon a question of finance, it is not always practicable to apply the rigid rule of logic; otherwise all would be simple as A B C, and taxation would be settled on the basis of the principle that wealth—the supreme good from this point of view—should be taxed not at all, or very lightly, during the process of its manufacture. Further, the vitality of the working classes in their relation as consumers must not be impaired, or the output of their labour would be injuriously affected, for are not the workers wealth-creators? Reasoning on A B C lines, the State is regarded as representing the sum of all the interests within it, sectional interests, however powerful, being obliterated, and the one thing considered and decided—the single interest of the amalgamated bread-winner, the Patriarch-State. That is the ground which those take who find in Tariff Reform a lamp to their feet and a light unto their path. Thus the State becomes a mere wealth-producing machine, and all who do not bear a hand in its working must stand aside. But increased wealth implies increased wages—and so the workers are to be brought into line upon election day.

And what of the others who, though not producers, are yet in their several stations vital links in the social chain? What of the spinsters of limited income who toil not, neither do they spin—what of the spectacled annuitants in clubs? What will be the fate of all those in this old and rich country who are subsisting upon wealth not directly employed in the main arteries of trade? They simply won't count. If the country is really about to be swept by a combination of capitalists and industrials the Tariff Reform broom with its cruel bristles will assuredly touch these and such as these on the raw.—Yours, &c.,

A. W. D.

Worthing, February 1st, 1909.

MR. SEAMAN'S PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "L." accounts the Oxford Dictionary the highest authority on English pronunciation. The authority cannot be accepted. The sounds given by the dictionary are sometimes academic, representing theory rather than practice; when it is not theoretical, it does not always give the best practice; and occasionally, if one may say so, it savors of North Britain. Thus it prefers to pronounce the aspirate in "humor," a practice for which "G. W. E. R." could doubtless find an appropriate epithet. To the first vowel in "deist" and in "deity," it assigns the same sound—the vowel of "deed," the Scottish usage, whereas the best English speech pronounces "deity" with the vowel of "did." It will be remembered that the late Dr. Richard Morris, a great English scholar, on principle never pronounced any aspirate—a warning not to trust scholars implicitly in this matter. Does "L." know that the dictionary gives to the vowel of "girl" the same sound as to the vowel in "gird"—a point which may also be left for "G. W. E. R." to encounter?—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

January 30th, 1909.

THE LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In last week's number of THE NATION I see that one of your correspondents gives an ingenious explanation of the word "slete," in the Lyke Wake dirge, but I think a more obvious and likely explanation is that the word was originally "salt," thus making the line read:—

"Fire, and salt, and candle-light."

Until quite recently it was still the custom in some parts of the North to place a plate of burning salt at the feet of the dead, to keep away evil spirits, and this, with the burning candles, would naturally suggest the line.—Yours, &c.,

F. C. BRUNTON.

16, Blenheim Terrace, Leeds,
February 2nd, 1909.

PLAY THE GAME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The poet Virgil can hardly have known the special meaning of the phrase "playing the game," which passes current with us Englishmen. Consider the story of

the footrace near Mount Eryx, told in the fifth book of the Æneid. To do any sort of justice in English prose to Virgil's inimitable Latin is quite beyond my power. Luckily a mere summary will serve the purpose in view.

Among the many competitors in the race, five only need mention. These five were Nisus and Euryalus, bosom friends, Salius, Helymus, and Diores. The special prizes offered for competition were three, and three only.

When very near the goal, Nisus, who had led from the start, and was far ahead of the second man, Salius, slipped and fell in a patch of mud. Having lost his own chance of winning, and observing that Salius was well in front of Euryalus, Nisus as he rose from the mud purposely contrived to upset Salius. Euryalus spurted, and amid deafening applause was hailed the winner. Next after him came Helymus, with Diores close at his heels in the third place.

Salius vociferously protested that Nisus had robbed him of his due by means of a dirty trick. The audience, moved, it would seem, partly by the tears and partly by the beauty of Euryalus, took Euryalus' part to a man. Diores, whose right to the third prize obviously depended on the exclusion of Salius, made himself conspicuous by the vehemence with which he backed the silent and tearful Euryalus.

The umpire decided against Salius, but consoled him with an extra prize. Thereupon Nisus urged that his claim was at least as strong as that of Salius, so to Nisus also an extra reward was given.

One would like the candid opinion of a dozen English public schoolboys on (i.) the umpire's decision, (ii.) the tears of Euryalus, (iii.) Euryalus's consenting to accept the first prize, (iv.) the action of Nisus in deliberately upsetting Salius, and (v.) the vehement clamor of Diores.

In view of recent debate about the "Marathon" race in this country, perhaps the most interesting thought suggested by the story is that to Virgil and his contemporaries "play the game" and "play to win" would have appealed as identical exhortations.—Yours, &c.,

E. W. Smithson.

Hitchin, February 3rd, 1909.

A CHEAP EDITION OF PATER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I must cordially endorse "L. B.'s" and "A. T. W.'s" pleas for a cheap edition of Pater's works. One would be glad, too, to have cheap and complete editions of Shakespeare's contemporaries, as "A. T. W." suggests.

I have besought Messrs. Dent to include Smith, the Cambridge Platonist, in their excellent library—I fear unsuccessfully. Will some one second my resolution?—Yours, &c.,

Isobel Hecht.

FitzRoy Lodge, Westcott, Dorking,
January 31st, 1909.

THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In answer to your correspondent "A. T. W.," who has "never been able to understand why none of the works of the great contemporaries of Shakespeare have yet been issued in 'Everyman's Library,'" will you allow us to state that a complete edition of Marlowe's plays and poems, with an introduction by Edward Thomas, is among the fifty new volumes of "Everyman's Library" which are to be published at the beginning of March, while editions of Ben Jonson and other Elizabethan dramatists are under consideration.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. Dent & Co.

February 2nd, 1909.

COWPER AND FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Permit me, as an old Free Trader—one who took part in the Anti-Corn Law Agitation and knew Cobden and Bright—to call your attention to the words of the poet Cowper, expressing clearly the principles that are the basis of Free Trade. Free Trade means free intercourse between the nations of the earth, and, as Cobden once beautifully wrote, "Free Trade—the international common law of the Almighty."

These sentiments are poetically expressed by Cowper in his poem on "Charity":—

> "Again—the band of commerce was design'd
> To associate all the branches of mankind;
> And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
> Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
> Wise to promote whatever end He means,
> God opens fruitful Nature's various scenes;
> Each climate needs what other climes produce,
> And offers something to the general use;
> No land but listens to the common call,
> And in return receives supply from all.
> This genial intercourse and mutual aid,
> Cheers what were else an universal shade;
> Calls Nature from her ivy-mantled den,
> And softens human rock-work into men."

How different these principles are compared with the jealousies entertained by Tariff Reformers towards foreign nations. There is no doubt that hostile tariffs would excite jealousy amongst other people. One of the reasons why foreign nations are disposed to acquiesce in the possession by this country of such a large share of the habitable portion of the earth is that we indulge in no preferential tariffs nor exclusive dealing. This was a matter which was very favorably commented upon by Mr. David A. Wells, of America, in the "North American Review" of April, 1896, in which American sympathy was claimed for England because the latter grants no privileges to her own people in respect to trade and commerce which are not equally accorded to the people of all other countries.

Free Trade is the handmaid of peace, and it is very significant that the Tariff Reformers are generally the people who cry out for increased armaments. How inferior are these jealousies compared with the spirit of Tennyson's lines:—

> "Ah! when shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule and universal peace,
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land?"

—Yours, &c.,

Ralph S. Ashton.

Lee, Kent, February 2nd, 1909.

SUFFRAGETTE HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent, "Veritas," evidently considers that she has made use of an unanswerable argument when she refers me to the provisions of Lord Brougham's Act and the Interpretation Act, 1889. Unfortunately, however, the definitions given in those statutes are expressly confined to Acts of Parliament passed *after* the year 1850, so that their relevancy with regard to the construction of Magna Carta is not altogether obvious. I may also point out that neither of the statutes in question, or, for that matter, any other statute, contains a definition of the word "man," or any statement that men shall always include women. This may be so stated in the "British Freewoman," but it is none the less quite inaccurate. See Charlton *v.* Lings, L.R., 4 C.P. 374.

Nor is it quite easy to appreciate the relevancy of the statement that *all* companies of freemen included women, even if it were true—which it is not. Even under the doctrine of *contemporanea expositio* it is impossible to construe the expression "*liber homo*" in Magna Carta as including women, merely because by custom this interpretation came to be placed on the expression in other documents dealing with an entirely different subject matter, at a much later period. In the year 1442 a statute was passed which recites that in Magna Carta "is no mention how Women, Ladies of great estate married or sole, shall be put to answer, or before what Judges they shall be judged upon indictment," and expressly extends to these great ladies the provisions of clause 39 of Magna Carta as to the rights of a "*liber homo*."

With regard to the opinion of Sir Edward Coke, since the researches made by the late Bishop of Oxford and other great modern historians we know a good deal more about the early charters than was known to the writers of the seventeenth century. Magna Carta contained 63 clauses, of

which Coke only gives 38—and these not quite accurately—and even Hargrave and Butler admit that Coke's translation of mediæval expressions is sometimes erroneous.

It is quite true that in the Second Institute Coke lays down very widely that "*homo* doth extend to both sexes," but he also states with equal confidence that "*liber homo*" includes a villein (*villanus*), although the two are expressly contrasted in clause 20 of Magna Carta. I never intended to deny that in certain collocations the word *homo*, like the Norman French *home*, included a woman, *e.g.*, in the ancient writ, "*Homine capto in Withernamium.*" But the mediæval *homo* was closely connected with *homagium*—the honorable submission of the *fraunk home* or *liber homo*, as opposed to the *feaute*, or fealty, of the villein; and women could not perform homage except by their husbands. That Coke never intended to extend full *hominal* rights to women is clear, since in the fourth Institute he treats it as established that women are incapacitated from voting.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. Jolly.

February 2nd, 1909.

THE EFFECT OF "BLUFF" IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your interesting leader of the 30th ult., you correctly state "that 'bluff' is becoming an agent of no small weight in the manufacture of popular opinion. Announce a proposition, however absurd, or a line of thought however unacceptable to the sensible man, repeat, adorn and even magnify it with the arts of advertisement and rhetoric and, with the peculiarly impressionable 'mass-mind,' you will have gone some way in establishing the position you have advanced." You further express your agreement with Mr. Wallas that this art or suggestion was largely responsible for the creation of the hostile body of opinion which destroyed the progressive majority on the London County Council.

Do not these facts constitute an emphatic condemnation of our present electoral method? The selection of those to whom the government of a city of five million inhabitants or to whom the destinies of a nation are to be entrusted is determined in the long run by the action of those voters who can be "bluffed" by the arts of advertisement. Mr. Wallas, in the interesting work to which you refer, gives a vivid picture of the final "rally" at the close of an L.C.C. poll, on the results of which the representation of the constituency depended. Why, it may well be asked, should the representation of all the "sensible" or even all the "average" electors depend upon the results of a final "rally" of the least desirable section of voters?

When will Liberals recognise the urgent need of such a reform of our electoral methods as will reduce the effect of "bluff" to its proper proportion? When will Liberals demand that the elector of average intelligence shall be able to obtain his share of representation, irrespective of the action and votes of those whose impressionable "minds" are swayed by the arts of suggestive advertisement? We are face to face with a great constitutional struggle, in which the victory of the House of Commons is certain *only* if it can make good its claim to be representative of the nation. There may, however, arise from this last work of Mr. Graham Wallas a very strong impression that the great mass of our electors are wholly unfit for the exercise of the franchise, and any such impression must tend to weaken the position of the House of Commons. It is already possible to declare that the election of individual members of that House has turned upon the votes of electors who have been "bluffed" by advertisement or gramophone. How can such a House claim to be representative?

Such an impression can only be dispelled by getting back to the actual facts as shown in the number of votes polled at elections. It will then be clearly realised that although these "bluffed" electors have had such an enormous and baneful influence in determining the results of elections, yet they constitute but a small section of the whole body of electors. Nevertheless, if the House of Commons is to retain its authority and prestige, if this House is to maintain its pre-eminent position in the Constitution, then its composition must cease to depend so largely upon the votes of "bluffed" electors. It must be made representative of the whole, and such a reform can be accomplished only by the introduction of a system of proportional representation.—Yours, &c.,

John H. Humphreys,
Hon. Sec., The Proportional Representation Society.
107, Algernon Road, Lewisham, S.E.,
February 4th, 1909.

THE SPEECH OF THE PROVINCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—My answer to Mr. Campbell is late because my Nation went astray in the forwarding. Such words as "humane" and "humiliating," unless when they begin a sentence, have no aspirate, but their first letter is y. In spite of the y I say "an humiliating" (yoomiliating). So do all who were bred in the old speech. Of the two authorities to whom I referred Lewis Campbell, I have the authority of the grandson of one. He follows his grandfather, as I follow mine, and we do not mean to change. My statement of the rule should have allowed an exception when the aspirate precedes a diphthong, such as the y of "hyena," but even of this exception I have my doubts.—Yours, &c.,

John Sargeaunt.

Arnolds, Fairwarp, Uckfield.

THE OPIUM TRADE IN THE COLONIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The writer of "China's Anti-Opium Crusade," in your last issue, concludes a friendly article with the astonishing suggestion that compensation from the Imperial Treasury may fairly be claimed by our eastern colonies if they are compelled to forego revenue derived from licensing opium dens.

Here is an immoral means of raising revenue. Surely it is not seriously propounded that the discontinuing of an utterly wrong practice establishes a claim on the Imperial Government? As well might the Federated Malay States expect compensation for stopping the profitable but iniquitous licensing of gambling farms.—Yours, &c.,

Hamilton Crothers.

Batley, February 3rd, 1909.

Poetry.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

A milkmaid, on a Summer's day,
Was singing as she milked away.

The heavy, sullen Cows had come
Racing, when her voice called them home.

A three-legged stool, a pail that glows,
To sit and sing, and milk her Cows.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were bright,
And like that milk her neck was white.

The Birds around her tuned their throats—
In vain—to take her perfect notes.

The Cow gave up the last milk-drop,
And tarried till her song should stop.

Now, what gave I, to hear her song,
As home she went, and I along?

"Wilt marry me, sweet maid?" I said.
She laughed in scorn, and tossed her head.

And she had milked the crimson flood
E'en to my heart's last drop of blood.

W. H. Davies.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. EDWARD CLODD is at present engaged upon a work dealing with "The Pre-Animistic Stages of Religion." The book grew out of a paper read by Mr. Clodd at the recent Congress on Religions at Oxford. Mr. Clodd has written an interesting article on Darwin for the current issue of "The Bookman," and he is also contributing a volume on "Lucretius and Modern Science" to Messrs. Constable's new series, "Philosophies Ancient and Modern." A study of Bergsen by Father Tyrrell will shortly be published in the same series.

* * *

THE promised cheap re-issue of "Hours in a Library" by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. next week challenges the estimate formed by a forgetful generation of Sir Leslie Stephen as a critic. He himself was a pessimist in regard to the value of criticism. For a historian of Utilitarianism he is sadly obtuse to the utility of literary criticism. Criticism alone keeps literature alive. It need not be even of the highest order. That of Stephen lacked the higher qualities of poetic imaginativeness or originality. But it is the best type of mundane criticism, full of vigor, amusement, and pith. In the direct descent from Bagehot, Sydney Smith, and the wits of the "Edinburgh Review," Stephen is a most relishing writer about books. He shares the hatred of Lewes for metaphysics, shuns the chemical analysis of critics such as Brunetière or Symons, but also shuns the absurdity of generalisations such as Arnold's, turns nothing sour with his test tube like some contemporary writers, but blows the froth off pretension with a cultured common sense that has few equals. For pleasant talk, with plenty of plums in it, about Southey, Balzac, Defoe, Crabbe, Pepys, Walpole, Johnson, Trollope, Disraeli, and the like, there is still no one better—unless it be Bagehot.

* * *

READERS of Mark Pattison's "Memoirs" will remember his description of the school, known as "Noetic," or Intellectual, which sprang up in Oriel College at the opening of the nineteenth century. He narrates its scornful invasion of accepted sluggishness, its appeal to first principles and disallowance of authority, the new intellectual ferment which it generated and maintained in Oxford. He tells how this burst of mental activity provoked a reaction in the college of its birth; how the "Tracts" were at once a complement and a challenge to the Noetic teaching. Their doctrine of apostolical succession captured the clergy, who found "the Grace of Orders" an easier working hypothesis than the laborious self-culture insisted on by Whately and Arnold. Reinforced by Keble' poetry and Newman's magnetic personality, they created a counter-movement so vehement as for a time to eclipse their predecessors.

* * *

BUT Tractarianism settled on its lees, and Noeticism revived; became audible in "Essays and Reviews," shaped the utterance of Colenso, Stanley, Jowett, Gore; developed into the fearless inquiry and the "higher criticism" of to-day. In his "Reminiscences of Oxford," Mr. Tuckwell regretted that no history of the Noetics had been written; in his "Pre-Tractarian Oxford: A Reminiscence of the Oriel Noetics," announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., he appears to essay the task. It contains sketches of Provost Eveleigh, Copleston, Whately, Dr. Arnold, Hampden, Hawkins, Baden Powell, Blanco White. The illustrations are photographed by Mr. F. Hollyer from the original portraits in Oriel Hall and Common Room. Mr. Tuckwell's qualifications for his task hardly need stating. No English writer dealing with scholarship and with reminiscence wields a more delightful pen, or reveals a more interesting personality.

* * *

THE biography of George Selwyn, by Mr. S. Parnell Kerr, which we have previously announced in these columns, promises to be one of the most entertaining of the many biographies to be published during the present season. The title is "George Selwyn and the Wits," and Mr. Kerr has been able to use a series of unpublished letters addressed by Selwyn to a relative, and containing many intimate and personal touches. Selwyn enjoyed a great reputation during the eighteenth century, but though almost everybody of distinction was numbered among his acquaintances, it was not until the Historical Manuscripts Commission published the documents found at Castle Howard that more than two or three of his letters—and these dating from his early years, and of little interest—were known to exist. These, together with the fresh letters to be published by Mr. Kerr, give form and outline to Selwyn's mysterious and elusive, but none the less engaging, personality. The book is to be published in March by Messrs. Methuen.

* * *

ANOTHER book to be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen is "The Trials of Five Queens," by Mr. R. Story Deans. The five queens are Mary, Queen of Scots, Anne Boleyn, Katherine of Arragon, Marie Antoinette, and Queen Caroline. Mr. Deans's object has been to treat the trials as a lawyer who is solely concerned with the guilt or innocence of the accused, rather than as a historian, who necessarily approaches the subject from its political aspect. With this aim he gives a close analysis of the evidence brought against each of the queens with whom his book deals, though it can hardly be hoped that the controversies regarding their guilt or innocence can now be settled.

* * *

THE name of Ambrose Bierce is probably unfamiliar to most English readers, though a volume of his short stories, "In the Midst of Life," published in this country about twenty years ago, created a stir in the world of letters—not greater than its lurid brilliance of imagination deserved. So far as we know, his other books have not been issued in England, despite the force and precision shown in his realistic descriptions of war. His tales of the supernatural are also full of power, and the late James Payn compared them with Poe's masterpieces. An edition of his collected works, in ten volumes, is now in progress in America, each volume to contain an introduction by some distinguished man or woman of letters. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that some London publisher will place the edition upon the English market.

* * *

ON Wednesday last M. Jean Richepin delivered the fourth of a series of lectures which have been organised by the Berlitz School of Languages, working in connection with L'Université des Annales de Paris. M. Richepin's choice of Paul Verlaine as subject brought together a large audience, who followed the lecture with close attention. Verlaine, he said, was "un pur classique, un pur poète de la vraie souche Française," though his greatest excellence lay in the lyrical quality, which is rare in French verse. Victor Hugo might be compared to a great forest tree spreading its branches far and wide, Leconte de Lisle to a cypress rising up against a background of white marble, Banville to a climbing rose, the topmost tufts of which ended in a *feu d'artifice* that seemed ready to burst into stars. Verlaine was a different sort of plant. He might be likened to an exotic orchid—"une fleur une peu bizarre"—above which a sweet song-bird was pouring forth a flood of melody. M. Richepin made several references to his own relations with Verlaine, adding that of all the great poetic spirits with whom he had come into personal contact Verlaine was the greatest and the most memorable.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Sir George Mackenzie: His Life and Times, 1636 (?)-1691." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

"Mars as the Abode of Life." By Percival Lowell. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia." By M. and A. Hume Griffith. (Seeley. 16s. net.)

"A Sister of Prince Rupert; Elizabeth, Princess Palatine and Abbess of Herford." By Elizabeth Godfrey. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The South African Natives: Their Progress and Present Condition." Edited by the South African Native Races Committee. (Murray. 6s. net.)

"Peace and Happiness." By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Septimus." By W. J. Locke. (Murray. 6s.)

"Molière." Par Georges Lefenestre. "Les Grands Ecrivains Français." (Paris: Hachette. 2 fr.)

"Couleur du Temps." Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE DECAY OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY.*

It has often been remarked as one of the ironies of history that Louis XIV. received the official title of "The Grand" at the moment when he ceased to deserve it. All the glories that gather round the great age of Louis XIV. belong, so far as they relate to his conduct and his personality, to the first twenty years of his direct rule. It is then that we see him resuming and redecorating the best traditions of the French Monarchy as the power which protected the peasant against the noble, intervening in person to see that justice is done, and attacking particularist abuses with the energy of a Richelieu. During those years Louis XIV. co-operated with a Minister who had at any rate a synthetic and complete policy for France. The vices of Colbert's system are not less conspicuous than its merits. In particular, his economic illusions led him to recommend the fatal war with Holland, whose trade, on his reading of economic science, might be appropriated by a conqueror. His industrial legislation, making the Government not merely the centre of organisation, but almost its only motive power, tended to sterilise energy and genius. His reform of municipal administration, correcting fraud and extravagance, was accompanied by reactionary encroachments on popular liberties. But his ideas were, as a whole, at least constructive and coherent. He was of very different calibre to the Ministers who followed him, occupied only in extemporising new methods of raising revenue for the pleasures of a Court; and as long as he was the King's master France prospered and grew.

The new volume of M. Lavisse's great work opens two years after the death of Colbert, who had lived long enough to see the prosperity he had developed begin to crumble, and to crumble fast. It would be difficult to find a period in which, in the history of a nation, decay sets in so rapidly as that through which this volume conducts us. There runs through its pages a note of sorrow and indignation as the writers trace the blind infatuations of pride and selfishness that destroy one after another the gifts of statesmanship and fortune which had brought France her commanding eminence in the world. What, for example, could have been a more wanton destruction of the results of Colbert's industrial policy than the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? One of Colbert's chief methods of naturalising "la grande industrie" in France had been his encouragement to foreigners to settle there and teach their methods to French workmen. Now the Protestants, whom Louis XIV. drove out from France when he allowed his religion to get the better of his judgment, had created, as this volume points out, the prosperity of Rouen, Elbœuf, Sedan, Lyon, Tours, and many other towns and parts of France. In some respects the decadence of French industry and commerce was due to the exaggeration of Colbert's system by his successors; in this case it was due to their violation of it. There was no room in the designs of a Colbert, as there was no room in the designs of a Richelieu, for a sovereign who would let his statesmanship become the dupe of his confessor. What, again, could be more destructive of Colbert's system than the series of expensive wars which played so large a part in the last thirty years of Louis's reign? Colbert's financial measures had reduced the expenditure of France by twenty-two million livres in four years. The Extraordinary War Budget rose from 38 millions in 1683, the year of Colbert's death, to 100 millions in 1706. The great contest for Louis' ear between Colbert and Louvois, in which Colbert had suffered defeat, had had, as one of its main issues, this issue between war and peace, between expenditure on military purposes and expenditure on commercial and internal development. From the day of that fatal decision Louis XIV. took farewell of the dreams of national riches and commercial power that had filled Colbert's mind, and for a time had kept in check his own love of pomp and pleasure. Statesmanship was now concentrated not on large ends of public policy, but on the incessant and restless search for some new way of maintaining a warlike king and a prodigal court.

In this volume we have all this degeneration described in detail, in the working of the bureaucratic system, in the fiscal shifts and stratagems of one Minister after another, in the popular risings that tell, again and again, that the peasants' burdens have become unendurable. These thirty years are indeed a kind of moral syncope, with a warning to any statesman who could diagnose the symptoms, that the system itself was threatened at the heart.

Everything depends on the monarchy, as the centre of circulation and vigor, and the monarchy suddenly stops. All that now interests the king who had once made himself famous by having a nobleman put to death for the murder of a peasant is the choice between different ways of obtaining revenue. The life and health and power of the nation no longer count. With the Government once in this settled frame of mind, only one conclusion is possible. Taxation follows the line of least resistance. De Tocqueville said that the great vice of the ancient *régime* was that taxation fell on the backs of those who were least able to combat it. Of no time was this truer than it was of the last part of this reign. Colbert had managed to reduce the *taille*, the most oppressive of the burdens of the poor, from 53 to 35 millions. But during the devastating war of the last years expenditure flew up, and the peasant was the easiest Frenchman to tax. New taxation was inevitable, and whatever its professed form at the outset it soon developed the invidious and discriminating features that were the curse of French finance. This happened, for example, in the cases of the *capitation* and the *dixième*. The *capitation*, as M. Sagnac remarks, was in its origin a progressive innovation. It was a tax that had been employed to raise money for extraordinary municipal expenses. Vauban proposed to introduce it into national finance, and to abolish the *taille*. He meant it to be universal. The Government added it to the *taille*, and, though it began by making it universal on paper, the old inequalities sprang up very soon. The rich were able to escape their fair share by paying something down. The *dixième* was established by a royal declaration in 1710, and the history of this tax is interesting as an illustration of the fatal course that French finance followed. It was professedly provisional, but it lasted to the close of the ancient *régime*. It was professedly universal, but from an early stage it fell almost entirely on the poor. Not only could the privileged classes elude it or buy themselves off—the principle of differentiation was formally recognised in the discriminating assessment of the property belonging to nobles and property the owners of which were not noble. In Languedoc, for example, the nobles, whose property represented a third of the property of the province, contributed less than a seventh to the taxation. Not less demoralising to government and order was the other principal method of raising revenue. In 1692 appeared the famous Edict in which the King explained that elective mayors were not independent enough, and that he intended to create mayors in all the towns except Paris and Lyons, who would hold their office for life. These new mayors would be free and impartial, and would have time to study and master their problems. These offices were put up for sale; in 1704 the same change was made in the appointment of aldermen and other municipal magistrates; and in 1706 alternative mayors were created, so that there might be two offices to sell. There was no end to the possibilities of expansion on these lines, and offices were multiplied indefinitely. Seven times during the reign of Louis XV. the towns were allowed to repurchase the right of representative government, and as often the right was withdrawn and sold to individuals.

The nation that was paying this overwhelming taxation was all the time receiving nothing for it. It was, indeed, re-receiving something less than nothing. The arbitrary power that Louis XIV. had brought to a climax, pushing the system of intendants into those parts of France that had hitherto been outside it, had lost its energy for action, but had not lost its energy for obstruction. It would not, or could not, act; but it would, and could, prevent others acting. Every

* "Histoire de France, depuis les origines jusqu' à la Révolution." Tome Huitième. "Louis XIV., La fin du règne (1685-1715)." Par A. de Saint Léger, Professeur à l'Université de Lille; A. Rébelliau, Bibliothècaire de l'Institut; P. Sagnac, Professeur à l'Université de Lille; E. Lavisse, Professeur à l'Université de Paris. Paris: Hachette.

process in industry and agriculture was confined in the web of officialism and *réglementation* that overspread France. Deprived of leadership, inspiration, and constructive ideas, the French monarchy settled down rapidly into the condition so aptly described by M. Lavisse as despotism everywhere, a despot nowhere. When once the life and vitality had gone out of the great centralised scheme that Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert had created, the scheme itself produced stagnation. Meanwhile, the misery of France, which finds a fierce expression in local insurrections, grows at a terrifying rate. It is described by intendants, by Bishops, by seigneurs who return to their estates. Two declarations have passed into history: one that of Vauban—that a tenth part of the population of France was living by begging; the other that of Fénelon—that France had been transformed into "un grand hôpital désolé et sans provision."

It is a melancholy volume to write; but it has at least one redeeming page. No time or country can show nobler individual records of moral courage. If Louis XIV. listened to flatterers only, it was not because flattery was the only language his subjects knew. One of his greatest soldiers, Vauban, was scarcely less famous for his skill in fortification than for his denunciation of the ravaging of the Palatinate, and his protests against the King's neglect of the miseries of the poor. Fénelon attacked Louis the XIV.'s wars as well as his pleasures. "You hang a poor wretch who steals a pistol on the road in desperate need, and you make a hero of the conqueror, the man who subdues unjustly his neighbour's territory." Boisguillebert exposed the causes of the nation's decline, and pressed on the Government drastic remedies. Men like these, as M. Sagnac observes, were the precursors of the eighteenth-century philosophers. They were not the only precursors of the spirit and the forces that were to destroy the ancient régime, for already the peasants were learning, as M. Sagnac says, *l'habitude de la revolte*. It was in the midst of such warnings for the fate of the Monarchy that death came at last to the man who had given to that Monarchy its final form. History has been tender to his memory. M. Lavisse sums him up as a sovereign whose one fixed idea was to win glory for himself by procuring the humiliation of others in a foreign policy that was "mélange de prudence, de roueries, et de coups d'orgueil qui detruisaient en un moment tout un long artifice." In domestic affairs he was not the despot *éclairé* that Colbert hoped to make him. He preserved the anarchy which existed under the appearance of monarchical order, and he developed the strange confusion of vices that beset and composed the ancient régime. And yet the imagination has always found something to like in the man who had his good qualities and even his virtues—beauty and grace and happy speech; who maintained his grand rôle to the end; who represented France brilliantly in her brilliant day, and refused to acknowledge the calamities that overwhelmed her.

A HUMANIST POPE.*

In "Aeneas Silvius" we have a biographical study of exceptional excellence—judicious, sympathetic, and true to life. It is dedicated, with great propriety, to Professor Sully: seldom has the connection between the work of the historian and that of the psychologist been more convincingly shown. It is because the writer has been able to throw himself into the personality of another, and by the scientific use of the imagination to repeat his experience, that he has achieved so signal a success. The easy and tolerant humanist who, by the irony of fortune, became Pius II., is somewhat of an enigma when judged by the standards of thought and conduct which became current in the post-Reformation period in and outside the Church. Those standards were not his, and it is impossible to fit him into them. Neither were they those of his time: to his contemporaries the enigma, so puzzling to a later generation, was no enigma at all. Perhaps it is because our own time in some respects resembles the Renaissance that he appeals to us. Mr. Boulting's book belongs to the twentieth century. It might conceivably have belonged to the eighteenth; scarcely to the seventeenth or nineteenth.

* "Aeneas Silvius" (Aenea Silvio de' Piccolomini—Pius II.). By William Boulting. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

At no period of his life was Aeneas a theologian. Theological questions had no interest—it might almost be said no meaning—for him; the controversies of the Reformation, as such, had he lived to witness them, would have left him cold. With a practical end in sight, he could be strenuous; but enthusiasm for ideas was foreign to him: the world in which he lived was a concrete, not an abstract, world. He was no ascetic; he could "sport with Amaryllis"; nor was he always careful to do so "in the shade." Of Ultramontanism as a doctrine he knew little; like Gallio, he "cared for none of these things." Yet he did more than any other man of his generation to rehabilitate the Papacy, which he regarded as the keystone of civilisation, the basis of social, political, and religious order. Opportunist as he was, he had a sincere sense of duty. He scrupulously observed the ecclesiastical obligation of chastity—a rare thing in his time; his death was accelerated by his unsparing exertions in the cause of the proposed crusade of 1464. He was a typical Italian gentleman of the Renaissance; a kindly, wise, and good man. To criticise him from the point of view of sectarian Catholicism or Protestantism is stupid. He was neither a Jesuit nor a Puritan; his was an earlier, an ampler, a less differentiated world. His association with the Conciliar party was brought about by the accident of his having entered the service of a cardinal who, as an adherent of Martin V., was a *persona ingrata* to his successor, and appealed to the Council, then sitting at Basel, for redress. There was the future Pope "introduced to a scene where he could witness the infant stumblings of religious liberty."

They did not impress him favorably:—

> "We have become a horrid monstrosity, such as the world has never seen or heard before. . . . If you ask my opinion, there are few on either side whose acts are directed by their conscience. God knows which side has the truth."

This he wrote in 1437; and in 1453:—

> "Councils! Why, I saw cooks and stablemen sitting with Bishops at Basel, and giving laws to the Church. . . . The appeal to the Universal Church, that is to say, to men of every station, to women and children as well as to men, to the laity no less than the clergy—in early days, when the body of believers was very small, such a thing was possible. Now, an appeal to the Last Judgment would show as much practical sense."

What led him in the end to attach himself to the Pope was not the theological argument for the Papacy, but the practical needs of the Church of the time. "The King's Government must be carried on," said the Duke of Wellington, when reproached by the High Tories with betraying the interests of the party: Aeneas was of this mind as regards the government of the Church. And neither a Council nor a succession of Councils could govern it; the Papacy was the one institution which possessed the prestige, the continuity, the relative independence necessary. It is considerations of this concrete order, not a Petrine text or a *catena Patrum*, which created and sustained it from the first. The theological argument was an after-thought; its purpose was to account for and justify theoretically an existing fact. Here is the difference between the mediæval and the modern Papacy; the political necessity which lay at the root of the former has disappeared. The arguments, which were subsidiary to this necessity, survive *in vacuo*; the centre of attraction, round which they revolved, is gone.

The substitution of the Conciliar for the Papal system promised little for the reformation of the Church in head and members which all good men desired. In spite of his safe conduct, the Fathers of Constance had burned Huss: those of Basel trafficked in indulgences as shamelessly as any Borgia or Medici; loose women flocked to the Council in their train. Aeneas, trusting facts rather than theories, believed "that the directive purpose of God declared itself in events"—a belief which, when the Church and the world were co-extensive, resolved itself into faith in a Providential world-government. The question was, How was reform best brought about? We are not sure that he was wrong in believing that more was to be expected from the Pope than from the Council. He was not the first, and will not be the last, statesman whom the unreasonableness and impracticability of reformers has thrown, as the lesser of two evils, into the opposite camp. Nor, it must be remembered, was the Papacy on which he fell back the developed theocracy

of the Catholic reaction. Balanced by the Empire, it was the centre of the existing political system; the pivot on which society, as then conceived, turned.

Men are guided by forces of which they are imperfectly conscious: the causes of events are seldom those that appear on the surface, or would be recognised by the actors in the drama in which they occur. It is only by bearing this in mind that we can understand the controversies of the past:—

> "Questions of Church Government and theological issues appear dull to the modern mind, but they were vital in the fifteenth century, when so little social or political doctrine was formulated: they were the only arguments that could be found to give point to influences that men *felt*, but could not *express*. The great causes of human action then lay, for the most part, concealed and dumb; they lurked behind many a Papal Bull and the insurgency that evoked it; they stimulated many a rallying cry of religion. A hundred alien interests were bound up with the contest between Council and Pope."

This consideration is the key to history; it unlocks many doors. To take one prominent instance—the hatred of heresy, which to us is so strange a feature in the mediæval world, was not primarily religious; to suppose this is to take words for things. Heresy was to the mediæval what socialism is to the modern citizen: it allied itself with economic discontent, and indulged in dreams of social reconstruction which were dangerous to property and threatened the foundations of order. The brotherhood of the first Christians haunted men's imaginations; latent in the heresies of the age was what seemed to some the social doctrine of the Founder of Christianity, to others a crude and impracticable Communism. Repression was inevitable, and the means of repression at hand were brutal—the rack, the gallows, and the stake. To-day the pressure of society is heavier and more uniform; its action is more massive, and so can afford to be less acute.

We cannot imagine Aeneas, even as Pope, a persecutor; but he had the Latin sense of the paramount claim of society and of the subordination of the parts to the whole. The guidance of circumstances, for which he had waited, came; he accepted it, and there is no reason to think that his acceptance was insincere. He was too sagacious to dream of the Papacy of Innocent III. or Boniface VIII.; but he believed in the necessity of a central power; he magnified his office and advanced the interests of his See. A representative Pope he was not: he was neither an official nor an enthusiast; and with few exceptions the occupants of the Holy See fall under one or other of these categories. But seldom has a better or wiser man filled it. The Church would be stronger, religion more flourishing had there been more Pontiffs such as he.

A few of his aphorisms may be quoted:—

> "A miracle should always be regarded with distrust."
> "No boldness is ever quite safe, and no injury lasts for ever."
> "Laws are not everlasting."
> "The King is given to the nation, not the nation to the King."
> "You must not go to courts for holiness."
> "Judgment in beliefs follows desire."
> "Nothing is more wobbling than a lie."

One technical inaccuracy may be corrected. Mr. Boulting speaks, in connection with the ordination of Aeneas, of his "vow of celibacy." This vow is only taken by a religious. In the case of a secular clergyman the obligation of celibacy rises not from a vow, but, according to some, from a tacit contract; according to others, and more probably, from positive law.

BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW.*

Among the misconceptions that have prevailed widely, and have held their ground tenaciously in the minds of both clergy and laity, is that which assumes a kind of chasm to lie between the prophecy of Malachi and the Gospel of Matthew. "For four hundred years the Holy Ghost was silent": this was a phrase that was often heard from pulpits; and may perhaps be heard still, in quarters where learning is slow to find an entrance, or where, perhaps, a lack of the sense of humor prevents the grotesqueness, or even the blasphemy, from the believers' point of view, of such a notion being recognised. Perhaps the misconception has gained strength from the further misconception that a semi-Popish attempt to bridge the chasm has been made by the inclusion of the "Apocrypha" in the Authorised Version of the Church of England. Recent scholarship has made it sufficiently clear that there was no such chasm at all; that, at any rate, those who believe in the inspiration of books of the Old Testament, such as Esther, Daniel, Ecclesiastes and Canticles, must admit that the Holy Ghost was active long after the days of the most distinguished Hebrew prophets; while a *catena* of writings of the biblical type, whether in Hebrew or in Greek, neither of them of such purity as to satisfy the philologist, can be drawn up, extending over the whole period, and throughout the first Christian century; while a sound criterion as to inspiration would perhaps exclude from the "canon" some documents that have found a place therein, and it might very well include others that at present are officially outside. This new volume, by Mr. Fairweather, is perhaps the best one to recommend to anyone who is really anxious to find a learned and trustworthy guide to the literature of the period in question. Already he had issued a smaller volume, "From the Exile to the Advent," dealing with the same subject; and now the book before us shows what knowledge and judgment lay behind the first essay, to which competent critics gave a warm welcome. Much more, however, than the literature is here handled in masterly fashion. All the characteristics of post-exilic Judaism are dealt with, including the developments which mark off the post- from the pre-Maccabæan periods, as also the distinguishing characteristics of the Herodian age. But what will probably prove most attractive to readers is the account of the "Apocalyptic Movement and Literature," contained in the sixth and seventh chapters. Here we have discussions on ten of these books, beginning with Daniel and ending with the "Sibylline Oracles"; and the last chapter of the work is concerned with Hellenistic Judaism, and especially with the significance and importance of the "Book of Wisdom." And finally, the notes, covering sixty pages, contain much interesting matter, otherwise to be gleaned only with difficulty from many larger works; and they carry us right down to the question of Christ's own belief as to the nearness of the end of the world, and even to the allegorism of Origen.

To call attention to a few interesting points: New light is thrown (p. 154) on the moral side of Sadduceeism. Its genius was "distinctly political," but, so far from being, as is commonly supposed, intellectuals and sceptics, they were "sheer worldlings at heart, and also reactionaries and conventionalists in religion." Of the book of Daniel, as the most distinguished and influential of the apocalyptic writings, fitly described as "Tracts for Bad Times," he says:—

> "Of the pre-Christian books belonging to this once popular species of literature, none other is so inherently charming, nor achieved such immediate success, nor became invested with such inherent sanctity."

It appears that the impious "King," who appears in the later chapters either as Nebuchadnezzar, or Belshazzar, or Darius, is throughout Antiochus Epiphanes:—

> "He is the tyrant whose pride, sacrilege, and arbitrary intolerance are so graphically mirrored forth and so amply punished, while the Jews who are the victims of his cruelty are miraculously delivered. All this by way of consolation for the oppressed." (p. 221.)

As to the question whether what seems to be thus deliberately composed as fiction can be put forth as divine revelation, expressed in allegorical form, the author distinguishes:—

> "Although in most cases apocalyptic writings must be pronounced literary fictions, they may, nevertheless, in some cases record real visionary experiences. It is psychologically conceivable that writers whose ideal it was to attain to ecstatic vision should sometimes have realised it through prayer and fasting." (p. 252.)

Thoughtfully as well as learnedly written throughout, and in a style that makes it eminently readable, the book is a credit to the United Free Church of Scotland, as well as to its author. In an Appendix is contained a Bibli-

* "The Background of the Gospels, or Judaism in the Period between the Old and New Testaments." The Twentieth Series of The Cunningham Lectures. By William Fairweather, M.A., Minister of Dunnikier United Free Church, Kirkcaldy. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 8s. net.

ography, with brief annotations on the scope and value of the works included. Some hundred and thirty publications are given in chronological order, starting with Prideaux' "Old and New Testament Connected" (1716), and ending with two books published in 1908.

BYE-PATHS OF EVOLUTION.*

THE ensuing year will bring no lack of reminders of the epoch-making period whose jubilee occurs in November, 1909, prior to which comes the celebration of the centenary of Darwin's birth this month. That little heed was paid in scientific circles to the *avant-coureur* of the "Origin of Species," issued by Darwin and Wallace in July, 1858, is evidenced in the fact cited by Dr. Poulton that Huxley had not heard of it. For in a letter to Lyell a year later, wherein he discusses the transformation of species, he makes no reference to the now classical paper. It was only when Darwin sent him an advance copy of the "Origin" that he learned what master-key to the problem of the mutability of life-forms lay in the theory of natural selection. His exclamation was, "How extremely stupid not to have thought of that!" Doughty champion of the theory from that time until his death, he nevertheless maintained that full proof of its validity would be obtained only when experiments in selective breeding from a common stock resulted in the production of varieties more or less infertile with one another, a result which he suggested experiments skilfully conducted might bring about "in a comparatively few years." But failure would not have troubled him, because it could not affect the evidence producible from other sources, as palæontology and embryology, in support of the doctrine of organic evolution. Like the colors of the spectrum, the gradations of human progress melt indefinably one into the other, and attempts at sharp division, as Comte's "Law of the Three States," and Draper's "Ages of Faith, Enquiry, and Reason," like the equator, have only the warrant of convenience without actuality. Hence there is justification in drawing a line between a pre-Darwinian and a post-Darwinian period, since history can tell of no such momentous and revolutionary change in man's attitude towards all phenomena as that wrought by Spencer and Darwin. How far-reaching is the significance of the movement to which these renowned men gave enormous impetus is brought home in Dr. Poulton's "Essays." As reprints, they suffer from repetitions incidental to interrelated subjects, and the book would have lost in bulk and gained in clearness by excision and remoulding. This applies notably to the last three chapters, which deal with mimicry and natural selection; in Dr. Poulton's words, "with the value of the visible surface of animals in the struggle for life." In this most fascinating branch of evolution he is *facile princeps*, and his gift of popular exposition could here have been exercised with advantage to those who may be deterred by the technical treatment of the subject.

The opening chapter summarises the history of a long and only recently extinct controversy between geologists and mathematicians as to the life-period of the globe. While the one required hundreds of millions of years for the deposition of the water-laid, fossil-yielding rocks, the other would grant only a paltry ten or twenty millions. But the data wherefrom Lord Kelvin—Darwin's "odious spectre," as he called him—deduced so narrow an estimate, were challenged by Professor Perry. Lord Kelvin had assumed that the matter of which the globe is made up is uniform throughout, and, therefore, that the rate at which it cooled to the life-developing stage was uniform. But Professor Perry produced evidence showing that the interior of the globe is probably of better conducting material than the surface rock, whereby the cooling of that surface would be enormously quickened, and the life-period pushed back to the time required by biologists. Then comes an important factor in the age of the sun, on which Professor Perry contributes a footnote:—

> "Assume that there is radium in the sun, and this gives us almost any multiple we please to imagine of the total energy assumed by Helmholtz. We are now in a position to say that the physicist can make no calculation as to the probable or possible age of life on the earth."

The revisions in this chapter should be extended. For example, both Sir J. W. Dawson and Professor P. G. Tait are spoken of as still living, and the statement that "the melting of snow on Mars is considered to be thoroughly well authenticated" should be qualified by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's opinion that the polar caps of that planet are due to solid carbonic acid.

In the essay entitled "A Remarkable Anticipation of Modern Views on Evolution," Dr. Poulton does graceful service in recalling to a generation to whom he is barely a name the pioneer work of J. C. Prichard, a physician of the early eighteenth century. In his "Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations" he formulated the theory of the linguistic brotherhood of the leading Indo-European races, a theory revived by Max Müller in his brilliant paper on "Aryan Mythology," some of the inferences from which, based on unstable equations, are, however, no longer tenable. Still more remarkable was Prichard's anticipation of Weismann's theory that only characters predetermined in the germ are available for transmission; characters acquired during the life of the individual being non-heritable. With a brevity that the German savant might envy, Prichard says:—

> "The law of hereditary conformation exists with a certain latitude and sphere of variety, but whatever varieties are produced in the race have their beginning in the original structure of some particular ovum or sperm, and not in any qualities superinduced by external causes in the progress of its development."

The birth and barrenness, and subsequent revival, of ideas would be interesting matter for a chapter in the history of human thought. Analogous to the foregoing example is one recently noted by the present reviewer in Howell's "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ," where an unlooked for anticipation of the modern theory of heat as a mode of energy is given in a letter, dated 1638, to Sir Kenelm Digby of "sympathetic powder" fame. Howell says: "For motion is the fountain of heat; as cold dulleth, so heat quickeneth all things." An example more to his purpose is supplied by Dr. Poulton in the re-discovery of the Abbé Mendel's practically forgotten experiments in mutation, hasty deductions from which are made occasion of onslaught on Dr. Bateson. We can leave the disputants to fight their battle, the more so as Mendel's re-discoverer, Professor de Vries, emphasises the harmony of his work with that of Darwin. The admirably full Analytical Index is beyond praise.

* "Essays on Evolution, 1889-1907." By E. B. Poulton, D.Sc., F.R.S., &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. net.

A MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.*

THERE is plenty of justification for this little book. The life of a schoolmaster must always be interesting, not only to the generations of boys who have come under his rule, but to those of us with whom all speculation with regard to education is of importance. The method pursued here, however, does not make for the best kind of biography. We never for one moment come very near the mind or the heart of Brown of Charterhouse. How could we, when the eight chapters of the book are each by a different hand, each being the mere "impression" of one or other of his old pupils? It is true that Dean Stanley, a pupil, succeeded very well in presenting Dr. Arnold to us, but Stanley was a man of exceptional insight, and almost of genius. There is no great insight, let alone genius, displayed by the half-dozen old boys of Charterhouse, who have between them made this volume; yet each separate essay is exceptionally interesting. Brown's early years were passed at Christ's Hospital when the Bluecoat School flourished in Newgate-street. An exceptionally bright boy, he carried away an abundance of knowledge from that school, for which, long afterwards, he wrote a special song. This song he himself translated into Greek, Latin, French, and German, and all his verses are produced here. He passed for a time to a schoolmastership in Yorkshire, and thence to Kensington School, which has now disappeared, but to which he would seem to have given for six years a very considerable success. Sir George Marshall, by the way, who writes on his work at Kensington School, should not

* "William Haig Brown of Charterhouse." A short biographical memoir written by some of his pupils, and edited by his son, Harold E. Haig Brown. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

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have attributed to Haig Brown that little joke about "rowing in the same boat, but with different sculls." That jest had vogue long before the head master of Kensington School was heard of.

The life-work of Haig Brown, however, is associated with Charterhouse, of which he was appointed head master in 1863. Brown followed the school's destinies from Smithfield to Godalming, and there cannot be a doubt but that he was a triumphant success as a schoolmaster. There is no hint, however, here that he was anything more than a good common-sense business man, in addition to being a good scholar. Such a combination is rare enough, and to ask more is unreasonable. There was none of the magnetism that was the undoubted gift of Dr. Arnold, although one of these essayists (J. E. D. Campbell) calls Arnold a "prig," as Mr. Swinburne once called him a philistine. Mr. Campbell, however, whose article on Brown's "Scholastic Work as Head Master," is the best in the volume, admits his limitations, and states the fact that there was no organised teaching of English literature, that subject being non-existent in the curriculum of the sixth form. There was also no organised teaching, we are told, of modern history, and the most superficial attempt at ancient history. Mr. Campbell hints, however, that there is a well-known public school in existence that is still working by a time-table drawn up in 1789. We like two stories told by Sir Arthur Stokes, one of a lady who asked Brown if all the boys at Charterhouse were the sons of gentlemen, to which he replied: "We do not include the education of the parents"; and on another occasion, when a father—a rich self-made man, who was anxious to get his son into the doctor's house—remarked that "money was no object with me." Brown replied: "No, sir, nor with me." Only once in his career did Haig Brown come before the public. It was upon the occasion of a case of diphtheria in the school, when a parent withdrew his son because one of the boys, who had been sleeping in the same dormitory, had died. Dr Haig Brown refused to let the boy who had been withdrawn return to the school. The boy's father wrote to the newspapers. There was a fierce controversy. All the sympathies of the biographer are with Dr. Haig Brown, but not sufficient evidence is given here to justify the head-master. We are told that there were reasons for his action that are not disclosed. We assume they were disclosed to the parents of the other boys, otherwise the conduct of these parents is inexplicable. The father, who withdrew his son from the school, acted, it seems to us, as any parent would have done who did not feel oppressed by a superfluity of children. Dr. Haig Brown remained Master of Charterhouse from 1863 to 1897. In this latter year he retired to the old buildings of the fraternity—the master's house in Smithfield. Here, from 1898 until his death in January, 1907, the old schoolmaster passed his declining days. He died where Colonel Newcome died. It is clear from this volume that the Carthusians were proud of him.

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In "David Bran" Mr. Morley Roberts has given us an interesting rather than a finished piece of workmanship. As with his "Rachel Marr," though in a less degree, we feel that the elemental passions of his Cornish fisher folk would find more fitting artistic expression in a play than in a novel. A poetic drama, with the scenes cast into a wilder old-time atmosphere, might give the author scope for working out his psychological study of the passions of love and hate, whereas the framework of modern fiction and the atmosphere of contemporary life seem to produce a photographic effect that is out of keeping with these fierce, primitive emotions. Mr. Morley Roberts might also recognise that his style, deficient in fine shades, would gain dignity in the expression of strong, simple dialogue, and if actors could be found for his virile fisher hero, David Bran, and the two women, Lou and Kate, who give him their love, the moral scheme would gain by being set in an actual atmosphere of tragic passion. As it stands, the psychological blot on the novel has nothing to do with the moral aspect of the situation, which is common and world-wide, but in the repentance of the old mother, Mrs. Bran, after she has failed to murder the woman she hates—Lou Treverris. It is inconceivable that a puritanic nature of this fiercely fanatical type could ever reconcile herself to the woman Lou, who has stolen her son from his lawful wife and set his steps in the path of sin. Even if she herself has sinned and misread the sign sent her by God, she could never say what Mr. Morley Roberts puts into her mouth: "The sins of the flesh are not so sinful as those of the mind." But, apart from this unreality, there is much psychological strength in the analysis of the emotional stress and storm between the man David and the women Lou and Kate.

In "The Potter's House," a study of the puritanic social atmosphere of a little village community of New England farming folk, Mr. Eldridge has narrowly missed achieving a powerful novel. There are at least three characters in the book delineated with uncommon force, and these are the stern, self-righteous young minister, Simeon Craig, the brutal and sullen young farmer Ashgrave, who is ostracised by his neighbors, and his mistress, the girl Amanda, who is finally revolted by the reckless and brutal force of her lover. What is interesting in "The Potter's House" is that the author, while limning the puritanic atmosphere in all its hard-edged, harsh, and biting strength, is himself cognisant to the full of the backslidings and spiritual depravities of the good people of Padanaram. This is rare in an American novel, and it suggests that the author, reared in such a New England community in youth, has returned to it in after years with a spiritual outlook broadened and humanised by contact with new horizons. Or is it merely the contrast between a backward rural district and the spirit of town culture? In any case the scenes which draw for us the animal riot of Ashgrave's senses, when he has defied the threatening hostility of his neighbors, and dared them do their worst, after taking into his household the Catholic lad, Henri, and attending mass with him at the Catholic mission at Belmont, are drawn with much insight into the load of bad conscience that seems to be a special inheritance of the New England breast. Ashgrave's riot of sinful licence is merely the excessive and morbid discharge of the same passions which Craig, in his fanatical self-repression, is storing up. The author arrives at this conclusion when, at the end of the novel, Craig, who is in love with Amanda, finds the whole structure of self-repression crumbling at her voice, and urges that it is a sin for her to violate God's ordinance, and refuse to marry the man who loves her most—himself. Unfortunately for Mr. Eldridge, his powers of artistic construction are by no means equal to his powers of psychological analysis, and the unnatural complications which he has introduced into his plot in order to keep in the background Amanda's destined mate, Barnaby, destroy much of the force of the situation. The author has yet to learn that unnecessary detail in a work of art weakens the force of its appeal. As a first novel, however, "In the Potter's House" is certainly highly promising.

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licence, we are told, is that of the original author, not Mr. Courtney's; neither does it affect the dramatic qualities of the piece or the merit of the blank verse in which most of it is written. Without knowing how much of the characterisation is drawn from the original version, it may be said that the personalities of Catherine, the dowager Queen, the half-demented King Charles, Margaret of Valois, and Navarre himself, are finely visualised against their lurid background of murder and intrigue; the play, moreover, abounds in the possibilities of strong color and striking situations. We say "possibilities," because it is difficult to judge it from a dispassionate literary standpoint, without reference to its actual presentation, and in these times the finest drama, especially historical drama, can be made or marred irretrievably by its staging and acting. "Bridals of Blood" would require the best to do it justice.

* * *

The latest addition to the "Highways and Byways" series deals with "Surrey" (Macmillan, 6s.), and has been written by Mr. Eric Parker. Like most volumes in the excellent series to which it belongs, it is delightful reading, and one feels that some of the places described must be visited at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Parker has been successful in catching the spirit in which a book of the sort should be written. He chats with his reader, and the information with which the book is packed is given in manner far removed from that of the ordinary guide-book. Ruling out the part of Surrey which is now London, and confining himself to the open country, or country villages, or towns, Mr. Parker begins with the Old Way, the Pilgrim's Way, which has seen so many travellers, from the worshippers who went to Stonehenge down to the modern motorists. Once started, it matters little where Mr. Parker takes us, so rich is Surrey in scenery of varied type, as well as in historical and literary associations. Kew, Richmond, Staines, Dorking, Box Hill, Crowhurst, Epsom, Thorpe, Runemede, Guildford, call up a crowd of memories, and Surrey has been associated—to name but a few—with Sir William Temple, Dorothy Osborne, Swift, Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Jane Austen, Horace Walpole, Pepys, Cobbett, and Boswell. Mr. Parker is to be congratulated on having written a book which is sure to heighten his readers' interest in what is, to Londoners, one of the most accessible of English counties. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations have his accustomed delicacy and grace of outline.

* * *

Messrs. Cassell have just issued a souvenir volume, "Peace and the Churches" (6s. net), of the visit made to this country by representatives of the German Christian Churches in May and June of last year. The book contains a record of the proceedings printed in English and German, and is illustrated by a great number of photographs. There are Forewords by the Archbishops of Canterbury and Westminster, Dr. Clifford, Prelate Kleinedam, Dr. Dryander, Mr. J. Allen Baker, M.P., and others. The book is handsomely produced, and is sure to be valued by all interested in the movement for International Peace.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. Jan. 29.	Price Friday morning. Feb. 5.
Consols 2½ per cent.	83 ...	83⅛
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On Tuesday there was quite a revival of speculation in Paris, and our foreign market was greatly encouraged. The reason assigned was the solution of the Turco-Bulgarian difficulty by Russia's proposal that she should lend Bulgaria, at 6 per cent., some of the money she has just borrowed from France at less than 5 per cent. in order to enable Bulgaria to pay the indemnity to Turkey. It is a comic transaction; but one must suppose that all parties like it. Anyhow, the main thing was to smooth out another crease in the Balkans. Meanwhile, everything looked smooth financially. The Bank's position has become steadily stronger, and easy money seems to be assured. The Canadian loan, though only half subscribed, stood at a premium. Then suddenly came the announcement of an Indian loan for no less than 7½ millions. This, on the top of a Canadian loan for six, is almost bound to depress the price of Consols and other gilt-edged securities. The loan bears interest at 3½ per cent., and its issue price is 97. The peculiar feature of it is that the whole has been underwritten by the India Council. One cannot help thinking that the India Government might take steps in future loans to encourage the participation of native Indian investors. Nothing could add so much to the security of the loans and the borrowing power of India for railways, irrigation, and other productive purposes. Nevertheless, this loan, as well as the Canadian, will probably be absorbed. A leading Stock Exchange man told me on Thursday that he had seldom seen so much new money coming forward for investment in bonds.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The other day the Lancashire and Yorkshire dividend had to be reduced from 4¾ to 3¾ per cent. The report shows that the decrease in traffic receipts was about £150,000, half of which was accounted for by merchandise (mainly cotton, no doubt), and the remaining half by passengers and minerals. Half the loss was made up by reductions in working expenses. Receipts have not yet begun to improve; but this year is almost certain to be better than last; so the stock at 90 or 91 looks a fairly good investment. The English railway meetings have been quite lively; but so far the attempts to eliminate senile or grossly incompetent directors and to improve the management have been unsuccessful. If only half a dozen *honest* Harrimen could be reared on English soil!

The Abuse of Inside Knowledge.

Mr. John D. Archbold, of Standard Oil fame, once confessed that when he feared certain oil wells were about to dry up he hurriedly unloaded all his stocks upon unsuspecting buyers. "Was this honorable?" asks a New York critic. "Or let us suppose that a powerful railroad system evinces a desire to purchase a weak road, is it fair that the insiders should make speculative uses of their information?" One American authority expresses the opinion that it is this inside jugglery of stocks that is driving the outside investor from stocks to bonds, since the latter are less susceptible to manipulation, and cannot be influenced by changes in dividend rates, which are a common source of enormous profits to directors. This unscrupulous abuse of inside knowledge is one of the blackest features of high finance in the United States. The "Journal of Commerce" remarks that if it cannot be dealt with by law, "moral suasion should be brought to bear upon the managers of our country's large affairs, so as to induce them to refrain from these highly questionable practices."

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Diary of the Week.

The King and Queen have made a brilliant success of their visit to Berlin, the details of which were arranged both by the Kaiser and the Municipal authorities, so as to present a mixture of splendor and of delicate family sympathy. Thus the rooms in the Royal Castle reserved for King Edward and Queen Alexandra were filled with English books and with many memorials of the common home life of the two Royal Houses, and of reminiscences of English history. The fact that the souvenir contained a special tribute to four great English sailors will, we suppose, be regarded as a special touch of German Machiavellianism. We observe that the "Times," which first suppressed the important disclosure of Mr. Chamberlain's effort to bring about an Anglo-German alliance, proceeded to record the King's second day in Berlin in a dry and meagre article of a little over a column in length, against over three columns in the "Morning Post," over six columns in the "Daily Telegraph," and between three and four columns in the "Manchester Guardian." We understand the political view which dictates this belittlement of one of the most interesting European events of our times, but we do not gather how the conductors of the "Times" reconcile it with ideas of efficiency in the conduct of a newspaper.

* * *

The Berlin speeches on both sides have been of the most cordial and encouraging character. At the State banquet in the White Hall of the Royal Castle on Tuesday night, the Kaiser declared that the German people saw in the visit a "new pledge for the future peaceful and friendly development of the relations between our two countries." "I know," he added, "how much our wishes for the preservation and strengthening of peace are in accord, and I can offer your Majesty no better welcome than the expression of the firm conviction that your Majesty's visit will contribute to the realisation of these our wishes." To this the King replied that the Kaiser had given "eloquent expression to" his own feelings, and added that his coming "purposes not only to recall before the world the close ties of relationship between our two houses, but also aims at the strengthening of the friendly relations between our two countries, and thus at the preservation of the general peace towards which all my endeavors are directed."

* * *

Less formal, but equally cordial, language was used by King Edward at the pleasant reception at the Rathaus, where, after drinking a cup of wine presented to him in the name of the City of Berlin, the King added, "It is my earnest desire that the relations of the two peoples may always be the best." These expressions find a significant echo in the German newspapers, and are approved not only in the French Press, but in the still hostile Austrian newspapers. The "Berliner Tageblatt" says Germany cannot keep pace with the British in naval armaments, and suggests a naval agreement on condition that Great Britain "reduces the speed of her naval construction." Other papers assume that not merely family but political considerations have dictated the visit. The "Morning Leader" has also received a sheaf of very satisfactory utterances which suggest a desire, expressed by the "Vossische Zeitung," for a definite understanding. We cannot think that this is a message which the Government will ignore. The popular side of the visit, which the King knows so well how to emphasise, seems to have been brilliantly managed. The Berlin municipality were delighted with his visit, and his luncheon with the officers of the First Dragoon Guards, of which he is Colonel, appears to have been a specially cordial function. The King has conferred the Star of the Royal Victorian Order on the Chief Burgomaster of Berlin.

* * *

On Tuesday, the day of the arrival of the King at Berlin, France and Germany signed an agreement which puts an end to their long and dangerous dispute over Morocco. The German Government on the one hand declares that it has only economic intents in Morocco, and recognises that France's special political interests are closely bound up with the consolidation of order and peace in Morocco. The French Government on the other hand pledges itself to the maintenance of the integrity of Morocco, and to the preservation of economic equality, and undertakes not to oppose German industrial and commercial interests there. Both Governments undertake not to seek any economic privilege in Morocco for themselves or any other, and agree to associate the subjects of both States in any concessions these may secure. The Franco-German agreement, in other words, guarantees the "open door" in perpetuity, not merely for thirty years, as in the Anglo-French agreement, and

apparently it gives Germany a special advantage not conceded to England, in the matter of co-operation in concessions obtained by French subjects. By ending the Morocco squabble it makes the task of bringing England and Germany together much easier, for this long dispute has hitherto given a recurring anti-German edge to the Anglo-French understanding.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes: "It is little more than two months since for twenty-four hours the possibility of war with Germany hung in the balance. The German Government had unexpectedly demanded an apology for the Casablanca incident, in which France seemed *prima facie* to be the aggrieved party, and the demand had been refused. In the view of the French Government the demand meant either bluff or an excuse for a quarrel. Orders were sent to the army to be in readiness to mass on the frontier, and every preparation was made for war. Now the situation has happily changed, and it would seem that the eternal question of Morocco is settled. The agreement between France and Germany is admitted, even by those who are far from satisfied with the Clemenceau Ministry, to be a feather in its cap.

* * *

"It has been received here with almost unanimous approval. The only dissentient notes are struck by a few Nationalist organs such as the 'Eclair' and the 'Soleil,' while even the 'Gaulois' applauds. Those who have always defended the Delcassé-Pichon diplomacy maintain that it is now justified. An agreement with Germany, they claim, was made possible by the firmness shown in December in rejecting an indefensible demand, and they add that, had M. Rouvier shown the same firmness, instead of dismissing M. Delcassé in obedience to Berlin, an understanding would have been arrived at before. M. Delcassé himself, who heartily approves of the agreement, considers it to be a justification of his policy, which has been continued by M. Pichon, and also a result of the *entente cordiale*, which has made France strong enough to hold her own. The hope is generally entertained that the agreement may lead to an improvement in Anglo-German relations. It is reported that it was facilitated by certain combinations between French and German capitalists interested in African minerals; and in the 'Humanité' M. Marcel Sembat quaintly maintains that the real authors of the agreement are Krupp and Schneider rather than Bülow and Clemenceau."

* * *

We deal elsewhere with the character and implications of the new South African Constitution, which was given to the world on Tuesday. Its reception, both in the Imperial and in the South African Press is, on the whole, favorable. It has some detached critics, among them Mr. Schreiner, one of the more isolated politicians of the Sub-Continent. Mr. Schreiner thinks the scheme illiberal, probably on the ground of its rather perilous treatment of the native franchise, and is of opinion that it ought to be made the subject of a popular *referendum*, instead of a mere reference to the Parliaments. More important is Mr. Hofmeyr's general approval, qualified with a reserve as to the Cape representation. The Press, South African and Progressive, is friendly. The two important organs of Dutch opinion—"Ons Land" in the Cape Colony, and the "Volksstem" in Pretoria—attach especial weight to the clause which makes Dutch and English official languages of the Union, and puts them on a perfect official and Parliamentary equality. The powerful Mr. Steyn is also favorable, and this secures Dutch support. Among the organs of the mining interest, the "Kimberley Advertiser" unites with the Johannesburg papers, the "Star," "Leader," and "Rand Mail" in general approval, though there is a rather ominous note from the northern Colonies as to the retention of the native franchise for the Cape. Natal is heavily bribed by the terms of union, and will probably accept them, but grumbles, after her fashion. Commercial interests seem solidly favorable, and the party leaders on both sides are firm in support. The new Dominion is to be called simply "South Africa."

* * *

The "Daily Mail" considers that it is in a position to state that the Cabinet has accepted the proposals of the Admiralty, and that the naval programme for the coming financial year is to include the laying down of five improved "Dreadnoughts," to be followed by a sixth. The last arrangement is to be contingent on German progress in new construction, which is said to be twelve months in arrear. There is no truth in any one of these statements. The Government has not decided on any such programme. Germany is not in arrears with her construction. It follows that the further suggestion that the scheme of new construction will involve an increased expenditure of from three to four millions is equally baseless.

* * *

Mr. Harcourt made an interesting speech on Saturday, reverting to the late Prime Minister's resolution on the Lords, which he adopted, and described as "an historic landmark in the annals of our Parliament." He declared that the friction in our parliamentary system was now "accumulated," and was "contrary to public weal," affecting as it did the governing power of democracy. Four courses were open to the Liberal Party. The House of Lords could be ended, or amended—that is to say, reformed—the relations of the two Houses could be revised by law, and, finally, the party could go on as if nothing had happened. Mr. Harcourt objected to the first, second, and fourth courses, and declared for the third, which meant, in his view, the adoption of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's plan. By this they would practically arrive at triennial Parliaments for acute party issues, leaving two closing years for less contentious measures.

* * *

The German Secretary of the Treasury is having a much less pleasant job than Mr. Lloyd George is likely to have. He has just had to ask for permission to issue another £7,500,000 Treasury bonds, after exhausting £23,750,000 since last March. Meanwhile his scheme of taxes for raising an additional £25,000,000 of revenue is having a bad time in the Finance Reform Committee of the Reichstag. The taxes on gas, electricity, and advertisements are pretty certain to be rejected. The spirit monopoly is bitterly opposed by the Conservatives; but the severest struggle is being fought over the death duties proposal. The novelty of the death duties is that they are to be imposed on estates left to near kin, and for that reason, though the suggested tax is light enough, and although Baron von Rheinbaben declares that four fifths of German land will be exempt, the landlord party and the Centre will have nothing of them. The alternative would be an Imperial tax on capital—for some direct sources will have to be tapped—and this measure has the support of the Liberals; but the Government is pledged to the States not to make this entrenchment upon direct sources of revenue. The Reichstag Committee was expected to settle the fate of the death duties this week; but its decision has been delayed by negotiations for a compromise, and by the week's ceremonies. Nobody is

optimistic enough to expect that the Government will get the full £25,000,000 of new revenue required to balance income and expenditure and to restore German credit.

* * *

We are surprised to see that Mr. Haldane has given his blessing to the action of Lord Rothschild, as Chairman of the Directors of the Alliance Insurance Society, in declaring that in future clerks engaged for work at this office must be members of the Territorial Army. Mr. Haldane might at least have waited till Lord Rothschild had extended this system to his own office, which he has not yet done. On Wednesday Mr. Haldane, speaking at the Ritz Hotel, and bestowing common praise on the "Daily Mail" and the play which describes the invasion of England by a German Army, declared that the basis of what he called "our great overseas army" must be voluntary. But how is a force voluntary when employers make service in it a condition of employment, and diminish the earning power of young men who do not care for military drill, or are not physically suited to it? Does Mr. Haldane mean to confine his preference for voluntarism, as against what he called the "debatable question of conscription," to an overseas force? It seems surprising that a Minister of War should openly patronise a play which holds up to ridicule a body in whose future he is interested. But does he mean it to remain voluntary? We observe that he concluded his speech, according to the "Times" report, by saying that a good deal might be said for compulsion, so long as it was not applied to people between seventeen and twenty-one, that is to say, to recruiting for the Regular Army. We hope that questions will be put to Mr. Haldane when Parliament meets, and that a very specific answer will be required of him.

* * *

The Italian Chamber has been dissolved, and the General Elections have been fixed for the latter end of March. The Chamber, whose career is ended, was elected in November 1904, and when it met counted nearly 350 Ministerialists and a variegated Opposition of 140. During its life it was ruled by five Ministries: by Giolitti for a few months, by Tittoni for a few days, by Fortis for nine months, by Sonnino for a few weeks, and finally again by Giolitti, whose second term outlasted the Chamber. Signor Giolotti has been induced to dissolve the Chamber before its seven years are up by the difficult position of his Foreign Minister, Signor Tittoni. Signor Tittoni was bitterly attacked last December in connection with the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, but pulled through then because it was believed that he had secured from Austria as the price of his approval the concession of an Italian University for the Italian-speaking subjects of Austria. It turns out, however, that all Baron Aehrenthal means to give is an Italian faculty of law, and that in Vienna, not in the Italian district. Signor Giolotti needs Signor Tittoni during the elections to get him Conservative support, and therefore he has preferred a dissolution rather than the immediate sacrifice of the Foreign Minister.

* * *

The Azeff scandal brings forth new and more sensational revelations every day, and, according to the "Times" correspondent, the Russian Press is unanimous in recognising it as "one of the gravest predicaments that have ever befallen Russia." The Government has issued a statement denying that any official, Ratchkoffsky, the foreign organiser of the Secret Service, or any other, took part in any Terrorist act and asserting that "there has been no hint of Azeff's participation in political crimes against Government officials." M. Lopukhin, it explains, was arrested because he had made known Azeff's co-operation with the police to the Social Revolutionaries. Full explanations are promised when the Duma discusses the matter. This statement satisfies nobody. It seems pretty certain that M. Lopukhin was not responsible for Azeff's exposure, and Azeff is said to be still in St. Petersburg, drawing his £300 a month from the Treasury. The Duma Committee has accepted the Cadets' interpellation on the Azeff scandal, and the extreme left promises on this occasion to produce the most damning proof of the active co-operation of Azeff and other officials in Terrorist outrages. The Social Revolutionaries' Committee in Paris are understood to have handed over to the Socialist deputation the documentary evidence in their possession.

* * *

Dr. Sven Hedin, the greatest of living travellers, gave a brilliant lecture on his last journeys in Thibet to the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, and Lord Morley, in moving the vote of thanks, justly said of Dr. Hedin that on no one of his enterprises had he shed blood or raised ill-will. The journey involved incredible hardships, most of it being over enormous snowfields, while the temperature went down to the freezing point of mercury,—38·6 degrees C. Dr. Hedin began, of course, by disguising the fact that he was a European, but he was at last discovered and confessed. Dr. Hedin said cheerfully that Himalaya made "not only a natural defence of solid granite, but it was double, and it would be amusing to see a Northern enemy try to jump over those two walls, with the Indus-Brahmaputra grave between them."

* * *

The anti-Japanese agitation remains lively in the United States. Nevada, Nebraska, and Oregon have made platonic demonstrations, but the centre of trouble is California. The Legislature of that State has killed the Bills aimed at preventing Japanese owning land or becoming members of corporations or living in the white quarter, but the Assembly has passed the Bill for excluding them from the public schools. Mr. Roosevelt calls this the most offensive of all, one combining the minimum of efficiency with the maximum of insult. In a long message to the Speaker of the Assembly, he urges the rejection of the Bill and loyal co-operation in a further trial of the Government's policy of action through friendly agreement with Japan. That policy, he argues, is working very well, and in six months has reduced the number of Japanese in the United States by 2,000. Mr. Gillett, the State Governor, likewise recommends the defeat of the Bill. It has still to run the gauntlet of the State Senate, where it is likely to be defeated, and if it gets safely through that Mr. Gillett will probably veto it. If he fails, there still remains the Supreme Court to test its constitutionality. The editor of the "San Francisco Argonaut" expresses sound opinion when he says that "the situation is really less serious than it is made to appear," that "the whole trouble has been magnified in the official correspondence," and that "there would have been no trouble if there had been less haste and more discretion at Washington."

Politics and Affairs.

THE FRUIT OF THE BERLIN VISIT.

The striking success of the King's visit to Berlin will, we hope, discredit in advance the comment of our anti-German fanatics that no substantial meaning lies behind the passage of compliments between the King and the Kaiser, and the almost identical messages of good-will for the British and the German Empires that the two sovereigns exchanged at the banquet in the Royal Castle of Berlin. We shall, indeed, play an unwise and a churlish part if we fail to acknowledge the splendor of the King's reception, and the hospitable, generous, and even affectionate spirit that the German Emperor and people have thrown into it. For the meeting, with its atmosphere and graceful exhibition of family warmth, happens to coincide with a change in the European situation which may be of the utmost value in the working out of the future relations of the two countries. The Franco-German agreement in Morocco puts an end to a difficulty which we may regard either as a series of misunderstandings or as the storm-centre of a great political movement, with Germany acting the part that the downfall of Russia at the hands of Japan suggested to her statesmen. The latter is the reading of the "Times," and, we imagine, also of our own Foreign Office; the former is, we hope, at once the less ambitious and the more probable interpretation. In any case the Moroccan affair is at end; a simple declaration of mutual economic *désinteressement* has wiped out the whole panoramic picture of vast State designs which our fears and those of France had, rightly or wrongly, constructed. Did Germany mean so much, and is she content with so little? Did she mean to show France plainly that with the humiliation of the allied military Power she must come into harmony with the German system or risk a repetition of 1870, and did our firm action avert this European disaster? Let this theory have what weight it may, and, incidentally let it open our eyes to the nature of the changes in our foreign policy that, since the French *entente*, have fixed this country as an active member of a combination of European Powers from which its most powerful neighbor is excluded. But the incident has passed. Germany, which initiated the negotiation, has behaved with exemplary moderation. She has accepted the "open door" to trade in Morocco, as distinguished from all political interests, and French opinion is content and even warmly appreciative. Now, therefore, that our friend across the Channel is fully satisfied, and that the two Royal houses are on cordial terms, we have to ask again what material fruit the people of this country are to reap from the double appeasement, material and sentimental, in the Anglo-German situation. The comment at once arises—If France and Germany can attain a settlement of their most vexed question, cannot we? To this end the remarks of the Berlin Press are plainly directed. The "Post" and "Germania" ask clearly for an Anglo-German understanding. The "Berliner Tageblatt" suggests that Germany should meet us in naval matters if we reduce the speed of our naval construction. We seem, therefore, to have reached a golden hour in Anglo-German history. Let us see to it that it does not slip away unused.

We confess that we cannot think it possible that a Liberal Government will inform the world, on the meeting of Parliament, that the foreign situation is unchanged, and that the veiled war of naval armaments is to go on as before. That would be a grave assumption. If diplomacy and material strength have no relation to each other, if a cordial reconciling visit is of no account, and the European peoples are invited to go on bearing indefinitely the ever-increasing burden of an armed peace, we have conceded one argument of the war-makers, that preparation for an early Anglo-German struggle is the better, because the cheaper, expedient. This is the moral which a writer in the "Fleet Annual" of 1909 draws from Mr. Asquith's supposed readiness to build against America and Germany, and from the coming Naval Estimates. "Ministers," says this writer, "know that the Estimates they are now preparing mean not the 'preservation of peace,' but a 'declaration of war.'" Would that be an improper conclusion from such a premise? We cannot think so. We are well within sight of a Navy costing forty millions a year, an end to be attained, with absolute certainty, within the next three years under the estimates kindly prepared for this Government by that historic ally of Liberalism, the "Times" newspaper. Six "Dreadnoughts" (at 2¼ millions apiece, and a maintenance charge of over £200,000 a year) are to be laid down this year, six the next. Supporting charges are to be incurred in smaller vessels and in new dock accommodation. If there is any word for such preparations but war expenditure, we do not know it. We have, in a word, arrived at a point when, unless the whole moral and material force of the Liberal Party is unflinchingly exerted, all influence over peace and war, and the well-being of two great communities, will have passed completely out of its hands.

That party has, we submit, three vital tasks before it. The first is to ask for a full statement on foreign policy. That is long over-due. We have a great respect for Sir Edward Grey, and a strong friendliness towards him. But he will acknowledge that the time has come when he must be asked for an account of his long and interesting stewardship, and that he owes such a declaration both to the country and to the party which has so generously trusted him. There is an excellent precedent for such a representation to our own Foreign Minister. Germany has a far less developed representative system than our own, and she possesses nothing like our Sovereign Parliament. But Prince Bülow has never hesitated to speak freely and fully to the Reichstag on Foreign Affairs; and now that a happier turn has been given to the anxieties of the last three years, the House of Commons has a right to at least an equal measure of satisfaction. Sir Edward Grey has, we sincerely believe, been a worker for peace. It would be an insult to a Liberal statesman to suggest that he has had any other public end in view. When, therefore, we learn from the Foreign Secretary that, as things stand,

Germany and England are friends, the Liberal Party can with confidence ask that the Naval Estimates shall be accommodated to the diplomatic position.

Is this second demand unreasonable? The "Times," at the instance, we are afraid, of the permanent heads of the Admiralty, has called for twelve "Dreadnoughts" in two years. This is a demand for twenty-four, or, more probably, twenty-seven, millions. Any estimate based upon it commits the nation for a long future, the financial implications of which are of the gravest possible character, while they snatch from it all hope of a period of constructive social reform. It is understood that the special point of alarm is that the German strength in "Dreadnoughts" will be so rapidly accumulated towards the end of 1911 or the beginning of 1912 that it and the parallel British force will be almost equal. The calculation can only be made on the theory that no more British "Dreadnoughts" will come in to our fleet of these vessels by the dates we have specified. But if this be the fact, the whole plea is a specious evasion of the facts. Let us say that we are bound to build four "Dreadnoughts." If either four or six "Dreadnoughts" are added to the list of completed vessels within three years, they will give us an ample predominance in this one class. If neither addition comes in, nothing is gained for the critical period by insisting on the larger quota. Moderation, therefore, in addition to its enormous gain from the point of view of policy, which again vitally affects the future scale of ship-building in Germany and in England, has common sense on its side. It has the further advantage of avoiding a most sensational plunge on a single class of vessel on whose supreme merits well-equipped experts and students of the Navy like Sir William White and Lord Brassey are sceptical. We thought that the lesson of the Hamilton programme had not been entirely thrown away. But it seems that the method of "scare-building" is so deeply implanted in the British Admiralty that nothing can eradicate it.

It is at this point that we hope the Liberal Party in Parliament will take up its third and perhaps its most important position. It is time for Liberals to say that the lines of defence for this country must lie finally with its statesmen, and not with its "experts." The Navy Estimates are again being inflated, through the now accustomed campaign of these latter gentlemen for a "good Press"—be it well understood, a Tory Press—in its favor. How long are we to endure these methods, inconsistent as they are with the true power of the permanent Service and their security against party criticism? They imply two evils, the divorce of armaments from policy and the practical obliteration of Liberal statesmanship. Liberal Governments now act in the matter of the war services under threats of resignation by gentlemen, grown bolder with impunity, who have secured beforehand the public opinion they exploit for a narrow and often disputed technical view. This journal has hitherto defended Sir John Fisher from the unsparing attacks of a rival interest on the Service. But we confess we doubt whether the country would not have greatly benefited if, two years ago, the heads of the factions whose war cries then filled the Press had been simultaneously relieved of their duties, and a much-needed lesson learned in the self-effacement of officers on service. It is not too late for the Parliamentary Party to come to the rescue, and to assert policy against technique. We observe that the "Daily Chronicle" states without contradiction that about one-fifth of the Cabinet, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the most powerful living representative of historic Liberalism, have made a determined stand for moderate Estimates. If this is true, we have only to add that behind this one-fifth lie nine-tenths of the Parliamentary party and all the moral force of Liberalism. But if the present party unity on the Navy is broken up, it is not only the Government which will suffer irreparable disaster. The blow will have been delivered at the heart of Liberalism, at the hopes of democracy, and at the cause of European peace.

ANOTHER BRITISH NATION.

The draft constitution for the tenure of South African States is, in the first place, remarkable as a testimony to the healing and reconciling powers of common nationality. For underneath the bitter quarrels in which from time to time the several States engaged, deeper even than the racial fury of the recent war, was the sense of a common country and a growing nationality which would demand and obtain political expression. Those who have closely followed the movement towards closer union have recognised from the first as the happiest augury of success this truly patriotic note in the conduct of the leading representatives of races, political parties, and even economic interests. Though spilt blood is the worst cement, and war the worst approach towards a union of hearts, it is doubtless the case that the terrible commercial, financial, and social debility which was the inevitable aftermath of war helped to ripen in the minds of thoughtful South Africans the urgency of the work of political reconstruction. The quick bestowal of full self-government upon the two new Colonies made early action practicable, while the success of the Dutch-British party in securing the control of the Cape and Transvaal Parliaments assuaged the soreness and removed the suspicions among the rural population that would have retarded the acceptance of any form of Union or Federation which appeared to bear the impress of a distinctively British Imperialism.

The scheme itself is remarkable alike for its courage and its discretion, its logic and its compromise. Although the status of province is retained for the several Colonies, and provincial Assemblies will still exercise certain governmental powers, the triumph of the principle of Union over Federation is pretty complete. The statesmen who formed this convention learned important lessons from the United States and the closer experience of Australia, regarding the dangers and difficulties of any central government confronted by the rights of sovereign States. Even the larger powers exercised by the Canadian Dominion, with its reservation of all rights not expressly delegated to the Provinces and its general power of legislative veto, have not prevented serious collisions

of feeling and of interest. The South African Constitution seeks closer unity by stricter limitation of the powers of the Provincial Councils, which hardly exceed those possessed in this country by County Councils and other elective units of local government, and through the appointment by the central government of a Provincial Administrator as the chief executive officer, and of an Auditor of Provincial Accounts in whom will be vested a strong central control over provincial finances. If these proposals are adopted, British South Africa will, to all intents and purposes, become a single self-governing State, containing within itself full legislative, executive, and judicial control, with the exception of such almost nominal limitation upon legislation as is contained in the right of the Crown to disallow Acts, a dwindling control over foreign policy, and an appeal in special cases from the Supreme Court of South Africa to the Privy Council.

There are many interesting provisions in the proposed electoral machinery. One of the most important is the adoption of proportional representation by the single transferable vote for the election of members of the Legislative Assembly and of the Provincial Councils —an experiment which will furnish the first really adequate test for this reform of electoral method. In allotting the number of members of the Central Parliament of the several Provinces a variety of delicate considerations arose. The reluctance of Natal to enter a union likely to be dominated by Dutch-British has been overcome in part by assigning to her and to the Orange Free State a considerably larger representation than their population would have warranted. But this early over-representation of the two smaller Provinces in the Assembly, and their representation on equal terms with the Transvaal and the Cape in the Senate, are only temporary aberrations from "equality." The former will be automatically corrected as the population of South Africa increases; the latter is partly corrected by the power of the Governor-General to nominate eight Senators, partly by the complete ability of the central government to revise the constitution of the Senate after ten years have expired.

Indeed, the elasticity imparted to this written constitution is remarkable, and will appear to those who distrust democracy excessive. No limit is set upon the power of the bare majority in any Parliament to amend the Constitution, save in certain clauses relating to electoral rights and one or two minor matters, which require a two-thirds majority of the total number of members of the two Houses to alter them. Nowhere in any Constitution have so large powers been claimed for the people of any country, if we accept an interpretation of the term people from which all women and almost all non-European adult males are excluded. It must be confessed that the least satisfactory aspect of the Constitution lies in its bearing upon native questions. For though, as was expected, there is no direct or present interference with the franchise now enjoyed by natives in Cape Colony, our reading of Section 33 finds no adequate formal guarantee for the maintenance of that right when the Central Government shall determine that the time has arrived to adopt a uniform native policy applicable to the entire country. For if the issue ever came to an actual division of voting power between the Cape and the three Provinces opposed at present to a native franchise, the latter might command the majority of "not less than two-thirds of the total number of members of both Houses" necessary to secure a union franchise law that should exclude from qualification all natives other than those actually upon the register. Indeed, the possibility, perhaps the probability, of such a policy appears to obtain recognition in clause 35, which provides that "No person who at the passing of any such law is registered as a voter in any Province shall be removed from the register by reason only of any disqualification based on race or color." A certain ambiguity of wording in clause 33 even leaves it doubtful whether a bare majority vote of the Union Parliament might not prevent the registration of the next generation of Cape natives. While admitting the difficulty of formulating any scheme of native representation acceptable to the majority of white South Africans to-day, we cannot but consider as a blot upon the democratic character of the Constitution that it expressly precludes the vast majority of British subjects in South Africa from any voice, direct or indirect, in the representative government of their country.

A related and not less important issue is raised by an elaborate schedule appended to the Constitution in which the transfer of the Imperial Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland to the Union Government is contemplated. The strange provision is attached that the administration of such territories shall be entrusted to the Prime Minister, advised by a small Commission appointed by the Governor-General. The provisions virtually endue the Prime Minister with the final and prevailing voice both in the administration of and the legislation for these territories. It is curious that such exact conditions should be attached to a business which lies entirely within the competence of the Imperial Government. Though it is legitimate enough that South African statesmen should look forward to a time when, by the test of experience, they shall have made good their claim to be entrusted with the control of these Imperial territories, we cannot hold it safe or reasonable that, at the very outset of their difficult career, they should have imposed upon them this additional burden, or that these Imperial wards should be handed over without adequate and permanent guarantees for the maintenance, not merely of the integrity of native lands, but of those other liberties and advantages which they have hitherto enjoyed under the Imperial Government. Apart from these qualifications we have nothing but commendation for a document which is probably destined to form the political foundation for another great British nation.

INSURANCE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

Of the complex problems which have been awaiting the report of the Poor Law Commission that of Unemployment is by general agreement by far the most pressing in importance. If the Government propose to initiate legis-

lation in the ordinary way in the coming Session, as though no constitutional crisis existed, they are pledged to put this question into the forefront. How, then, are they to deal with it? That the problem is not one but many, is a point which we may now take as generally understood. It may be split in many ways—in fact, in an embarrassing variety of ways. There are the unemployed and the unemployable, and there are very many shades of character between them. There is the problem of the skilled workman and of the unskilled, of cyclical depression and of seasonal depression. There is the irregularity which is almost regular in its recurrence, and there is the irregularity which cannot be predicted. With all these variations in the cause, it is not to be supposed that any single remedy is to be found applicable to all cases. The best that we can do is to select certain phases of the evil and administer to them the best treatment that experience suggests.

For this purpose we may, first of all, make a distinction not based upon the character of the workman, important as that is under other aspects, but rather on his economic standing, his skill, and his ready pay. The tolerably well-skilled man, who as a rule belongs to a trade union, already makes a certain provision in very many cases for these as for other misfortunes incidental to industrial life. His trade union insures him against unemployment so far as the capacity of its funds allows. It also gives him unemployed benefit in the shape of a greater or less proportion of his wages, and for a larger or smaller number of weeks, as circumstances allow. The unskilled labourer, on the other hand, who is too poor to make much provision for rainy days, and is scarcely reached effectively by the trade union movement, has hitherto made little provision of this kind, and is not likely, unless his circumstances should materially improve, to be in a position to make such provision in the future. On the other hand, the unskilled laborer, if ill paid, has this advantage, that his unspecialised work can be more easily turned from one occupation to another. In point of fact, the problem of finding work, if soluble at all, is soluble only for the generalised powers of the unskilled man. There can be no such thing as the "right to work" in the sense of the proposals put forward last session at the instance of some Labor members. It is inconceivable that the State should be able to find printing work for the compositor and tailoring for the tailor and shoemaking for the cobbler as occasion requires, and all at the full rate of pay recognised in their respective trades. On the other hand, it is not so impossible that, by a judicious arrangement of work, and by the development of national works in connection with afforestation, road making, foreshore reclamation, and the like, employment should be so spread as to equalise good and bad times for the general unskilled laborer.

The conclusion suggests itself then that, if we make for the moment a distinction between the relatively skilled and well-paid and the relatively unskilled and ill-paid, two different lines of solution may be applied to each. The case of the skilled man can hardly be met either by the direct revision or the adjustment of work. But he might be saved from the calamities of the present system by a scheme of insurance to which he could afford to contribute. The unskilled man, as at present circumstanced, would with difficulty be brought into any effective insurance scheme, but might be catered for by a judicious distribution of nationally organised labor. The idea of insurance, frequently advocated in these columns, has of late made considerable headway and is not at all unlikely to materialise in the form of some practical proposals. But on the precise shape which these proposals should take there has at present been very little discussion. If the whole problem could be solved by means of insurance, and insurance alone, it would be natural to look in the end towards a universal scheme, which would have accordingly to be compulsory, and, being compulsory, would have to be administered somewhat on the model of German State Insurance through the medium of the employer. On this scheme it may be supposed that equal proportions would be contributed by the three parties to the insurance, the employer, the employed, and the State. Such a scheme would have the advantage that it might be made universal, and might bring in the unskilled laborer as well as the highly-paid artisan.

At the same time there are certain points of difficulty in its working which, if not insuperable, are at least puzzling. The rate of contribution which would be within the power of the unskilled would hardly be such as to justify a sufficient allowance for bad times, and it may seriously be doubted whether a very low rate of relief, which fails even to do half the work of keeping a family, is the most desirable way of tiding people over a bad season. But the more serious objection is the difficulty of defining unemployment. We are dealing here with an elusive class, with every variety of character, from the most willing to the most shifty. Even for the expert dealing with individual cases, the line is hard to draw between the two. By what means a State Department would separate the sheep from the goats we find it hard to imagine. The very definition of an unemployed workman is not easy to lay down. Is a man *bonâ-fide* unemployed if he can get any sort of work and refuses it, or is he justified in demanding the recognised rate of the trade, including in that expression not merely the admitted rate of wages, but all the standard conditions insisted on, say, by his trade union in a given locality? Is the trade union to determine the rate, and is the State official to take the verdict of a trade union secretary, or is there to be an official standard overruling that of the union? and where there is no trade union, what is the standard rate? Unless all these questions can be answered clearly and satisfactorily, a compulsory system would seem to us extraordinarily difficult to work.

Attention has been called of late to the municipal experiments made in countries where municipalities retain an independence which they have lost in this self-governing nation and which, so far as they have gone, have been justified by success. The particular experiment in question is known as the Ghent system, from the town in which it originated. The Ghent system is a very remarkable one, and, though less far-reaching than a system of compulsory insurance, makes

a smaller demand upon the administrative capacity of officials. The people of Ghent found trade unions in existence which gave their members assistance in the shape of unemployed benefit. They helped the trade unions in turn by the simple process of subsidising the unemployed fund. The trade union pays so much a week to its unemployed members, and periodically submits its accounts to the municipal authority. On convincing this authority that the sums in question have been duly paid for purposes of unemployed benefit and no other, it receives a subsidy proportionate to the total amount. There is no interference with the administration or with the finances of the union. The whole administrative responsibility rests with the union. It remains its interest now, just as much as before, to keep down the numbers of the unemployed, that is to say, to see that no single member remains on its books a day longer than he should do so. The difference is merely that it is enabled to pay him a larger benefit than it would otherwise do.

This system has not only succeeded in Ghent, but, on account of its success, has been repeatedly copied elsewhere. It exonerates the State administration from the weightier part of its responsibility, and puts the business of sifting the wheat from the chaff, of defeating the malingerer and keeping the benefits for the honest and industrious man for whom they are intended, upon an organised body of men whose direct interest it is that these functions should be adequately performed. It involves no official judgment upon the difficult question of standard rates and fair conditions. On the other hand, it is less comprehensive than a compulsory scheme, and for the present it would only help those who are already members of a trade union or friendly society paying unemployed benefit. It might, however, be expected to give a stimulus to thrift in this form, and so to enlarge the area covered by this method of provision for a rainy day. To us it seems that, upon the whole, these are merits outweighing those which can be claimed for the rival principle. They render the Ghent system more suitable for a first attempt at dealing with the problem of unemployment as it presents itself among the better-paid sections of the working classes.

IS NONCONFORMITY TOO POLITICAL?

THERE have of late been signs that Nonconformity, like most modern institutions, is in some trouble about its soul. Dr. Forsyth has recently asked, and an anonymous writer on "Nonconformity and Politics" has repeated the question, whether some of "the current political activities of Nonconformity" are not really out of harmony with Nonconformity's "fundamental principle that religion is not a matter of State." Both are inclined to answer their inquiry in the affirmative. Dr. Forsyth thinks that Nonconformity, with its awakened consciousness as to social evils and oppressions, is in danger of lowering its conception of the Kingdom of Heaven from a spiritual ideal to some vague pattern of a realised social State. The author of "Nonconformity and Politics" fears that Nonconformists are becoming mere Liberal politicians; that their chapels and meetings take on the air of the party caucus and the Committee room; that their new centralised force, the Free Church Councils, and the "institutional" side of their church life, powerfully aid this materialising tendency; and that, as a result, Nonconformity has ceased to do its work on the individual—that it no longer forms religious character, or "makes saints." The writer admits that when the Nonconformist churches were fighting for existence, and their members for the barest rights of citizenship, they had to be politicians, and that the habit of attachment to Liberalism was confirmed when Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party gave them the great delayed franchises of last century. But now that things are changed, and that neither political party denies at least the elements of political justice, he thinks that this once inevitable partisanship should be modified. Individual Nonconformists may well remain Liberals, or become Socialists, but their churches, as such, should have nothing to do with party warfare. All their influence on politics should be indirect. The State, and the parties which govern it, and whose atmosphere is that of "policy" and compromise, live their lower life; the Church has her "heavenly call." She cannot force her ideals—her "maximum"—on the State; that would be to create a resentful minority, and so defeat the moral end, the refinement of human wills, at which she aims. In the attempt thus to embody religious objects in political forms, a de-spiritualised Church is apt to acquire the habit of expediency—of regulating conduct by counting heads—to which the partisan is bound. If any party is to be formed by the churches, it should be a "definitely Christian party," not a Liberal, or a Conservative, or a Socialist party. But, indeed, Nonconformity falsifies its own idea that religion has nothing to do with the State when it centres half or more than half its activities in State action. Does not its very indifference to Disestablishment, coupled with its concentration on other political issues, show that this vital principle of its moral and intellectual life has declined, if it has not altogether disappeared?

The rather vehement retorts which this protest has excited seem to show that it is not quite without truth or applicability to the state of the Nonconformist Churches. But we confess we are not without sympathy with the answer. The Nonconformist of to-day may well ask how he can in nature avoid sympathy with the party which made him a free citizen, which opened to him the gates of knowledge and power in his own land, and is to-day his one effective bulwark against such direct assaults of the privileged Church as Mr. Balfour's Education Act. And if a traditional attachment impels him into Liberal or Radical politics, another force of an even more compelling type drives him into kindred "institutional" activities. The writer of "Nonconformity and Politics" raises the double plea that the religious man ought to think of his soul, and that the Nonconformist in particular should remember the Puritan ideal of the "establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth." But to the sharply awakened social consciousness of our generation it may well seem impos-

sible to separate this double end from action that in a broad sense—certainly in the Greek sense—may be called political. If, therefore, so many Nonconformist (and, for that matter, Conformist) churches turn themselves into "clubs, friendly societies, recreation rooms, employment bureaux," it is because the life of the modern man embraces so many secular activities that a religious society can hardly help him at all unless it follows him into some of them. Not only has the "sacred selfishness" of the old individualist evangelicalism become morally repugnant to his successor; it is not intellectually possible to him. The "saving-your-own-soul" theory of Christian effort becomes almost meaningless to the man who has seen the life of the poor in great cities, and who has also realised that a definite sphere of "betterment" does lie within the compass of the law and the State. Thus far, therefore, the demand for a withdrawal of religious forces into the pure contemplative zone must have its limitations. The spirit of Christianity, with its appeal to the believer to gain one kind of life by losing another, and the history of the early Christian Church and of the two divisions of Nonconformity in Puritan and post-Puritan days, seem alike to forbid it.

But we confess that when the writer of "Nonconformity and Politics" criticises the identification of Nonconformist Churches with Liberal party politics he is on stronger ground. The opposite example of party Toryism in the Establishment is a warning against such an association. The two cases do, indeed, differ. British Nonconformity, by virtue of its democratic history and ties, its close relation to the life of classes of manual workmen like the miners and the agricultural laborers, is under small temptation to become, as the Establishment in the rural districts tends to become, a watch-dog of property and of the social order of the village and county. It has not even gained complete social equality with the landowning classes or with the greater and lesser clergy of the Anglican Church; and therefore, by the conditions of its past and of its present organisation, it keeps touch with the common mind and heart. But this position has its dangers. Nonconformity is a great school of popular rhetoric, and rhetoric, as we know, is the stuff of party politics. It stirs the simple, but it discourages truth and depth, those two sources of strength in the religious sphere, and it keeps up a dangerously close connection between the chapel and the party platform. Now the enlightened Liberal does not want Nonconformity to be a mere section of party Liberalism. He requires a more critical, a more detached, service than this; the kind of service that fixity of outlook gives to the shifty world, where party chieftains make their daily accommodation between principle and convenience. This is a moral and a supervising force, and if one religious organisation aims at supplying it for the Tory party, another kind seems well fitted to furnish a fairly steady support for Liberalism, or for what Liberalism may grow to. But with the author of "Nonconformity and Politics," we should hate to think that this power had become a tool in the hands of the caucus, and if that time came we should fear that the true strain of Puritanism had worn itself out.

Life and Letters.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF DARWIN.

It is just 100 years since Charles Darwin was born. A man of weak health throughout life, and, what is more, a genius of infinite patience, he brooded over his great work for nearly a quarter of a century, and it was not until he was fifty years old that "The Origin of Species" saw the light. In days when a new idea lives for a week, if it lives at all, and the up-to-date theorist will produce you a new hypothesis to explain most complex facts while you wait, there is something chastening in the reflection that the one theory of the last century which more than any other has moved the world was incubating for twenty full years in the patient mind of its originator before he could so far satisfy himself that it was well grounded as to put it into print. Even then Darwin would have held back longer but for the simultaneous trend of Dr. A. R. Wallace's mind in the same direction. The conception of evolution was, in fact, in the air in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the simultaneous development of the theory of natural selection in two minds, working independently, is in itself no more remarkable, though no less interesting, than the coincidences between the work of Newton and Leibnitz, or between that of Hamilton, Joule, Meyer, and Helmholz. It was not, in fact, the conception of organic evolution which was Darwin's great original contribution. The idea of the origin of the infinitely manifold forms of organic life from simpler types, and perhaps, in the end, from a single primitive ancestor, had been discussed more or less actively for at least two generations, and applications of the theory had even been made to the world of mind by Herbert Spencer four years before the publication of "The Origin of Species." Darwin, then, did not originate the theory of organic evolution, nor did he prove it, for to this day it cannot be said that final proof has been attained, and it may be that proof, in the rigid sense, of such a theory is unattainable. What Darwin did precisely was, by the aid of a simple but far-reaching hypothesis, to bring the theory for the first time into contact with an immense body of facts, to show that it could be utilised, as every sound scientific hypothesis ought to be utilised, to explain difficulties and contradictions, to throw light upon what was obscure, to give meaning and significance to what was otherwise valueless lumber.

Darwin had before him two great masses of fact. There were the vast classifications of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, classifications showing that individuals could be referred to species, that species could be grouped together in genera, and genera in turn could be brought into higher groups rising one above another till they reached the great Orders that were in their turn ranged into the Classes, of which the whole of the animal and vegetable kingdoms respectively could be shown to consist. What was the meaning of these gigantic systems in which every living thing could be referred to its place? Were all these Species, Genera, Orders, and Classes, nothing but a wonderful arrangement of desks and pigeon holes for convenience of reference in which the omniscient naturalist could place every object with which he had to deal? Was the name of genus and species nothing but a label, and was the work of the naturalist to remain at bottom no more significant than that of a skilled maker of catalogues? On the pre-Darwinian view it was difficult to see any escape from this conclusion. The classification was there, but if each species was an independent creation arising side by side with others, but having no vital connection with any of them, the whole thing appeared without plain meaning or purport. On the other side there was the geological record, the fact that incorporated in the stratified remains of earlier portions of the earth's surface were the imprints of a succession of forms, animal and vegetable, resembling and yet differing from those which people the world at the present day. There was the fact that in the strata nearest to our own period the resemblances were closer to the forms we now see, and that, as we get to older and older strata, so the resemblances become more

remote and the differences more accentuated. There was the fact that differences of species were the first to disappear and that as we ascend to the more fundamental characteristics of an organic type, so, on the whole, we are able to trace them further and further back into the abyss of geological time. Had this succession any meaning or was this fossilised history of life to remain a mere mass of brute fact, ascertainable but unintelligible? To these questions the Darwinian theory supplied an answer. If one conceived the simpler, more elementary types of life reproducing their kind, multiplying, extending over the face of the earth, and engaged in a ceaseless struggle for food and warmth, for the means of subsistence and reproduction, one could imagine also changes coming into being in such a type in response to the repeated struggles of each individual to adjust itself to its environment.

It was on the nature of this adjustment that everything turned. Lamarck had held that the very effort of the individual would have an effect upon his descendants, that the mere exercise of limb would not only strengthen the limb itself in the individual, but would tend to survive in the next generation so that a progeny of stronger limbs would result. This crude and simple view could never explain the whole of the facts. Darwin did not, like the more advanced among his followers, reject in its entirety the Lamarckian theory. He never denied the possibility that the use and disuse of parts might have its effect in heredity, or, in the technical phrase, that acquired modifications might be passed on to descendants, but it was not on this possibility that he relied. He conceived a simpler, but more far-reaching theory of adjustment, for the purposes of which it was necessary to assume nothing beyond causes which could actually be seen at work in miniature. It was necessary to assume in the first place that individuals vary from the parent stock, as we know that they do; it was necessary to assume that some of these variations will be better adapted to the conditions of existence than others, which is scarcely to be denied; and it followed that the individuals who so varied would in the long run, and taking large numbers into account, survive in a larger ratio than others. It followed again that their descendants, starting from the point which they had achieved and varying in the same way in all directions, some for good and some for evil, would be subject to the same sort of elimination on the one hand or of selection on the other; and it followed accordingly that the forms of organic life would undergo in the course of time a greater or less degree of modification. How far this modification would go indeed there was no clear evidence to show, but there was at least the abstract possibility that in this way a simple generic type might by the accumulation of differences split up into species, and these might sub-divide in turn. In this way, as Darwin triumphantly showed in his chapter on Classification, an order resembling that which we actually find in the organic world might be evolved from a very few original forms, and even from a single type.

Since Darwin's time a host of investigators have worked upon the actual mechanism of heredity. The intimate structure of the cell and the mechanism of reproduction, almost unknown when "The Origin of Species" was published, have now yielded up a great part of their secret to the microscope. The aid of mathematics has been called in to elucidate the problems of inheritance, and the nature of variation and the degree in which it is inherited have become matters of exact statistical study. The work of Mendel, whose experiments on heredity were published within seven years of "The Origin of Species," and remained wholly unknown for an entire generation, has been rediscovered, and experiment has been called in to the aid of statistics in the study of variation and inheritance. Most important of all, perhaps, for the final acceptance of the Darwinian theory, it has been shown that the material upon which natural selection has to work is not wholly confined to the small individual variations to which Darwin virtually confined his attention. It is a verified empirical fact that larger, or, as they are called, discontinuous, variations also occur—that they are frequently stable, and probably become the source of new types. The work of De Vries, while tending to modify our conception of the way in which natural selection works, makes it far easier than before to attribute to it the vast effects with which it was credited by Darwin.

The work of Darwin, of course, has had its effect far outside the regions of biology. Everywhere men talk and think in terms of development; and the conception of progress by selection, the survival of the fittest, and the gradual adaptation to environment, are not so much distinct ideas, as categories of thought which shape the mind and determine the way in which every problem is handled. That as such they have often degenerated into a most uncritical usage is a fact to be admitted and deplored. In particular the domination of biology has had a disastrous effect in the field of social and political reform. It has given the seeming sanction of science at one time to a soulless commercialism, at another to the overweening pride of race and the lust of dominion. By one of the paradoxes to which the history of thought is prone, the theory of progress has been in the main a weapon in the hands of intellectual and moral reaction. But every new theory has to go through its infantile diseases. The worst of these arises from that distemper of the mind, peculiarly prevalent in the half-educated world of modern thought, which prompts men to pick up the ideas which specialists have elaborated for their own purposes in their own departments and apply them indiscriminately as catch words to settle questions arising in another sphere. But social life and organic life are not the same thing, and though human society, if Darwin is right, has developed out of the animal world, it is none the less a new product, it lives and moves and has its being in accordance with laws of its own. Just as no scientific ingenuity could explain the simple fact of consciousness in terms of the utmost elaboration of physical process, so no analysis of science can resolve a code of ethics or a conception of religion into a product of the organic struggle. On the contrary, ethics and religion and the whole work of civilisation have as one of their main functions the task of repressing the brute struggle for existence, along with much else that belongs to the mere animality of man.

OUR WANT OF PHILOSOPHERS.

This year of centenaries has naturally turned men's thoughts to a consideration of the limitations and influences which seem to govern national genius. The memories of the great dead have crowded upon us during these weeks, and reflective minds have raised the question why it is that our own race is so much richer in great poets and men of action than in systematic thinkers. Dr. A. C. Bradley stated the problem in a brilliant lecture which he delivered in Manchester on Monday. His judgment is, in brief, that through the whole range of its history English poetry from Chaucer downwards, stands out as the only achievement which can be compared with that of the Greeks. It is a record of genius which has rarely flagged or failed, and its sum total, alike in perfection of form and richness of thought, is a glory which eclipses that of any other race. But in music and in philosophy the palm falls as indisputably to the Germans. As he developed this thesis and sought for its explanation, Dr. Bradley somewhat qualified his generalisation. English philosophy had, after all, its golden time. Locke and Berkeley and Hume—more especially the two latter—are great names, though none of them has exerted an influence so sovereign as Kant's. Why was it that the boldness and originality of eighteenth century speculation seemed to lose its impetus precisely at a time when the revolution and the romantic movement had quickened the pace of the world's thought, and brought to philosophy elsewhere, as to music and poetry, a new depth and intensity, a fresh insight and a wider range?

There was nothing in Leibnitz, still less in his pedantic successors, to prepare the world for the development of German thinking which began with Kant. There was, on the other hand, a subtlety and charm in Berkeley and a trenchant daring in Hume which ought to have resulted in something more notable than the mediocrity and the pedestrian step of the English Utilitarians and the Scottish school of Common Sense. The real spiritual contemporaries of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel in England were rather Coleridge, Wordsworth, and De Quincey. It was the poets alone who seemed to grasp the new orientation of thought. To the professed philosophers it meant less than nothing.

Dr. Bradley propounds an attractive generalisation which seems at first sight to cover the facts. It is that under the influence of excitement, in a great time, when it is natural to believe in the grandeur of the mind of man, and to apply to the whole universe a spiritual interpretation, the English mind expresses itself as naturally in poetry as the German mind finds its utterance in philosophy. It was the same faith in the greatness of man's mind which Wordsworth and Hegel proclaimed, but the one used as his natural medium the concrete imagery of a sensuous form, the other, no less inspired, no less dominated by a glowing excitement and intensity, clothed his convictions in a formidable and elaborate dialectic. So it happens that in a period of "enlightenment" and reason, when the pulse of the age beats steadily and slowly, when "enthusiasm" is regarded as a dangerous and scarcely civilised vagary, English philosophy can show a notable achievement. But let the spiritual temperature rise, and with the new stirring in its blood, it is in poetry rather than in metaphysics that the English mind expresses itself. The explanation is more than plausible; it is illuminating. For undoubtedly there is in the best verse of the time to which Dr. Bradley refers something synoptic and speculative. It was an attempt to read life as a whole and to interpret the universe which Wordsworth was making, and he was hardly less conscious in the task than Hegel. It is quite conceivable that Coleridge, had he been born a century earlier, might have vied with Berkeley, and that Wordsworth in the same case would have written an essay on the Moral Sentiments instead of an Ode to Duty. If one asks, however, why it is that the English temperament turns to a concrete and imaginative expression in its moments of exaltation, while the German finds utterance in transcendental philosophy, the answer, on Dr. Bradley's theory, can only be that such is the mysterious individuality of race.

For our part, we confess ourselves more than a little sceptical. Is there, after all, in the permanent conditions of English and German life any influence of climate or institutions which could explain so great a divergence? The harsher landscapes of Germany do not differ very greatly in their emotional suggestions from those of our own East Coast, nor its gentler landscapes from those of our South and West. Society and religion are organised at all events in Scotland and the North of England on a broadly similar basis. The same Reformation, with Calvinism and Lutheranism in the one case, Presbyterianism and Anglicanism in the other, created the foundations on which each nation reared its thinking. A Celtic admixture in the one case, a Slavonic strain in the other, introduced into the original Teutonic stock a more passionate and wayward tendency. It is hard to see what steady causes could have turned one branch of the same race to poetry and the other to philosophy. Nor does it seem to us at all convincing to suggest that the phase of English thinking, represented by Locke, Berkeley, and Hume, used the categories of the understanding rather than the imagery of the sense, simply because its temperature was low and its mood even. Locke and Hobbes were the theorists of a time of civil war at least as stirring and as intransigeant as the nationalist struggle which found its orator and its thinker in Fichte. It was a time which produced in England both poetry and philosophy, and Milton interrupted his creative work to take part in its controversies. Dr. Bradley's theory, if it were to cover all the facts, would have to explain why the seventeenth century in England produced a Milton as well as a Locke, no less than the failure of the nineteenth century to produce a native philosopher parallel to Wordsworth.

The decay of original speculation after Hume is none the less exceedingly curious. We are inclined to think that the fact which explains it is less fundamental than any ingrained peculiarity of our racial temperament. From the Cartesians down to Hume, philosophy everywhere in Europe had cut itself adrift from the Universities. It was in revolt against the schools, and it preserved a freedom of form and a relative absence of elaboration which were natural in the work of isolated minds who gave their thoughts to the learned world in detached essays. Descartes, drafting a method between his campaigns, his travels, and his physical experiments, Leibnitz philosophising amid his diplomacy, Berkeley combining metaphysics with mathematics, preaching, and the praises of tar-water, were typical of their epoch. It ran its natural course, and explored problems which awaited for further conquests a more systematic, a less amateurish treatment. Scholasticism, meanwhile, had died of inanition in the Universities, and once more their opportunity had arrived. England was not yet ready, partly because her universities were still at a low ebb of intellectual life, and partly because they offered so few inducements, as compared with those of Germany, to men prepared to devote all their time and energy to speculation. They were still clerical strongholds, in which a fixed and traditional creed forbade free speculation. There was no place at Oxford or Cambridge for a man who would have given such courses as Kant gave at Königsberg, and it was precisely because the Scottish universities gave at that time more encouragement to the systematic teaching of philosophy that the work of the Scottish school, mediocre though it was, seems less fatally inadequate and less provincial than the contemporary English speculation. The significance of German philosophy may really lie in the fact that it was from Kant to Lotze and Wundt (with the single notable exception of Schopenhauer) a university philosophy. English thinking meanwhile, from Bentham to Spencer, pursued its course aloof from the universities, and it was ultimately only in the universities, with Green and Caird, that it really recovered if not its individuality, at least a real sense for the meaning of metaphysical problems. If there is anything in this evidently relevant set of facts, the conclusion would seem to be not at all that the English genius is inadequate to the severer work of philosophy, but rather that by an unlucky historical accident it lacked the academic discipline and the academic opportunity.

THE LONELY MEN.

They live amid the pulsating throb and din of countless lives, in the City of the Great Unrest; but they pass their days in crowded solitude, and in silence, surrounded by the sound of speech.

The reasons of their loneliness are various. From a pride too poor for intimacy with friends, and a poverty not poor enough to herd, they spend long days and evenings by themselves. From the bitterness of failure or mistake, or because of endeavor which must work alone, or by reason of isolating thought, they want for the friendly intercourse that cheers.

Thus, gradually they change from need of speech, and come to think about things curiously, and think too much, and lose the way to laugh; and by degrees they shun their friends for want of what to say, so that they miss the chance of knowing other men. For theirs is the loneliness that rusts and dulls and binds—the city solitude among the crowds.

During the day the lucky ones have work; for only while they really work can they forget. Because in the streets they see so many pairs, talking and nodding and laughing, as they go, and the calm companionship of

conscious sympathy, or the bend and question of a lover's look, and the woman's little happy, hovering smile. Even they who have hours of idleness can gain a consolation from the light of day, and can invent the distraction of imaginary busyness, and long-distance errands, to fill their time and mind.

But the night and evening hours are the danger time. Because after dark the city seems to change into a mighty camp of cosy firesides, where families and friends and lovers sit in quiet, comfortable peacefulness, behind the tantalising squares of lighted blind. Or, in the blazing, scintillating glare of lighted places, it becomes a fair, with nothing but happiness beneath, where smiling, whispering couples, and contented pairs, and gay, laughing parties, free from care, amuse themselves in quiet merriment, or in brilliant scenes of revelry and fun. For, with the jaundiced eyes of loneliness, they only see the contrasts to their state—the gay companionships, the friendships, and the love.

But even so they seek the busy streets, and the places where the merry people throng, at night and in the hours of their ease, to watch and feel the jostle of the crowds, for company. For when they shut their room-door on the world, after the work or occupation of the day is done, they hear, though they read or try to sleep, the city's roar. And to the moaning murmur of its hum, their taunted, envious imagination works; they see bright scenes of brilliant merriment, or whispering companionships, or the shaded, lamplight peacefulness of home. Then the burden of their loneliness settles down, so that the empty heaviness of it hurts.

According to the habits of their state, they act. In the streets, they look up quickly at a laugh, and notice what talking people do not see; they loiter listlessly from shop to shop, gazing indifferently at everything; at times they hug their loneliness, and stoop and brood; and they speak quite loudly to themselves to use their voice. In the restaurants they look and look, with following, interested, regretful eyes; and they talk with strangers, where the custom of the place permits; and they linger with reluctance to depart into the greater isolation of the streets, paying for extra drink to keep their place amid the noise and merriment of those who dine in company. After their solitary, protracted meal, they tramp for miles. With aimless determination to avoid their home, they walk and walk through unfamiliar streets and quiet squares, seeing only always the glow of lighted blinds, and the parting pairs who kiss and hurry home. Or they moon about amid the glare of the streets where the places of amusement are, and watch the lighted laughter of the crowds, and the flashing couples which the cab lamps show. Until the crowds begin to thin they walk. For by their nightly meal and wanderings they cheat the evening hours and the night.

And they very often pay to be amused, careless or wilfully forgetful of what they spend; but they sit without a smile through funny plays, or stand and smoke, with an apathetic stare, leaning against the barrier of a lounge, while expert entertainers earn applause. It is not that they do not understand the wit or the labor of trained skill, but they come so frequently that they do not care. They only seek the company of crowds, and something to look at to forget themselves. But, in spite of their conscious plan or subterfuge, the silent loneliness is always there.

The dangers of their state are manifold. For by their lonely side Temptation walks, and whispers, and points an easy way to company or escape.

Many listen eagerly at once in the hope of a permanent release. Driven by the fear of lonely years, they seek their few forgotten friends, and claim their aid, and, after deliberate introductions, they choose a wife, as men engage a clerk—the first who seems to suit; or, forgetful of the gulfs of interests and thought, they take a mate, unlearned and lowly bred, because of a sudden easy opportunity; or, in a panic of faint-heartedness, they pawn their privilege to work and earn, for a sorry dependence that obeys the wishes of an unloved, moneyed wife. These, by their haste or calculation, err; so that they come to look and hear and wonder why, in after years.

And others, in rebellion at their lot, defiantly contrive a temporary companionship. In dreary dissipations of a night, or in fierce allegiances of crowded months, while passion grows and scorches and burns out to the ashes of a mutual disregard, or in quiet companionships that only break one law, they buy or get by favor what they want. Others may try to turn away at first from what to them seems sin, because of fears or training or beliefs; but the want of company is more than these. So, after arguments, they also seek relief where Love is passion or a thing for sale. And while they hope to lose their loneliness, they lock lead weights of habit to their feet, that hold them back from knowing better things; or they raise a barrier of offended codes between themselves and the women who make homes. A greater loneliness is theirs, and the bitterness of thinking, at the end.

Others imperceptibly succumb to a little whisper, urging them to be gay; and they make their seldom evening with a friend an occasion for unwonted revelry. But in the many intervals of silent days the little whisper grows and grows and grows with the memories of past light-heartedness. So, when their loneliness envelops them one night, they drink alone; and they chaff themselves for drinking by themselves. But, with the knowledge of a quick content, the need of it seems gradually to grow; so that they think more often of escape. And when they think, they argue with themselves, in the street or in the quiet of their rooms; and they pause and swear and finally succumb. With every argued drink, they argue less, over a period of resisting years, until they forget the reason of their need. These, at the last, repay their borrowed hours of escape with days of maudlin, impotent remorse, or lifetimes in the awful peopled wastes of drunken fear.

Thus many, in their efforts to escape, burden or waste or throw away their lives. And they only get the blame for what they do, though the maddening activity of the city drives them on. For they are judged from the cold stone throne of reason by those who do not know.

Some patient ones drag on without relief through a growing dreariness of silent years, numbed into something less than feeling men. By accepted necessity and slow degrees, they learn to forget their wish for company; and they steep themselves in thoughts about their work, or theories upon abstract things; or they get a meagre joy from looking on, pretending that they like to be alone, and making companions of the city's sights and beauty and the sparrows in the parks. And when they die, only a cousin or a lawyer or a landlord knows.

But many win their freedom in the end, through labor and luck to company and love. And, though the streets no longer draw them out, and the quiet evenings fill them with repose, they never quite forget the lonely years. When they hear of the reckless, pitiable folly of a wasted life, in the city's annals of tragedy and sin, they think and remember and condone. For by the lesson of their loneliness they learned.

THE MATINGS OF VALENTINE'S DAY.

It is usually accounted a myth—at any rate, by those who live in the towns—that the birds pair on St. Valentine's Day. But it may confidently be stated that whoever goes out into field and woodland to-morrow, if it be a day of average spring progress, and not one of erratic set-back, will see many sights and hear many sounds to warrant the belief that now the advance on spring begins in earnest. The plovers, beautifully groomed and crested, will be walking the fields in pairs and bowing to one another in their pretty way; the wood-pigeons will be cooing ecstatically; the woods will echo with the ringing cry of the ox-eye; you may see two robins at once instead of the moody Laras that have sentinelled the path through the winter; the jays will be lollopping about so as to show one another all the beauties of their plumage; chaffinches, greenfinches,

hedge sparrows, and yellow-hammers will be singing love songs or battle songs, according to their nature, and making the latter very realistic action songs.

We know that this will be so, for the simple reason that it was so, to some extent, yesterday, and one or two yesterdays before that. Those sturdy ruffians, the ravens, have even built their nest, which, perhaps, contains an egg or two. These obviously life-mated birds do not recognise social duties, and have not, therefore, any kind of honeymooning to observe after the breaking up of a winter flock, as most of the other birds have. The flocking habit of nearly all our birds makes it almost impossible for us to say whether they mate for life or no. It may be that those spring battles in which the valiant chaffinches, for example, indulge are normally undertaken by birds of last year who have never mated, and merely observed by the older birds as a knightly ceremony to please their secure hens. We cannot urge so flattering a presumption in favor of the sparrows, a chattering string of whom passes the window as we write. Sparrows are never satisfied with the allocations of St. Valentine. Long after nests have been started, we see these bickerings, in which those who ought to be staid married people join, openly flying down from their nests when the nucleus of a sparrow tangle passes their way. And the ungallant sparrow is far less occupied in tilting with rivals for the smiles of a lady than in joining them in one universal attempted, though not very successful, bullying of the hen that is the centre of their group.

Such are the sparrows, but we see no reason why the flocks of splendidly-colored tits should not split now into the identical pairs of last summer, and leave only the young to make new alliances. It is a point fairly easy to test by means of the nesting box. We can, with practical certainty, get the birds into as many boxes as we like, and at the right time it is easy enough to catch them and mark them with tiny leglets to be looked for again next summer. As far as casual observation serves, the same birds, and both of them, do come again to the same nesting site. They scold us from the same bough, and, as it seems, in the same voice and vocabulary, and use the same perches when they feed their young. Our belief that they are the same pair is a tender one. Perhaps we fear to put it to the test. At any rate, there is something charming and not unnatural in the idea that in the season when there is no marrying or giving in marriage each pair sinks its individuality in the social amenities of the flock, and that the return of spring brings them together without regard to the other attractions that the party affords. However that may be, the tits that have attracted one another draw imperceptibly apart day by day as the sun returns to our hemisphere. There is little or no fighting about it. Gorgeousness of plumage wins the day—at any rate, in the case of a new alliance. The school cry of food found has a special significance for her who has looked favorably upon the splendid gentleman who utters it. By and by it ceases to be a pack cry; it becomes a mate call, and then there is built upon it the love song. The pack becomes not merely no necessity, but a bore, and the two wander off into the wood alone, house-hunting.

When the tit band breaks up, it releases one or two other interesting co-foragers. Our best band this winter, which consists mainly of blue and great tits, has included most regularly a lesser spotted wood-pecker. He is a rare bird, and has already departed in quest of his mate. Possibly they arranged some sort of tacit rendezvous last autumn. It may be that he knew what other band she was in, and that they have seen one another frequently during the winter. The delicate little pearl-spotted tree-creepers have both been with the tits all the winter, and so no doubt assails their record for constancy. Their call has grown longer, sweeter, and more cheerful and we are listening hard for the love warble, a zither-like tinkle so high and rare that scarcely one naturalist in a hundred has heard it. The nut-hatches have been sometimes together and sometimes widely separate. But now they are constantly together again. It seemed to us that one day this week he elaborately pretended to be a stranger, wooing, as a new love, his mate of last year. He sat far apart on an orchard bough, which, for this one occasion, he straddled with his claws, instead of sitting in a line with it, and he threw his head up in an entirely new pose, and see-sawed his doleful song to the heartless solitude. And she, coming near as the tits wandered along their diurnal round, caught the song, no doubt with a start of simulated astonishment, and came to see what clever troubador it could be that warbled so sweetly. And now perhaps the tit band will see her no more till next autumn.

The fable, if it should be one, that the birds mate on St. Valentine's Day, must not be shattered. Blessed be the man or woman who goes out on that very day to see whether or no it is so. Anyone who does so is certain to see many sights to support the theory. Some, but not all, will have been seen some days earlier by careful observers who do not wait upon dates. The lark is high in the sky, gurgling out rich globules of song; the thrush gives his melodious recitative of "I know it, I know it"; even the rook flirts his tail and spatchcocks his wings, and is like one attempting a tune on a motor horn. The performance is not absolutely without rehearsal, nor is it completely full-dress. But it is now, for the first time, of a strength that justifies the poetic ones in declaring that here is a critical day in the solar calendar.

Ever since the annual course of the sun has been appreciated the half-way day between the winter solstice and the vernal equinox has been specially observed. It was by a kind of inevitable fate that the observance of this day of St. Valentine was ever introduced, a solar feast, into the midst of a Christian year. If Romulus and Remus were ever suckled by a wolf, it could not have happened in mid-February, since wolf-cubs are born in May. So the Roman feast of the Lupercal was a poorly disguised foundation on the mid-winter solar festival of the Egyptians and older people. Its nature can be gathered from the opening scene of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar":—

> Enter Anthony for the course.
> CÆSAR. Calphurnia,—
> CALPHURNIA. Here, my lord.
> CÆSAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
> When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
> ANTONY. Cæsar, my lord.
> CÆSAR. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
> To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
> The barren, touched in this holy chase,
> Shake off their sterile curse.

It was as a counterblast to the pagan Lupercal that the Christian Church, not wishing to strain the bottle with wine that was too new, instituted the Feast of St. Valentine. It was probably a purer feast, but it must have appeared to some as a little hypocritical. It has gone from the calendar of the Church, and is almost obliterated as a popular sunmark. But it can only really vanish as a fact when the light of the sun dies down or the inclination of his orbit undergoes radical change.

Present-Day Problems.

A MUNICIPAL CIVIL SERVICE.

IN America the term "Civil Service" is applied to local as well as to State and Federal appointments. In England, by some accident of language, we never use it when speaking of municipal affairs. When an elementary teacher, for instance, says that he wants to be made a "civil servant," he always means that he wants to become a servant of the central instead of the local State. It is, I believe, largely owing to this accident that no statesman has ever considered the question of reforming our system of municipal appointments. It does not occur to the President of the Local Government Board that the clerks in an urban district office, though they are called by a different name, belong to the same administrative species as the kindly and

cultivated gentlemen who tolerate his existence and form his opinions.

The municipal officials, however, are already about as numerous as the State officials, spend a good deal more money, and do more good or harm to the ordinary citizen. Why, then, should not the same precautions be taken in municipal appointments as have been found necessary in State appointments? There is no answer except mere inertia.

The objects at which Mr. Gladstone aimed when in 1870 he adopted Sir Charles Trevelyan's plan of "open competition" for the Government Departments were—first, to prevent the kind of influence which is created when the servants of the State owe their positions to the favor of party politicians, and, next, to secure a high degree of ability in the persons appointed. Does the first of those evils exist in the present enormous municipal service, with its eighty thousand or so members? If the Government would appoint a small Royal or Departmental Commission they could soon find out. Let them question a few of the more vigorous town clerks and medical officers of health, and they would soon get evidence that political influence is a hindrance to efficiency. And if the Commission undertook an independent enquiry into the circumstances attending the appointment of town and county chief clerks themselves they would probably find an unduly large proportion of cases in which the successful candidate was, before his appointment, a prominent politician on the side of the party then in power. Or let them follow up the Mile End or West Ham enquiries by a rigorous investigation of the circumstances under which all appointments were made by the bodies implicated.

A few local bodies, among which is the London County Council, have systems of competition. But even among London bodies such an arrangement is an exception, and a member of the London County Council who was a member of the first Metropolitan Water Board told me how surprised and disgusted he was to find himself pestered by every post with applications for his good will in favor of the introduction of this or that candidate into the new service.

But municipal efficiency is endangered not only by the conditions under which local appointments are made, but also by the low standard of ability with which local bodies are often contented. The main body of municipal officials begin their work as boys, and the elected members are apt to act, as many of them do in their own businesses, on the idea that one boy is as good as another. When I was on the School Board for London we had a rule that all appointments of junior clerks should be advertised. But as each appointment in the School Management Department came up, the older officials used to point out to me, with perfect truth, that an advertisement would produce hundreds, or even thousands, of applicants, among whom it would be practically impossible to distinguish. It would further be explained that a "temporary youth" was already doing the work satisfactorily, and that it would therefore be much better to suspend the rule, and appoint a lad who knew the work, had given satisfaction, and was in any case as good as the one whom we might pick out of the crowd of applicants. If one asked how the "temporary youth" happened to be there, one was told that he had been recommended by some influential person.

A Commission would probably find some arrangement of the kind in many municipal offices. The private employer who takes boys into his business on such a plan, afterwards makes a rough sort of selection by dismissing them as easily as he accepts them. But a local body is not likely to dismiss anyone, especially a young clerk with friends, unless he grossly misbehaves himself. The Commission, therefore, would probably find that the main mass of officials who have spent their lives in the service of the local bodies are a little below the average commercial clerk in native ability, ambition, and intellectual interests.

If I were an American, with the touching American belief in the sufficiency of virtuous intentions and a few plain rules for all the problems of life, I should urge that Parliament should pass an Act of one clause applying what the Americans call "civil service principles" to all local appointments. Every local body would henceforth be required to make all its appointments on the result of a competitive examination.

But I ask for a Commission instead of a short Act, because I believe that no such simple remedy is sufficient. For one thing, the setting up of an examination is highly skilled work, and (as I found when some of us induced the London School Board to arrange for a competition) it is almost impossible to persuade a local body to allow hard enough questions to be asked to give the cleverer boys in the modern municipal secondary schools a chance to distinguish themselves. It is also a difficult matter to decide at what age the candidates should enter. Probably a good-sized town would be wise to take in two grades of clerks—one at fifteen and another from among the scholarship holders of eighteen or nineteen. Very few local authorities, however, have sufficient appointments to justify even a single examination of their own, and arrangements would therefore be necessary for the holding of joint examinations either by groups of municipal bodies or by the county councils or by the State.

Again, to many local posts more or less technical in character men or women of full age ought to be appointed, and we in England think that in such cases competitive examination is not a good method of selection. For a few of these adult appointments—medical officers of health, for instance—the State already requires as a condition of its grants that the person appointed should be possessed of certain professional qualifications. This principle could be largely extended, and might well be combined with regulations with regard to committee procedure for securing that appointments, even among qualified persons, should, as far as possible, be kept "out of politics." A large and increasing proportion of the officials appointed by local bodies are teachers. A few years ago it was easy to prevent undue influence in their appointment, because the supply of qualified men and women was much less than the demand. Now the supply is catching up the demand, local managers are urging that they should be given more powers, and if educational appointments are not to get into "politics" such precautions in the way of definite recommendation by responsible officials as have already been adopted by the London County Council will be required throughout the country.

The Commission would therefore probably draw up a scheme for dealing with separate sections of the problem in different ways—competitive examinations for young clerks and for admission to teachers' training colleges, a list of qualifications for accountants, town clerks, and others who at present are often technically unqualified, and, finally, rules as to procedure intended to increase the likelihood of impartiality in appointments from a list of adult applicants to advertised posts. Under such conditions municipal service would soon become a more self-respecting and vigorous profession.

It is well known that a very large part of the admitted efficiency of municipal administration in Germany is due to the existence of an independent body of officials, called the Magistrat, side by side with the elected councillors. The German system is, perhaps, incompatible with any real local self-government, but in England we think that we have in our central Civil Service learned to combine professional skill with representative control, and it ought not to be impossible to invent the necessary machinery for securing the same results in municipal organisation.

Such an invention could only be made by Commissioners who were prepared both to work and to think. But when once made and adopted, it would not only protect local public life against the invasion of many subtle forms of corruption, but would, without increased expense, raise enormously the intellectual standard and therefore the practical effect of local administration. In the municipal offices, as well as in the Whitehall departments that great saying of John Stuart Mill holds good— that "Mediocrity should not be concerned in the affairs of State."

GRAHAM WALLAS.

The Drama.

SAMSON AND SOME OTHERS.

Sardou being dead, M. Henry Bernstein has practically a monopoly of the export trade in French drama; which is as much as to say that he is a second-rate dramatist. And "Samson" is far from being his best work. It is second-rate of the second-rate: I am not sure—nor does it greatly matter—whether that works out at third-rate or fourth-rate. Its purely theatrical qualities are such that it promises to be a success at the Garrick Theatre; and there is no particular reason why it should not succeed. It is one of those clever toys which appeal to grown-up children all the world over. But Mr. Sutro's treatment of a variant of the same story, in "The Walls of Jericho," had much more genuine merit.

Of course, I speak of it as I find it in its English form. From Mr. Walkley's criticism I gather that the translator has done some injustice to M. Bernstein's "psychology." Assuredly there is not much of that left in the English version, which, for the rest, seems to be a quite competent piece of work.

A few weeks ago, in writing of "Grit" at the Kingsway Theatre, I enumerated the leading examples of the "Maître de Forges" theme from "The Lady of Lyons" onwards. Readers who follow the transactions of the "Maître de Forges" theme, from "The Lady of "Samson," which was doubtless already familiar to them. My excuse is the same as Dr. Johnson's—"Ignorance, madam; pure ignorance." In my youth it used to be the chief duty of the English critic to keep abreast of the French drama; but now that we have a drama of our own, I am perhaps culpably content to fall behind the march of events in Paris. At any rate it had not dawned on me that this "Samson," which I had seen quoted as one of the gilt-edged securities of the theatrical market, was nothing but a rehandling of the dismal old "Maître de Forges" story. It says much for M. Bernstein's adroitness that he has contrived to squeeze a certain novelty of effect out of a subject which appeared to be hopelessly wrung dry.

One can trace very clearly the process of thought whereby the play was engendered. The story of the virile, masterful plebeian married to the haughty patrician damsel, and ultimately dominating and subduing her, had proved itself again and again to possess extraordinary attractions for the multitude. It could not but occur, then, to a playwright in quest of world-wide success; for nothing is so safe as a hackneyed theme that can be tricked out with a false air of novelty. But was not this one altogether too hackneyed? At what point could any gloss of novelty be applied to it? M. Bernstein went, with true instinct, straight to the variable point, if I may call it so. He spared us all the preliminaries of the marriage—the proud but penniless family; the rich and adoring, but more or less uncouth, wooer; the maiden's icy, petrified consent. He spared us—and for this we may be truly grateful—the home-coming after the marriage. All this tediously familiar business he skipped, indicating it only in a few words of exposition. He saw that the variable point was the husband's treatment of the aristocratic lover, and he made straight for that. In essence, of course, it must be a duel; but there are many ways of duelling, and M. Bernstein thought of a new one. Yet even here he contrived to stick to pretty safe lines of convention. It has been proved over and over again that the public not only excuses but applauds a wronged husband who, declining to expose himself to the rapier or the pistol of a deadly swashbuckler, chooses his own weapons, and crushes the villain in his own way. This, in its essence, is the plan adopted by M. Bernstein's Jacques Brachard. The novelty lies in the fact that, in order to ruin the villain, Brachard, like Samson of old, brings the Bourse down about his own ears, and emerges from the crash a financially dishonored pauper. That is the novelty of M. Bernstein's invention—and a precious novelty it is! We have in English a phrase which exactly describes Brachard's conduct: he cuts off his nose to spite his face, This is not usually considered a heroic or even a sane course of action; rather it is a byword of folly. But the theatrical public will forgive anything for a "strong scene"; and the scene in which Brachard keeps the villain imprisoned and impotent, while his fortune crumbles away, is undoubtedly a strong one—if we leave common sense and common honesty out of the question.

Common sense must also be kept at arm's length if we are to accept the incidents which lead up to this strong scene, in the English play. I gather from Mr. Walkley that in the French play they are less incredible; but what do I, or the general public, know of the French play? It is essential to the popularity of the good old story that the haughty heroine should at last fall into the arms of the rough-diamond hero, saying—

> "Vous êtes mon lion, superbe et généreux;
> Je t'aime——"

or words to that effect. Now, if the villain had actually seduced her, the circumstance would have cast a regrettable cloud over this supreme moment; wherefore her virtue must at all hazards remain intact. But, on the other hand, had she resolutely repulsed the villain's suit, Jacques Brachard's motive for playing the part of Samson might have struck even the theatrical public as a trifle thin. It might have seemed a little improbable that a millionaire should insist on ruining himself because another gentleman had made fruitless advances to his wife. How, then, does the playwright—or his adaptor—escape from this difficulty? In a very amazing fashion. Jessie—the villain is called Jessie; I really don't know why—has almost vanquished the resistance of the heroine. She has consented to seize the opportunity of her husband's absence from home, and to pay a midnight visit to the villain's flat. One would imagine that Jessie would be content with this arrangement; but, instead of taking her straight to his rooms, he must needs conduct her first of all to a revolting and indescribable orgie at a disreputable restaurant, from which she escapes, horror-stricken, and rushes home. What an incredible and imbecile Jessie! It is afterwards explained that his motive was to compromise her; but what a strange and roundabout method to adopt! The psychology of Brachard presents no difficulties to me; he is simply afflicted with a new and acute variety of the age-old foolishness of the hero of theatrical romance. But in the psychology of Jessie I cannot but suspect some hiatus, due either to the adaptor or the censor. The real, original, Parisian Jessie can scarcely have been such an astounding ass.

To sum up, then, the play is fundamentally a piece of threadbare romantic nonsense. But it has been adroitly furbished up, and made to appear new, by the aid of a hitherto unthought-of and theatrically effective extravagance—for Brachard's conduct is extravagant in every sense of the word. The acting is quite good. One has yet to see, indeed, the rough diamond hero who should impart any touch of real uncouthness to the character. Mr. Norman McKinnell, in the first act of "Grit," made some effort in that direction; but it did not come to much in the later acts. As for Mr. Bourchier, he plays the dock-porter-millionaire exactly as he would play a duke if such a character came in his way. His performance is vigorous, incisive, telling; but there is no more of the rough-diamond in it than is inseparable from the actor's somewhat bluff and burly personality. The play is a man's, not a woman's, play, and the character of Anne-Marie is distinctly "sacrificed"; but Miss Violet Vanbrugh embodies it charmingly.

It chanced that, after seeing "Samson" on a Saturday afternoon, I went in the evening to see the last performance of "Diana of Dobson's" at the Kingsway Theatre. What a refreshing difference of atmosphere! The English comedy (I had never seen it before) is original, fresh, life-like, humane; the French drama is conventional, laborious, far-fetched, brutal. It is difficult, of course, to find any common measure between two such utterly disparate works; and I daresay M. Bernstein has a good deal more specifically dramatic power than Miss Cicely Hamilton. But the contrast

between my afternoon's and my evening's entertainment made me doubly appreciate Miss Lena Ashwell's faithful adherence to English drama. And how fine was the acting at the Kingsway! Not only was Miss Ashwell herself quite admirable in the title part, but Mr. Dennis Eadie gave a brilliantly original performance of a self-made magnate, and Mr. C. M. Hallard was excellent as an ineffectual ex-Guardsman. Mr. Hallard, too, showed unsuspected power as a character-actor in the front-piece, Judge Parry's clever little comedy, "Charlotte on Bigamy." Altogether, Miss Ashwell's Kingsway management is, to my mind, a singularly praiseworthy and promising artistic enterprise.

Mr. H. B. Irving's "Hamlet," at the Shaftesbury, is a strong, straightforward, intelligent, effective rendering of the part, which scarcely, however, reaches the highest rank. Its radical defect seems to me to lie in the intractable quality of the actor's voice, which prevents him from getting sufficient variety into his utterance of emotion. There is no penetrating tenderness, no note of pathos in his organ; it can rouse, but it cannot thrill. If I may use a color metaphor, it seems to me uniformly sombre—a voice in mourning. This lack of flexibility and range was felt most in the ghost scenes of the first act, from which the effect of awe and mystery was almost wholly absent. The later scenes were very much better. In all the more even passages, such as the scenes with the players and with Horatio, Mr. Irving was excellent; in the scenes with Ophelia and with his mother he had many admirable touches; and his play scene was remarkably strong. Throughout he showed the distinction inseparable from his race, and his reading of the lines was always intelligent without affectation. Miss Dorothea Baird's Ophelia was very graceful and pathetic, and the production was adequate without lavishness.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art.

SCOTTISH PAINTING.*

IT has often been remarked, sometimes with bitterness, that the artists who contrive to make the most stir in modern English exhibitions are the Scottish artists. Certainly the invasion of England by the latter was never so marked as at the present time. Never a season passes but that they are strongly represented at all the principal London galleries, including the Academy itself; and, what is more, their propensity for taking up residence in London, as well as deluging its exhibitions with their works, is, if anything, on the increase. Yet the true-born Englishman, who feels humiliated at the thought that the foremost props of that very English institution, the Royal Academy, hailed from north of the Tweed; that Arthur Melville, perhaps the most brilliant water-colorist of latter days that the Old Society could boast, was a Scotsman; that the three most acclaimed living etchers in the kingdom—Strang, Cameron, and Muirhead Bone—are all of the same race, has at least one reflection to console himself with. It is that the present state of affairs has existed almost as long as Scottish art itself. Before Raeburn, it is true, the number of those who migrated to London and achieved any success was very small, and Raeburn himself remained faithful to Edinburgh. But Wilkie established himself here, and since his day the influx of talented Scotsmen who thought it worth while—a few have not—has steadily increased. At certain times in the last century the migratory wave was very large and formidable. When Scott Lauder's pupils—Orchardson, Murray, McWhirter, Pettie, and the rest—descended upon our metropolis, and, one by one, stormed the Academy's portals with success, it seemed for a while as if no other artists save Scots were possible in this country; and, had not several of them proved by their subsequent work that the Academy influence was stronger even than a Scotsman's talent, this mild reflection might have become a serious feeling of panic. The Glasgow School wave spent its superfluous force on the Continent, and it was only the backwash that eddied round the London studios; still, even this was not without effects of some importance. And when the New English Art Club was started, and the International Society prepared to hold its first exhibition in London, it was, again, the Scottish element that lent most support to these bodies.

If the unceasing immigration of Scotsmen is disconcerting to the English artist, it is almost equally so to the historian of Scottish art. We think, however, that Mr. James L. Caw, the author of the exhaustive volume on "Scottish Painting Past and Present," which lies before us, has fully realised the difficulties of the position, and has partially, if not wholly, overcome them. The expedient he has adopted is the division of Scottish painters into Scots and Anglo-Scots, the latter being those who have emigrated early or late in their careers; and, though the one class must occasionally overlap the other in any attempt to deal synthetically with Scottish painting, the boundary line between them is, on the whole, fairly well marked. Neither has he committed the mistake which many writers as patriotic as himself, but less conscientious, might have made—namely, that of endeavoring to "rope in" every artist of talent who can boast a Scottish name; he exacts from each the qualifications of residence in and personal association with the art world of the North. He does not insist on the matter of birthplace, otherwise Mr. Lavery, whose artistic relationship to the Glasgow School is beyond dispute, but who was born in Belfast, would have no place in this volume. On the other hand, he is careful not to include Whistler on the ground of that master's affinity to the same group, or because he once wrote to a provost, saying that he had Scottish blood in his veins.

The second portion of this volume, which deals with the modern school from Raeburn onwards, is by far the larger and the more important. Raeburn is universally admitted to have been the first of the modern Scotsmen, and before his time there was no artist of really wide distinction. The "old masters"—George Jamesone, Aikman, the Scougalls, and so forth—are interesting mainly as examples of the Continental thraldom to which the art of the country was for long subjected. Painting in Scotland, while it developed on very similar lines to that in England, was even later in assuming a national character, and its progress was less continuous. For one thing, the circumstances were less favorable. The country remained in a state of political and religious turmoil until towards the close of the eighteenth century. Then the traditional intercourse with the Continent, while it resulted in the importation of many foreign artists, did not attract the best of them. Edinburgh could offer no inducement to a Vandyke or even a Lely; the result was that she was fain to put up with a Medina. Thus Scottish painting was but little benefited by foreign teaching, and the incursion of foreigners had one rather serious effect, in that it led to the growth of a native taste that altogether discouraged the prospects of native painting. Hence, at an early date, began that exodus of native talent, to which we have referred, and by the time matters righted themselves, and Scottish patrons of art began to take a practical interest in the home painters, the migratory habit, which is characteristic of all Scotsmen, had grown so strong in Scottish artists that they could not be stayed. Yet this circumstance did not prevent the rapid rise of a national spirit in painting, when once the hour and the man had arrived. The man was Raeburn—he who, as R. A. M. Stevenson said, was the chief link in the development of direct painting between Velasquez and Hals and the modern schools—and the investigation of character, combined with expressive brush work, which belong to his art, began what has now come to be regarded as the essential in Scottish portraiture. Naturalism in other branches and romanticism followed later; upon the heels of that pride

* "Scottish Painting Past and Present: 1620-1908." By James L. Caw, Director of the National Galleries of Scotland. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack. 21s. net.

of home episodes, characters and customs, that manifested itself in the art of Wilkie, and on the awakening of that reverence for country which Scott so greatly fostered and encouraged. In landscape the naturalistic movement was later than in portraiture and genre. Thomson, of Duddingston, was contemporary with Constable, but it is difficult to find much affinity between his naturalism and that of the English master. The Scotsman's work is far more palpably directed by conventions, and, while much of it is fine in conception and reverential in treatment, it is largely literary in spirit. The true Scottish landscape belongs to a later decade.

During the nineteenth century the history of Scottish painting follows that of the art in England more or less closely. The lapse into triviality that befell English painting in the second quarter of that century was echoed in Scotland by the painters who followed Wilkie. The revolt against convention, which here took the form of the pre-Raphaelite movement, was there represented, with a totally different set of aspirations attached to it, by the Scott Lauder school. This was followed by a period of pictorial anecdotage in both countries, and this again, in the eighties, by a powerful swing of the pendulum towards the other extreme. Out of the reaction arose the Glasgow School, with its war-cry of "Values, values," borrowed from Paris, and its sturdy flouting of Academic authority; contemporaneously with the Newlyn School, though its exponents, again, differed from those of the latter as emphatically as did Lauder's pupils from Holman Hunt and Rossetti. The relationship of the arts of the two countries is, in fact, a study of great interest, if of some complexity; and in Mr. Caw's volume it proves very interesting indeed, for not only does he provide us with a completely up-to-date and finely-illustrated dictionary of Scottish painters, but also with an able summary of those qualities, of that latent instinct for color in a colorful land, of that virility in technique, and of that homely sentiment, which are characteristic of what is best in the painting of his country.

Communications.

WHAT WORKMEN THINK OF CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Compulsory military service has hardly yet been sprung upon the working classes as a question that must be settled at once if the country is not to go quickly to the dogs. We have not yet been forced, with the usual mixture of soft soap and browbeating, to vote for or against it whether we want to or not; as, for instance, we were forced to vote on education and licensing if we wished to vote for Tariff Reform or Free Trade. We have not yet had hammered into us as many whole truths of the matter, all different, as there are political parties. Our vote isn't wanted yet. The country is being educated up to the idea—those who have least to lose by it first. There have, however, even here, been lectures and debates where comfortable gentlemen, too old themselves for military service, aided by maps on which they had half forgotten their way about, foretold terrible things—invasion and Imperial ruin—unless we adopted some form of conscription, or, as they pleasantly called it, universal training. When we have had nothing better to do, we have been to those free entertainments, and afterwards have talked the matter over among ourselves. Possibly we understand as much about it now as we shall do when electioneers and the ha'penny press have been trying to hoodwink our one eye or the other. At any rate, we can see pretty plainly how any form whatever of compulsory military training must necessarily touch us.

The arguments in favor of it seem to run on two main lines: (1) necessity, (2) morals. We are told, without sure proof, that the country is defenceless against invasion. But we have also been told, and on just as good authority, that if the Navy fails an Army of able-bodied men in the country could not save us from starvation. And we hear nothing about compulsory naval service. If the Navy does not need compulsion to make it certainly the better service of the two, why does the Army need it? The Navy, moreover, has fewer men to recruit from, for fewer men are cut out for seafaring than for military work.

The moral argument is, as a rule, the harder pressed, no doubt because the talking legislating classes are always so much more anxious about working-class morals and duties than about their own. It is easy to point out to working men their duty when that is simply to knuckle under to their betters, or—as a French writer whom we have lately chanced upon puts it—when "the duty of the poor is to defend the good things belonging to the rich, and this is how the union betwixt citizens is maintained." In a really democratic country, the duty of every man is clearly to do his part in defending it. Ours is not a democratic country, and so-called democratic legislation will never make it so till men are democratic in feeling as well as in talk, in private as well as in public. We are industrial, and already in the underpaid and dangerous trades the working classes give more lives to their country's prosperity than ever the Army does. Besides, how can there be a democratic Army and Navy? With their ranks and ratings and their discipline, they are the most aristocratic institutions we have, and very properly so. The "Spectator," we see, says that the working classes would condemn as anti-democratic a system under which upper and middle class boys would escape compulsory service by serving in the Volunteer corps at their schools. Very true. So the "Spectator" favors the proposals of the National Service League, by which "the training would be given to the duke's son, the millionaire's son, the collier's son, or the agricultural laborer's son, on absolutely equal terms." It would be given equally, perhaps, but how received? Would taking the rich men's sons from their amusements be the same as taking poor men's sons from their work? Would they have all the same means of making their period of compulsory training pleasant? The rich men's sons might think it too democratic; the poor sons' fathers wouldn't.

The most suspicious—and the most enlightening—thing about the compulsory service movement is the support given to it by the clergy. Why should the men committed to peacefulness support the warlike spirits? The problem explains itself when we recollect that the clergy belong to the officer class; and they naturally favor what is, unconsciously, I daresay, only another move of that class to bring the working classes more under its thumb—to make them live, not as they find, but as the officer class thinks, good. The clergy, of course, talk about the nation's need of discipline. They do not, on their part, appear to relish overmuch the loose discipline of the Church. Maybe they would like to exchange it for the sterner discipline of manual labor year in and year out for a bare living wage without hope of betterment, without hope of holidays in Switzerland, without hope, even, of having the bishop to lunch. As Mrs. Perring says: "'Tis they schools, I reckon, what puts the children off work, an' makes it harder for 'em when they got to. Fine discipline 'twould be for the boys just when they've a-left school an' are getting into the collar, to have to leave work an' go into camp, an' p'raps to slop about afterwards for months looking for fresh work!"

What we should particularly like to know is: who are to be the officers in the proposed compulsory service, and what is to be their treatment of the men? Are they to be the same sort of officers with the same sort of ways as at present? We are proud enough of the Navy—the men, not the machinery—but those of us whose friends are on the lower deck or in the ranks are well aware that it is not the work, but the treatment, which rouses so much dissatisfaction. We have known a naval officer called out to fight by a fisherman for his behavior in the latter's boat. The officer apologised afterwards, explaining that it was a way he had got into in the Navy, and the fisherman replied: "Aye! but just you remember in future when you comes down to me that you an't got me in your Navy, an' won't have neither, for all you got five brothers o' mine; an' you remember your shore-going manners 'long wi' me." Men will not stand from the newer type of junior officer the same language that they would admire a bluff old seaman for, and, having been made keener on promotion than the old-fashioned, happy-go-lucky sailor, they resent their set-

backs more. "The Portsmouth mutiny," says Dave Perring, who knows a good deal about it, and has himself done his time in the Reserve, "thic turn-out didn't rise up all at once. 'Twas brewing, an' 'tis brewing now. Some o' they officers be ripping chaps, but mostly they treats 'ee like a dog. On the knee to 'em, that's it. When they've got 'ee there, they've got 'ee, an' they knows it, an' acts according. They can't help it altogether. 'Tis the way o' it."

The Army officers we have met are nice enough so long as things go smoothly; they are always very willing to teach us how to do our own work; but they are not exactly the sort of men we should like to be compelled to put the children under. If at present the boys join the Army or Navy—as the elder ones have done, and the younger ones probably will—they do it deliberately, with their eyes open, for Dave does not forget to tell them: "You make up your mind to get on, an' 'twill be all fitty; but 'tis like walking a chalk mark, an' if you slips off, you'm done. They can have 'ee, all ways; mind that." There is plenty that is bad in the services now they have to catch their men in the open market. What they would be like if they got their men without trouble, we don't know; but we have heard of the French and German conscript scandals.

The compulsory military service movement appears to us in the light of a huge plot, headed by Lord Roberts, who, as "Bobs," the hero, fought himself into the affection of the nation, and as Earl Roberts, the peer, is talking himself out of it again. Are the military authorities so inefficient that they want all the youth of the country to practise inefficiency on? Perhaps, however, they have improved since they failed during the Boer War to handle properly the men they've got. Let them prove it. When we have reason to trust the service authorities we shall be prepared to think seriously of compulsory military training—not before; and then probably it will be plainly unnecessary.

If the country is not safe with its regular forces at their present size, why not make the services better worth a man's while to join? It would be expensive, doubtless, but less so than conscription; and good treatment at all events is not a money matter. The nation spends millions on battleships and guns, and treats them very delicately; flesh and blood it wants on the cheap. Seems so, anyhow, if the National Service League represents the nation. When we have to help pay for the Navy we are told that it is our national insurance. To all other forms of insurance men contribute according to the amount of their insurable property; they do now, in fact, so contribute to the national insurance by being taxed for it according to their means; and our soldiers and sailors are the men who, for certain payments, underwrite portions of the risk. That, it seems to us, is the fairest and least undemocratic system yet invented. Pretty nearly all the insurable property we possess is the flesh and blood they want for next to nothing.—Yours, &c.,

S. R.
R. W. W.

[The writers of the above communication have had exceptional opportunities, carefully exercised, of ascertaining workmen's opinion on compulsory military service.—Ed. NATION.]

Letters to the Editor

"SURMISES ON THE IRON MASK."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to offer a few remarks on your review of Monsignor Barnes's "Man of the Mask" (January 16th), which I have only seen to-day? The brilliant idea of Monsignor Barnes that James de la Cloche (last heard of in December, 1668) was the Man of the Mask (first heard of in July, and arrested in August, 1669) was entirely original on his part. But after this great thought had flashed through his brain he discovered (as he mentions in his book) that I had anticipated him, and had made the same suggestion, "in a spirit of mockery," like the Young Man with the Cream Tarts (see my book, "The Valet's Tragedy"). I could not believe in my own suggestion because I was, and remain, certain that James de la Cloche, "sincere, simple, single-hearted," as your reviewer styles him, died at Naples in August, 1669, and, therefore, was not, at that date, on his way to his prison at Pignerol.

The truth is that Lord Acton, who introduced James de la Cloche, in 1862, to British history, was not an historical Sherlock Holmes. With all his wide reading, too, he was unacquainted with the Letters of Vincenzo Armanni, published in 1674. The book is so rare in England that I was obliged to have transcripts of the passages on Prince James Stuart made at Rome. After reading them I was absolutely convinced that James de la Cloche, or Prince James Stuart, died at Naples and was buried there, in August, 1669. Therefore, James could not be "Eustache d'Auger," the valet, arrested by the Captain of Dunkirk in the same month, and traceable through all his vicissitudes till he is immured in the island off Cannes. Lord Acton did not publish the French originals of the testimonials given by Charles II. to his son James de la Cloche, and the King's letters to and concerning that sincere and simple young devotee. I think that no British historian read these letters (I myself only read them in Italian translations) till Monsignor Barnes published them in his interesting book. Historians have followed Lord Acton, and he, to tell the truth, did not bestow on this problem the necessary amount of care and attention. To people who are fond of puzzles, I would say, read the documents published by Monsignor Barnes in his originals. They may thus be able to find out that Lord Acton's judgment might, indeed, be "swordlike," but that swords are not the best instruments for the unravelling of Gordian knots.

As to the Abbé Pregnani, amateur astrologer, your reviewer says: "The French authorities themselves, in the very act of commending him to Colbert, have not the slightest idea who he is." Anyone who reads Lionne's letter to Colbert, in the documents of Monsignor Barnes, will see that Lionne knows, and tells Colbert who the Abbé is, and by what Royal lady he was brought to the knowledge of Louis XIV. This Royal introduction of the Abbé to Louis is not given in Monsignor Barnes's text, but it is given in Lionne's letter to Colbert. The Abbé, again, does not set out for Calais, "and then vanish from the scene." He was not arrested as soon as he touched French soil; he was in Paris, and with Lionne, about July 26th, as may be read in the last document in the book.—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW LANG.

February 8th, 1909.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There are numbers of Liberals in Great Britain who, looking around, see the youth of this country engaged in pursuits in many cases to which the word "manly" could not be applied. Attracted by the apparently simple programme of the National Service League, and themselves probably having served as Volunteers, they think quite naturally that the word "conscription" cannot be applied to such a form of compulsion, while the advantage of discipline, of obedience to orders, regularity, and physical drill cannot but be good for the youth and early manhood of the nation; thus they cheerfully subscribe to the funds of the League and laugh at the fears of its critics.

The object of this letter is to warn such Liberals most seriously of the constitutional danger of permitting even the first step towards compulsion, and to point out what lies out of their sight; and why the statements made by Lord Roberts, the National Service League, and by any conscriptionist may not be accepted, but must be fought and their effects destroyed before Great Britain is pledged to a system which must overthrow the constitution, and will end in disaster.

A country which depends upon a Volunteer Army, as we do, cannot afford to disregard the conditions of service, nor permit any form of inhumanity, but must equalise the soldier's life with that of the laborer or artisan. It must go into the labor market and depend upon the attractions it offers to get men to join the colors. In time of threatened or actual war the problem is simpler, for there is then but

little difficulty in recruiting. Even so far back as 1814, when the air was full of schemes of compulsion, it was acknowledged that Volunteers had always shown readiness to go upon permanent duty and to turn out with alacrity when real or false alarms demanded their service. A conscript under any conditions has no option. Go he must. But behind this lies very much.

The mild form of compulsion airily set out by the League appears to a casual observer to ask for no more, if so much, as Mr. Haldane demands for his Territorialists. It is to cost a paltry four millions of money more than we spend now, while the War Office calculates the cost of a very mild form of conscription at twenty millions (War Office statement to Parliament, 1904). The crucial question is: Who is to judge of the standard of numbers, of discipline, of armament, of conditions when once the principle is wrested from the people? Parliament will no longer control, only the experts; and the contrast between the efficiency of the Continental conscript and the British will be drawn each day in more and more lurid colors until not the youth only, but the grown man will be netted and England will become a vast camp of discontented soldiers, eating their heads off, awaiting diplomatic failures to find an occupation—and diplomatic failures will not fail them.

The military correspondent of the "Times" inculcates the doctrine that Great Britain must possess those forces which will render the State secure and its alliance worth having. This is the spring of conscription and of Lord Roberts's dismal forebodings. Liberals demand neither alliances nor means to pay the price to purchase them—but the Unionist Party cannot give up the old tradition, while in his heart every Tariff Reformer feels that the moment the country enters upon a course of retaliatory tariffs force will be needed to back up the consequences. Thus the National Service and the Tariff Reform Leagues are complementary to each other.

An Englishman is a poor subject to try compulsion upon. A mule would bear a favorable comparison with him. To govern a compelled Englishman, men of iron must be chosen, and whence are they to be obtained? But the League dismisses this serious problem as of no consequence. The War Office in 1904, in a Tory *régime*, thought differently. They considered that not only must the officers be professionals, but the non-commissioned officers as well—salaried officials in the proportion of thirty officers and seventy non-commissioned officers per each 900 rank and file—to be paid at Army rates, while the conscripts would require the 1s. per diem, the British equivalent rate of pay; also, that a change to conscription would necessitate doubling the pay of the Regular soldier, while reducing the strength of the Army by 30,000 men; and after all, this conscript army contemplated by the War Office was only to reach 380,000 men all told, while out of this no provision was being made for cavalry or for artillery.

The salient points of objection are:—

(*a*) That once Parliament has by its Act permitted a form of compulsory service to be introduced, it has lost control of the future, as Parliament will not be able to decide whether the force is efficient, and must support the expert.

(*b*) That even the severest form of discipline can be expected to obtain the minimum of obedience, as men no longer exert themselves under compulsion.

(*c*) That the provision of pay for an Army of professionals on the permanent staff, alone must add an unwieldy burden to a taxation rising year by year.

(*d*) That the interference with the recruiting of the Regular Army and the Navy in particular, which must of necessity be voluntary services, cannot be justified, while the added cost to attract men will not ease taxation.

(*e*) The certain loss to the people of their constitutional rights cannot be justified by any fancied gain from compulsory service. The principle of an Army is that of an oligarchy, and once hand over the manhood of the country to a professional oligarchy, the interval between freedom and feudalism will become uncomfortably narrow, probably only to be widened by a revolution. It is not at all too late to safeguard the people from this danger; but it will require an amendment to Mr. Haldane's "Territorial and Reserve Forces Act, 1907" (7 Edward VII., Cap. 9), by removing all possibility of engrafting any form of compulsory service upon it, and requiring every such change to be proposed to Parliament as part of a separate and complete measure, thus ensuring popular criticism, and avoiding dangers unseen. As it stands, the Act lies open, and the danger is very great.—Yours, &c.,

A. Grimshaw Haywood.

February 5th, 1909.

"A PARALLEL TO THE SUFFRAGETTES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Under this heading a letter recently appeared in a distinguished contemporary, containing Noorthonck's version—written one hundred and thirty years after the event—describing an early attempt on the part of women to "rush" the House of Commons. In that letter the writer draws attention to certain resemblances between recent militant tactics and the violence then offered, and quotes Noorthonck's opinion justifying the action of the trained bands in meeting violence with violence. May I draw attention to further resemblances, suggested by some study of contemporary records, between this seventeenth century episode and modern practices, and quote a weighty contemporary opinion on the action of the trained bands, which is very different from Noorthonck's judgment?

From Clarendon we learn that in August, 1643, the peace party in the city would gladly have shown their dissent from the action of the Common Council in praying for the continuance of war. But certain executions and other steps "frighted all men from appearing in person to desire those things upon which their hearts were most set. In the end the women expressed greater courage than the men," and they presented a petition to Parliament urging peace. We learn elsewhere that the women "were backed by courtiers and men of quality." This use of women as tools in political work is not altogether unknown even in our day, and on more than one occasion during that period of stress do we find men urging women to petition the House when they themselves no longer dared to appear.

The touching faith of some modern women in the wisdom, ability, and willingness of legislators to remedy all existing grievances, and the consequent necessity of getting into personal contact with leaders within the precincts of Parliament, finds its counterpart in the faith and action of seventeenth-century forerunners. From the petition then presented the following extract may be taken:—

"That your poor petitioners (though of the weaker sex) do too sensibly perceive the ensuing Desolation of the Kingdom, unless by some timely means your Honours provide for the speedy recovery thereof. Your Honours are the Physitians that can . . . restore this Languishing Nation, and our Bleeding Sister, the Kingdom of Ireland . . . we need not dictate to your Eagle-eyed Judgments the Way; our only desire is, That God's glory in the True Reformed Protestant Religion may be preserved, the just Prerogatives of King and Parliament maintained; the true Liberties and Properties of the Subject according to the known Laws of the Land, Restored; and all the Honorable Ways and Means for speedy Peace endeavoured."

The character of the petition, the vagueness of the reply, and the exhortation to return home quietly, are not unlike similar action and similar vagueness to-day. These women, however mistaken their violence may have been, had, in common with their modern sisters, a keen interest in matters of national importance, and took the most direct means possible to secure a hearing. Failing to receive what they considered adequate attention, they resorted unwisely, perhaps not unnaturally, to violence. Then, as more recently, they imitated men in this respect, and were, according to sound contemporary opinion, more severely handled than men. All writers—and many describe the episode—emphasise the violence on both sides. It must suffice to quote one who cannot have been in sympathy with the rioters. The Puritan M.P. and antiquary, Sir Simonds D'Ewes, himself an eye-witness, has left in his diary a graphic account of the whole story. The following extracts bring out differences from Noorthonck's version, and display a spirit of greater fairness in describing action of which the writer cannot have approved.

"No man can excuse the indiscreet violence of these

women, but the remedy used against them by the procurement of Pym and others . . . . was most cruel and barbarous, for not content to have them suppress by the ordinary footguards, which had been sufficient, there were diverse horsemen called doune, who hunted the said woemen up and downe the back Palace Yard, and wounded them with their swords and pistolls with no less inhumanities than if they had been bruit beasts. . . . And many had just cause to wonder that when the meane and factious people, being men, and not women, which came downe and offered so much violence to divers of the Lords, being Peeres of the Realme . . . had no course at all taken against them, and yet that such severe cruelty was used against these woemen, who were only mislead (*sic*) by their wicked and unlawfull example."

As I hope to show elsewhere this whole episode—startlingly modern as it is—forms but one of many indications that women, no less than men, were supremely interested in the vexed questions which led to civil war; that they were determined to get a hearing for their views; and that, like the men around them, they were more than once carried away to acts of violence in the hope of securing the attention of those who guided the destinies of the nation.—Yours, &c.,

ELLEN A. MCARTHUR.

Cambridge, February 10th, 1909.

THE STRENGTH OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article, "The New Scare About the Navy," in your last issue, you say: "On the German side there would not be one non-obsolete warship of over 13,000 tons." Allow me to point out that there are ten battleships now in commission in the German Navy of 13,200 tons each—the Deutschland class, five ships, and the Braunschweig class containing the same number.

Not one of these ships is more than six years old, and two—the Schlesien and the Schleswig-Holstein—were only commissioned last year.—Yours, &c.,

C. G. WALKER.

Knowle House, Mirfield, Yorks, February 10th, 1909.

[The displacement of the ten German battleships to which our correspondent refers is given in the "Navy League Annual" as 12,997 tons, not 13,200. The "Naval Annual" gives the five ships of the Deutschland class as having 13,200 tons displacement, but gives 12,997 tons to the Braunschweig class.—ED., NATION.]

"SUFFRAGETTE HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was too busy when the first letter of your correspondent, Mr. W. C. Jolly, appeared, to be able to answer it in detail, and I would not join the correspondence now, but that I felt I might discourage my readers by keeping silence.

I chose to use the spelling "Magna Charta," because it is that generally adopted in popular histories, and by the "Encyclopædia Britannica." But even if it had been an error, the spelling of a word does not affect the force of a fact. Mr. Jolly, this week, seems to think that he has disposed of my statement that the word "man" includes "woman" in privilege as well as in penalty (as it has to do through a deficiency in the English language). He triumphantly refers to the case of "Charlton v. Lings." As his reference is correct, it is possible that the misspelling was a printer's error. But it happens that it was because the decision in Charlton v. Lings was at variance with philology, common use, history, charters, and statutes, that I spent ten years of solid study to write my books, "British Freewomen" and "The Sphere of 'Man.'" If Mr. Jolly will go through the originals of the charters of the guilds, he will find them for "sistren" as well as for "brethren"; if he goes through the lists of freemen in their books, he will find the names of women as well as of men; if he follows the State papers, he will find ladies included among "gentlemen." If he has not time to do original research, he may content himself with many printed authorities, for instance, "Stow's Chronicles," and Riley's translation of the "White Book of the City of London." In the latter he will find the phrase, "And the freeman, when she is a woman, shall have no excuse from the duties of watch and ward." There is only one point in his letter in which I agree with him: that is, when he admits that Coke made errors. But he happened to be in the right when he stated that "Liber Homo" included woman. I can give him hundreds of examples. In regard to his assertion that women could not pay homage, I think Mr. Jolly requires a little further study. It is true that her husband paid homage for her lands while he lived, and *while she lived.* But that woman could both pay and receive homage, he can learn from the "Rotuli Bundredorium," the "Testa de Nevill," "Kirkley's Inquest," and many similar compilations. Or if he would prefer it, he may refer to "Littleton upon Tenures, Form of Homage, 87,88," "Coke upon Littleton, 67a," "Glanville" B., IX., c.iii., and heraldic books, such as Dugdale's "Baronage" (117), "Joanne Devereux, making proof of her age, and doing her homage, had livery of the lands of her inheritance." 2. Ric. II. "The summonses to Ladies, as well as to Lords, for aids to the King, was, "de fide et homagis." When Mr. Jolly has gone through all my authorities there will be time to discuss my inferences. Yours, &c.,

CHARLOTTE C. STOPES.

February 11th, 1909.

[The correspondence should now close.—ED., NATION.]

PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Of course, I am at one with your reviewer about the appalling practice of pronouncing the *i* in "girl" like the *i* in "gird." Let us hope that Macaulay was holding it up to contempt when he wrote his admired stanza about the gentleman who went to the West Indies, hoping to make money, but only ruined the complexions of his daughters:—

"Mr. Walker was sent to Berbice,
By the greatest of statesmen and Earls;
He went to bring back yellow boys,
But he only brought back yellow girls."

—Yours, &c.,

G. W. E. R.

February 8th, 1909.

THE LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent of last week and others may be interested to know that Tylor in his "Primitive Culture" (vol. 1, p. 495, 3rd edition) quotes the Lyke-Wake Dirge, from J. C. Atkinson's "Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect," and gives the third line of verse one as:—

"Fire and fleet and candlelight."

Yours, &c.,

J. H. SHAXBY.

February 13th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—This magnificent dirge is printed in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (ed. 1813), II., 180, in the chapter, "Following the Corpse to the Grave," and describes the progress of the soul, by various stages, from the death-chamber to the Vision of Christ. The poem, as printed in Brand, begins thus:—

"This ean night, this ean night,
Every night and awle,
Fire and Fleet and Candle-light,
And Christ receive thy Sawle!"

This verse brings vividly before us the starting-point of the journey, namely, the death-chamber in which the dead person enjoys "this one night," the light and warmth and shelter of the old home—"fire and fleet and candlelight," fire and house-room and the corpse-candle. "Fire and fleet (or flet)" meaning "fire and house-room," is an expression of frequent occurrence in northern wills of the sixteenth century. In these documents it is a common thing for the testator to provide that his wife shall have, after his death, "fire and fleet." The "Oxford Dictionary" (*s.v.* Fleet) gives quotations to this effect from wills in Somerset House

and the Durham Registry. See also Jamieson and the "English Dialect Dictionary." I would refer the student also to the "Oxford Icelandic Dictionary" (*s.v.* Flet), and to Ducange.

The Dirge was printed by Sir W. Scott in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1802). The editor not understanding the expression "fire and fleet" printed "fire and sleet," and suggested that sleet may have been a "corruption from 'selt' or 'salt,' a quantity of which is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse." I suppose that Scott held that "selt" was the authoritative reading, and that "selt" was a northern pronunciaion of "salt." But the northern pronunciation of "salt" is "sawt." Nowhere within the British Isles is this useful commodity pronounced "selt." For proof see "E.D.D." I am sorry to find that the editor of "The Oxford Book of English Verse" (on p. 443), follows Sir W. Scott in printing "sleet" for "fleet," and in interpreting "sleet" to mean "salt." The reading "sleet" is most unfortunate, as it utterly obscures the picture brought before us, and is quite out of harmony with the words "fire" and "candlelight," between which it occurs. "The Brig o' Dread" in the poem is a widespread notion occurring in Chinese, Zoroastrian, Jewish, Mohammedan, and northern traditions, Teutonic and Celtic. The best known Bridge of Dread is Sirat ("the road"), the name for the bridge across the infernal fire, finer than hair, sharper than a sword, beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns (like those on "Whinny-muir"), over which the righteous will pass with the swiftness of lightning, while the wicked will soon miss their footing, and fall into the fire of Hell. We may read much that is interesting about these soul bridges in the chapter on "Souls" in Grimm's Teutonic Mythology (tr. Stallybrass, p. 834-6, 1,150). —Yours, &c.,

A. L. Mayhew.

Wadham College, Oxford, February 8th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION

Sir,—In reference to the discussion of the third line of the "Lyke-Wake Dirge," the following quotation from the "New English Dictionary" should set your correspondents' doubts at rest:—

"Bp. Kennett (*a* 1728) quotes in MS Lansd. 1,033, fol. 132, an 'old northern song over a dead corps,' containing the lines 'Fire and fleet and candle light, and Xt receive thy sawle." In Sir W. Scott's 'Minstrelsy of Scot. Border' (1802), 232, the words appear as 'Fire and sleet,' and the editor suggests that *sleet* 'seems to be corrupted from *selt*, or *salt*, a quantity of which is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse'!"

We thus see that *fleet* is the original reading. Its meaning may be defined as "house-room," *fire and flet* being a very frequent expression in old wills. Thus in a will of 1539, we read, "My wife to have . . . fyre and fleete in my haule and kechin." The singer of the dirge asks that fire and house-room and candle-light may be given to the dead for his "waking." The word itself is from O.E. *flett*, the hall floor, used later with rather wider meaning.—Yours, &c.,

Allen Mawer.

Armstrong College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
February 11th, 1909.

THE LOGIC OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In your issue of the 30th of January, under the heading of "Of Good and Evil," reference is made to the logic of Christian Science as being "contemptible enough." Will you allow me to point out briefly in what the logic of Christian Science consists? It is the logic enforced by the greatest metaphysician the world has ever known: logic so clear that the humblest fisher-folk, perhaps the most uneducated men of their day, were able to accept it without any difficulty. That same "mode of arguing," to use one of the definitions of "logic," is the mode employed by Mrs. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, and by all students of Christian Science. On what did the great Master base his teachings? In reply to the scribe who asked, "Which is the first commandment of all?" Jesus replied, "The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength —this in the first commandment." Now the teachings of Christian Science are based on the first commandment, and in this connection Mrs. Eddy has said, on page 340 of "Science and Health," "The First Commandment is my favorite text. It demonstrates Christian Science." Starting, therefore, from the premise of "one God, or good," Whom, as Jesus declared, to know aright is life eternal, the logic of Christian Science can hardly be termed "contemptible," if it leads to the conclusion that there is in reality no power but that which is of God or good. To the extent that this is understood or demonstrated, to that extent is evil proved to be unreal, be it in the form of sin or of sickness, for there is no evil in good. There is never the slightest doubt in the mind of any student of Christian Science as to the soundness of its logic, because, just so soon as he has grasped it even in a small degree, he begins to see his way out of the thraldom of sin, sickness, and discord. It is indeed true that to the "wisdom of the wise" these things are just as much "foolishness" to-day as in the days when the Apostle, writing to the Church at Corinth, told them that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." True it is that "the attitude of thought and feeling which it (the logic of Christian Science) represents is worthy of much consideration," for it is just because the logic of Christian Science is faultless that the message of freedom and joy can be given with such authority to the sick and suffering, that they are enabled to declare in those well-known words of the poet Whittier:—

"The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again."

Yours, &c.,

Algernon Hervey-Bathurst.

February 5th, 1909.

THE POETRY RECITALS SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As many of your readers will be interested in the Poetry Recitals Society, about to be incorporated, we venture to ask them to co-operate with us. The basis of the society is the neglected truism that poetry, like music, is written for sound, not sight, and to be properly understood and appreciated, should be read aloud. But the society has a wider field than this. It has been said cynically that it is taking the whole province of poetry under its wing. It seeks to bring into fellowship all persons interested in poetry as a means of culture and expression, and to replace the general apathy towards poetry with a healthy, intelligent appreciation of it by means of local centres, public recitals, lectureships, etc., in addition to the details given in the poetical annual for 1909, a publication produced by a number of devotees for specific objects not financial. We shall be glad to send a copy of the constitution and an invitation to attend a general meeting to be held in London towards the end of this month, under the presidency of Lady Margaret Sackville, to any of your readers who are in sympathy with the society, and inclined to help it.—Yours, &c.,

Galloway Kyle,
Secretary.

The Authors' Association, 47, Fleet Street, E.C.,
February 8th, 1909.

"THE CLANGING ROOKERY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In reference to your article with the above title, to my mind the changing of rook habits for the worse is to be accounted for by their *excessive numbers.*

I have grave doubts whether any *whole race* of animals, birds, or insects should be annihilated—not even rats—but I am convinced that rooks and sparrows should be diminished one half.

With regard to "corvine courts martial"—many years ago a disturbance was noticed amongst the birds in a rookery close to a house near Kidderminster then occupied by the late Mr. Samuel Fowler, of Stourbridge, ending in the general onslaught on and killing of one rook and his being gibbeted by the others—a twig being twisted round

his neck, and I, as a boy, saw him thus hanging right amongst the nests. It can hardly have been accidental, as the presence of his decaying body can scarcely have been pleasant to the rising generation.—Yours, &c.,

J. Marshall Sturge.

The Hydro, College Green, Bristol,
February 8th, 1909.

THE WRATH OF SIR ROBERT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The very printers of the "Nineteenth Century" must have trembled, when they set in type Sir Robert Anderson's tempestuous article on "The Prevention of Crime Act." The loss of his pet scheme for the life-imprisonment of the burglar appears to have had a most infuriating effect on his mind. "Professional humanitarians," "hysterical humanitarians," "sham humanitarians," "humanity-mongers"—these are a few of the flowers of speech with which he assails those who successfully pressed for the amendment of a most dangerous measure. He asserts that the Home Secretary swallowed his principles, "in obedience to an agitation promoted by the professional humanitarians, by means of money given to help the unfortunate." There is here a double calumny; for humanitarians are not professional, but honorary workers, and their funds are subscribed for the very purposes which Sir Robert Anderson condemns. There is no excuse for Sir Robert's extreme rudeness. Beyond doubt he is very angry—to the verge of incoherence. He thinks that "the clock has been put back" by the changes in the Crime Bill. Well, certainly, his own clock has lost its mainspring; or shall we say that his is a case of that horological disturbance described in Poe's story as "the devil in the belfry"? He is striking "thirteen o'clock."—Yours, &c.,

Henry S. Salt.

53, Chancery Lane, W.C.
February 9th, 1909.

Poetry.

THE INTERVIEW.

ἐγγὺς ἐλθὼν πολιᾶς ἁλὸς οἷος ἐν ὄρφνᾳ
ἄπνευ βαρύκτυπον
Εὐτρίαιναν· ὁ δ'αὐτῷ
πὰρ ποδὶ σχέδον φάνη.—Pindar, Od. i. 71-4

I.

Down in the darkness to the coast
I ran on passionate feet
To greet the friend I loved the most
And hungered most to meet,
To hail the friend my heart had lost
And hear its surges beat.

Moon there was none; the sky was blank;
All I could see was black;
Save where the breakers, rank on rank,
Rose up for the attack;
Save where the lion heaved his flank,
And roared, and shuddered back.

Yet there it lay, the same, the old,
The indomitable Sea,
There in the darkness and the cold
Crying continually,
Crying the storm its caverns hold,
As my heart cried to me.

The souls of all heroic men
Who in the Sea have found
A comrade and a God, and then
Beneath its waves been drowned,
Lusty and loud and proud again
Made chorus to the sound.

They had no shapes that I could see
Riding the murky air,
And yet I know that actually
Each soul of them was there,
And I was with them, and could be
Bodiless, as they were.

II.

Even as the particles of brine
Beating this actual coast,
Millions on millions, line on line,
Are an unnumbered host,
Yet in their multitude enshrine
As many fates almost.

This drop beneath a torrid sun
Caressed the isles of spice;
In polar night that other one
Welded the arctic ice;
And this was whirled to spray upon
An alpine precipice.

That drop a Viking dragon sank;
That, a Malay canoe;
And this a drowning Spaniard drank
Gold-laden from Peru;
And that upon the Syrtes bank
Had bleached a Roman crew.

The souls of lovers cannot be
Far from the love they willed;
The murderer can never flee
Spirits whose life he spilled;
And these were men that loved the Sea,
And whom the Sea had killed.

Therefore the spirits of them all
Were gathered like a cloud,
Millions on millions, and their call
Was jubilant and loud,
The song of men that met their fall
Whole-hearted and unbowed.

III.

They sang the Sea, the living Sea,
Its praises and its pride,
Its beauty and its purity,
Its life's immortal tide,
And how they loved it quenchlessly,
Although by it they died.

They sang; and in their glorious choir
The deity of man
Blazed and was manifest like fire,
That soared aloft and ran
Catching me with it, higher, higher,
Strong and Olympian.

They sang; and in an undertone
Mysterious and intense
The Sea made answer: first a moan
Almost too low for sense;
Then gathering loud, and louder grown,
Thundered omnipotence.

In giant eddies roared the sound;
The singing swirled between;
The voices of the men were drowned,
Even as the men had been;
Yet did not lose themselves, but found
A stronger self therein.

Their tumult towered to the sky,
So that the awful void
Tingled for ecstacy; and I
Upon their pinions buoyed
Groped out, and compassed the Most High
One moment, overjoyed.

R. C. K. Ensor.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

By the tragic death of M. Catulle Mendès, on Sunday last, France loses an accomplished and versatile man of letters, who did not quite reach greatness in any department of literature, though he essayed most. He was born at Bordeaux in 1841, and at the age of eighteen went to Paris, where he founded the "Revue Fantaisiste," which became the organ of the Parnassian movement, and numbered among its contributors Théophile Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, Banville, Verlaine, Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, and Heredia. But though Mendès never abandoned the Parnassian devotion to excellence of form and respect for the traditional "rules" of French poetry, he soon gave up—if, indeed, he ever accepted—all other distinctive doctrines of the school. In the sixty volumes he has left behind he is romantic, realist, Neo-Hellenist, or whatever else his fancy leads him to be. His choice of themes, and his grossness in treating them have been justly blamed, and the publication of one of his poems led to imprisonment—and a fine. Sainte-Beuve said of his first volume that it contained "honey and poison."

* * *

As a dramatic poet Mendès never won the recognition he deserved. His plays are full of exuberant imagery and lyrical emotion. M. Antoine produced "La Reine Fiammetta" for the "Théâtre Libre," but "Scarron," a play for which Coquelin had a great admiration, is probably Mendès' best piece of writing for the stage. Mendès did a great deal to make German thought and literature current among French men of letters. He wrote interestingly of Heine and other German authors, and it was in no small degree through his reiterated teaching and preaching that Wagner's music was at last accepted in Paris. His critical work is good, though strongly marked by his own prepossessions. The "Rapport sur la Poésie Française," a work prepared by the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, contains a fine introduction, covering the whole range of French poetry, and a dictionary of the French poets of the nineteenth century, accompanied by critical notices of their works. To all students of modern French literature the book is indispensable, and it is not the least valuable of the many volumes Catulle Mendès has given us.

* * *

THREE novels of special interest to be published within the next few weeks are Mr. John Galsworthy's "Fraternity," Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "The Half-Moon," and E. Nesbit's "Salome and the Head." "Fraternity" may be roughly described as an attempt to throw some light on class feeling and on certain types of those who possess the "social conscience." The scene is laid in London. Mr. Galsworthy is also soon to appear again as a dramatist. His play, we understand, deals with a strike in a great factory, and its point of human interest lies in the treatment of two opposed personalities—the employer and the strike leader. Mr. Hueffer's "The Half-Moon" takes its name from the ship in which Henry Hudson made his great voyage of discovery. The story centres round Edward Coleman, the only Englishman who accompanied Hudson. As the title of E. Nesbit's novel shows, it is the story of a famous dancer, the heroine of a number of sentimental and other adventures.

* * *

IBSEN'S posthumous works are now in the printers' hands, and are announced to appear within the next few months. It has, however, been pointed out that the word posthumous is a little out of place in this connection, inasmuch as what will now be given to the world could more aptly be called the "motives" or studies which have formed the foundation for Ibsen's literary production. The coming volumes will undoubtedly throw a new and clearer light upon many Ibsen problems. They will, we understand, prove the futility of much speculation and criticism, at which Ibsen himself often smiled as being too subtle and far-fetched. The contents include first drafts of many of Ibsen's works, and thus show the original keynote from which he started.

* * *

THE fifth and final volume of Professor Guglielmo Ferrero's masterly history of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" will be published by Mr. Heinemann in the course of the next few weeks. The work has already taken its place as one of the freshest and most original contributions made to historical study by the present generation. It has been translated into most European languages, though it was only after some difficulty, and through the co-operation of an American publisher with Mr. Heinemann, that it was found possible to make the work accessible to English readers. Signor Ferrero has just returned from a lengthy stay in America, where he has delivered a series of lectures. His views of the future of the South American States were expressed in an article contributed to our columns on May 25th, 1907.

* * *

SIGNOR FERRERO is not the only European scholar of distinction who has, during the past few years, been welcomed as a lecturer on classical subjects in the United States. Professor Bury's Harvard lectures on "The Ancient Greek Historians" have just been published in book form by Messrs. Macmillan, while Professor J. P. Mahaffy, who was for many years Professor Bury's colleague at Trinity College, Dublin, is at present giving a series of Lowell lectures, his subject being "What the Greeks have done for Modern Civilisation." They will probably be published during the autumn season.

* * *

"THE ROMANCE OF RICHELIEU" is the title of a book by Mr. Joseph McCabe which Mr. Eveleigh Nash has in the press. Mr. McCabe's chief aim has been to show how far the accredited facts of Richelieu's life justify the romantic portraits drawn of him by such writers as Dumas. He has searched the memoir-writers of the time for details as to Richelieu's army of spies, his dealing with the incessant intrigues that were woven about him, and especially his relations with Marie de Medici, Anne of Austria, Madame de Chevreuse, and other women who played a leading part in the politics of the age. Richelieu's work as a statesman and the power he wielded in European affairs have not been neglected, so that altogether the book promises to give a vivid picture of "the iron Cardinal's" life and times. At present there is no adequate biography of Richelieu in English, so that Mr. McCabe's work has better justification than a great number of the historical biographies that now abound.

* * *

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a selection from the lectures given by Dr. J. W. Mackail as Professor of Poetry at Oxford during the autumn terms of the years 1906 to 1908. The title of the book is "The Springs of Helicon: A Study in the Progress of English Poetry from Chaucer to Milton."

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"George Canning and his Friends." Edited by Captain Josceline Bagot. (Murray. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

"The Moral System of Dante's Inferno." By W. H. V. Reade. (Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Johannes Brahms: The Herzogenberg Correspondence." Edited by Max Kalbeck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Tragedy Queens of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier." By Dr. T. L. Pennell. (Seeley. 16s. net.)

"The Journal of John Mayne During a Tour on the Continent Upon its Reopening after the Fall of Napoleon, 1814." Edited by his grandson, John Mayne Colles. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Tales of the Caliphs." By Claud Field. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Causeries du Lundi, 1849-1850." By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Dr. E. J. Trechmann. (Routledge. 1s. net.)

"Tono-Bungay." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Araminta." By J. C. Snaith. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"Histoire de la Littérature Française." Tome IV. "Le Dix-neuvième Siècle." Par Leo Claretie. (Paris: Ollendorff. 7fr. 50.)

"Sur Les Deux Rives." Par Léon de Tinseau. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE'S JEANNE D'ARC.

We have received the following communication from M. Anatole France, which cannot fail to be interesting to our readers and to the British public. It will be observed that M. France is good enough to forward us the preface to the revised edition of his famous book on Joan of Arc, containing a brief and very characteristic reply to Mr. Andrew Lang's criticisms:—

Au Directeur de la "Nation."

Cher Monsieur,—Voici la préface que vous avez bien voulu me demander. Toutes les assertions qu'on trouve dans mon livre sont fondées sur des textes et ce ne sont pas quelques fautes d'impression dans les notes peuvent faire suspecter ma bonne foi, qui est parfaite. Mon seul tort fut d'expliquer ce qu'on veut laisser inexpliquable et d'avoir percé le mystere. Ce tort je l'assume volontiers.—Veuillez, &c.,

Anatole France.

Preface de la Nouvelle Edition.

Les savants qui ont bien voulu s'occuper de cet ouvrage l'ont traité, le plus souvent, avec une extrême bienveillance, sans doute parce qu'ils ont vu que l'auteur ne s'était écarté d'aucune des règles en usage pour la recherche de la vérité historique. J'en ai été touché; je dois exprimer notamment ma gratitude à M.M. Gabriel Monod, Salomon Reinach, Germain Lefèvre-Pontalis, dont la critique a relevé en ce livre un certain nombre de fautes qu'on ne trouvera plus dans la présente édition.

Je dois faire une place à part dans ma reconnaissance à la critique anglaise qui voue à la mémoire de Jeanne d'Arc un zèle religieux et comme un culte expiatoire. Les louables scrupules de M. Andrew Lang à l'endroit de mes références m'ont amené à en corriger quelques unes et à en ajouter plusieurs.

Pour adversaires déclarés je n'ai que les hagiographes. Ce qu'ils me reprochent ce n'est pas la manière dont j'ai expliqué les faits, c'est de les avoir expliqués; et plus mes explications sont claires, naturelles, tirées des meilleures sources, fondées en raison, plus elles leur déplaisent. Ils voulaient que l'histoire de Jeanne d'Arc restât mystérieuse et que rien n'y parût humainement possible. J'ai replacé la Pucelle dans la vie et dans l'humanité. Voilà mon crime. Et ces zéles inquisiteurs, si ardents à condamner mon livre, n'ont pu y découvrir aucune erreur grave, aucune inexactitude flagrante. Il a fallu que leur sévérité se contentât de quelques inadvertences et de quelques fautes d'impression. Quels flatteurs eussent mieux qu'eux caressé "de mon cœur l'orgueilleuse faiblesse"?

RECRUITING IN THE GREAT WAR.*

Mr. Fortescue's new volume, perhaps the most interesting of all his studies in the history of the British army, gives us a full and careful survey of an important chapter in our military and social life. Read in conjunction with the two volumes published in 1906, it may be said to complete the record of our military administration during the French War. Mr. Fortescue's task required for its accomplishment an infinite industry and zeal, for he has had to pick his way through a great and almost impenetrable mass of confused material. Of the result, we can only say that, though it is Mr. Fortescue's ambition to win the approbation of soldiers, he has earned the gratitude of a much larger world by the light he has thrown on the conduct of Governments and the habits of a profoundly significant age. The problem of recruiting is never purely a military or technical problem, as an army is never merely an engine or machine, but at no time has that problem been so intimately connected with social conditions as it was when Pitt faced France and the English oligarchy entered on its desperate struggle with the Revolution.

Unless we keep this truth well in mind, we might be taken aback by the amazing revelations that Mr. Fortescue has to make. It would have seemed on the face of it almost impossible that any set of men could have been quite so incapable as Pitt, Dundas, and Addington showed themselves in the first ten years of the French war. If Mr. Fortescue's history could have been read by the men whom Pitt and Dundas sent to Botany Bay for declaring that the Parliamentary system was capable of improvement in 1793 and 1794, the miseries of their exile would have found in it a certain bitter music. If it could have been read by Fox or Sheridan, it would have shown them that even their mistrust of the Government erred on the side of charity, and that there were mistakes that escaped the searchlight of an acute party imagination. If it could have been read by Cobbett, it would almost have convinced him, paradox though it would have seemed, that the sober narrative of a historian was more deadly to the reputation of the oligarchy that threw him into prison than the eloquent and piercing Philippic that his soldier's memories inspired. We laugh very naturally at the droll simplicity that made the French Revolutionaries destroy their navy from the pathetic fancy that it was undemocratic to have a trained marine artillery, and that Roman tactics were more becoming to a race that had discovered equality. But if the French Revolutionaries had taken as many months as we took years to learn how to make an army, France herself would have disappeared into that vacant space where Burke pictured her. Fortunately for the Revolution and all that it promised to the world, the ideas and conditions which embarrassed the administration of the navy, simplified in their sum the organisation of an effective army and made possible the heroic efforts that repulsed Europe. The French army was the creation of those conditions. Babeau has contrasted the extreme repugnance to the old militia service, which was general throughout France under the ancient *régime*, with her endurance from 1793 onwards of an infinitely more exacting personal burden. It is true that the conscription law of 1798 was at first enforced with difficulty; but from the day in 1793 when Carnot joined the Committee of Public Safety, two characteristics belong to the French Army. It is manned, as a consequence of the levy *en masse*, by the normal Frenchman and not by the victims of the crimps, and it is homogeneous. These two features stand out in strong contrast to the British armies, and they are just as much social symptoms as military qualities. If Pitt and his successors never created a national or homogeneous army, the reason is not merely that they were inefficient, but that they were entangled in all the difficulties and the apprehensions of an oligarchy resisting ideas as well as enemies.

Mr. Fortescue's new volume begins with the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, but to understand it we must go back to the capital mistakes of Pitt and Dundas. These measures were admirably summed up by Windham when he said that not only had they not created an army, but they had made it impossible to create an army. This was their effect, because they set up a number of different forces to compete with each other for recruits in such a way as to aggravate as much as possible the difficulties of the Regular Army. In 1793, when Pitt had to increase the Regular Army, he chose the most demoralising of all methods; raising men for rank, *i.e.*, offering men rank in the Army in proportion to the number of recruits they could bring. There followed a hideous traffic in men. Buying recruits from crimps was an excellent speculation; and all kinds of bad characters turned themselves into Lieutenant-Colonels by the most nefarious transactions. As for the quality of the recruit, that was nobody's concern. The crimp got his price, and the gentleman got his commission. The next step was to increase the Militia, and 19,000 additional men were called out. But as substitutes were allowed, the effect was, of course, to send up the price of recruits for the Regular Army. It was much pleasanter to sell one's services to a man who had been drawn for the Militia, and to remain at home, than to take the bounty and enlist in the Regular Army. This was bad enough for a beginning; but the worst mistake of all was the creation of the Volunteers in 1794, under an Act which exempted from service in the Militia any Volunteer who had attended exercise punctually during six weeks previously to the hearing of the appeals against the Militia List. This was a departure from all previous practice.

* "The County Lieutenancies and the Army, 1803-14." By Hon. J. W. Fortescue. Macmillan. 10s. net.

"The Territorial Force." By Harold Baker, formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford. With Preface by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane. Murray. 5s. net.

As a consequence of these arrangements, the recruiting of the Army and the Militia alike became a desperate problem. There was a constant hemorrhage from desertion, and the cost of substitutes and recruits rose in 1798 to something like eighty guineas a head. Addington was not the man to put an end to this chaos, and the first part of Mr. Fortescue's new volume describes the state of hopeless confusion in which he kept the country. Not that he was idle. During 1803 it rained Militia Acts (there were nearly a score of them), and the luckless Lord Lieutenants were generally administering the Act before the last. This only added to the confusion. Addington repeated all Pitt's mistakes, and issued a circular inviting Volunteers. No real improvement began until Windham took the War Office in 1806 in the Whig Government. He was not long enough in power to carry out his ideas, and some of them were imperfectly developed; but he introduced limited service in the Regular Army, and he set about dissolving the mass of the Volunteers. Castlereagh, whose administration of the War Office is the most creditable part of his career (Mr. Fortescue thinks him the ablest man who has ever been at the War Office), appropriated many of Windham's ideas, and established a local or sedentary Militia, with universal compulsory training, and by drawing men from the Militia he just contrived to keep the Regular Army in supplies till the end of the War. But the strain was very great, and at the end the Militia was recruiting boys.

Now it is obvious enough to anybody reading Mr. Fortescue's history that the creation of a great body of volunteers, who were outside the regular military arrangements and organisation of the country and rapidly put themselves outside all discipline, was a fatal and capital folly. This was clear at the time to statesmen like Fox, or to soldiers like Craufurd. The effect was not only to disturb and paralyse all coherent policy; it tended also to increase the existing prejudice against the Militia. How, then, did Pitt come to commit this mistake? The answer is, we think, that he was not thinking mainly of the military problem. He was thinking of the maintenance of the old *régime* in England. The necessities of the army like the conduct of the campaign, were subordinated to political considerations at home. In creating the Volunteers, Pitt was arming property against social discontent; he was mobilising all existing interests against the first political movement of the artisans, whom he described in one of his speeches as an "ignorant and profligate population." To understand his measures, and to understand his critics, we must remember that the governing class thought, as one of its most distinguished members said, that the conquest of England by Louis XVI. would not have been as great a calamity as the propagation of French principles. The view of the Volunteers as a force designed to quell the domestic demand for reform appears in the descriptions and pamphlets of the time. It is not necessary to suppose that Pitt foresaw all the bad military consequences of his action, but it is certain that no man of his ability could have so acted unless he had felt that it was not less important to defend a great system of vested interests at home than it was to defend England from the enemy.

One of the most remarkable things in Mr. Fortescue's book is the account of the vast system of insurance that grew out of evasion of Militia service, a system by which soldiers, parish officers, and others made fortunes. The repugnance to military service was a great obstacle to the Government, and Mr. Fortescue judges it very severely. In considering that side of his book, we should have to go more deeply than he could go into the conditions of the "ignorant and profligate." The confession that different classes could not be expected to serve side by side in one army was ultimately another way of saving that their interests were not quite identical. The very reason that made the Volunteers so important an element in Pitt's plans helps to explain the apathy of the unrepresented classes. We must remember too, what kind of military discipline was then practised. The demoralising methods that Pitt encouraged for raising recruits, had their natural effect on the popular mind, and the sight of a London crowd destroying houses in which crimps had hidden their victims did not increase the prestige of the Army. It was at this time that, thanks to Nelson, the Navy began to treat its sailors better, but General Fox, brother of Charles, and hero of the exploit at Pont-à-Chien, declared, in reporting to the Government, in 1806 that military punishments, which had been becoming more humane for twenty years, had become more brutal again since 1798. Few Englishmen even now could read quite impassively Cobbett's account of the flogging of the Militiamen of Ely with the German soldiers standing by to see that order was kept.

Mr. Haldane has put the Territorial Army under the leadership of the Lords-Lieutenant; an arrangement which has been freely criticised in these columns. In one respect, at any rate, these officers are better off than their predecessors a century ago. For, whereas the latter groped about among a score of unintelligible Acts, Mr. Baker has provided for the guidance of the modern Lord-Lieutenant and others a quite admirable account and analysis of the Territorial Army Scheme.

IAN MACLAREN.*

Dr. Robertson Nicoll is fortunate in his subject. He knew Dr. Watson intimately, and both had many theological and literary views in common. As a consequence, Dr. Nicoll has been able to give a life-like picture of his friend—a picture in which the salient points are well brought out with sympathetic tenderness and yet without exaggeration. To the average man John Watson was simply a successful Scottish clergyman, who added to his popularity a considerable reputation as a novelist. Those who knew him recognised beneath all this a remarkable personality, and it is in giving the reader the key to this personality that the value of Dr. Nicoll's biography mainly consists. To the formation of Dr. Watson's temperament heredity largely contributed. On the material side he was brought into touch with that curious phenomenon, Highland Roman Catholicism, comprising a small section of the population which remained unaffected by the Reformation. Upon the ordinary Scot this hereditary fact would have had little or no effect, but Watson had more than his share of Celtic sentiment, and in his case the Roman Catholic element in his temperament had curious practical results. Outsiders would have classed Watson among the Moderates. He took kindly to the epicurean side of life; he seemed to be at ease in Zion, and yet hereditary influences drew him to the side of asceticism. We are told that "in the early years of his ministry he adopted much of the Roman Catholic discipline. He observed the fasts; he wore a hair shirt; he aimed strenuously at self-conquest and self-knowledge, as well as at knowledge of books and men." Another curious feature was the manner in which were blended in Watson's personality Moderatism and Evangelicalism. In Scotland these phases of religion were viewed as totally antagonistic. The Evangelical laid stress upon the spiritual fact of regeneration; the Moderate was specially concerned with the intellectual fact of culture. So deep was the gulf between the two parties in the church that, had no question of patronage arisen, the theological disharmony was itself sufficient to have caused the disruption. It fell to Watson's lot to be trained in a home where both phases of religion were represented. His father belonged to the Evangelical school, while his mother's sympathies lay with the Moderates. Watson felt no special call to the ministry, but to please his parents he resolved to enter the Free Church, in which his father was an elder. As the result, no doubt, of his mother's influence, Watson found himself more at home with the Moderates than with the Evangelicals, with whom, indeed, he never was in hearty sympathy.

The curious cross influences to which Watson was subjected had one good result—they enabled him to do what few Scottish clergy are able to do, to do justice to the good sides of both Evangelicals and Moderates. Long after the Disruption the Moderates were viewed as a species of Pagans, who had no message to the people beyond what Burns calls "cauld morality." The deeper side of the religious life was ignored by the Moderates, who, as a consequence, had little or no influence with the mass of the people. The Moderates placed special emphasis upon cul-

* "Ian MacLaren. Life of the Rev. John Watson, D.D." By W. Robertson Nicoll. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.

ture in the shape of philosophy and literature, and in so far as they gave an impetus to the things of the mind and counteracted the narrowness of the Evangelicals, they did a work that redounds to their honor. It is to Watson's credit that, while showing decided leanings to Moderatism, he noted its defects in many points when compared with Evangelicalism. With all their faults Watson recognised that the Evangelicals were more true to the facts and needs of the human soul than the Moderates. Looking at life as a pilgrimage from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, the Evangelicals viewed the world as a kind of Vanity Fair, among the allurements of which they classed many of the intellectual pursuits and pleasures of the Moderates. In such an arid soil literature could not flourish, and one wonders what the intellectual life of Scotland would have been like to-day but for the counteractive influence of the Moderates. Man does not live by intellect alone. The Evangelical appeal to the spiritual element, with its persistent attempt to bring the mind into contact with the unseen and the eternal, lifted religion in Scotland into a region of solemn grandeur far beyond the horizon of Moderatism.

Knowing and sympathising with both currents of Scottish theological life, Watson felt himself now drawn to the one and now to the other, with the consequence that he never attained to a definite, harmonious creed. His creed was a kind of patchwork, made up of scraps of Roman Catholic sentiment, mixed with belief in the Higher Criticism and flavored with Evangelical fervor. In him were curiously combined the asceticism of the Catholic, the epicureanism of the Moderate, the culture of the man of letters, and the fervor of the Evangelical. In the true sense of the term Dr. Watson was not a thinker. His outlook upon life was fragmentary. He was more controlled by sentiment than by logic, and perhaps for that reason he wielded a greater influence than if he had been a systematic theologian. The value of his responsiveness to different phases of thought, and his sympathy with views which he could not fit into his own intellectual framework, were particularly seen in his preaching. As Dr. Nicoll says, he could preach sermons which pleased the Evangelicals and the Unitarians—sermons which roused the conscience by the intense fervor of their appeal, and sermons which appealed to the man of culture. He seemed to be equally at home in theology and Humanism, though intellectually he was unable to define the boundaries of each. In pastoral work, too, his width of sympathy stood him in good stead, and the chapter in which this is handled demands the careful study of all those who have the care of souls.

Dr. Nicoll's chapter dealing with Watson, better known as Ian MacLaren, as a novelist, is a model of discriminating criticism. As a novelist Ian MacLaren was bound to belong to the sentimental school. The Celtic streak in his nature was a guarantee of that. The sentimentalist has no taste for depicting life as it is. The bare contemplation of a fact has no charm for him. Unlike the Realist he must idealise fact; he must, so to speak, give it a romantic setting. What Ian MacLaren did was to give a halo of idealism to some characteristics of Scottish rural life, and he did this with a touch of genius which at once captivated thousands of readers. It is not denied that there is another and a darker side to Scottish rural life than that depicted by Ian MacLaren, ugly facts which do not suit the sentimentalist. Not that he was ignorant of this darker side. As a minister he doubtless knew the tragic, the sombre, and the squalid phases of Scottish life in all their hideous reality, but with his peculiar temperament Ian MacLaren was compelled to ignore these, and present human nature in its lightest moods. His methods as a novelist provoked a reaction which took shape in that terribly realistic book, "The House With the Green Shutters"—a novel which, had it not been so one-sided in treatment, and deficient in the humanities, would have formed an important link with the fiction of Galt. Since Galt's day there has been no more powerful delineation of the darker side of Scottish life than that of "The House With the Green Shutters." But in his desire to make his book a protest against the Kailyard School, the author put the picture out of focus. Ian MacLaren's work in Scottish fiction needs to be supplemented on the side of realism, but in the absence of a novelist who can combine the idealistic and the realistic his novels hold the field.

From whatever point he is viewed the subject of this biography was an interesting and attractive personality. In his career are seen in conflict some of the confused intellectual and religious forces of the age. In another time Watson would have been a devout Catholic, thoroughly loyal to the church in doctrine and in life. But the play of the intellectual forces of his day made abject submission to authority impossible. In the eighteenth century he would have found himself in congenial company with the Scottish Moderates, but since those days the mystery of existence presses too deeply upon the minds of men for thinkers to be content with the complacent optimism of the Scottish school. While sympathising with thoughts and sentiments of bygone days, Watson was fully alive to the needs and moods of the present. He never really settled the dispute between his sentiments and his reason; and in this regard Watson was a genuine representative of the modern mind. From this, apart from other points of view, the biography so vividly written by Dr. Nicoll is of great value.

THE TOWN OF VANITY.*

"I've got to a time of life," says the hero of Mr. Wells's latest story, "when the only theories that interest me are generalisations about realities." Mr. Wells, as a novelist and critic of human affairs, seems to be reaching the same age. "Generalisations about realities"—or the effort towards generalisation, in a society baffling in its complexity—is characteristic of "Tono-Bungay." He associates it with "Kipps" and "Mr. Lewisham" as a serious effort at describing real existence: distinguished from his scientific fantasies, where real life only comes in incidentally, in such a fashion as the reader will tolerate who is searching primarily for sensational romance. "Tono-Bungay" is an attempt at the human comedy: one of what we must all hope will be a series of volumes depicting, for to-day and the future, the astonishing life of the twentieth century. No living writer is better equipped for this work than Mr. Wells. He has seen modern society in all its phases—from the depths as from the surface. He never grimaces to show that he is clever. He is always sincere. He refuses to be bound by the "formulas," and reveals a mind always bringing institutions, faiths, and customs to the test of a present-day judgment. Withal he here exhibits a wide sympathy, a remarkable power of presenting character in a sentence or a phrase, and an insight which finds no kind of concealment in convention and sham. "Tono-Bungay" is ostensibly a story of the adventure of Advertisement, of the flotation and huge success of a patent medicine, stimulating, to the few, and especially through faith, beneficial; to some positively deletereous. It is promoted by a little country chemist, who takes the commercial world by storm with unlimited audacity, vigor, and a touch of genius. In such a story of achieved greatness and decay there enter and pass a variety of characters, appearing and vanishing like the characters of real life, some for a few paragraphs, some for a chapter, some occupying the field to the end. "Tono-Bungay" is a less consistent and completed whole than "Kipps," whose range was limited to one particular field. There is, perhaps, less kindliness in it, a deeper sense of the follies of humanity, and of a revolt against such follies. But the adventure is more ambitious, the analysis more searching, the field of inquiry more expanded. Mr. Wells, in this book, comes to the heart of modern life; and goes far to interpret through the medium of fiction, the meaning of all its multitudinous energies and arms.

"I have called it 'Tono-Bungay,'" says the hero at the end, "but I had far better have called it waste! It is all one spectacle of forces running to waste, of people who use and do not replace, the story of a country hectic with a wasting, aimless fever of trade and money making and pleasure seeking. And now I build destroyers!" It is a confusion, because modern life is a confusion. It passes as a series of episodes, random and disconnected, because all experience which is not numbed by custom or hedged into irrevocable routine must necessarily be

* "Tono-Bungay." By H. G. Wells. Macmillan. 6s.

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At the beginning of his life the child is reared under the shadow of Bladesover, under the dominance of the great house, in the feudal tradition seen from the underside. And here was a civilisation which could be approved or condemned, but which at least stood as a coherent thing—a rule of life, a code of conduct, an organic society. But as he grows to manhood, Bladesover is sinking into decay, perishing, not knowing that it is perishing, thinking that it will endure for ever. The man who is living amid that long-drawn decline is wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. It is an age in passing. What is coming to replace it? No one knows. The religion, the moral affirmations and denials of Bladesover are vanishing with it. Like the great house, the outward seeming still maintains an appearance of life. Still church steeple and feudal tower together dominate the countryside. But the inner heart of them has gone. Man, as he achieves maturity, as he achieves sincerity from the rubbish heap of dead and dying assertions and denials in which he is being upreared, finds himself naked and alone in the midst of all the clamor and violence of encompassing hordes of his fellows, as naked and alone as in the dawn of time. No pillar of cloud by day, no pillar of fire by night, directs his onward journey. And the irony of the affair is provided by the fact that the moment of the apprehension of this loneliness is the moment also of the apprehension of magnificence in mental achievement—when civilisation, intoxicated with the attainment of comfort, is crowning itself with flowers and calling itself immortal. The effect is similar to that of the splendor of a palace which is found to be designed by a madman.

It is a "new hotel population" here revealed as the ascendant race: the "multitude of economically ascendant people who are learning how to spend money." They are "running the world, practically, running it faster and faster." Mr. Wells sees them as "the most unpremeditated, subtle, successful, and aimless plutocracy that ever encumbered the destinies of mankind." Businesses rise up in the midst of them like huge bubbles, expand, burst, leaving their trail of dying and dead. Now it is schemes for irrigating the Sahara, now the exploitation of stolen territories by Chartered Companies, now uncertain gold mines in Australia or Peru, now patent medicines designed to give back to the sedentary populations the health they have lost in their impossible methods of living. Each bubble, as it rises, bears up the promoters and schemers with their parasites and retainers. For a moment they figure amongst the successful, on the summit, in the sunlight. They buy up the Bladesovers. They renovate the countryside with a quickened feudal effervescence. They erect their frantic, unmeaning palaces, moving hills which obstruct the view, making a billiard-room under a lake, surrounding their estates with eleven miles of ten-foot wall. They provide "work for the unemployed," and are hailed as captains of industry. Then, after a little while, they go, perhaps after their patent pill or exploring company has collapsed, perhaps before, whether successful or shamed entirely unimportant, in that last scene which is always tragedy. Of the fate of such an Age the hero here makes no prophecy. The sadness of his frustrated life, of the denial of the only thing in life that he passionately desires, fills the whole scene with the sense of baffled purposes of a striving that ends in nothing. "It may be," he confesses at the end, "I see decay all about me because I am, in a sense, decay. To others it may be a scene of achievement and construction radiant with hope. I, too, have a sort of hope, but it is a remote hope, a hope that finds no promise in this Empire or in any of the great things of our time. How they will look in history I do not know."

But, if not for the age and society, the end is sure for the individual. The vendor of bogus cures, the little country chemist, Ponderevo, who has become the millionaire company promoter and, again, the fraudulent financier, "wanted" on a specific charge, is at length brought up against reality. In a squalid inn near the Pyrenees, irritated by the irrelevant babble of Anglican curate and Sister of Mercy, he finds the whole vast fabric of illusion leaving him as unprotected as the child of the gutter in an hour when, as Montaigne said: "Il faut parler François"—It is necessary to speak plain. "There I sat," writes his nephew at the last hour, "holding his hand tight, and trying to think what seeds of immortality could be found in all his being, what sort of ghost there was in *him* to wander out into the bleak immensities." Afterwards he goes out into the night. "I felt as I sometimes feel after the end of a play. I saw the whole business of my uncle's life as something familiar and completed. It was done, like a play one leaves, like a book one closes. I thought of the push and the promotions, the noise of London, the crowded, various company of people through which our lives had gone, the public meetings, the excitements, the dinners and disputations, and suddenly it appeared to me that none of these things existed. It came to me like a discovery that none of these things existed." But to the wife of the great financier—knowing him, loving him, as just a vain, silly child—the accusation is against the reality, against the intrusion of hard, irrevocable things, into a dream world. "But it wasn't fair, George. It wasn't fair. Life and Death—great, serious things—why couldn't they leave him alone, and his lies and ways?"

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

One is somewhat puzzled to know why Dr. Bode's "Rembrandt und seine Zeitgenossen" should have its title changed to "Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting," because it is translated into English. The only great Flemish masters dealt with in the volume issued under the latter title (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net) are Rubens and Vandyck, and the German title, literally rendered into English, would appear better suited to the character of the work. That, however, is a small point compared with the general satisfaction that will be felt at the translation into our language of a book of Continental art criticism as thorough and authoritative as the one before us. The volume has been capably translated by Miss Margaret L. Clarke from the second and revised edition of Dr. Bode's original. Greater care might, it is true, have been exercised in the proof-reading. We note one or two instances of erratic punctuation: on page 187 "Meindert Hobbema" is made to appear as the names of two artists, instead of one, by the interposition of a comma; and on page 116 the Frankfort painter Adam Elsheimer is referred to as "Dutch." But these are small blemishes in a work that is a veritable encyclopaedia of the Dutch artists, great and little, of the seventeenth century. Some of the names included are still unfamiliar to many a tolerably well-informed connoisseur in this country, and the sympathetic appreciations attached to them should do much to create, or re-create, interest in their art. We are especially grateful for the chapter on Hercules Seghers, the landscapist, who, above all others, influenced the art of Rembrandt in that branch. It may be observed that Elsheimer's influence on Rembrandt, which has been made so much of by modern critics, is not even mentioned by Dr. Bode. The pugnacity that was rather a prominent feature of the recently translated "Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance" is only echoed here in a mild contentiousness directed against Fromentin and Burger with regard to their verdict on Ruisdael, of whom Dr. Bode is a wholehearted admirer. We have read few art books published during the last two or three years that were as catholic and useful to the student as this is.

* * *

The Rev. C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), of Winnipeg, Canada, is known as the author of a number of books of a religious character, some of which have attained a wide popularity. He has now entered the field of biography with a "Life of James Robertson, D.D." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net.) As one would expect from a writer of Mr. Gordon's literary insight, and from the fact that he was personally associated with the subject of this memoir, the work is a worthy memorial of one of the great figures in the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Dr. Robertson was born in Scotland in 1839, and was of humble parentage. Financial misfortune obliged his family to emigrate to Ontario in 1855, and here, young as he was, he quickly gained a position as a teacher and preacher. After a course at Toronto University, he joined the Alexander Mission at New York, and in 1869 received a call to Norwich, in Ontario, whence after four years he was transferred to the pastorate of Knox Church, Winnipeg. His important period of missionary activity began in 1881 when he was appointed superintendent of missions in the north-west, a position which he held till his death in 1902. A strong man, he would appear to have been tireless in his strength, and his record of work, culminating in the organisation of a mission to the Yukon at the time of the rush for gold, shows by statistics a wonderful multiplication of mission fields during his term of office. He was jealous, too, for the honor of his church; and, on the severely practical side, he was unequalled as a canvasser for its funds, having a positive genius for collecting subscribers. It was characteristic of his self-reliant enthusiasm that he did not always wait for the orders of his presbytery before taking action, and this independence gained him some vituperative enemies. But he never lost the confidence of the authorities, and most of those who disliked his methods, or suffered from his sarcasm, came at last to recognise his worth as a worker and a friend.

* * *

"Early Victorian and Other Papers," by Mr. E. S. P. Haynes (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net), contains a number of pleasant essays written in a vein of dry and tolerant humor. Mr. Haynes is at his best when writing of early Victorian standards and ideals. His judgment of the period is that it was an age of "generous impulses, coupled with a perilous tendency to cant, a robust sense of humor, tempered by a somewhat barbaric prudery, and a profound conviction that no one 'deserved' to be alive who did not find life worth living." The early Victorian ideal of woman was a being "guileless, fragile, inconsequent, loyal, and virtuous to the verge of imbecility." As compared with the present generation, Mr. Haynes notices that the early Victorian had a keener sense of honor and a firmer adherence to principle. There is something of a reaction against the shallow judgment which thought that anything—art, literature, furniture, or political ideals—was fit only for contempt if it could be shown to be early Victorian. An essay on "Lord Hamilton and 'Horatia'" contains some unpublished letters of interest.

* * *

The South African Native Races Committee has just published an extremely useful supplement to their earlier report, entitled "The South African Natives" (Murray, 6s. net). It is by far the fullest and most careful statement of facts relating to the Kaffirs that has yet appeared, and should command considerable attention, in view of the political reconstruction of South Africa which is now seen. Much remarkable evidence attests the economic, educational, and moral progress which has taken place where, as in the Transkei and in Basutoland, just and liberal modes of administration have been tried. The various forms of land-tenure and of tribal law, the growing occupation of natives in mining and other industries, and a number of other subjects, are set in their order, bear-

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* * *

We have received the first annual volume of "Our Land" (Cassell), a monthly journal devoted to an examination of the land problem in all its complexities. The editor, Mr. George Radford, is to be congratulated on having produced a periodical of real value. There are articles on the practical sides of farm work, while the broader sides of the question are treated with force and knowledge.

The Week in the City.

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The last account on the Stock Exchange was a cheerful one, and there has been a strong tone during the week in most departments. Consols lead the way in the early part of the week, advancing on Thursday above 85, while Irish Land Stock and other Government loans rose in sympathy. My anticipations regarding the Canadian loan have been fully realised, and it has risen to 1¼ premium, while the new Indian loan is quoted at a premium of 1⅛. One reason for this improvement in gilt-edged securities is said to be Government purchases for sinking fund account, but the main explanation is undoubtedly the return of cheap money. Gold has been flowing rapidly into the Bank of England from abroad. Short loans have been a little above or a little below 1½ per cent., and discount rates have fallen away. The same tendency is observable in all the great financial centres, and the downward movement has been assisted by improved condition of foreign politics. The Franco-German agreement in regard to Morocco, and the King's visit to Berlin have made a good impression.

Foreign Bonds.

In the Foreign market, also, there has been strong investment buying. All the leading Government bonds have risen, and some of the more speculative favorites, like Peruvians, have gone ahead rather fast. The Sao Paulo Coffee bonds were actually at 5½ premium on Wednesday. Coffee has been rising in price, which gives an additional security to this particular loan that is not possessed by other Brazilian issues. Japanese bonds have shown an all-round improvement, and even Russians have rallied a little, in spite of disquieting information as to political and economic conditions. Canadian and American Railways have been irregular. Severe blizzards have done a good deal of damage, and the trade recovery, about which so much has been written, refuses, as the journalists say, to materialise. Home Railways also seem to offer better opportunities to the investor. The falling off in traffics on some of the big lines has been largely offset by economies. The London Tubes have really done quite well during the last six months, and Sir George Gibb is to be warmly congratulated upon the success he has achieved in what seemed an almost hopelessly uphill task. Sir Edgar Speyer also deserves a large share of the credit. The amount carried to net revenue during the last six months by the Piccadilly, Hampstead, and Bakerloo Tubes was £70,766, against £48,518—a very big improvement.

The Home Railway Dividends.

How far the trade depression has actually lowered our railway dividends, and how far directors have been able, by retrenchments and improved organisation, to overcome their difficulties, will be seen from the following table, which gives the leading lines:—

ENGLISH.	Second Half 1908. Div.	Second Half 1908. Carried Forward.	Second Half 1907. Div.	Second Half 1907. Carried Forward.
Gt. Central 4 p.c. Pref. (1881)	2½	8,000	4	8,121
Great Eastern	3¾	98,000	4	25,524
Great Northern	4¾	52,622	5	54,511
Great Western	7	87,000	7	103,000
Hull and Barnsley	2¾	9,526	3½	12,623
Lanc. and Yorkshire	3¾	35,200	4¾	32,546
London, Brighton Ord.	7¼	32,400	6¾	28,700
Lond., Ch., & Dov. Pref.	4½	30,710	4½	10,072
London and N.-Western	6¾	101,000	7¼	129,000
London and S.Western	7¾	32,743	7¾	32,615
Midland	5½	99,002	5¾	105,984
North-Eastern	6	114,000	7	121,000
North Staffordshire	4¼	10,886	4¾	11,362
South-Eastern	5	5,000	4	8,489
Central London	3½	40,253	3	10,218
City and S. London	1½	954	1¾	1,119
Lond., Til., & Southend	7¾	3,925	7¾	4,444
Metropolitan	½	8,700	½	5,500
North London	3½	4,146	5½	7,778
WELSH.				
Barry	7	2,195	7½	3,133
Rhymney	8	7,036	7	6,608
Taff Vale	4½	22,817	4¼	28,172

The London and North-Western dividend is at the rate of 6¾ per cent. per annum as against 7¼ per cent. There was a published traffic decrease of £371,000, but the decline in the dividend only represents £107,000, while the carry-forward is reduced by £24,000, and no allocation is made to reserve against £50,000 a year ago. In this way, observes the "Morning Post," about £181,000 is accounted for, so that working expenses appeared to have been reduced by £226,000, but the shrinkage in revenue was probably a good deal smaller than the weekly returns showed. On Wednesday London and North-Western stock rose from 134 to 137.

The Problem of Railway Economy.

The whole interest of the market this half-year has centred in the question of working costs, and now that the results are known dealers, on the whole, are very well satisfied. Writing before the publication of the North-Western and the Midland reports, I cannot give a statement of the total reduction in costs; but the four "heavies" have probably saved between them something like £350,000, in spite of an increase of £98,000 in the expenses of the Great Western. For the shareholders' immediate interests that is good enough, and prices have been rising sharply for the last fortnight; but the real problem is not so much whether expenses can be reduced in a given half-year, as whether they can be brought down permanently to a lower level—a much more difficult business. Are the managers keeping a better control of their lines, and avoiding unnecessary mileage and wasteful expenditure? As a partial answer to that question, I take the figures of the Great Central, whose report shows so far the greatest economy of all. In this case, working expenses have fallen by nearly £104,000, and a loss of £95,000 in gross is turned into a gain of £8,500 in net. That is a remarkable result, and the secret lies, I think, in the mileage figures. The number of miles run has fallen by no less than 790,000, or 7 per cent., while the goods handled and the passengers carried have fallen by only 4 per cent. In other words, the company's trains have covered 7 per cent. less ground to earn 4 per cent. less for the shareholders. These figures, sketchy as they are, certainly suggest a more successful management, and if the companies generally can save as much as the Great Central, without impairing the efficiency of their service, the future of English railways is not so gloomy after all. But we must wait another year or two before we dogmatise. It would, by the way, be a great help in the analysis of statistics if the railways stated the volume of the traffic handled as well as the amount received in freight. At present we are left far too much in the dark.

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Diary of the Week.

Parliament was opened on Tuesday by the King and Queen with the usual gorgeous ceremony in the streets and in the House of Lords. The King's Speech, following, as it does, the Ministerial decision to postpone all conflict with the House of Lords, offers a compromise between two courses. It suggests a Welsh Disestablishment Bill, which in the nature of things can only receive a second reading and will not even go into Committee of the whole House, and a series of useful but mostly subordinate and non-contentious measures. The Irish Land Bill and the Housing Bill are to be re-introduced, the former, we are afraid, with little or no hope of success. Two excellent Bills, which partly fulfil the Government's scheme for dealing with Unemployment, are also to be proposed, one for setting up Labor Exchanges, the other for constituting Trade Boards in sweated industries. The only other Bill of any importance is the London Registration Bill. If this is contentious it will, of course, be destroyed by the Lords. Curiously enough, the most important administrative Bill—that embodying Lord Morley's great Indian reforms—will come first, not before the House of Commons but before the House of Lords.

* * *

The surprise of the Speech, however, is a declaration as to the Estimates. The House of Commons is informed that, "owing to various causes, including the new provision which was made last year for old age and an increase which has become necessary in the cost of my Navy, the expenditure of the year will be considerably in excess of that of the past twelve months." This unaccustomed reference to an increase in the Navy Estimates, and the omission of the usual formula that they and the budgets of the other Departments have been framed "with a due regard to economy," have been variously interpreted. We imagine the truth to be that the Cabinet have agreed that some increase in the shipbuilding vote is essential, but have not agreed as to the amount. The majority, therefore, will have full opportunity of making its wishes known.

* * *

The language of the Speech has revived the general Liberal agitation—we had almost said consternation—caused by the Prime Minister's declarations to Mr. Lee on the two-power standard. A large meeting of thoroughly solid and representative members of the party was held at the briefest notice on Wednesday, an amendment to the Address was drawn up, and submitted by Mr. Murray Macdonald, and the Government have been asked to give a day for it. They have practically declined, a very grave decision, which makes straight talking and voting on the later debate essential. We believe that the tone of the meeting was of the firmest character, and was absolutely unanimous. The party are willing to accept a moderate increase, but we greatly doubt whether at this moment a programme which involves a long first step towards a £40,000,000 Naval Budget can pass, even with the aid of the Tories. Is it possible that Mr. Asquith contemplates the certain disruption of his Government and party on such an issue as this? An almost equally strong feeling exists in favor of Mr. Ponsonby's amendment, which proposes to carry on the Campbell-Bannerman resolution through a measure limiting the veto of the House of Lords.

* * *

Meanwhile Mr. Balfour's hand has again been rudely forced by the Protectionists, who seem to be angling directly for the Irish Home Rule vote. The Opposition chiefs had undoubtedly arranged to give the first place to a general attack on Mr. Birrell's Irish administration, embodying a plea for a revival of coercion. On Wednesday, however, this order was roughly reversed, and a pure Protectionist amendment was tabled by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and given the place of honor. The amendment is a self-destroying mixture of Protection for the home market, of Retaliation, and of a policy of Colonial Preferences. Thus it asks for proposals (1) "enlarging the market for British *and Irish* produce"; (2) increasing the demand for labor by a reform of the fiscal system which will (*a*) promote the growth of the home trade, and (*b*) provide means for "mitigating" foreign tariffs; (3) developing "mutual preferences" between different parts of the Empire. Thus, by a neat paraphrase of his Tuesday's speech, Mr. Balfour is made to appear as a well-branded "whole hogger."

* * *

The tactical triumph of the Protectionists was checked by a notable incident in Thursday's debate. After Mr. Austen Chamberlain had pledged himself to tax corn, and Mr. Redmond, at Mr. Masterman's instance, had asked whether the Protectionists, if they bid for the Irish vote by a semi-promise of Protection

for Irish industries, would drop coercion, Lord Robert Cecil delivered one of the few speeches which deeply impress the House of Commons. Lord Robert's speech was a re-affirmation of his Free Trade faith and a refusal to take the Protectionist pledge. But its value was its powerful and sincere protest against the action of the Confederates. He treated this as a forecast of the Protectionist method when it came to the rigging of tariffs and the driving of votes into the lobby. It promised to develop a new force of corruption and organised pressure in English politics. The House listened, as it always listens to all truthful and upright speech, with the deepest attention. So long as Free Trade has such advocates it is safe. The Labor group, through Mr. Snowden, again repudiated Protection, and the pretence of curing unemployment by taxes on bread, meat, and timber was riddled by Mr. Lloyd George.

* * *

The Labor Party attacked the Government on Wednesday through an amendment of Mr. Barnes condemning their remedies for unemployment as inadequate. Mr. Keir Hardie went further, and declared that the Prime Minister had broken faith—a charge for which we see no ground whatever. The Government's full programme for the relief of unemployment necessarily waits on an examination of the exhaustive documents provided by the Majority and Minority Reports of the Poor Law Commission. But it already includes two Bills of importance, and it is well known that a third, on afforestation, will be produced if the service demands can be cut down, and that the Treasury and the Board of Trade are making thorough inquiries into insurance for invalidity and unemployment. The Labor speeches were hardly practical, pure Socialist ideas and formulæ being more visible in them than at earlier stages of their policy. Sir Charles Dilke criticised afforestation as a remedy for unemployment, and thought that the insurance scheme should not apply to trade unionists only. Mr. Churchill spoke with much brilliancy and a real grasp of the problem.

* * *

We discuss elsewhere what we conceive to be the bearings of the massive reports of the Majority and the Minority of the Poor Law Commission, embodied as they are in nearly 1,200 pages of print. The common ground of these two views of the Poor Law system is great; the divergence considerable. Both parties—Lord George Hamilton's and Mrs. Sidney Webb's—agree to do away with the Boards of Guardians and substitute various authorities emanating from the county and borough councils. Both agree to abolish the workhouse and differentiate its method of dealing with the aged, the sick, the young, and the mentally infirm. Both accept widely graded treatment for the unemployed, terminating, for the "won't works" with the semi-penal colony. The Minority Report, however, goes on to develop, with brilliant and fertile powers of generalisation and illustration, an extraordinarily close and well-thought scheme for assigning to various committees, assisted by a registrar, with legal functions, the work of handling the very different problems which the relief of distress or helplessness in various cases involves. This is the pith of the Minority Report, and we must refer our readers to our analysis of the way in which its method is conceived and worked out. The danger of the Majority Report seems to us to be that it destroys the Board of Guardians, and sets them up again as branches of the Charity Organisation Society.

It is announced that Lord Charles Beresford is to quit his command of the Channel Fleet next month, after two years' tenure of it, and to retire on half-pay. He might have had a further period of two years' service, but this, we suppose, is forbidden by his prolonged and fierce quarrel with Sir John Fisher. This powerful and dangerous man, who now assumes the dictation of Liberal policy, and who, after initiating the "Dreadnought" type, takes the line that it alone is of serious account, and, therefore, that our overwhelming predominance in all other types is of little or no value, is now left omnipotent at the Admiralty. We doubt the wisdom of such reliance on a single man, accustomed to use the Press freely to promote his views. The Channel Fleet is now to be absorbed into the Main Fleet, of which it will form a division. This body represents incomparably the most powerful naval force afloat. Probably it could meet and beat all the navies of Europe put together.

* * *

After a somewhat surprising delay Mr. Shaw, the Lord Advocate, has been appointed to the Lordship of Appeal which became vacant with Lord Robertson's death. No other selection was possible, either on the ground of political service or of legal distinction. We can never understand the reasons which make Liberal statesmen shrink from giving the spirit of Liberalism precisely as much power in the judicature and magistracy as individual merit deserves. It would be foolish for Liberals to behave as if good lawyers were exclusively confined to the party which in their view makes bad politicians. The feeling that the Lord Chancellor has acted on some such theory in his choice of magistrates is responsible for a tremendous outburst against him by Mr. Agar Robartes. Mr. Shaw's appointment to the Lordship of Appeal will, we hope, soothe these feelings. Incidentally it weakens the Radical side of the Government in the House of Commons. Both Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Shaw belonged to the advanced section. Mr. Ure, the new Lord Advocate, admirable as a lawyer and a politician, is a representative of the moderates. On the other hand, Radicalism will be reinforced by the choice of Mr. Arthur Dewar as Solicitor-General. Mr. Dewar is one of the sincerest Radicals in the House of Commons, and he is one of the ablest and most popular of Scottish Members.

* * *

On Saturday last Kiamil Pasha's Ministry fell. On the Wednesday preceding he had dismissed, without consulting his colleagues, the Ministers of War and Marine. These two Ministers were adherents of the Committee of Union and Progress, and the Committee saw in Kiamil's step a declaration of war upon themselves. They were further disturbed by Kiamil's determination to send the "Salonika" battalions—the troops most loyal to the Committee—from Constantinople to Albania. A month before, the Committee, against their will, had been induced by British pressure to give Kiamil a vote of confidence. On this occasion, with the support of the army and the navy, they took up a challenge which they thought, and with good reason, an attack on the Constitution. Their adherents in the Ministry, including Hilmi Pasha, Minister of the Interior, resigned, and the Chamber on Saturday called upon Kiamil to explain his conduct.

* * *

Kiamil refused to come, but asked for a postponement of explanations until Wednesday. Thereupon the Chamber passed a vote of no confidence in Kiamil by 198 votes to 8; even the Liberal Union deserted him.

The Shah called upon Hilmi Pasha to form a Ministry, and the Committee and the Chamber thus asserted in its fulness the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility to Parliament, of which Kiamil's dismissal of Ministers supported by Parliament had been the negation. Hilmi Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, was Inspector-General in Macedonia, and is one of the ablest of Turkish administrators. One of the first acts of the new Cabinet was to give England assurances of its friendliness, and to declare that Kiamil's foreign policy would be continued and the agreements with Austria and Bulgaria hastened.

* * *

Mr. Asquith, on Tuesday, spoke hopefully of the Balkan situation, but perhaps he was slightly too optimistic in suggesting that Turkey had been brought by Kiamil Pasha to the eve of a settlement with Austria and Turkey. The Austro-Turkish protocol is still unratified and passing from capital to capital, while the Russian proposal with regard to Bulgaria has been met in Constantinople with a counter-proposal which Russia professes to find an acceptance in principle. The only dispute between Turkey and Bulgaria is one not of principle but of money, and the difference between the Russian and the Turkish proposals is likewise one of money—of a good deal of money. Briefly, Turkey wants Russia to cancel not sixteen or eighteen years of tribute, as Russia offers, but the whole series of annuities due from Turkey to Russia. Before a compromise between these two schemes is reached, Turkey may decide that it would be political and financial wisdom to make a direct agreement with Bulgaria, especially as the new Turkish Ministry professes to be anxious to settle the dispute quickly, and the Committee seems to dislike Russia's intervention profoundly. The outer fringe of the Balkan trouble has not yet been touched. The Austrian and Servian newspapers are still exchanging wild words—on the one side talking of a re-occupation of Novi Bazar and an European mandate to teach Servia a lesson; on the other side uttering threats of war in the spring.

* * *

The King's Speech contained a cryptic but ominous reference to Persia. While disclaiming any "desire" to intervene in the internal affairs of Persia, and expressing a wish for "the introduction of representative institutions in a practical form," it went on to say that, in presence of the danger to their "commercial and economic interests," Great Britain and Russia are "exchanging views." Mr. Asquith's speech included an emphatic condemnation of the Shah, and a declaration that no money shall be lent him "so long as he continues his present disastrous policy." But Lord Crewe implied that intervention may be unavoidable, and both Ministers rather oddly talked of the duty of the Shah "to set up a Constitution." To our mind, his duty rather is to restore the Constitution, to which he repeatedly swore allegiance.

* * *

To contemplate any intervention is a flat repudiation of the pledges given when the Anglo-Russian Convention was signed. The intention of the Foreign Office appears to be to use the Shah's impecuniosity as a means of forcing him to adopt some sort of Constitution in return for a loan. But what sort of Constitution? The Speech emphasises the word "practical," which the "Times" interprets to mean a "less democratic" Constitution than that which the Shah destroyed. The Russian Press and the "Times" also insist on foreign control, apparently on Egyptian lines. It is surely the worst sort of intervention to use financial pressure in order to impose on the Shah some new Constitution in whose drafting the Persian people will have no say. To grant a loan to him, until he has first restored the Mejliss, is to intervene. To alter the franchise in the process is both to intervene and to meddle. We are asked to believe that Russia has been advising the Shah to set up a Constitution. But we have seen documents emanating from the Persian Court (and these documents have also reached the Foreign Office) which make it perfectly clear that the Shah believes that St. Petersburg approves his conduct. Even if a sort of undemocratic Parliament were created, with what freedom could it deliberate, while Colonel Liakhoff continues to command the guns which destroyed its predecessor?

* * *

The Report of the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury, appointed to consider "the Ornaments Rubric and Modifications of the existing Law relating to the Conduct of Divine Service," was formally presented on Wednesday. The majority of the Committee report in favor of permitting the use of the Eucharistic Vestments at Holy Communion, on the double ground that they "cannot be rightly regarded as symbolic of any distinctively Roman doctrine," and that "the historical conclusions underlying the ruling judgments in regard to the Vestments appear to be liable to reasonable doubt." A minority report, signed by the Dean of Canterbury and Canon Henson, objects to any such change, as "it would gravely disturb the balance which the Prayer-Book at present maintains between the various schools of thought and practice in the Church."

* * *

We think that the proposed change is certain to meet with a most strenuous opposition from Broad Churchmen and Evangelicals. Indeed, the risk of a schism on this question is far greater than the clergy and ecclesiastically minded laymen imagine or admit. The other recommendations are less debateable, though not less valuable. The majority of the Committee advise that the use of the Athanasian formula should be made permissive instead of compulsory, though there are two minority reports, one in favor of retaining the present use, and another, signed by the Principal of Cuddesdon, advising that "the minatory clauses" be omitted. We hope the time is close at hand when reverent minds will no longer be shocked by the spectacle of bands of cheerful choir-boys chanting a string of metaphysical propositions, and consigning to everlasting damnation all who refuse to accept them. As regards the suggested revision of the Lectionary, the retranslation of certain passages in the Psalms, the adoption of an alternative form of Burial Service, and other minor matters, there is more general agreement.

* * *

We are glad that Mr. Gibson Bowles has been selected as the Liberal candidate for Central Glasgow. Mr. Bowles is one of the half-dozen men who, on a system of proportional representation, would always be elected to the House of Commons. He is, in the first place, the most exact and learned student of its law and procedure, excepting only Sir Courtenay Ilbert. Secondly, he is at his best the most brilliant and finished of our Parliamentary speakers. He has, thirdly, a thorough mastery of finance, and was one of the best economists in the last Parliament. Fourthly, he has the true critical mind, an indispensable element in a great popular assembly. Finally, he is a very honest, as well as a singularly able man, and, on the ground of his intellectual gifts alone, a Scottish constituency of the character of Central Glasgow should be proud to have him as its member.

Politics and Affairs.

THE TWO PATHS FOR LIBERALISM.

> "My name stands in Europe as a symbol of the policy of peace, moderation, and non-aggression. What would be said of my active participation in a policy that will be taken as plunging England into the whirlpool of militarism?"—*Gladstone on the Naval Estimates of* 1894.

The meaning of the Ministerial programme outlined in the King's Speech is, we are afraid, only too evident. For the first time in its history the great Liberal Party, secure in the confidence of the House of Commons, is compelled to admit the mastery of the House of Lords, and to frame its measures, not in freedom, not with regard to the desires of its friends and its own views of popular needs, but with a vigilant eye on what the hereditary House will accept or reject. This calculation is visible not only in what the Speech says, but in what it omits to say. The Licensing Bill is dropped. The Scottish Land Bill and the Valuation Bill are dropped. There is not a word of education or of reform. With two possible exceptions, the Bills which the Speech announces, useful and wise as many of them are, fall into the category of that "neutral and colorless programme" which the Prime Minister, in his speech at the National Liberal Club, declared to be a mark of Liberal "humiliation and impotence." Neither in the mouth of the Prime Minister nor in the words of the King's Speech does any reference appear to the effectual cause of this restriction. The Campbell-Bannerman resolution remains on the journals of the House, but the only active reminder of its existence is his late secretary's amendment in support and pursuance of it.

We have said that an exception existed to that general avoidance of controversial topics which the Prime Minister disclaimed a couple of months ago. That, setting aside the Irish Land Bill, a *remanet* from last Session, is the announcement of a Bill for the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Welsh Church. But here, we are afraid, we merely light on another form of the great impediment to Liberal legislation. Two kinds of action were barred by Mr. Asquith after the rejection of the Licensing Bill—the selection of non-contentious Bills and the pressing forward of a number of contentious proposals destined for destruction in the Upper Chamber. This would seem to exclude every course but that of a direct attack on the Lords. Unfortunately the King's Speech combines both the methods anathematised by the Premier, without leading to the conclusion of his own argument. Every member of Parliament knows that there is no chance of the Welsh Bill becoming law. So clearly is this admitted that we have the announcement made in advance that the Bill will only be carried to a second reading, and that the House of Commons will not be asked to spend weeks and months in Committee building up a castle of cards which a breath from Berkeley Square will tumble down again. How far, then, shall we have advanced by the middle of next August to the settling of our quarrel with the Lords? We shall, indeed, have furnished a fresh instance of what Gladstone called the "tremendous contrariety and incessant conflict" between the two Houses. But Wales will have had nothing. Even if there were time to pass the Bill, the Government and the House, with the example of the Licensing Bill fresh in their minds, would be repelled by the unreality of the task set before them. Men will not work in an atmosphere revolting to the dignity and character of the House of Commons. Let the Government announce that they stand or fall by the Bill, or, better still, let them table their anti-veto Bill, and we shall see a change. But until they take that resolution, they must go on officially ignoring the fact which their own acts proclaim—namely, that they can no longer pass a distinctively Liberal Bill.

One reserved domain does, indeed, remain to them, and Mr. Asquith's pledge to concentrate on finance comes, by the necessity of the case, into the first line of Liberal policy. But under what conditions? The reference in the King's Speech to the Budget is most significant. Two reasons are linked together as excusing the rise in expenditure, the cost of old age pensions and the increase in the Navy Estimates. That strikes us as a singular union. For this Government was pledged to carry out social reform, and to resist an increase of war-like expenditure. These enlarged estimates, therefore, arise from the fulfilment of one of its promises and the violation of another. The contradiction is perceived and solved by the "Westminster Gazette," which proposes to put the matter right by exhorting the Government to fling to the winds both promises at once—that is to say, to abandon social reform in the interests of what it is pleased to call "national security." This security, again, we are invited to believe, rests solely on the building of as many "Dreadnoughts" as are thought necessary by the "expert" who a few months ago informed the nation that it could sleep quiet in its bed, for its naval defence was secure. Thus, therefore, is the Liberal party bidden to stand and deliver its entire possessions. Its power to legislate is to go to the House of Lords. The proceeds of its finance pass to the Admirals. The means of social reform are hypothecated for the use of future "Dreadnoughts," and Liberalism is to lay down its arms before some yet unborn menace to a naval power which to-day stands, in the official figures, stronger than any rival force by three or four to one.

Now, this intimation is a plain one, and we will make a plain answer to it. Not for such uses was the Grand Army of 1906 created and formed into line of battle. If the Prime Minister really asks for such a sacrifice as this uncritical yielding to the demands of the services implies, neither the Liberal Government nor the Liberal Party, as they are constituted to-day, can, in honor or conscience, make it. The war services have, in plain terms, called for the cancelling of the object in whose pursuit the Radical members of the Cabinet have pleaded for a deferring of the battle with the Lords, so that, if humanly possible, they may build up a plan of constructive reform, based on the re-handling of the whole machinery of the Poor Law and the contriving of a plan of insurance against invalidity and unemployment. They are now met with a revival of the manufactured agitation which every Liberal Government in turn encounters, made at a

moment when elements in Europe hostile to this country have either disappeared or have been reduced to the most modest and measurable shape, and when our own naval power stands at its utmost height of actual and relative predominance. We know how Mr. Asquith's predecessor would have dealt with such a movement. A few weeks ago we should have felt equally confident that Mr. Asquith would have repulsed it with equal firmness. But the situation is now changed. We have to ask whether the Prime Minister's declarations to Mr. Lee must be held by him to bind the Liberal Party to a standard of naval power which it will never accept. We refuse to think so. Liberals will not consent to build and maintain a fleet equal to that of Germany and America *plus* ten per cent. This standard is implied in the Admiralty's demand for six "Dreadnoughts," whatever be the banner behind which it is nominally advanced. Such a task is repugnant to our brotherly feeling for the States, to the actual relations between the two Powers, and to the character and traditions of the Liberal Party as fixed and interpreted by all its great leaders and teachers. It is equally unwelcome to the new forces in politics. The overwhelming majority of the Liberal Press repudiates such a policy, and now that the matter has been plainly laid before the House of Commons, which alone can grant or withhold supplies, we believe that the Ministerialists will resolutely refuse to vote other than moderate, reasonable, above all peaceful Estimates. We strongly hope that with the concession of a fair increase in the demands for the Navy the Prime Minister will be content. But other counsels may prevail, and before them every true friend of the Liberal Party will call for bold speech and unshrinking action. No Liberal leader has a right to call on his followers to turn their backs at once on peace, on retrenchment, and on reform. To do so is to ask the party to live on the ideas of its enemies, and to doom it to perish, as German Liberalism has perished, of that unnatural food.

THE ENDING OR THE MENDING OF THE POOR LAW.

The two reports of the Poor Law Commission are so far in agreement as to show the existence of very great evils and the necessity for far-reaching reform. It is not, indeed, altogether owing to faulty Poor Law administration that pauperism has ceased to diminish, and has for twelve years past kept pace with the growth of the general population. To trace the causes of this growth we should have to go far into the structure of modern industrialism. It is sufficient for the moment that the State machinery for dealing with the effects of poverty is not succeeding in diminishing, has of late not even prevented the serious growth of its aggregate mass. On the causes of this failure, and the remedies therefor, the two reports before us are to a certain point in harmony. They agree that the administration by the Guardians has been a failure, not because the Boards have attracted an inadequate *personnel*, but because the task set them was not within their powers. According to the Minority, the problem as posed to the Guardians is inherently incapable of solution, because it lumps together so many different things, such complex aspects and effects of poverty, that no single system and no single set of administrators can deal with them together. The tangle must be unravelled before the separate threads can be mended. The Majority so far acquiesce in this criticism as to agree that both workhouse administration and out-relief fail as remedial measures principally for lack, on the one hand, of clear and uniform general principles, on the other of well-thought-out differentiation of treatment according to difference of needs. The laxity, the want of all guidance and uniformity in the administration of out-relief, the stupidity of doling out small sums which keep a family permanently on the edge of starvation, the occasional extravagance arising from deficient inquiry into the other means of the pauper, the absence of any effective inquiry into the use to which the dole is put, and hence the too frequent discovery that it is being made the support of a thoroughly unsatisfactory, insanitary home, or, perhaps, of a depraved life, form a sufficient condemnation of the outdoor system as at present known. This intermixture of all ages and all characters, of the sound, the imbecile, and the sick, of the sufferer from temporary misfortune with the regular pauper, is the condemnation of the general workhouse. Such an institution cannot long survive the publication of this Report.

But the trouble has its roots deeper down, and it is here that the diagnosis of the Minority is by far the more profound of the two, and the remedy that they offer more thorough. Broadly speaking, the difference between the two sections of the Commission is that the Majority want to conserve the Poor Law in a greatly altered form; the Minority want to abolish it. Everywhere the Minority trace the evil ultimately to the principle that *Destitution is the sole basis of relief.* From this principle it follows (*a*) that relief is not to be given till the stage of destitution is reached. Hence a vast amount of avoidable misery, hence sickness and disease left untended in their beginnings, hence an absence of preventive treatment, and the constant manufacture of paupers. Could we abolish the whole existing mass of paupers at a stroke, says the Minority Report, we should, in a very few years, have another mass as large upon our hands. From the same principle it follows (*b*) that the authority dealing with relief is a Destitution authority. The kind of relief it ought to give is of every variety. Here it is a hungry child that ought to be fed, here it is an imbecile, here it is a loafer, here it is a respectable old man, perhaps with a little pension, but without relatives or a home. No one authority can cater for all these. Still less can it treat them with the discrimination required when the one point on which it has to keep its eye fixed is the question whether those whom it assists are destitute or not. This is not the true question. The true question is what do they need? What, in the interests of society and of the sufferer, is the kind of help that ought to be given to them? From this point of view, the most important person is not he who has already sounded the depths of human misery, who has gone hungry, and endured cold and wet, but he

who, if not helped to-day, will become destitute to-morrow, and will threaten to become a permanent burden on the public. Cure is much more than mere relief, but prevention is better still.

Having this end in view, the Minority Report seeks to distinguish the principal causes or cases of destitution, and to remit the care of each to its appropriate department. First of all, it entirely separates the case of the able-bodied, whose suffering proceeds from want of employment, from that of the unable. Then it takes the different forms of inability and considers them one by one. It assigns the care of the mother and the infant and of the sick to the Public Health Authority, of the child of school age to the Education Committee, of the aged to the Pension Committee, of the mentally defective to the Asylums Committee. It is to be the business of these Committees to take care that the sufferer in each case has adequate provision made for him, whether in one of the institutions that they maintain, or in his own house. Whatever the treatment be, and particularly if it involves "home aliment," it must be adequate to maintain or restore health and vitality of character. But clearly some co-ordination of the work of the Committees is necessary—for one of the same distressed family may have a father removed to a defective house, while one child is being fed at school, and another is under medical treatment. This co-ordination is to be supplied by a regular paid official appointed by the County Council, in the shape of a Registrar of Public Assistance. This Registrar, who is the keystone of the whole arch, will have the very important function of deciding whether the case is one for treatment in the home or not, and, if not, the Committee that has moved in the matter can only remit the case to one of its institutions. The same official will decide, on principles to be clearly defined by law, whether the service given is one that should be paid for by the recipient, and, if so, it will be his business to recover the charge. What precisely will be the position and authority of the Registrar, and whether in his person the Destitution Authority which it is sought to abolish might not be revived, are questions which will have to be further discussed before a decision can be taken. It is enough for the moment to indicate the ideal which the Minority have set before themselves, and it is an ideal which must carry with it the earnest sympathy of reformers.

Its success, we imagine, will largely turn on the manner in which the remaining portion of the problem is handled. It is admitted by both parties that unemployment, particularly in the form of casual, intermittent, or under-employed labor, is the most serious source of permanent pauperism. Here again both parties agree on the first stage towards a remedy in the shape of a national system of Labor Exchanges. But in the view of the Minority the exchange does not stand by itself, but is an integral part of a considered system, each element in which is to solve one distinct part of the general complex problem. In the first place, by compelling resort to the Exchanges for the hiring of casual labor, at any rate in certain scheduled trades, the Minority members hope to dovetail in trade with trade, to smooth over seasonal fluctuations by taking advantage of the fact that the depressed times of one industry often coincide with the busy times of another, and so secure for the laborer not continuous work in one situation, but a smoother passage from job to job. Next, for the cyclical depression they propose the scheme, familiar to our readers, of insurance on what is known as the Ghent system. Again, to smooth over the irregularities they suggest the laying out of certain kinds of public work on a ten years' plan, so adjusted that public work will be slackened in the fat and intensified in the lean years of the trade cycle. For those who can still get no employment, and are not covered by insurance, they suggest industrial training, with maintenance for the worker and his family. The condition would, of course, be that the worker should be registered at the Exchange, that he should not improperly decline any work that might be offered him at standard rates, and that he should devote himself to the work of training in a manner satisfactory to the authorities. No compulsion would be used to make him resort to the training establishment or the Exchange. But if through neglecting these opportunities he should fail to support wife and family, or if he should idle and break discipline, he would be liable to judicial commitment to a Detention Colony for a specified period.

Such, in bald outline, is the plan, obviously not one to be accepted or rejected wholesale, but presenting several great merits, the merit of adequately organising public assistance while not interfering unduly with personal liberty, the merit of considering each corner of the field in turn, and fairly facing its separate problem by a distinctive remedy, the supreme merit of dissociating, in accordance with principles often advocated here, the problem of poverty from that of pauperism, and recognising that the State has a duty which does not begin when men have fallen into the pit, but when they are hovering near its verge. We cannot recognise these merits without a tribute to the industry, ability, and humanity of the authors of the Report, a tribute which is, indeed, due to the Commissioners as a whole, irrespective of their views, but which those who feel with us may be allowed to pay in far fuller measure to the four signatories of the Minority Report, and in particular to Mrs. Webb, whose great abilities have never been put to nobler public service.

LIBERAL TURKEY AND THE "TIMES."

Turkey has passed during the last week through a Ministerial crisis that has tested the stability of her new institutions and confirmed the authority of the organisation which destroyed the Hamidian despotism. The novelty of the experience made it hazardous, and the gravity of the external situation added to the risk. When one remembers that it is only seven months since Abdul Hamid began, in King Edward's phrase, to earn "the veneration of posterity," and that some of the deputies upon whom the vital decision rested grew to manhood without grasping the bare meaning of the

word "Parliament," the anxiety which the crisis occasioned in this country may be pardoned. But for the alarm, the despair, and the indignation which the "Times," that most emotional of European newspapers, has thought fit to express, we confess we can find neither justification nor apparent explanation. To our thinking, it was essential that the Parliament, the Ministry, and the dominant party should come to some clear understanding as to which of them it is which really rules. The result has shown that it is the Young Turkish party which dominates Parliament, and Parliament which controls the Ministry.

The essential facts will perhaps bear repetition. The July revolution inevitably made the Committee of Union and Progress the real ruler of Turkey. It led the army, it inspired the people, it had coerced the Sultan, and it brought out of exile, disgrace, or obscurity a number of experienced officials, from Kiamil Pasha downwards, out of whom, at its dictation, a Cabinet was composed. There was as yet no Parliament, and the Committee for some time guided the Cabinet as a matter of course. No other arrangement was possible. The Ministers were most of them ex-servants and officials of the old régime. They had no following in the country, nor did they aspire to create a party. Most of them were Liberals in a vague way by sentiment and temperament, but most of them had passed their lives in the service of Abdul Hamid at his worst, and even Kiamil Pasha, who had fitfully struggled against the reaction, had compromised with Yildiz Palace, and held office at the dictation of the Izzets and the Melhamés. These men did not make the revolution, and the revolution, when it succeeded, inevitably regarded them rather as valuable tools than as its moral leaders. Parliament met and confirmed them in office. Meanwhile dissension had begun in the Cabinet. Kiamil Pasha, a venerable and dignified old man, resented the dictation of the young leaders of the Committee, and distrusted those of his colleagues whose convictions or personal interests inclined them to docility. Parliament had not yet formed itself into definite parties, nor had the old Constitution of 1876 yet been revised in such a way as to make of party government a recognised system.

Kiamil Pasha accordingly looked about for allies. He found them in the little "Liberal League," led by Prince Saba-ed-Din. His adhesion was publicly advertised by his presence at a party dinner given by this group. It numbers several able men, and since it advocates a programme of Home Rule All Round, it may have hoped with some reason for the support of the non-Turkish deputies, particularly the Arabs and the Albanians. For such a programme weighty theoretical reasons can be urged, though we should ourselves have thought it dangerous at this stage to raise an issue which must sharply divide the Turkish Unionists from the Non-Turkish Federalists, and so compromise the prospects of the work of consolidation which must precede any attempt to solve the problem of the nationalities. By transferring his sympathies from the Committee, which had nominated him, to this rival League, Kiamil Pasha performed an evolution which might be compared to the action of a German Chancellor who publicly transferred his favors from the National Liberals, let us say, to the Radicals. He could not carry his Cabinet with him in the change, and he, therefore, began to reconstruct it. He dismissed the Ministers of War and Marine, and did this without consulting the rest of the Cabinet—a proceeding which not unnaturally led to the resignation of two other colleagues. Here was a new situation which clearly required the assent of Parliament. Yet Kiamil Pasha took no steps to advise Parliament of his action, and when summoned to attend it, refused to appear, and sought to postpone all explanations till next week. It cannot be said that his methods were tactful, and they lost him all chance of appealing to neutral opinion. The vote of "no confidence" showed that the Committee still counted 198 adherents in the House, while the League could muster only eight. The inevitable sequel has been the constitution of a new Cabinet under Hilmi Pasha (who had resigned), with Riza Pasha (who had been dismissed) as Minister of War. In no other way could the elementary rules of majority government have been vindicated.

The roots of the misunderstanding which some English newspapers have betrayed are two-fold. It is assumed that the Committee, because it made a revolution, must be composed of extremists. Nothing could be further from the truth. The revolution was comparable rather to that of 1688 than to the French upheaval, and the men who made it are essentially moderates. They are, in fact, Unionists, and it is the "Liberal League," whose policy might rather be called adventurous, though, to our own thinking, its eventual adoption may be necessary. In the second place, it is not sufficiently realised that the old Constitution of 1876, devised by Midhat Pasha and restored last July, established a conception of Ministerial responsibility comparable rather to that of Germany than to the British model. The Cabinet is assumed to consist rather of officials than of party leaders. In such conditions it is inevitable that it should be controlled from outside by the dominant party, acting on Parliament as its fulcrum. The system is admittedly unsatisfactory, and the Young Turks are now busy revising the Constitution. But, in the meantime, they are only using the system which they found ready-made. There are times even in this country when we could wish that parties made more attempt to control Cabinets, and that Cabinets were less omnipotent in controlling parties. It is objected that the Committee is a secret and irresponsible body. Its secrecy is something of a myth. We seem to remember that the "Times," which harped on this charge, has itself described and named its leading members. Several of them are known to us, and we cannot doubt that they are familiar in the lobbies of the Chamber. Two of them are actually the President and Vice-President of the Chamber itself. A Committee which daily states its views through two official organs in the Turkish Press, and acts through Ministers and deputies who are confessedly its adherents, cannot fairly be described as either secret or irresponsible.

The partisan tone of some English comments on this crisis must compromise the chances which this country has of helping the Turkish renaissance. The uncritical

acceptance by such papers as the "Westminster Gazette" of the *canard* which accused the Committee of plotting to establish a military dictatorship betrayed ignorance of Turkish affairs—an ignorance which exposed itself, when that paper published a eulogy of Nazim Bey, a civilian and a leader of the Committee, under the impression that it was praising Nazim Pasha, a soldier, on whose appointment to the Ministry of War it asked us to believe that the safety of Turkey depended. Kiamil Pasha deserves the respect and sympathy of Englishmen. But if we supposed, as the "Times" and its echoes apparently supposed, that this aged statesman of eighty-four was the only possible Prime Minister, we should despair of Young Turkey more deeply than its critics do. More sinister than this obvious vein of exaggeration is the undercurrent of interested Imperialism which the "Times" is hardly at pains to conceal. It hailed the Turkish as at first it hailed the Russian revolution. But how much of this capricious sympathy was due to its obvious calculation that the Turkish renaissance was a blow to German influence? It showed its hand when it half cajoled and half threatened the Turks into accepting the Russian solution of the Balkan crisis out of "gratitude," as it phrased it, to Great Britain. Turkey was clearly assigned her place, an ancillary place, in the Anglo-Franco-Russian League. The city, in its turn, had its interests to consider, for Sir Ernest Cassell had nearly concluded with Kiamil Pasha the flotation of a large new Turkish loan, which is said to involve an element of control more serious than the mere lending of experts to the Turkish Government. If the pursuit of these designs, diplomatic and financial, were to involve us in a definite attitude of hostility towards the Committee which, by its intelligence and self-sacrifice, alone made the Turkish revolution, the present enthusiasm of the Turkish people for this country would suffer something of a chill. The "Times" does not reflect the opinion of Liberal England, though it is sometimes able to mislead it. It is our national misfortune that abroad the volubility of Printing House Square is too often accepted as the authorised interpretation of the reticence of Downing Street.

WHAT "EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE" MEANS.

No reader of the King's Speech, with its unprecedented reference to expenditure, can doubt that for the moment the really dominant issue for this Government is finance. The particular paragraph which announces this unpalatable truth does not seem to us very happily worded, placing, as it does, the claim of Old Age Pensions upon a level with increased naval expenditure. But without any increase of naval expenditure, the need of more revenue would have been such as to call into play all reasonably safe resources of a courageous Chancellor of the Exchequer. For while the power of the nation to bear increasing taxation is far from being exhausted, this reserve power can only be made available by gradual and careful experiment, which any sudden strain is likely to impair. This danger the Government appears to recognise, so far as their policy of social reform is concerned, for their new proposals for constructive legislation are chosen so as to exclude any considerable new expenditure. The expected removal of poor law restrictions upon old age pensions is, apparently, postponed, while the unemployed proposals for this session are evidently framed so as to involve a minimum cost. Paupers and unemployed must, for the present, yield to the superior demands of naval scaremongers.

But even granting that no considerable increase of expenditure on social reform will figure in this year's Budget, the financial problem admits no easy solution. Leaving this year's deficit, whatever it may be, to be wiped out by reducing the current year's contribution to the Sinking Fund, and allowing a generous contribution from the new Sinking Fund, of, say, four or five millions, to meet next year's enhanced expenditure, the amount which must be got by new taxation remains very large. For, in addition to the £8,000,000 increase for Pensions, there will be a deficit which, after allowing for a substantial recovery of trade, cannot be put at less than £2,000,000. The automatic increases of the Civil Services, together with the cost of establishing Labor Exchanges and other minor expedients for meeting unemployment, can hardly be estimated at less than another £2,000,000. If we are to add to this between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 which it is supposed that the Government may concede to the Navy, there is a pretty total of fifteen millions, ten at least to come out of new taxation, unless, as is hardly conceivable, Mr. Asquith should consent to repudiate his own most express warnings, and revert to the enfeebling policy of a naval loan. It is not surprising that even supporters of a forward constructive finance should find it difficult to suggest sound methods of dealing with so grave a situation. For obstructive officials have for years past tacitly conspired with timid financiers to block effective experiments along the new lines of profitable revenue. The principal example of this injurious conduct is supplied by the persistent denials of inland revenue experts of the fruitfulness or even the practicality of a super-tax on incomes. It is true that a House of Commons Committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Charles Dilke, declared in favor of the utility of such an expedient. But confidence in its true efficacy as the chief instrument of a Liberal constructive finance has not yet been established. Hence we are confronted with the spectacle of a leading Liberal newspaper making the serious proposal that the Government should supplement its super-tax, licence duties, and revised death duties by a reimposition of the sugar tax reduced last year. The three and a half millions thus "sacrificed" might be recovered, and the pressure of new taxation upon property proportionately relieved! Though we cannot suppose the Government will advertise its financial impotence by reimposing a war tax on the food of the people, so feeble is the grasp of financial principles among the rank and file of the Liberal

party that even so grave a proposition will doubtless receive sympathy from those whose one idea of "sound" taxation is a misplaced notion of equality which requires that all classes should assist to bear the burden.

As the debate upon the Budget opens out in Parliament and in the country we shall doubtless hear much from the advocates of this unreal doctrine of "equality of sacrifice," who will demand that the masses as well as the classes should be called upon to contribute their "fair share" to the maintenance of the national defence and house-keeping. It is well, therefore, for those who understand the falsity of this contention to nail their colors to the mast. Those who urge that the increased demands for public revenue must be met by new taxation of the resources and expenditure of the well-to-do classes are often accused of a predatory policy of class discrimination. This charge is baseless. It is, of course, true that there is discrimination for taxing purposes between those who can and those who cannot pay; it is even rightly recognised as class discrimination. But it is not predatory either in intention or effect. What equity, what economic efficacy, is there in the demand that we shall tax the poverty of the masses because we tax the property of the classes? It is, indeed, technically feasible to restore the sugar duty or to put some other impost which will reduce the poor to deeper poverty, imposing on them a sacrifice not equal to, but immeasurably greater than, that borne by property, in that it is levelled against the very lives of the workers and their families. But the economic condition of a large section of our workers is such that any encroachment, however small, upon their wages will inevitably be reflected in reduced efficiency of life and of labor-power. In other words, any tax upon the wages of the workers is a blow struck at the wealth-producing power of the nation in the future. It is in the neglect of such vital considerations that the folly lies, not merely of the proposal to tax those destitute of real ability to pay, but of the entire policy of national defence which counts only the number of warships or of regiments that can be put at once upon the sea or in the field, without considering the fatal injury which this policy inflicts upon the general wealth-producing power of the nation, wherein consist the real sinews of national defence.

The testimony of disinterested experts, based upon investigation of the distribution of income and property in this country, clearly establishes the ability of the well-to-do classes to bear with ease a moderate increase of taxation such as would suffice to meet the more pressing requirements of social reform. If the extravagant demands of panic-mongers press severely upon owners of large incomes and properties, the latter have the remedy in their own hands. For it is these classes who raise these reckless alarms and can allay them. We must, indeed, hold it a fortunate coincidence that the pursuance of a sound taxing policy should impose upon those who call the war-tune the obligation to pay the piper. For by this means a sound Liberal finance, fearlessly pursued, affords the best security against ruinous expenditure on armaments.

Life and Letters.

THE NEW DETERMINISM.

"Any two masses in the universe attract each other with a force which varies according to the inverse square of the distance." Newton made this law—the law of gravitation. Other scientific men have made other scientific laws. The fact is plain enough; but the superstition that scientific laws, instead of being made by men, are enactments of a personified "Nature," dies hard in the mind of the "average man," who jumps, by help of the ambiguous word "law," from a symbolical summary of our experience of things to a law-enforcing Obstacle. He is, however, not the victim of a verbal ambiguity alone; he makes the jump, and thinks he must make it, because he finds obstacles in his own experience. Apples always fall and never fly; he himself falls. If he learns to fly he does it only by reckoning with the "law" by which he falls. He requires so many horse-power for his engines, so many cubic metres of gas in his balloon, not because he successfully defies gravitation, but because he must submit to it. It is his obstacle, or at least it forces conditions upon him. The laws of Nature, he says, cannot be broken. It is he who will be broken if he attempts to override them—broken like Phaeton when he dared to drive the chariot of the sun; broken like Icarus when he braved its heat with wax.

Behind the law of gravitation, which certainly is the work of scientific man, there is hard experience by men. From all the falling and standing and flying things of the world, a quintessential symbol has been expressed. Wherever we turn we can apply it; we see nowhere any exception to it that is more than apparent. Therefore we call it a law, and treat it as an enactment. Only wise men, unusually wise men, keep in mind what it really is—a useful hypothesis.

There is a certain restfulness to be found in contemplating this ethereal, sublimated creation. The sweep of its unitary exclusion, its cold indifference, its remoteness, have their fascination; they impose themselves, they bid us withdraw from the distracting multiplicity of real life. The laws of science, in their power to make life as it is seem trivial, illusive, unworthy, resemble the Absolute of some oriental mystic. Like that Absolute, they are reached by a steady process of abstraction from our concrete, piecemeal experience, and, like it, they leave us with an attractive contrast to the troublesome facts of every day. It is possible for a man to escape from realising what the physical catastrophes and oppositions of the world mean for his fellows, and even for himself, if he fixes his attention on those fine-spun laws; just as a devout seeker after the Absolute may blind himself to the horrors of Maya—to its confusion and its endless betrayal of the hopes of men.

It is possible; but for the most part these things of the real world are too strong for us; and there is something about laws of science which keeps them in closer relation with the experience and the beliefs of common men than the Absolute of that exclusive mysticism. They are tenacious, they bind us, because they seem to reflect with accuracy the determinism of things among which we must live and move. The mystical Absolute has no such *point d'appui*. We cannot bring it back into the world from which it sprang—the world where, in accordance with the law of gravitation, a hundred thousand people are killed by some shiver of the earth, which sets walls tumbling about them like apples in a gale of wind. The law is undoubtedly of our making, but the earth and all the stars have set its pattern. The wind and the waves, food and poison, fire and frost—all these *things*—make a world of determinism for us who are not things.

That is the least we can say, and we must say it. No criticism of the metaphysical pre-suppositions of our physico-mathematical science, nor of the methods by which it reaches its generalising laws, its regulative principles, its pragmatic—for it is pragmatic—truth, can enable us to escape the need for that confession. And if our choice lies between living, or rather believing that

we live, in "an incalculable miscellany of miracles," and accepting scientific determinism, it is fixed for us beforehand by the modern spirit incarnate in civilised men.

A little while ago we were told that there was no other course open to us. The determinism of science was presented to us in a form as absolute as the crudest dogmatism of common sense or of theology. Now we have not only the untouched mystery of a creative, determining life (which is ignored in scientific laws) calling to us for caution and for patience; we have also a new tone and even a new meaning in the voice of science itself. We are reminded that absolute formulae are never applicable in their strictness to any one instance of the behavior of things. There is always some margin, some rough edge of reality, that will not fit into their polished framework. No real lever behaves like the lever of mechanical science; no lump of matter resembles the "mass" of the law of gravitation—both are spoilt, scientifically, by their qualities, and fit badly into statements dealing with quantity alone. The law of the conservation of energy, that splendid generalisation of our own times, is not a law, but a regulative principle, regulating only in a narrow sphere, and never exactly covering the facts. And there is nothing that can be safely said by any scientific man about the universe as a whole, not even that its energy is conserved or its mass invariable.

Atoms, too, have no longer, it seems, that appearance of being "manufactured articles" which pleased Clerk Maxwell and many lesser men than he. The appearance was illusive, due to the deceiving tricks of a mere statistical average. We can no longer believe atoms of any one kind to be exactly alike, turned out by quadrillions from some creative workshop; nor can we believe them permanent. They are diverse and they change. They change slowly, no doubt, but still they change, and have been changing. Or so we think, conveniently, pragmatically, after the fashion of a science which has no business, and never had any business, with absolutism in any form.

This science, nowadays, having begun to learn its lesson, presents us with a new schematic picture in which we see movement of the thing-world, a flux throughout its apparent fixity. Its determinism, therefore, has lost its absolute character. Uniformity—that fundamental assumption of science—would never have been assumed by any creatures whose "specious present" was, let us say, a million million years, instead of some ten seconds, the clock-time covered by *our* now. Even as to quantity things would have moved too quickly for statistical averages and physico-mathematical formulae, which would have been out of date, perhaps, before they were composed, if such exalted beings were ever playful enough to set about composing them.

By means of this new scientific picture we are called to reconsider not only the determinism of science, but the determinism of the thing-world of our experience. The former is soon put in its right place as part of a system at once ideal, abstract, hypothetical, only delusively absolute, and practically of a value that we cannot estimate too highly as long as we know what we are doing; but the latter is a more serious affair, because it is in full and direct contact with our real life, and we must ask ourselves what it means for real life. Those among us who have any kind of religion must further, and perhaps first, ask what it means for religion—that orientation of life towards what is good, what is true, what is beautiful as we conceive it. There can be no doubt that religion is only an empty pretension unless there is in life and experience some element of freedom; and that if we were, as a couple of generations ago we were ready to believe, absolutely determined by a world of determinism, then would our religion be vain and our life a "phantasmagoria upon the background of nescience." But if there is only relative determinism even in the seemingly determinist world, if even that stable, inflexible world is throughout only less fluent and determinable than we ourselves find, the fact is pregnant with meaning that we need to discover; because it is significant for our free selves, and because hitherto most of us have neither known it, nor reckoned with it except blindly and without show of good reason.

We are told now that we are not shut up between a "miscellany of miracles" and an absolute determinism in our thing-world. Our third alternative is a world in which determinism and freedom are never absolute, but always relative and side by side; a world of real changes at different rates, where we men are the easily fluent, mobile, consciously and visibly creative elements, while the physical things we deal with flow as ice seems to flow, change like eternal snows, create or are created in an aeonian majesty which is to us as the passage of the midday sun in the hour's dance of some ephemeron.

Relative to us, an aeonian change is practically equivalent to fixity; therefore we can count upon gravitation and upon the constancy of all things. Science needs no other assumption in place of an absolute uniformity in order to deal with a world that is changing and changeable, yet is so stable within the little span of man's experience. But when man—"*le roseau pensant*," shaken by every wind, yet considering the wind and thinking it into a means for his own triumph—begins to consider that scientific assumption in the light of new knowledge, he finds himself justified in the conviction which in practice he never could forsake, the conviction that his own freedom is rooted in the nature of things, and that all things are rooted in the freedom that is greater than his.

There is no element in our experience that is absolutely determinist; there is no element that is absolutely free. There is gradation and there is relativity. We are able to live as men because we can deal with the world as if it were absolutely determined; but we need not think of it as absolutely determined any more than we need think of it as a "miscellany of miracles"; and therefore we may find in it a closer kinship with ourselves, a nearer compatibility, and a deeper meaning. Then we shall not wonder that we *are* bodies, rather than *have* bodies, and that the very rocks are capable of making part of us and being raised into our manner of life.

We ourselves are not miraculous, although we are impenetrably mysterious. Like God, we move "in a mysterious way." We are conditioned by things, limited by the world we bend to our purpose while it makes us as we are; and we justly think of God as limited and conditioned in the product of His own activity, by which and to which in all its grades He gives himself and life. The notion of miracle seems to belong rather to a world of coercive enacted laws than to a cosmos of communicating life. It fits the plain man's conception of rules arbitrarily laid down for him by a ruler who can break them when he chooses. It is, in fact, uncritically anthropomorphic—that is, it is anthropomorphic in a way that belongs to a bygone conception of man. We rise in our necessarily anthropomorphic way by steps of self-discovery from a more to a less inadequate view of God and the ways of God. At the present moment we may rise more quickly than usual, if we will. We are now able, if we will, to see God, like ourselves, as relatively limited under finite yet mobile conditions without seeing Him (or ourselves) as absolutely determined by them. It may well be that in aeonian change He finds the world of things fluent under His will, as we find our bodies in this brief life-span of ours on earth, but with the perfection and fulness that never can be ours, even, perhaps, when we ourselves have undergone aeonian change in the spirit that makes us free. The mystery of our own relation to material things, which have only the lowest grade of divine freedom, puts into our hands a clue to the mystery of God's relation to them. Or at least we may say that in following this clue it seems that we pass upwards in our estimate and conception of Him. And if we who are religious learn to see in the relatively determinist thing-world that lies between us and each other, and between each one of us and the transcendent operation of God, a means by which mobile life is centred, consolidated, knotted upon itself, and brought into mutual relations of relative independence

and permanence, we shall learn to value that thing-world more intelligently, perhaps, than we can if we regard it as a mere obstacle, or as the base contrary of Spirit; or see in it the field of miracle rather than a fitting instrument of the divine and mysterious life we share.

THE MOUNTAIN GLORY.

Mr. Clarkson was tremulously happy. It is true he was in an electric train, heated like a tepid Limbo, and he would much rather have been on foot or in a sledge. But he could not with decency take more than a fortnight's holiday from the Education Office at this time of year without reducing the solid weeks of the summer vacation, when he intended to visit all the cathedrals in France. So for the sake of speed he used the train, and he tried to imagine it did not exist. Once in his boyhood he had been up this Alpine valley, long before the railway was made, and since then he had always desired to penetrate the Alps in winter. Surely something of that old mystery, that sweet remembered passion of delight must linger about them still! Though in an electric train, he was now penetrating the Alps, and it was winter. He was tremulously happy.

At Geneva a driving snow had hidden the distant mountains, but he was among them now, and the clouds were fading away in transparent film, allowing the morning sun to gleam upon sudden visions of snowy crest and brown precipice, unimaginably high. At their foot the long slopes of pines covered the buttresses of the central chain, and in front, among the snowy fields, were huddled little villages of wooden houses—mere human dwelling-places with roofs for covers, but full of contrivances against the cold, and fitted with lofts and storerooms for the food of men and cattle. Here was the scene that Mr. Clarkson had loved from boyhood; here were the mountains, woods, and streams which had haunted him like a passion. "The walls of lost Eden," he quoted to himself, from Ruskin's first sight of the Alps—"The walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death."

And through the wild glory of mountain and cloud he heard more plainly than in boyhood the still, sad music of humanity. Here were the barriers of Europe, enshadowed still by the memories of heroes and peoples and moving hosts. Here were the places of which poets had sung, and in these solitudes they, too, had found for their hearts a savage consolation. Here the shy peasantry had lived for freedom, in gloom but also in glory; and in these habitations, almost as unchanging as the mountain heights, they still lived on. He tried to recall the noble lines beginning—

> "Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice."

But before he could get the third verse right another voice by his side suddenly exclaimed: "It's simply outrageous!"

The speaker looked up defiantly from his paper, as though daring the eternal heavens to contradict him. "Only a week ago," he cried, "I had a letter in the 'Times' protesting against the abominable misconduct of the railways to Switzerland. My own sister-in-law had registered her luggage through from here to Victoria, and though she had time to drive across Paris and have breakfast at the other station, that luggage missed her train, and she had to wait two-and-a-half whole hours for it in London, though she lives at Harrow! And here's a man writes to-day to say she was lucky not to have to stay a whole night in Paris, as his aunt did! Now, can you imagine anything more scandalous than that?"

"Perhaps it was not so terrible as it sounds," said Mr. Clarkson, soothingly.

"Sounds?" said the man, with rising fury. "Why, it's perfectly atrocious; it's almost inconceivable! Do you know there have been whole columns of complaints about these things in the 'Times' for weeks past? We English people—we who come here for our holidays and bring money into the country—are we to be treated like dogs, losing our luggage for hours together, missing our trains, having our female relations stopped for whole nights in Paris! No matter; I shall write to the 'Times' again the very moment I've had something to eat."

Mr. Clarkson expressed his approval of the intention, and had just recovered the two lines:—

> "In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
> They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

when the train drew up at his station to a blare of bugles. It was the village band, reinforced by the military, who had come to welcome the heroic winners in a bobsleigh competition against a neighboring canton. Passing under a triumphal arch of ice, frozen upon a foundation of wire netting, the heroes were conducted to the Mairie, where Mr. Clarkson, as he turned into one of the large hotels, heard the Mayor discoursing to them upon glory, and caught the words of enthusiastic promise: "Un concours monstre, colossal, de skis, de luges, de bobs sera créé!" He discovered afterwards that the Mayor was also President of the "Comité de Tourisme Hivernal," and that by his enterprising organisation of "Sports d'hiver," he had raised the number of visitors by nearly three thousand in a single winter.

Coming in just for the end of the déjeuner, Mr. Clarkson found long rows of English people at one table and long rows of "foreigners" at another. Nearly all were dressed in white woollen jerseys turned down at the throat, and all had white woollen caps which the men tucked into their pockets. To Mr. Clarkson they looked like Anatole France's Penguins soon after their conversion.

"I think, after all, this is the most beautiful valley in the Alps," said Mr. Clarkson to break the ice with the female Penguin next him.

"Not such good tobogganing as in the Rhone valley," she said, drawing on a pair of white woollen gloves that reached up to the pinion joint.

"Don't feed you so well, either," said a male from the opposite side.

"I was thinking of the peculiar beauty of nature here," said Mr. Clarkson in self-defence.

"Oh, nature!" answered the man, less deferentially than Mr. Squeers when he said "She's a rum 'un, is Natur! I should like to know how we should ever get on without her."

"Do you ski?" asked the girl, fearing that the conversation was becoming dangerous.

"You mean sliding over the snow with long planks on your feet?" Mr. Clarkson asked. "Well, no; I've never tried. But I see from the advertisements that on skis you have the high Alps at your mercy. I don't want to have the high Alps at my mercy, but how does one begin?"

"You must get a white jersey and a pair of skis first, and, perhaps, you will find the sloping field at the back enough to start upon, without the high Alps," said the girl, and they went out laughing, the man lighting his pipe as soon as he came in line with the foreigners' table.

Mr. Clarkson bought a white jersey, hired a pair of skis, and he did find the sloping field at the back quite enough to start upon. Hour after hour he shuffled and trampled up that slope, zigzagging painfully sideways with six feet of narrow board firmly strapped to each boot. If he attempted to walk straight up, the hideous things slipped backwards, and he fell forward on his face, straining his toes to breaking point against the straps, and only thankful that he escaped putting out his eyes upon the upturned points of the skis. Having struggled up about a quarter of the slope, he waddled slowly round, like a huge web-footed crane practising the fifth position in dancing, and looked back. From that height the slope appeared much steeper than from below. It appeared almost precipitous. But there was no helping that. The moment he got the skis fairly side by side pointing downhill, they began to move of themselves, and everywhere the skis went Mr. Clarkson was sure to go. They slid apart till his

legs were like opened scissors. They clashed together; the points interlocked, flinging him violently on his head and again straining his toes till they almost cracked. They glided over an atrocious hummock that always threw him on his back. They acquired a detestable impetus that bore him towards destruction against a cottage wall. He could not guide, he could not stop. His only safety was to fall, and he dared not do it. It was like leaping from an express to escape a collision. Happily, the skis themselves always brought him down long before the danger point, and with a sense of hairbreadth preservation, he found himself wallowing in the snow, only bruised and flayed, while, with these ridiculous planks kicking in the air and a spiked pole plunging about in his hands, he struggled to get up, as vainly as a cast sheep.

"Rather nice, isn't it? Don't you think it's rather nice?" said the girl, skimming past him as he lay once, and bringing herself up with the Telemarch turn. "And you're getting on splendidly!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Clarkson, pretending he was only resting. "Certainly, a natural exhilaration is induced by every form of escape."

"Topping!" cried the man, as he rushed by and adroitly sat down sideways.

But Mr. Clarkson, thinking enough was done for honor, turned to what he supposed the more peaceful joys of the toboggan. Having planted his little "luge" or sleigh at the top of the straight run home, he tucked the string between his legs, clutched the sides, and hoped for pleasure. But he found himself gliding downwards at a still more deplorable pace than on skis, though he jammed both heels hard down upon the course. He swung from side to side, he charged into the snowy barriers on either hand alternately. Splinters of ice, kicked up by his heels, flew into his face and blinded him. Covered with snow from head to foot, careless of time and space, he let the thing go its own way, and it went. Sprawling headforemost down the middle of the course, with blinded eyes, he just perceived it dribbling away to the finish, and then he crawled over the snowy barrier, barely in time to escape four men in a bob-sleigh who rushed past at a mile a minute, and took the final corner with bodies horizontal, parallel to the ground.

This experiment he tried twice more, while the mule was drawing the bob-sleigh up to the summit again, and each time he experienced that distinctly pleasurable sensation when at last the toboggan flung him off and he found himself still alive and almost unhurt.

"You'd see better if you lay on your stomach and went head first," said a sympathetic observer.

"No doubt you are right," Mr. Clarkson answered, "but there is a limit to absurdity."

With some thankfulness he perceived that it was getting dark. The snow crunched with frost under his feet, and overhead the sky had turned to a deep blue, fading into green down the valley. In a cleft between the aiguilles one white star was already visible. But the highest peaks and domes of the mountains still glowed with the reddish brown and orange of sunset, though already there had fallen on them the silence of coming night. For a few moments still one aiguille flamed, and then all was cold.

"'God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,'" Mr. Clarkson murmured regretfully, as he went to join the others in the English tea-room where they always gathered to discuss their prowess and their health. "Yes, it still goes on—the mountain mystery, the gloom, the glory, the evening glow, and the awful rose of dawn; and still it may be said that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

And as he dressed for dinner he read on a printed notice in his bedroom that all visitors would be charged twopence a day for the embellishment of the valley, thus ensuring beauty and comfort of the first order.

"I feel rather like Flora in 'Little Dorrit,'" he thought. "Her engagement to Mr. Clennam—'it was the morning of life it was bliss it was frenzy it was everything else of that sort in the highest degree.' And then her marriage with Mr. F.—'only necessary to mention asparagus and it appeared, or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle; it was not ecstasy but it was comfort.'

"Comfort?" he added, as he tried to sit down without pain and wriggle his toes into his dress shoes. "Well, I don't know about comfort!"

THE BIRD AND ITS FRIENDS.

"TAP, TAP, TAP." The sunniest day in spring or the hottest in summer does not seem to express itself properly without some such tiny instrumental music performed by one of its wild creatures. In March, there is the mellow clatter that the great spotted wood-pecker makes on a selected bough as a call to his mate, who duly responds on a tuning-fork of her own pitched, we believe, a third lower. A little later, you can hear, if you go up close to the potting shed, the ticking of the wasps' teeth as they gnaw off fibres with which to build their many-celled city. In summer, you have the stridulation of the crickets, the click of beetles and, hottest sound of all, a vegetable artillery made by the broom pods firing off their seeds. But what is this winter "tap, tap"?

We know it but too well. On the alighting board of our best bee-hive there sits a great tit in gorgeous indigo and saffron, his white face turned up to show the black stock and waistcoat line, as he waits to see what is to come of the rat-tat he has just rung at the front door. There comes out a sleepy bee not filled with the anger of a defending citizen, but with curiosity as to what the sound can have meant. In a trice the tit has it and with insult upon injury takes it to the roof where he splits the honey-fed insect as deftly as a butcher splits a bullock's carcase, removes the sting and wipes it on the ridge beside those of earlier victims, then makes a dainty and nourishing meal.

For years the tits and we have been friends. We have given them weather-tight boxes to build in, hung up cocoanuts, almonds, and bones for them to pick in winter, and generally rewarded them for their cheery industry about the trees. But this is our first year of bee-keeping and our loyalty to the oxeye and the nun is rather strained by their notion of what bees are meant for. Some say we must trap or shoot the robbers. A milder counsel is to put a bit of wire netting across the hive porch so that the bee is not in danger the instant it comes into the light. It seems a very small matter to take the latter precaution instead of the former, which looks very like curing toothache with a rifle. For even if nothing but death would avail as a preventive, we can see that the tit's attentions to the bees are not all to the bad. It may be just as well that the more winter-wakeful bees should be removed before their example leads the rest of the hive into dangerous excursions on a nippy morning. At any rate, even from the narrow outlook of the bee-master, the tit is probably to be written down a friend instead of an enemy. Of how much sound apple blossom might we be robbed by maggots, if the tits did not search the trees three or four times a day? How much more of that hateful product, honey-dew, might not our bees bring home, if the tits did not wage industrious war on the aphides? He cannot claim tribute for the white clover harvest, simply because he is a tree scavenger, and the clover is not a tree. But there are ground scavengers and air scavengers in this large and beautiful class of our servants. The good work they do is simply incalculable. Like most good work it is strictly unobtrusive, and too likely, where ignorance reigns, to be cancelled by a little honest mischief. That is why, this beautiful morning, another rat-tat brings a letter bidding us to the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

The grudge of a man who will not pay wages to the scavenger is not the worst motive that bird preservers have to fight. The jay, which spends most of the summer in destroying the nests of those very birds the fruit robbers, is not, therefore, spared. His raids on our cherries and raspberries are to his discredit, and anything that eats eggs is an enemy of the keeper; but

it is doubtful whether this wary bird would be so waited for if it were not for the pretty blue-chequered panels he wears on his wing, and which the village beauty loves to wear on her hat. Sordid crime! But what can you expect of the bucolic mind? How much more chaste and artistic is the desire of the fashionable lady for the plumes with which the white egret decorates itself at nesting time! The innocent white egret, with which, on economic grounds, we have no quarrel, but which we sacrifice to our pure pleasure, as Shibli Bagarag plucked out the palpitating heart of the sleeping damsel in "The Shaving of Shagpat." The Malayan belle, who covers herself with parrot skins as a sign of the prowess of her admirers, and the haughty white woman, who will wear nothing less than a bird of paradise, are on a par in this matter. It remains for minds just a little bit ashamed to pick a quarrel with a beautiful bird as an excuse for hanging it on the hat instead of on the keeper's barn door.

By the way, a very recent inspection of that barn-door would have given great food for laughter if it had not given grave pain at the ignorance of the man entrusted with the executioner's gun. Of owls we say nothing; they were, of course, there, both tawny and of the barn. But actually there was a cuckoo, and there were two night-jars that an ignoramus had shot for sparrow hawks, and boasts of having destroyed with one barrel. Let us add that it was not the keeper who did this thing, but his master, a man who has shot partridges, pheasants, woodcock, and other winged things for years —a naturalist of the gun who does not know the difference between a puckeridge and a sparrow hawk.

Extreme science is yet more fatal than extreme ignorance. The species threatened by the farmer, though we cannot say the same of those threatened by the gamekeeper, are safe enough from extinction. It is when an uncommon bird begins to attract the special attention of a certain kind of naturalist that its extinction draws near. The wren of St. Kilda has been saved, if it is saved, with extreme difficulty, at the expense of much devotion on the part of bird lovers and by means of an Act of Parliament devised almost to that sole end. The chough, the kite, the eagle, the bearded reedling are a few of the birds whose lot resembles just now that of a lamb surrounded by wolves. The amateur collector of eggs or skins stands in the background, his money proving the impulse under which the professional dealer is prepared to run almost any risk. It is the honorable province of the Protection Society to maintain watchers over the safety of these birds during the breeding season; but it is almost impossible to pay such men as will certainly be proof against the bribes with which they will be assailed. We suppose that it is hopeless yet to protest against the shooting of such occasional non-breeding visitors as rollers, bee-eaters, and the hundred winter migrants that annually fall to the collector's gun, but there are few lengths to which we would not support those who are trying to save the few last specimens of certain of our resident species.

The human conscience is a queer one that can contemplate with equanimity a clutch of eggs supposed to be the last of the kind ever laid in Great Britain, and procured by the lying, theft, and, possibly, the violence of a paid agent or vendor. It is, perhaps, a conscience that cannot appreciate a less appeal than peremptory punishment for being in possession of unlawful property. It is pre-eminently a male type, of which the female is that which wears with joy the white "osprey" that can only have been obtained by the murder of birds in the full joy of their nuptial season, and probably with young left to starve in the nest. "Murder millinery" it has been called, and the justice of the name is annually more apparent. Last year, the world was just a little startled by the announcement that a watcher of the Audubon Society had been murdered by a plume hunter in Florida who found his vigilance inconvenient to the wishes of the fair osprey wearers in England and elsewhere. To-day, the news comes that the blood of two more of these devoted men has stained this year's supply of those desired plumes.

Short Studies.

THE BELIEVER.

"I WANT to have a straight talk with you, sir," said the carpenter, ominously, leading the way to a stone wall, whose seating capacity he proposed putting to the test. As I have never known his conversation suffer from indirectness, the announcement seemed superfluous. Perhaps, however, he intended to excel himself.

"You b'lieve in what you call the Cathorlic faith?" he began, catechetically.

I gave him the necessary assurance.

"Well, what is it? What is this Cathorlic faith you an' the 'Church Times' are always blabbin' about?"

I hardly know whether I was most pleased or offended at being associated with this well-known medium of advertisement.

"Why, the Creeds," I answered plurally.

"I knew you 'd say that!" he exclaimed, with unflattering delight. "It 's hard to get out of an old rut. Only I didn't know that you could b'lieve in more than one creed—at a time. Well, an' what are these wonderful creeds o' yours? That's my p'int."

"You 'll find them in the Prayer-book," I recommended, virtuously conscious of restraining my temper.

"An' what good 'd that do me? Would it sew on a button?"

The utter unexpectedness and nature of this retort caused me to dislodge a stone, which travelled down the back of my leg, vulnerable heel included. My companion apologised for the rottenness of his wall.

"Better luck next time," he added, sympathetically. "But now about these wondeful creeds o' yours? How many people, d' you honestly suppose, understand anythink at all about 'em?"

I replied that I was not a statistician.

"But do you mean to say that the han'ful o' Christians who repeat 'em every Sunday are the only b'lievers in the world?"

"The only true believers."

"Well, sir, if you can be blunt, so can we," he challenged. "I daresay now you 'd call a gram'phone a b'liever if it ground out th' At'nation Creed?"

"Certainly not," I repudiated.

"Well, then? How can sing-songin' 'alf a page o' words or so make a person a b'liever? It 'd be mighty easy to get to 'Eaven if that was all."

"But they believe in the truth contained in the creeds," I expounded.

"How do you know? An' what is this truth, might I ask? Come! I'll bet a barrer o' potatoes to a cloth button that there isn't one in a 'undred has the smallest idear what he 's talkin' about. It may be very nice an' comfortable to say whatever's put intil your mouth, but it isn't good enough for 'uman beens. The Creeds may be all very well; but I strongly objeck to usin' the dumb alphabet after th' Almighty has opened our mouth, an' given us the gift o' plain speech."

"But the Church explains her meaning."

"Oh, does she? I never 'eard or read an explanation that didn't make it worse. No, sir! No one needn't expect the Church t' explain. She don't want to give the show away. Punch an' Judy is nothink till her."

Perhaps I should here have walked away, righteously indignant; but, like the Ancient Mariner, this presumptuous parishioner held me. "What would you call a believer?" I asked, curiously; "for I suppose you have some creed."

"I have the creed," he answered, dogmatically. "There's only the one."

"The Apostles'?"

"I don't know whether the 'postles knew it or not," was the careless reply. "They 've bin dead some little time, you know. An' I don't pertend to have bin inside their minds," he added, modestly.

"Well, what is this original creed of yours?" I spurred him.

"I hope to God it isn't original. I b'lieve in Life!" he stated, simply and grandly.

"Well, of course! So does the Church."

"Why doesn't she say so then in so many words, 'stead o' beatin' about the bush?" was the indignant rejoinder. "But wait a minute! I b'lieve in Life without any 'emmin' or 'awin'. I b'lieve in people livin' an' workin' an' marr'in' an' dyin' an' rottin' an' makin' room for the next gen'ration world without end. My b'lievers, for the most part, never lighten th' inside of a Church; perhaps some day they'll be 'lowed an' welcome; but they build houses an' cities an' bridges an' ships, an' make roads an' plant trees an' till fields an' bring up children an' keep things goin' gen'rally. They work at Life, sir, as a man works in his garden, diggin' an' prunin' an' manurin' an' puttin' everythink ship-shape. An' they keep on doin' it, spite o' hearthquakes an' thunder an' lightnin' an' pain an' sickness an' death, knowin' very well that they'd be bigger fools if they didn't. That's my idear of Faith, sir—keepin' the ball rollin'! An' th' only onbe'lievers are the ones who ask what 's the good, or if Life 's worth livin'."

"But the Church teaches all that," I stammered.

"I 'm very glad an' imazed to hear it; but, as the man said to the hegg, I doubt it. Any'ow, it used not to be the case when I attended; an' that' s not so long ago. We was taught to renounce the world, 'stead o' to make the best of it, if I 'member rightly. Wonder th' Almighty didn't strike us all dead!"

"You believe in natural Immortality then?"

"Certingly. You wouldn't expect me to b'lieve in it if it was onnatcheril, would you?"

"But what matter whether the world does or doesn't go on when we are dead?"

"Ask a pear tree! It 'll go on whether or no; so you might as well make up your mind an' enter into the spirit o' the thing. When it 's a Huniverse against Nothink, I'll put my money on the world. An' who said you 'd be dead? But you will, if you don't take care an' use your common sense! You surely wouldn't like to think that the 'ands an' the feet an' the brain an' the tongue an' the et ceteras, which (accordin' to Darwin an' them) took such a many millions o' years to make—not to mention th' Almighty's wish an' share in the matter—to be throwed away an' wasted? If that 's not good enough reason, we'll try an' think out another or two for you. But, for goodness sake, stop usin' parrot phrases, an' let people see an' know what you mean. Then they can either lump it or leave it; but there' ll be no dust in their eyes. An' if that don't sep'rate the chaff from the w'eat, an' the sheep from the goats, you can call me what you like."

"Amen!" I said, humbly, ignoring the *carte blanche*.

S. Henry.

The Drama.

"THE TRUANTS."

"The Truants," at the Kingsway Theatre, is certainly a play to be seen. It is alert, interesting, entertaining, full of clever things, and capitally acted. Moreover, if not precisely original, it is distinctly odd. There is a sort of superficial unconventionality about it which masks its conventionality of spirit. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby must think more competently and construct more carefully if he is ever to do work of permanent value.

Mr. Coleby may perhaps imagine that I impugn the competence of his thinking merely because I happen to disagree with him. Well, it is true that I do disagree with him: I think his case a bad one. But it is not of the badness of his case that I complain: it is of the inconsequence of his argument. There is a gap, a chasm, between his premises and his conclusion. He has not succeeded in constructing a fable which should bear out the moral he meant to draw. Or, supposing him to have started, not with the moral, but with the plot, he has failed to discover its true centre of gravity, and has represented it as resting on a general idea to which, in fact, it has little or no relation.

What is the general idea? Clearly that a sort of religiosity, a sentimental "faith," an observance of convention in church-going and kindred matters, a renunciation of the right to think for herself, is a woman's safest path towards salvation in this world, and can, at any rate, do her no harm in any other. The details of the requisite "faith" are not clearly laid down. We gather that it is not indispensable for her to believe that Jonah actually passed three days in the whale's belly. That statement, I suppose, she may interpret figuratively without positive danger to her moral well-being. But beyond this we are not given any definite guidance. Perhaps we may say, without doing injustice to Mr. Coleby's thought, that she may pick and choose a little in the Bible, but must swallow her Prayer-Book whole.

Very well, then; that is an opinion, like another; it is even an opinion which thousands of worthy people, explicitly or implicitly, share with Mr. Coleby. The question is: how does he enforce it? Does his story really mean what he represents it to mean, what he would have us deduce from it? The reader shall judge.

Freda Saville is a woman of strong and courageous character, who, though still young, has travelled a great deal, seen a great deal of life, and written a book of distinctly heterodox tendency. As to the precise nature of its heterodoxy we have no information; but we may divine very sad things from the unquestionable fact that she goes motoring during church hours on Sunday. Some eight or nine years ago she was on the Indian frontier when, in some tribal rising, a small British garrison was massacred. Among the victims were a Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs, the brother and sister-in-law of a certain Lord Strelland. Shortly before the catastrophe, Mrs. Carstairs (we are told) gave birth to a boy, and confided the infant to the care of Freda Saville, who somehow contrived to escape with it. She is thus the "informal guardian" of little Jack Carstairs, to whom his uncle, Lord Strelland, proposes to leave all his immense property, though the title must go to some other kinsman. When the play opens, Freda and little Jack are staying with a bachelor squire, named Dick Chetwood, a neighbor of Lord Strelland's; and Dick and Freda have just become engaged, to their immense mutual satisfaction. It is supposed, too, that another engagement is imminent, between Dick Chetwood's younger brother Bill and Miss Pamela Grey. Who is Miss Pamela Grey? I confess I did not discover. All I know is that she is a quite young girl, that the Chetwood mansion is apparently her home, and that Freda and she, though constantly quarrelling, are passionately attached to each other. Brother Bill, again, has spent ten years in the Argentine, where he has made his fortune. He has recently returned to England, and presents himself to us in the guise of an ill-conditioned, grumbling, quarrelsome, masterful barbarian. Nevertheless, Pamela is wildly in love with him; and this is the condition of affairs when the curtain rises.

The first signs of trouble appear when someone speaks of Bill as engaged to Pamela, and he roughly repudiates the idea. Then he has a scene with Freda, in which he tells her that it is her emancipated teaching which has ruined Pamela, and made her wilful, undisciplined, and utterly different from his conception of what Mrs. William Chetwood ought to be. Now there is undeniably a touch of observation in this character—the man who values himself upon his coarseness and ruggedness, boasts of the lawless life he has led, and yet insists on all the conventional virtues and graces in his womankind. He is a sort of Petruchio without a sense of humor, whose shrew-taming manners are not put on for the nonce, but are habitual and ingrained. Moreover, Brother Bill hints pretty clearly that he knows something about Freda's past which she would not like

Brother Dick to know, and that he refrains from telling it only because, in spite of her detrimental doctrines, he likes Freda and considers her "a good pluck'd 'un." I forget whether he actually employs that phrase; it is the usual one under the circumstances. Before the end of the act, a telegram arrives demanding Brother Bill's instant departure for South America; and when the curtain falls (this is a technical mistake, Mr. Coleby) we have practically no glimmering of what is to follow. The interest is not sufficiently carried forward. Notably, we have had no scene between Brother Bill and Pamela, to give us any clear insight into their relation.

All the greater is our surprise when, in the next act, which takes place the same evening in Pamela's bedroom, we find that she has arranged to elope with Brother Bill, and to go with him to South America, on the chance that he may marry her in the end. Certainly, this is a very unwise resolve of hers; and if it be due to Freda's teaching, then Freda's teaching has certainly done her harm. But can it rightly be attributed to Freda's teaching? Freda herself does not think so; and one is entirely disposed to agree with her. It cannot be Freda's fault that Pamela is a badly brought-up, harum-scarum, hot-headed, ungovernable child; and even if, as we may conjecture, Freda's book contains some heterodox views on marriage, they surely cannot be interpreted as encouraging any girl to elope with the first ill-tempered brute she comes across who is base enough (under his own brother's roof) to take advantage of her folly. The profoundest wisdom may be misread by fools, and no author can rightly be held responsible for silly misinterpretations of his teaching. I do not say, of course, that Freda's teaching was wise, but only that we have no evidence to the contrary. In the course of a very animated, entertaining act, which comes to an amusingly melodramatic close, Freda succeeds in thwarting the intended elopement, and in coercing Brother Bill into good behavior. I will not go into such details as would spoil the reader's pleasure in witnessing the scene.

With the end of the second act the Pamela-Brother-Bill romance is over. The marriage of the queerly assorted couple takes place next day, amid farcical details which once more recall "The Taming of the Shrew." But what is all this about episodes in Freda's past which Brother Dick must not know? The facts are as follows: Freda, when in India, was married to a Major Some-one-or-other, who had omitted to mention that he had another wife in being. Little Jack, then, is Freda's son; but it was at the suggestion of the deceased Carstairs couple that she passed him off as their child. Brother Bill has ascertained all this through a detective agency in Buenos Ayres, which has branches, it would seem, on the Indian frontier (how small the world is!); and now Lord Strelland learns the same facts, through the discovery of some old letters in the ruined frontier fort. (Mr. Coleby, by the way, ought to be more economical in his methods of revelation.) Strelland is willing to keep up the fiction that little Jack is his nephew, if Freda will renounce all claim upon the child; otherwise, he will "blow the gaff." At first, Freda thinks she can consent to this arrangement, and there is a scene of parting between mother and son, very well written, and very beautifully played by Miss Ashwell. But when it comes to the point, she cannot make the sacrifice; she bids Lord Strelland do his worst, and herself breaks the truth to Brother Dick. He, being a sensible fellow, takes the matter quite calmly; and we ask ourselves at the end, as we asked ourselves when first we learned the secret, why Freda was such a goose as not to have told him long ago. The curtain falls upon a sort of preliminary recital of the marriage service, arranged as a duet, by Freda and Dick; which typifies, I imagine, her reconciliation to all the respectable orthodoxies.

But when did she quarrel with them? Mr. Coleby alone knows. When Brother Bill, in the first act, hints mysterious things about her past, we imagine that she has put in practice some daringly unconventional theory, and that retribution is now about to fall on her. But no such matter! As she herself more than once says, "she has never done anything wrong" by the most conventional standard. She imagined herself legally married to her Major, and it was her misfortune, not her fault, that he happened to be a bigamist. Her story, then, in no way illustrates the break-down of any advanced or emancipated theory of conduct. Freda has been heterodox (if at all) only on paper. Absolutely the worst moral delinquency which is brought home to her is that of motoring on Sunday; and for this no Nemesis overtakes her. The general implication, then, that Freda is to learn, in her own case and in Pamela's, the folly of emancipated opinions, is not in the least justified by the facts. There is, as I hinted above, a hiatus in the author's logic. Freda has not kicked over the traces at all, nor can she reasonably be held to have encouraged Pamela to do so. When she says, then, that since her engagement to Dick "it has all come back again, all her old happiness, all her old faith," we are not in the least impressed; for we have no evidence of her ever having lost any faith in particular. We do not know what may have been the audacities of the book she is so anxious to disclaim; and we cannot accept the play as an argument against certain unknown principles, which she seems never to have put in practice.

Miss Ashwell's performance of Freda is throughout admirable, no less in the quiet strength of the scenes with Pamela and Bill than in the restrained tenderness of the passages with the child. Miss Athene Seyler, who plays Pamela, is a young lady with a great deal of dramatic temperament, who embodies to perfection the impulsive, ill-disciplined, warm-hearted schoolgirl. Mr. Dennis Eadie gives a very able and original rendering of Bill Chetwood. It seemed to me that he spoke an improbably vulgar dialect; one could scarcely believe him to have been brought up in the same environment as his brother Dick; but no doubt the actor simply followed the author's indications. These three—Freda, Pamela, and Bill—have the whole play in their hands; but the other parts are all well filled. One of the best things in the piece is the Parish Council scene on which the curtain rises—and which leads to nothing. Mr. Coleby, by the way, repeats in "The Truants" one of the peculiarities of "The Sway Boat": he is curiously vague as to the domicile of his characters. We do not know whether Freda is or is not staying in Dick Chetwood's house. We gather that she has a place of her own, somewhere near; but why, in that case, does little Jack pervade the Chetwood mansion in his pyjamas? That Pamela is staying at Dick Chetwood's we know, for we are privileged to visit her bedroom; but who she is or why she is there, I certainly failed to discover; and explicitness on these points would have been all the more desirable as our judgment of Brother Bill's conduct towards her must in some degree depend on them.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

PEACE AND KING EDWARD'S VISIT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"He came at the right moment and said the right things." This is the general opinion of King Edward's short stay in Berlin. Seldom have circumstances so much favored a Royal visit with a political purpose. King Edward found the German nation in a very favorable mood—sobered down in every respect. The exaggerated notions about his private life, propagated particularly by the comic papers, whose satire is often a mere appeal to the prejudices of the thoughtless, have given way to a recognition of his intellectual qualities and an appreciation of his sense of proportion. A similar change has come about in regard to the general relations of the two nations. On the whole the feeling

is best expressed with the phrase—Distrust is on the wane.

This is a great success, for only political children could have expected more. A feeling so deeply rooted and so incessantly fostered by interested agencies will not disappear at once in consequence of the visit of a crowned individual and some obliging speeches. The "Simplicissimus," the most widely circulated of the German satirical papers, paints King Edward as an angel of peace, attired in boxing gloves, and makes the German angel say—"I would rather welcome thee if thou hadst taken off those gloves." Doubtless the "Simplicissimus," with all its radical proclivities, has for many years made Anglophobia its particular note; but this time it is not far off the truth. Increased naval armaments will not convert distrust into confidence. King Edward has not brought us the millennium.

But his visit may yet effect something in this direction. It has given occasion to many promising utterances. Among these must be reckoned the quasi-revelations of the "Berliner Tageblatt" on the proposals made to Germany by the Balfour-Chamberlain Cabinet in 1899. For the relations of the two countries it is to-day of no great consequence whether those offers were frustrated by Mr. Chamberlain's blunders or by the aversion felt in Germany from an alliance which might involve Germany in England's quarrels. The international situation is so different to-day from what it was ten years ago that it matters little who made the alliance impossible if we consider the beneficent effect of the reminder that Germany could have accepted such an alliance under favorable conditions, and that her rulers refused it.

Remarkable coincidence! Ten years ago there were hardly to be found amongst Europe's leading politicians two men more buoyant and boisterous in foreign politics than William II. and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To-day the one is a suffering and broken man, and the other would be in almost as unhappy a plight were he not twenty years younger. William II. has gone through most trying experiences. He was accustomed to attack, but, conscious of his power, he could afford to scorn his assailants as long as they merely censured his whims and outbursts of humor or temper. But to know that the masses of his people speak of him as a vain and unsteady politician, and that the cry for more parliamentary control was not the cry for protection against the wilfulness of a tyrant, but for insurance against the blunders of an unskilled hand, was a far sorer trial. Its effects upon him are shown by his present aversion from publicity. Let there be no mistake about it. The opinion I have described is held by a large section of the German public. The praises lavished on Edward VII. because of the discreet and efficient discharge of his regal office read like so many criticisms on his nephew.

It is not for me to say whether the eulogies bestowed by the men in the street on the present holder of the British crown are justified or not. From the observer's point of view they are interesting, because they help you to understand what the people want. Edward VII. has been received in Berlin with more splendor than any other crowned head. But behind the luxury of Unter den Linden and the neighboring streets were concealed the hardships and miseries engendered by a commercial depression that hangs over pushful Germany no less than over other countries. In the building on the left-hand side of the highly decorated Brandenburger Thor, which Edward VII. passed in entering Berlin, the representatives of the nation deliberate anxiously on the burning question—how to cover the deficit of 500 to 600 millions of marks in the Imperial Exchequer? There is much wealth now in Germany, but the most influential section of the wealthy classes, the great landowners, refuse to take their share of the burden. Thus the great bulk of the money wanted will be drawn from the masses in the shape of higher taxes on their luxuries—from the masses whose necessaries are already taxed to the profit of the agrarian. Under these circumstances higher taxation on beer and tobacco will mean the ruin of many thousands of small traders and loss of work for a comparatively large number of workers. This is not the situation for men to get enthusiastic about the race in "Dreadnoughts."

It is now proved beyond contradiction that it was only by the play of chance that the meeting of the unemployed, convoked by the Social Democratic party in Berlin, happened to take place simultaneously with King Edward's entry into the German capital. But would Social Democrats have been seriously to blame if they had purposely chosen the day and hour? Is it not their duty to call the attention of those in power in the most vigorous and most effective way to the fact that pleasant words about peace and temporary understandings about clashing interests abroad, if good in themselves, are not sufficient to meet the requirements of our time? There is no mistake about the friendly feeling of German Social Democrats for the British people, and also for King Edward. No offensive remarks can be found in their papers. Rather the contrary may be said. The picture they paint of the superiority of British diplomacy over German diplomacy is, perhaps, a little overdrawn. "A victor enters Berlin"—thus began the leader in almost all the Social Democratic papers on the day of the entry, and this referred to the successes of King Edward's Government over the Kaiser. It was also shown in how many ways peaceful and friendly relations with England were in the interest of the German people.

But there is peace and peace. The reactionaries also shout peace to-day, only with them it means peace at daggers drawn; that is to say, with increasing armaments. The inspirers of papers like the "Kölnische Zeitung," the "National Zeitung," the "Rheinisch-Westphalische Zeitung," and similar papers, play on the same harp as those of the "Standard" and the "Times," and their chorus on the other side of the North Sea. With them peace is an expedient, not the fundamental principle of their policy. It is a good thing that they are compelled, by the desires of the mass of the population, workers and traders alike, to emphasise peace; but their present support is no proof that the work of the upholders of genuine peace is already accomplished.

It is not given to a King who, after all, is connected by many ties with the semi-feudal and plutocratic classes, and, as some of his speeches show, shares or upholds a good number of the pretensions of those classes, to lay the foundation of a real international alliance of the nations. Be he ever so sincere in the desire, and ever so clever in his negotiations, as long as those classes and their hirelings influence the foreign policy of the nation, his best work can be undone by a tricky adventurer who knows how to propagate mistrust. He can help a movement, but he cannot give it fixity.

German democrats believe that Edward VII., as the mandatory of the British nation, has achieved good work in the first respect, and gladly give him and his constituents their due for it. But they know where on this side of the North Sea the final guarantees of peace rest. Just now the first results of the German census of June, 1907, are out. They show—against the previous census of 1895—an extraordinary increase of the industrial and commercial classes, as compared with the agricultural sections of the nation. The whole increase of the population and more has gone to the former. They mustered in 1895 with their families 26·2 millions of heads, or 40·6 per cent. of the nation, and number now 34·6 millions of heads, or 56 per cent. of the nation, whilst agriculture represents only 17·7 millions of heads, or 28·65 per cent., against 35·74 per cent. in 1895. Two-thirds of Germany are industrial, and only one-third is agricultural. These results may in some respects give food for reflection; but in regard to international peace they are most hopeful figures. Industrial nations, and particularly industrial workers, hate war, and have the cohesion and the strength to make this hatred powerfully felt.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin,
February 12th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

IS NONCONFORMITY TOO POLITICAL?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With reference to your article on this subject in the current issue of THE NATION, has not the author of "Nonconformity and Politics" based his argument on an assumption which remains to be proved? He takes it for granted that a sharp line can be drawn between what is spiritual and what is political, whereas it is impossible to state where one ends and the other begins. He traces the birth of Nonconformity to a spiritual ideal, but it would be equally easy to prove that a political ideal brought it into the world. The political element was bound up with the spiritual, and cannot be separated from it. The fundamental principle of Nonconformity that religion is not a matter of State is as much a political as a spiritual principle, and even if this be denied, the fact remains that the earliest Independents not only stood for the spiritual principle of immediate access to God, but also for the political principle that "the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as much as the greatest he; and a man is not bound to a government that he has not had a voice to put himself under." Further, was rebellion against the Test Act, the Act of Uniformity, and the Five Mile Act, spiritual or political? When the pilgrims set sail for America in order that they might worship God as they pleased, was their action a spiritual or a political one? Was not their conduct as much occasioned by political conditions as by spiritual motives? Can you make water-tight compartments sufficiently tight to prevent the spiritual and the political mingling? I do not think you can. Certainly, to change the simile, in the history of Nonconformity these two strands are inextricably woven. The author of "Nonconformity and Politics" appears to admit that when Nonconformist churches were fighting for their existence, political action was justifiable. But even if we grant that they no longer have to fight for existence (and in view of Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902 this is granting a great deal), are we to remain content with the bare right to exist? Is it not our duty to continue political action until every disability is removed, until our tributary waters are free to flow into what Matthew Arnold called "the main stream of national life"?

Moreover, our author seems to imagine that to say the State shall have nothing to do with religion is the same as saying that religion shall have nothing to do with the State—a conclusion no Nonconformist would admit. On the contrary, our business is to insist on the application of ethical principles to political affairs. Nor have the Nonconformist churches ever been the docile servants of the Liberal, or of any other party. Naturally, as you point out, Nonconformists, anxious to free themselves from their political fetters in order better to pursue spiritual aims, turned to the political party which exists to make life better worth living; but has any Liberal Prime Minister ever been able to count on Nonconformist support, no matter what line of political action he followed?

Mr. Gladstone's name has been mentioned. Could Mr. Gladstone count on the servile obedience of Nonconformists? Let those who think so turn to Lord Morley's biography, and read the pages dealing with the incident of Mr. Parnell's divorce. Nonconformists followed Mr. Gladstone for a very noble reason: because, as Spurgeon finely said, while they believed in no man's infallibility, they believed in *this* man's integrity. Gladstone knew well that he could only count on Nonconformist support so long as his policy accorded with Nonconformist convictions. Could Lord Rosebery, when Prime Minister, depend on the unqualified adherence of Nonconformists? Did they not leave him on account of his pro-Turkish policy, and do their utmost to aid those who were endeavoring to awaken the country concerning the obligations it had incurred in the Near East by the Berlin Treaty? Can Mr. Asquith count on the slavish allegiance of Nonconformists? Those who think so might turn with advantage to the current issue of the "British Weekly." The partisanship referred to by the author of "Nonconformity and Politics" has neither been blind nor unintelligent.

Nonconformists believe that they have to get the Kingdom of God set up in this "present evil world." None too soon they have come to see that if you cannot make men better by Acts of Parliament, you can by such enactments make it less difficult for them to be good. At every turn in this attempt to make "reason and the will of God prevail," they are met by obstacles which only the State can remove. They create "institutional" churches, churches which seek to cover the whole of a man's life, which recognise that there are six days in the week in addition to Sunday, and that men have bodies and minds, as well as souls; the Borough Councils, however, at once step in and rate such "institutional" churches, because the work being done in connection with them for the neighborhood does not come within the letter of the law relating to public worship. Churches thus treated must either stultify their life or acquiesce. If they do not submit they are driven to take political action. This is a single illustration. How is it possible for Nonconformists to remain Liberals or Socialists individually, and yet keep their churches out of party warfare? Here, for example, is a church working in a poor and overcrowded district. The minister and nine-tenths of his church members are driven, as Robertson of Brighton was driven, to be Radicals, because they are Christians; a Bill is introduced into the House of Commons which, if it becomes law, will give the people "a chance"—to quote Father Dolling. Are the minister and the nine-tenths of his church members to decline to act collectively in support of such a Bill? Does the author of "Nonconformity and Politics" imagine that if they take no collective action the remaining tenth will be placated? Not for a moment. It is quite sufficient for the one-tenth to *know* their minister is a Radical or a Socialist for offence to be taken. And better it should be so. The spirit of Christ is utterly alien to the spirit of "proputty," and the sooner Nonconformity sheds those who are engaged in the impossible task of gaining the whole world and keeping their own souls the better.

As for the statement that Nonconformity has ceased to produce "saints," we need to know two things before we pay much attention to it: First, what our author means by "saint"; and, secondly, whether he is omniscient? Only knowledge of such a sweep and intimacy as is attributable to the Deity could justify such a generalisation. If our author is thinking of the Mid-Victorian edition of the medieval saint, he is, I trust, correct in believing this type to be extinct. This was the "saint" who thought politics and the devil synonymous terms; who tortured little children with questions about their souls; who, when urged to undertake social service, replied: "The poor ye have always with you"; who restricted salvation to the swallowing of a theological formula; who drew vain and subtle distinctions between the sacred and the secular; and generally developed one side of his nature at the expense of every other.

In conclusion, when a little time ago we annexed, through military conquest, "two small states, lawfully inhabited, possessed and governed by white men," where were the Nonconformist "saints," and where the political Nonconformist sinners? Sad to say, sir, the "saints" were jingoes, and the most pronounced political "agitators" Pro-Boers! The like phenomenon was exhibited in the Anglican Church. It was left to men who "meddle with politics" in the Free and Established Churches, to Dr. Clifford, the Bishop of Hereford, and Canon Scott-Holland, to protest against the iniquitous South African War, and to remind their holier brethren that piety is no excuse for injustice.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD MUDIE-SMITH.

Eastbourne, February 14th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read this article with much satisfaction and acceptance, except on one point. The words "Nonconformity" and "Nonconformist" are harped upon until one is obsessed by them.

They savor too much of an admission of subjection to an authority claiming superiority which we resent, to be grateful in the ears of the progressive Free Churchmen of these days.

Can we not be embraced by some other appellation expressive of the freedom implied by that sentiment on which you are so insistent, viz., the yearning for a distinct cleavage between the Church and the party platform?—Yours, &c.,

BLACKHEATH.

February 15th, 1909.

THE COMING SLAVERY IN EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Elementary education is now in the hands of public bodies, and is being managed, for good or for evil, by the "councils" of the land, through their educational committees.

Many people are seeking to get secondary education under the same authorities. Some are led to this line of action by their "magnifying the office" of councils: more by their desire to get the State or some public bodies to take in hand the management of everything. But, whatever may have been the necessity for elementary education to be taken up by a public authority, there is not the same need or any need for secondary education to come under their power. Voluntary effort and private enterprise did not, probably could not, take up satisfactorily the education of the masses of the people. Yet no case has been made out of a similar necessity in regard to education other than elementary. And there are very serious objections, social and educational, to the councils being masters of secondary education.

We need not object to a council inspecting all schools, public or private, to see that they are sanitarily sound, and are not frauds. But it will be an evil day for us if they have the same hold over secondary, as they have now over primary, education.

The universities and the big public schools will doubtless be able to keep out of the clutches of the councils. But the tendency to-day is to bring all secondary schools under the cast-iron hand of the councils. These councils are a poor authority even for primary education. They are elected for other purposes besides education, which is now a sort of "tag" upon drainage, lighting, etc. They have not the time to attend properly to education, even if they had the ability. But, for these already over-burdened bodies to undertake secondary education would be disastrous in the extreme. Already they more or less manage many secondary schools. And it would be well if they knew how many masters frown under their interference, and wish their authorities at Jericho, but dare not say so.

The less the councils touch secondary education, the better for education, and the better for the ratepayers. By the aid of the rates they can give an education under cost price, and help to "pauperise" people. Thus the man with no children or whose children are grown-up, can be made to pay part of the education of his neighbors. They might as well try to provide free tailoring or free feeding. Free education was perhaps a necessity for the elementary scholars, because so many of the parents actually could not pay the fees, and many had the greatest difficulty. People felt that the share in the nation's wealth, which the toiling manual-laboring classes possessed, was less than that to which they were morally entitled. Hence came free education. But to advocate free education, or even partially free education (*i.e.*, scholars paying less than cost price), for those in better circumstances, is pauperising people. Some folks who would object to be fed by the rates do not object to being educated by the rates. This tendency to give, at the expense of the ratepayers, an education to a middle-class boy, at a county school, is bad for the ratepayers, worse for the private schoolmasters, who are sometimes crushed out of existence by rate-aided schools, and worst of all for education. It will be an evil day for England if all private schools are crushed out by unfair competition. For a private school teacher has his heart and soul in his work, and, not being dominated by a public inspector, can strike out new lines of education, show more initiative, and make his school much less of a "dead level" sort than a school under a council.

In Denmark private schools are aided by public money when they are doing good work—that is, most of them receive public money, and, of course, submit to public inspection, but are not publicly interfered with. If a private schoolmaster, seeing a council school plumped down near his school, and trying to freeze his school out by aid of the rates, were to adopt the "passive resistance" policy, one could hardly blame him. He might say, "I have an efficient school, but the council is going to kill it by aid of the rates. And I am to pay for my own destruction." He would have quite as good a case as the "passive resisters" to Mr. Balfour's act. The Nonconformists largely voted khaki at one election, handed themselves over to Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, and then grumbled that the Tory party, true to its traditional policy, favored the State Church and the Roman Church at the expense of Free-churchmen of the land.

But, if all the secondary schools were council schools, the injury to education and to the moral self-respect of parents would be worse than the pecuniary injury done to private schoolmasters and ratepayers. One of the chief glories of many of our forefathers has been the pride they took in manfully struggling to do the best they could for their children's education. To-day the fanatics would have even secondary education free, thus saving parents at the expense of the ratepayers.

If the councils manage all the secondary schools, we shall drift into a cast-iron system of dead-level uniformity as bad as that of Germany, and we shall have "slavery in education." "Central inspection of schools almost inevitably leads to an unwholesome sameness." Do we desire all "teachers to become mere officials subordinate to a bureaucracy in Whitehall?" The councils cannot manage elementary education properly. Often it is very difficult to get people to serve on the education committees, and still more difficult to get them to manifest any deep interest or enthusiasm in the subject. Naturally so: for how can we expect men already overburdened with work to be enthusiastic over more work? It would be simply a farce for the councils to have secondary education as well as primary on their hands. And if true friends of education, and those who do not want to pauperise parents, do not wake up soon, they may rest assured that "slavery in education" will become an accomplished fact.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. AVELING.

February 18th, 1909.

EMPLOYERS AND THE TERRITORIAL ARMY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Having been asked to co-operate in assisting the movement for the Voluntary Army of Home Defence, and being satisfied that a conference between the employers of labor and Mr. Haldane is essential to its success, a meeting of employers already representing between 30,000 and 40,000 employees, will be held at 4 o'clock on Tuesday, 23rd February, at Whitehall Rooms, and will be addressed by the Secretary of State for War.

As I have undertaken to be responsible for a purely informal reception, for which cards have been issued in my name, will you allow me the privilege of your columns to offer a cordial welcome to employers, or the member of the firm interested in the question, who may not have received an invitation, and to whom I shall be happy to forward one if requested?

In the interest of all of us, it is hoped to complete within this year the authorised establishment of the Territorial Army, which Mr. Haldane and his military advisers are confident will prove an efficient, economical, and invaluable form of insurance to the commercial community, besides being of inestimable advantage to the manhood of the Kingdom.

These are among the reasons which seem to claim one's active support of this movement, and even demand a sacrifice of personal convenience.

The end is a great one, and is worth some sacrifice.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BARKER.

High Street, Kensington,
February 15th, 1909.

THE LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to summarise the facts about "The Lyke-Wake Dirge," perhaps the most impressively beautiful of all our folk-songs?

All the references quoted by your correspondents can, I think, be found in notes printed by me in the second series of my "Popular Ballads of the Olden Time," pp. 88, &c., and 238, &c.; but the question has also been discussed in "Notes and Queries," Vols. X., XI., and XII., of the eighth series, and in the "Athenæum," April 1st, 8th, and 15th, 1905. In the latter place I ventured to point out to the Rev. A. L. Mayhew that the reading "fleet" is much older than Brand's "Popular Antiquities," or Sir Walter Scott's version. In my book I printed the oldest text letter for letter from Lansdowne MS. 231, John Aubrey's "Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme," of 1686-7. This undoubtedly gives "fleet."

The variant "fleet" has therefore the advantage of age; but it is interesting to note that Aubrey glosses the word as equivalent to "water," and this is confirmed by Bishop Kennet (whom Murray in the "Oxford Dictionary" does not quote in full), when he says, "hence the Fleet, Fleet-Ditch, in Lond."

Out of all this confusion two points are salient. Firstly, that "fleet" is much the earlier and better-authenticated reading; secondly, that Sir Walter Scott was justified in saying that salt is (or was) placed on the breast of a corpse in Highland wakes. The curious may find an explanation in Pennant's "Tour in Scotland" (1771), quoted in my notes referred to above.

If I may express my own opinion, I am a "whole hogger" for "fire and fleet"—on all grounds.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK SIDGWICK.

3, Adam Street, W.C.,
February 18th, 1909.

PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—I thank you for admitting discussion on this subject, as it will help towards the much-to-be-desired end of spelling reform.

I do not believe much in party pronunciation, nor do I know what difference the old Whigs are supposed to have made between the endings of "satiate" and "palliate."

I am myself in favor of pronouncing "gîrl" with final sound like that of "eerl" in "peerless," but I have not the courage so to pronounce it in public. It would sound Irish, affected, almost vulgar. I cannot find the place in "Earle's English Prose" about the proper sound of "exile." I think I sound it "eksile," but how does your correspondent sound "exíst," "exért," "exámination"? In these the accent seems to require the sound—*e.g.*, "z."

I remember the first Lord Tennyson saying to me, "I am glad you say 'ate.'" I should hold "et," for the preterite of "eat," as vulgar or colloquial as "I aint" for "I have not," or "I haven't."

Lord Tennyson told me he only caught himself just in time from correcting Queen Victoria for rhyming "knowledge" with "college."—Yours, &c.,

T. WILSON.

Rivers Lodge, Harpenden, Herts,
February 17th, 1909.

MOORE'S "LALLA ROOKH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is too bad to take up your valuable space with dissertations on Kishm and its amber vines; but I did not begin the discussion, and, after this short and belated letter, I will not transgress further.

Concerning that quotation, I suggest to Mr. Beveridge, that what he saw in his edition was the passage which occurs comparatively early in the poem, and which runs thus:—

> "Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
> Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
> Stood vases, filled with Kishmee's golden wine."

Seeing these lines, he triumphantly pounced upon them and accused Lord Curzon, and myself, and the various other persons who have dealt with this subject, of quoting incorrectly. For it is really hard to believe that any edition would lapse so severely from sense and symmetry as to substitute "golden wine" for "amber vines" in the verses we quoted from, which, you will remember, were as follows:—

> "The morn has risen clear and calm,
> And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
> Revealing Bahrein's groves of palm,
> And lighting Kishma's amber vines."

"Golden wine" would indeed be a curious reading here: somewhat as if it were to say:—

> 'Revealing Windsor's stately spires,
> And shining on the beer in Tap."

An allusion comprehensible to Etonians, but none the less wholly incongruous.

As to our friend Tavernier: I happened to visit Persia rather more than a couple of hundred years later than he did, and with, perhaps, better facilities for gaining accurate geographical knowledge, so it is at least possible that my views upon the locality, direction, and destination of Bendemeer may be as worthy of credence as his.—Yours, &c.,

E. CRAWSHAY WILLIAMS.

5, Aubrey Road, Holland Park, W.
February 11th, 1909.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

FITZGERALD CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The centenary of the birth of Edward FitzGerald is to be celebrated at Ipswich and Woodbridge on Saturday and Sunday, March 27th and and 28th. The arrangements comprehend a tour of the FitzGerald country and a dinner at Ipswich on the Saturday, at which Mr. Clement Shorter will deliver a commemorative address. The programme for the Sunday is in process of arrangement. Several eminent literary men have signified their intention to be present. Further information may be obtained of Mr. Frank Woolnough, Curator, The Museum, Ipswich.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. MCNAMARA.
President, Ipswich Literary Society.

Ipswich, February 17th, 1909.

THE WRATH OF SIR ROBERT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Sir Robert Anderson's bark is loud, but his bite is only skin deep.

He really has a tender feeling for his burglars and their dependants. His office records will show, as I know from professional experience, that in one case where a many-times convicted burglar was *again* convicted, although his victim obtained a London magistrate's order for restitution out of a considerable sum of money which stood to the credit of the burglar's bank account, Sir Robert, in the exercise of his discretion, which the law gave him as convict's "administrator," notwithstanding the magistrate's order, permitted the burglar's supposed wife to live upon and wholly exhaust such funds.—Yours, &c.,

LEX.

February 15th, 1909.

ENGLAND *V.* BRITAIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a constant and appreciative reader of your valuable paper, will you kindly allow me to draw your attention to an important mistake of frequent recurrence in your present issue?

On page 734 you say the Franco-German agreement apparently "gives Germany a special advantage not conceded to *England*," &c.; "it makes the task of bringing *England* and Germany together much easier." On page 735 we read of a play which describes the invasion of *England* by a German army; on page 737 the same reference to Germany and England occurs.

From the context, I gather the term *England* means the *British Isles*.

Now, sir, do you consider it fair to apply the term *England* in this fashion? It is a point on which we Scots people feel very strongly, not because of any ill-will towards you English people, but from the sense of justice; for did not the first clause of the Treaty of Union of 1707 declare that the name of the two united countries was to be *Great Britain*?—a term which, since Ireland was united in 1801, must in all justice be *Britain*.

May I say, in all fairness to you, that you do not commit the mistake with the adjective *English* for British?

Lord Morley, on one occasion, apologised in Scotland for using this term, and has since, when addressing meetings in Scotland, been conscientiously careful, and I feel sure that such a high-toned paper as The Nation must have committed this mistake more from want of thought than want of heart.—Yours, &c.,

Wm. McPheat.

Lockhart Street,
Stonehouse, Scotland,
February 15th, 1909.

[We apologise, and will do better another time.—Ed. Nation.]

THE CHANGE OF PARTY NAMES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is an important point to consider, in connection with Tory tactics, that they have deliberately altered their name. In Imperial politics they have ceased to call themselves Tories or Conservatives; they are "Unionists," forsooth! In municipal politics they have ceased to call themselves Conservatives or Moderates, and now dub themselves "Municipal Reformers." Liberals may well ask themselves what these changes mean. Unionism is a mere cloak to hide the cloven hoof of the Tory. Municipal Reform is a mere dodge to hide the worst kind of reaction in municipal affairs. And the worst of it is that Liberals help their opponents in thus hiding their professions. In Liberal newspapers and Liberal circles generally Tories are called Unionists, Moderates and reactionaries are called Reformers. It is time this sort of thing ceased. Whatever these people call themselves, Liberals at all events ought to keep to the true title, "Tory." This title states the naked fact. They have not lost a single item of their mischievous creed. They hate progress. They hate liberty. They would keep the people down, except when and where they found it convenient in their own interests to allow a certain amount of progress. In any debate or discussion in Parliament or elsewhere the same dominant note of oppression is heard. They are to rule the nation, not in the interests of the people of the nation, but in the interests of those who at present occupy the prominent positions of wealth or success. Whether we consider their specious bid for Tariff Reform in the interest of class, or their terrible playing into the hands of the contractor and the trust, the story is practically the same. No one is to succeed in the future except those who have succeeded in the past. No intrusion into the select circle is to be permitted. Outsiders are to remain outsiders, and they are to take their morals, their religion, their education, their food, and their lives in accord with the wishes of those who govern.

The position is so intolerable that I cannot but think there will be a rude awakening for some of those who have flattered themselves that the people are going to be befooled by phrases and false titles. It takes a long time to rouse this country. Perhaps it is as well it should be so. But when it is roused the shock will be great, and then Tories, who call themselves Unionists, and reactionaries, who call themselves Reformers, will be asked some questions which it will be difficult to answer. What is united by the Unionists? Nothing but the collective interests of the Tory party. What is reformed by the Municipal Reformers? Nothing but the work of the progressive forces of this country, in assisting the poor and the downtrodden to live out their limited and forsaken lives. The whole thing is a farce and a sham, and Liberals at all events should no longer help the Tories by adhering to the names and titles with which they have dubbed themselves in order to hide their usual tactics.—Yours, &c.,

Municipal Worker.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have read with keen interest the two letters on this subject in your last issue; that over the signatures "S. R." and "R. W. W." with more sympathy and, I would add, the greater respect.

Their letter as regards its general—largely class—argument would most fitly be, and I hope will be, answered by one of the working men (and they are not few; at a recent meeting at Haydock, in Lincolnshire, I am told, sixty-seven out of 100 working men present joined) who have become members and associates of the National Service League.

One thing is certain: the problems of national and Imperial defence will not be solved by class appeals, and merely critical mutual exhortations to put duty before rights. If that spirit prevails long enough we shall assuredly find ourselves no longer heirs of a great Past; trustees of a mightier Future; but dwellers on a small island of the Northern Seas; underlings it may be of a manlier race.

Your correspondents state, with admirable directness, in "confession and avoidance" of the unanswerable; namely, that the defence of one's country is an inescapable obligation of democracy: "ours is not a democratic country." Other critics state that the whole movement is an insidious attempt to "dragoon a progressive democracy." Truth in human affairs is a relative thing, and lies usually somewhere between two extremes.

The perfect democracy, let it be granted, will come with the perfecting of human nature: not an hour sooner.

But that we are as a people steadily seeking to give the democratic theory of Government fair play and honest trial, few will deny. In the great democracy of the future—if ever the old Earth see it!—leadership and rule will be the free gift of free men, to those best men whose title and right divine will be Power of doing right, and Will to do it.

Meanwhile, a wise democracy-in-the-seeking will accept and turn to best account power of honest leadership, wherever it be found.

Turning to Mr. Haywood's letter; the chief impression the writer leaves is, I think, of one who has singularly little faith in his countrymen. I have noticed that suspicion of motives and doubts as to the *bona fides* of its advocates underlie nearly all the criticisms of this proposal. It leads some into a certain recklessness in treating even of the facts, and yet more in the making of theories and surmises.

It is assumed because its leading advocate is a great soldier—than whom, I venture to think, however, none in our history has been less touched with the spirit of "militarism"—that this is primarily a soldiers' agitation. If it be so, it is clearly a sailors' too, for seventy-three Admirals have joined the League.

Does not this point to the truth: that as, in its inception, it was civilian, so in its strength it is simply and sincerely national and patriotic.

I yield to no Liberal in resistance to militarism, if by it be meant the triumph of the spirit of aggression—the yielding of control of the State to ambitious professional soldiers.

That, however, is not the militarism we have to fear so long as the heart of the nation is sound. It is rather the contempt justly felt by the fighting services of a fighting race for a people falling into indolent neglect of their first duty to their country; the will—as implying the ability—to defend it at need.

A people where moral fibre has become encrusted not merely invites a military despotism: it may need it. It is the belief of many honest Britons that in National Service lies the surest way of averting this danger and of checking the deadly drift towards the destruction alike of individual and of national freedom.

The experience of Norway and of the Swiss Republic (on whose national system that of the National Service League is mainly based), refutes the fears that the Civil Power will lose control under a compulsory system—unless it be assumed that the British are a feebler and less manly race.

Moreover, be it noted, our "conscripts" will be liable only for home defence; and even the maleficent expert cannot alter that.

How long is the poor flattery that "an Englishman is a poor subject to try compulsion upon" still to shame and weary us? Does your correspondent, then, I would ask, advocate voluntary taxation as well as voluntary defence?

The slave is he who is slave to his own spirit. And he who will not rule himself for his own good, and the good of his fellows, surely another shall rule him. To the fool life is a play-place; to the rebel a prison; to the wise man a school.

We are fast losing self-discipline as a people, and it may need sterner measures than national service to save us from the rule of a starker and less self-indulgent race.

Why is it that Liberals like Mr. Haywood find cause to complain of their dangerously small influence (such is clearly their feeling) when questions of our Naval and Military forces (the necessary means in the world to-day of safeguarding and making effective national ideals) are concerned?

I have considered long, and I would ask the question in no arrogant or partisan spirit.

Is it not because there is an aspect of national existence —nay, of human life—which they face always unwillingly and with repugnance?

Eagerly, even passionately sincere in their desire for human betterment, they forget—they indeed seek to forget —that life as we know it on the earth is and must be perpetual striving: that honest strife is better a thousand times, and makes more truly for human progress, than an insincere and festering peace.

Man is a fighting creature by inexorable decree; rising by infinitely slow steps from the physical battle-ground of his lower nature, to the higher planes of the warfare of the spirit; but a fighter always.

Peace is not, and cannot be, an ideal for human life: only one of the conditions of the ideal. Clergymen are not "committed to peacefulness," they are committed to righteousness, and to the search after it, whether it lead to the altar or the stake.

> "Peace?—there is no peace
> Till the wrong shall cease,
> Till all its battlements and turrets fall;
> Till God, Who is the right,
> Crown the ageless fight,
> And lives no lord but He—the Lord of all."

If, as I believe, the truer conception of the purpose and meaning of human life lies inherent in the right decision of such a question as this, then let the battle be joined! For we are come to a dividing of the ways, and on the issue hangs, it may be, the destiny of our race.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES CECIL.

February 17th, 1909.

THE EFFECT OF SUFFRAGETTE TACTICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many persons, whose near horizon is confined to the circle of those who agree with them, may not be able to see the far-reaching effects of the violent and often piteously ridiculous proceedings of the Suffragettes. The voice of experienced women is hushed and silenced, and the cause, which was in full progress, is thrown back. The majority of our actual lawgivers, more or less strongly favorable, has now largely reinforced a hostile minority. The Women's Anti-Suffrage League has been given notice and opportunity for existence, and is now widely influential, irrespective of the weakness or the strength of its arguments. False premises lead to false conclusions; and so also must neglect for any of the first principles of social conduct lead to like results. Those who deem that the special qualities of women should not be missing in the civic and political action, are prudent in giving their steady efforts alike in personal service, and towards the full attainment and exercise of the municipal suffrage.—Yours, &c.,

SENEX.

Poetry.

A BROADLAND INTERLUDE.

CAME little puffs of breeze, and each
Lived long enough to give us way
The next light sister-breath to reach;
Just as we all but ceased, and lay
Motionless on th' unruffled river
Even then we saw the rushes quiver
And felt the sail draw out and shiver—

Even then we heard our gliding prow
That had been silent purl once more
With lap of ripples pattering low
Against its passage—by the shore
The reeds again began to shake
As rose the wavelets in our wake,
And whiles we heard the wave-plash break.

So sailed we up the winding stream,
First thro' the tawny flats, and then
'Neath climbing groves, till on our beam
The woodlands opened out again,
And luffing through the gat we spied
The Broad spread out before us—wide,
Windy, tho' all was still beside,

For up the Broad the fresh young breeze
Came glad, to greet us, and the sail
Pulled strongly—even where the trees
Shelter the gat: small fear to fail
To find a breeze there any day,
There's space to catch the pufflet's play
That only breathes to die away.

It seemed a faery lake—the meres
Moonlit in dreamland's waterways
Are such, and yon swift shallop bears
No mortals—no, a troop of fays
Are crossing into cloudland. Lo!
Where soon the sun shall set they go
To set the welcoming west aglow.

Oh, well I love the wider scene,
Where, white, and scarce a mile away,
The sandhills shut the marshes in,
And near behind, you know, the grey
And desolate sea beats evermore
Till the low hills' long fight is o'er,
And swept away is all the shore.

Oh, well I love that threatened land,
Where always through the Zephyr booms
Old memoried gale, and hard at hand
Behind the hills the Shadow looms
That soon or late shall some day tread
Far inland—in its wake the dead,
And ocean—where men laboréd.

But here are happier fairies—dance
And feast they here—hold carnival
While white and glimmering 'neath the trance
Of moonlight lies the Broad, and call
The night-birds from the copses—stir
The night-winds in the reeds—the fir
Moans lonely 'mid the ploughland there.

Down the long Broad we sailed—a score
Of other sail beside—awhile,
Till the long race at last is o'er,
And off they speed, and all the mile
Of sunkiss'd solitude is ours,
Save that anon old haunting powers
Look laughing out from reedy bowers.

THOMAS H. T. CASE.

The World of Books.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE chief literary celebration of the week is the tercentenary of the birth of Clarendon, which falls on Saturday. An amazing variety of judgments have been passed both upon Clarendon himself, and upon his "History." He has been called "a miserable sycophant and a canting hypocrite," and he has been praised by Southey as "the wisest, most upright of statesmen." Macaulay holds the balance more evenly, and pronounces that Clarendon "was, in every respect, a man unfit for his age, at once too good for it and too bad for it. . . . In the times on which he was cast, his errors and his virtues were alike out of place." The publication of the "History of the Great Rebellion," with its panegyric of the Royalist cause, played no small part in bringing about the Tory reaction in Queen Anne's reign. The work long enjoyed a reputation far beyond its merits, and Ranke, who has written what is perhaps the best estimate of Clarendon, says that "he belongs to those who have essentially fixed the circle of ideas for the English nation." But if he was not a great historian, Clarendon was a great painter of historical portraits, and the famous character of Falkland is unequalled in English literature. Dr. Phillimore was in the habit of recommending young men who took an interest in politics to read Clarendon's prose, and especially the characters, while Macaulay once said in conversation that there were few things in English literature better worth a young man's study than the characters in Clarendon. Scott once projected an annotated edition of Clarendon, but the failure of Constable put an end to the scheme. Part of the work has since been well done by Mr. W. D. Macray, whose six-volume edition of the "History" was published in 1888 by the Clarendon Press. There is also a capital volume of "Selections" by Dean Boyle. The title of the great Oxford Press is due to the fact that the printing-house near the Sheldonian Theatre was built from the profits out of the first edition of Clarendon's work.

* * *

A STUDY of Walt Whitman for the "English Men of Letters" series has been written by Professor George R. Carpenter of Columbia University, and will probably be published in the course of the autumn. We have recently noticed in THE NATION that America has failed to appreciate in its fullness the genius of her greatest man of letters, and although opinion has changed since Whitman was dismissed from his government clerkship as "the author of an indecent book," it remains true that the poet finds more appreciative readers in England than in America. The best critical estimates are those of J. A. Symonds, William Clarke, and Professor Dowden; but we are still far from having anything like the final word on Whitman's poetry and rank in literature.

* * *

THE collection of Shelley's letters upon which Mr. Roger Ingpen has been engaged for some time is now complete, and the work will be published in April. There will be more than 450 letters written by Shelley—nearly four times as many as have before been collected in one volume—many of them now printed for the first time, while others have only seen the light in limited editions produced for private circulation. Consideration of the feelings of Leigh Hunt, Godwin, and others, has prevented the publication of much of Shelley's correspondence, and we learn that Mr. Ingpen's volumes show the poet in a thoroughly attractive light, full of generosity and tenderness. There will be a large number of illustrations, among them a reproduction of the interesting portrait by Antonio Leiseman, which was said by T. L. Peacock to resemble his friend Shelley more closely than the more familiar painting by Miss Amelia Curran, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

* * *

M. ALCIDE PICARD publishes this week a work by M. Salomon Reinach bearing the title "Orpheus: Histoire Générale des Religions." M. Reinach's object, as he states in his short preface, is to provide the general reader with a sketch of the history of religion, which shall sum up the latest results of historical criticism in such a way as to be easily intelligible to those who have no previous knowledge of the subject. The new manual differs from any existing work of the kind in one important respect—namely, that it includes the history of Christianity, which is entirely omitted from the learned manuals of Conrad von Orelli and Chantepie de la Saussaye, and can at present be studied only in voluminous works beyond the reach of the general public. M. Reinach's choice of a title is due to the profound influence that Orphism has had on other religions. Mr. Heinemann will publish an English translation of "Orpheus" in April.

* * *

THE Rationalist Press Association deserves to be commended for its enterprise in issuing works on theology and philosophy at prices that bring them within the reach of nearly every student. Many of these works have been welcomed by readers who do not hold the distinctive views of the Association, and the "History of Science Series," announced for publication during the coming autumn, contains several promising volumes. The object of the series is to furnish concise histories of the various branches of scientific and critical inquiry, which will be of a larger scope than the typical primer, and serve as introductions to the sciences themselves. Amongst the volumes arranged for are "The History of Anthropology," by Professor A. C. Haddon; "The History of Chemistry," by Dr. Thomas E. Thorpe; "The History of Astronomy," by Professor George Forbes; "The History of Geography," by Dr. Scott Keltie; and "The History of Old Testament Criticism," by Professor Archibald Duff. The Association has also made arrangements with Messrs. Black to issue the "Encyclopædia Biblica" in sixty fortnightly parts, at sevenpence net—a price little more than half of that at which the work can be obtained at present. Another volume announced is "Revaluations," a collection of essays by Mr. A. W. Benn, dealing with "The Ethical Value of Hellenism," "The Influence of Philosophy on Greek Political Life," "Pascal," "Buckle," "Nietzsche," and other topics. Mr. Benn's work always shows freshness of thought and admirable clearness of exposition.

* * *

A BIOGRAPHY of special interest to come this season from Messrs. Hutchinson is that of Sir Robert Hart, whose long career in China has given him a knowledge of that country such as no other European possesses, and an influence peculiar to his personality. The book will be entitled "The Romance of a Great Career." Its author is Miss Juliet Bredin, Sir Robert Hart's niece.

* * *

A WORK called "Servia and the Servians," by Mr. Alfred Stead, the Roumanian Consul-General in London, is announced by Mr. Heinemann. The book comes at a moment when the Servian question occupies a large place in European politics, and, as Mr. Stead has secured the co-operation of the Servian authorities, including the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, of Public Works, of Education, and of Justice, in its preparation, the coming volume promises to be the most authoritative account of Servia that has been produced in this country.

* * *

WE learn that more than thirty thousand copies of the cheap edition of Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone," published by the "Daily Chronicle," have been sold through the booksellers alone, since the work was issued in October last.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Ireland Under the Stuarts and During the Interregnum." By Richard Bagwell. (Longmans. 2 vols. 28s. net.)

"Pre-Tractarian Oxford." By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Plays of our Forefathers." By Charles Mills Gayley. (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)

"General Lee, Man and Soldier." By Thomas Nelson Page. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

"The History of Contemporary Civilisation." By Charles Seignobos. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"History of the Bank of England." By A. Andréadès. Translated by Christabel Meredith. (King. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"La Révolution Turque." Par Victor Bérard. (Paris: Colin. 4fr.)

"Colette Baudoche." Par Maurice Barrès. (Paris: Juven. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

GEORGE CANNING.*

THESE two volumes, competently edited and adorned with some excellent portraits, are a welcome addition to our inadequate records of a great statesman and a singularly interesting personality. The letters, which are now published for the first time, throw a good deal of light on both sides of Canning's character. Most of the correspondence consists of letters to Canning's two friends, the Rev. John Sneyd and Charles Bagot. They include, among others, the famous rhyming despatch, of which Captain Josceline Bagot gives us the authorised version, remarking that the generally accepted version—that given by Lytton Bulwer—contains a mistake in every line:—

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is offering too little and asking too much;
> The French are with equal advantage content
> So we clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.
> Chorus: 20 per cent., 20 per cent.
>
> Chorus of English Custom House officers and French Douaniers.
> ENGLISH: We clap on Dutch bottoms just 20 per cent.
> FRENCH: Vous frapperez Falck avec 20 per cent.

Falck was Minister for the Netherlands in London. There are some extremely interesting letters on the development of the Monroe Doctrine, and a personal interest attaches to the efforts Canning made to prevent the republication of the "Anti-Jacobin" with some caricatures of Sheridan, who had befriended him in youth.

When Mr. Gladstone went to Oxford for the opening of the Palmerston Club, he remarked on the strange irony that made him take part in founding a rival to a club that bore the sacred name of Canning. It is, indeed, something of a paradox that a Conservative club should have taken its title from a statesman who owed his great fame to his Liberalism. Yet the Canning Club could plead as a precedent the conduct of Canning himself. For Canning always proclaimed himself the disciple of Pitt, and it was the superstitious regard which he paid even to Pitt's mistakes that prompted him to behave towards the Grenville Government in a manner that can only be called factious. This intimate attachment, which is as eloquent of the personal power of the one statesman as it is of the personal fidelity of the other, had survived, as Captain Bagot's two very interesting volumes show, many a strain on the feelings and the confidence of the disciple. "P. has thrown us all away—Us—the country and himself—in consideration of which last we must forgive the other two." So wrote Canning, in 1803, to the Rev. John Sneyd, in one of many lamentations on Pitt's refusal to drive Addington from office. But however impatient Canning was of his master's tactics, and however sensitive about his slighting treatment of himself, he always acknowledged his leadership and worshipped his memory. Yet, if Canning died amid the passionate admiration of Europe and of England, if he established his place permanently in the history of freedom, if he gave England a glorious leadership in the diplomacy and politics of the world, he achieved all this by rejecting the principles of Pitt and adopting the principles of his great opponent. His domestic policy reflected the conservatism of Pitt, his foreign policy the nationalism of Fox. And it is not his resistance to reform, but his resistance to the Holy Alliance, not his support of the Six Acts, but his support of the smaller peoples of Europe, that has given its lustre to his name.

The leading ideas of Fox's foreign policy during the French Wars had been three. The first that England ought to have intervened in 1791 to protect the right of France to arrange her own government, from the interference of Austria and Prussia; the second, that the form of the Government of France should not be made a ground of making or continuing war; the third, that England should not conduct the war by subsidising Courts, but by aiding spontaneous resistance, respecting herself the rights of nationality, gaining the confidence of Europe and, not least, that of the lesser States. Pitt, whose mind was in certain other respects singularly liberal, had no sympathy with nationalist ideas. It was his business to subdue France, and he thought that end could most easily be gained by the traditional methods. He flung subsidy after subsidy to the Sovereigns of Europe; offered the small States as booty to the large, and when he thought that he could fire resistance by outlawing the French Government, he was quite ready to do so. Canning, whose original nationalist ideas, of which an early letter in these volumes gives an illustration, had entirely disappeared in the panic, supported Pitt in most of this policy, as he did in a more deliberate attack on the principle of nationality, in the case of the Irish Union. A letter in this volume speaks of the famous answer to Napoleon, which dictated to France her choice of masters, as very becoming. But when Canning had power in his hands, he adopted very different ideas. He abandoned Pitt's policy of subsidies, which had prostrated Europe before Napoleon, and adopted the Whig policy of helping States that wanted to resist him. It was, above all, this instinct for the power of popular feeling that made him see, as it made Lord Holland see, that the Spanish rising was the great opportunity of English diplomacy, and at one time, as he said to Stapleton, "his opinion alone was the cause of the continuance of the war in the Peninsula." He went out of office before that war was over, but not before he had shown Napoleon that England would not make peace as long as Spain was in his power. It is perhaps not fanciful to suppose that it was the sympathies that were roused by this spectacle that made him afterwards defend the liberties of nations with such tenacity and such imagination from the conspirators of Aix-la-Chapelle. At any rate, it is probable that if he, and not Castlereagh, had represented England at Vienna, the smaller nations would not have been treated as so much raw material for the bargains of diplomacy.

Canning entered Liverpool's Government in 1816, two years before the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, which put into shape the idea of the Holy Alliance. That Congress represented the consummation which Fox had dreaded, and with good reason, in 1793. If France had then been crushed, a combination against domestic reform in the several States would have been overwhelming. By 1818 the danger was much less, for the Napoleonic Wars, if they had spread fire and sword, had at the same time made it impossible for the populations of Europe to submit permanently to the retrograde institutions of the old order. But the danger that an England governed by Liverpool and Castlereagh, who had no feeling for freedom or for the sensabilities of peoples, would join in such a combination was very great, and it was averted by Canning. It has for some time been a matter of controversy whether Canning or Castlereagh deserved the credit for isolating England from the Holy Alliance. Some of Castlereagh's defenders have asserted that the praise which has gone to Canning is really due to his predecessor. But Mr. Temperley has shown in his excellent study (the best book that has appeared on Canning's career) that, though Castlereagh drew back from the Holy Alliance, it was only in consequence of Canning's protest, and that Castlereagh had been drawn by Metternich into an approval of his general method of conducting the international affairs of Europe. Mr. Temperley quotes the admission made in a letter to Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary: "Alexander suggests all the Powers of Europe being bound together in a common league guaranteeing to each other the existing order of things in throne as in territories, all being bound to march if requisite against the first Power that offended. I tried to present something which would meet somewhat his ideas, which we could present to Parliament." This was Castlereagh's own account of his designs. When the Cabinet met to consider the scheme, Canning alone opposed it, but he opposed it with such tenacity and such power, that he carried the day. "Even had he never held the seals of Foreign Secretary," says Mr. Temperley with justice, "he would deserve immortal honor for this protest, at a moment so heavily laden with the destinies of both England and Europe." Metternich, at any rate, does not seem to have imagined that there was no difference between Canning and Castlereagh, for he called Castlereagh "my second self," while Londonderry, meaning to injure Canning, but succeeding only in injuring his own father's memory, declared that Canning, as Foreign Minister, had betrayed and abandoned

* "George Canning and His Friends." Edited by Captain Josceline Bagot. 2 vols. Murray 30s. net.

all the principles of Castlereagh. So thought the Liberals, who rallied with ardor to the support of a Tory Minister, who was devoting his great powers to the prosecution of their ideas. Canning's own view is indicated in a letter published in these volumes. Writing to Bagot in 1824 about his arrangements for sending a special mission to St. Petersburg, he says of his choice of a Secretary of Embassy: "He is my predecessor's brother-in-law, consequently acceptable to the Holy Alliance." In 1822 Canning became Foreign Minister, and there ensued England's most splendid period of foreign policy. In East and West, in the New World and the Old, followed in quick succession the victories of a diplomacy that made the cause of England the cause of freedom, and served both causes with an incomparable insight and power. The name of England resounded all over the world, as it had done in the great days of Chatham; but it resounded with the triumphs of peace.

Canning the domestic politician is a very different character. He was Pitt's disciple in his understanding of Free Trade and his prosecution of commercial reforms. But in his attitude to political reform he was, as Mr. Herbert Paul justly observes in his interesting article in the "New Quarterly," a disciple rather of Burke than of Pitt. Pitt's interest in Parliamentary reform cooled after 1785, but he never shared Burke's emotional and mystical devotion to the anomalies of the ancient *régime*. Canning was in this respect more like Burke than Pitt, and he carried mysticism still further, for he contrived to speak with a solemn face of "the sacred lips" of the last of the Georges. His contempt for the liberties of Englishmen at home was complete and consistent enough to explain the suspicion with which Grey regarded him to the end of his life. In the "Anti-Jacobin" he pursued the obscurer victims of Pitt's coercion with a savagery that is only tolerable when it lashes the strong. A letter in this volume shows on what slight provocation he was prepared to destroy the elementary conditions of freedom, for he writes, in December, 1793, of "times of trouble, but not of much danger." In 1819 the case for this violent suppression of all discussion was still slighter, but Canning supported the Six Acts, and provoked from Cobbett as pointed and telling an example of irony as any that Canning himself had ever employed against the Reformers. The truth is that Canning never escaped from the atmosphere of the French Revolution. Both he and Burke lost their composure and equilibrium, but the demoralisation of his judgment was a more serious public disaster than the demoralisation of Burke's. Burke was almost at the end, Canning was on the threshold, of public life. Burke was steeped in the prepossessions of the oligarchy; Canning was free from their spirit of patrician exclusiveness, and rightly despised their arrogant pretensions. He should have become a popular leader, calling to his aid the great public forces of opinion and enthusiasm, for an attack on the power and spirit of the old *régime*. As it was, his independence, which ought to have put him politically, as he was morally, in advance of the Whigs, left him in a ridiculous impasse. He set up against government by families a theory of the monarchy which would have been ridiculous in any case in the contemporary state of politics, and was a positive danger with men like George the Third or George the Fourth on the Throne. Thus it is true to say that if in his foreign policy he emulated Chatham's prowess and escaped his weaknesses, in his view of domestic government he imitated his errors and disregarded his wisdom.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.*

We possess already in English two serviceable guides to Russian literature, one by Waliszewski and the other by Prince Kropotkin. Herr Brückner, who is Professor of Slavonic literature in Berlin University, is quite a match for his fellow Pole in learning, and decidedly superior to him in stability of judgment. Kropotkin's "Ideals and Realities in Russian Literature" is an admirably bright survey of the general field, but the "Literary History of Russia" before us, which has been translated from the German with more fidelity than feeling for style, has the great advantage of filling out the literary picture with a variety of cunning descriptive touches that create atmosphere and social background. In this respect Herr Brückner is a model literary historian, for it is of little service to supply the foreigner with detailed criticisms of literary movements and schools of writers, when he has no means of comprehending the character of the soil and the social environment from which they have sprung. Thus, in the admirable chapter on Púshkin, one of the best in the volume, our author contrives very cleverly to make us feel the whirlpool of influences, native and exotic, in the shaping of the poet, this "servant of the beautiful," and to show in his successive stages of Anacreontic lyricism, revolutionary Epistles to Freedom, Byronism, historical Epics and Dramas, and final championship of Orthodoxy and Autocracy, the response of a lyrical nature to the forces strongest in the air. Herr Brückner, while condemning Pushkin's apostacy and "political sloughing," "dreads to be unjust to him," and owns that "the political and Radical part" the poet had been expected to play, "was not the least in his blood, but had been forced on the easily swayed man by youthful friends." And Vyázemsky's judgment of "this flunkey poetising on his knees, and singing the praises of the hangman," is qualified by the statement, only too true, that "Russian Liberalism is apt to lose color sadly," and by the clever little pen-drawing, on page 203, of the mental apathy, and restless, nervous haste, into which the Liberals of 1825 fell in their recoil after the failure of the Decembrist conspiracy.

Propaganda on one side or the other, in the great, indeterminate battle waged, for the last hundred years, between liberal thought and the forces of reaction, is indeed always hovering on the horizon, if not actively deploying in the mental foreground of the bulk of Russian writers. And in the chief creative artists who represent the underlying forces and qualities of Russian nature, Púshkin, Gogol, Dostoévsky, Turgenev, Ostrovsky, Tolstoy, Saltykov and Chekhov, we feel that they have stretched penetrating roots down from the surface soil of the contemporary struggle into the sub-soil of the national character. The unsparing self-criticism, the remorseless mental sincerity of the Russian genius at its best, are precisely the qualities which have given Russian literature its unique place among modern European literatures, and it is these qualities, we may add, that make the English reader fight shy of it. The more we come to study the history of Russia, the more we must recognise that this instinct of the Russian writer to drag forth the unpalatable truth, is the social conscience of the nation. How typically Russian, for example, are the aspirations, the work, and the fate of the luckless Radishchev, who published in 1790 "A Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow," a series of truthful pictures, drawn without exaggeration, of the terrible sufferings of the serfs, with a pathetic dedication, which anticipates Tolstoy's teaching, "I found that man's woes proceed from man himself, because he does not see things in their true light; remove the curtain from the eye of natural feeling, and you will be happy." This honest man, "the foe of slavery," as Pushkin styled him, was delivered by the Empress Catherine into the hands of "the terrible Sheshkovsky, and was condemned to death; but the sentence was reduced to banishment to Eastern Siberia, with transport in chains. Paul pardoned him, and Alexander had him reinstated; but the dread of autocracy had so sunk into his bones, that when his superior, Count Zavadosky, threatened him in play with Siberia again, he poisoned himself at once." This "harmless book" is still unobtainable in Russia, and the author's name was long forbidden to be mentioned, "even in dispraise"!

A generation later we have the fate of the poet Rylêev, who was one of the five Dekabrists hanged by Nicolas, out of the total of 125 condemned, "the mental élite of Russia." Of this poet Herr Brückner says "his tumultuously protesting tone contrasts forcibly with the almost Asiatic fatalism of the Russians, their long-suffering and gentle submission which so greatly facilitated the ruling of them by all Teuton or Mongolian conquerors." Wherever we

* "A History of Russian Literature." By A. Brückner. Edited by Ellis H. Minns, M.A. Translated by H. Havelock, M.A. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

turn in Russian literature, we are confronted with this ceaseless conflict between the "terrible Sheshkovsky" element, and the humane and revolting Radishchev element in society. "We hang and forgive and spit on history" is one of the epigrams of Griboêdev, the author of the famous classical comedy, "Wit Comes to Grief," which satirizes the truckling, time-serving life of the Russian nobility. This conflict in the national soul between arbitrary power and the feeling of common humanity is shown pathetically by Derzhavin's ode at the accession of Alexander I. "The age is new! A young and splendid Tsar has come to us to-day along the path of spring. The people's sighs and streams of tears, the prayers of injured souls shall rise high like a vapor and arouse the thunder in the clouds. . . . Ye mighty powers, give ear, and see that ye oppress not the people given you to rule"—an ode which might have been written indeed yesterday at the accession of Nicolas II. We should feel sceptical as to the truth of this panorama of generations of frustrated hopes, gnawing despair, cynical self-forgetfulness, and impotent rebellion, if so many minor Russian authors had not in their own persons suffered a tragic fate, like the student Polegháev, who for the freedom of his "humorous narrative poem, Sáshka," was drafted by Nicolas I. into the army, deserted in order to present a petition, was condemned to run the gauntlet, escaped the punishment, and was sent to the Caucasus, took to drink, was retransferred to Moscow, with the sequel—"consumption and spirits completed their work of destruction: the soldier was already dead, but the rats gnawed off his leg in the hospital cellar."

As we turn Herr Brückner's pages, we feel ourselves inevitably weighed down by the distressing history of human suffering disclosed by the Russian authors, and the English reader may well ask himself—are not their national pictures too gloomy? The answer is not a simple one. Mrs. Newmarch has pointed out in an essay on Koltsov, the Folk poet, that we find in him, as well as in the Bylini and folk songs "an undercurrent of melancholy, but by no means the reiterated note of despair, nor any of that resentful bitterness with which the cultured poets have invested the destiny of the peasant classes." And against the unrelieved pessimism of the poet Nekrassov, and the lacerating cynicism of the satirist Saltykov, we may place the all comprehending humanity of Tolstoy, with his epic breadth of sane and living emotion, the deep and tender justice of Turgenev's outlook, and the impartial objectivity of Ostrovsky, the leading dramatist. We must remember also that while English optimism has forbidden our writers to sound the gulf of human misery, the Russian spirit has long found refuge in the recognition of the worst. Were India swayed by Russian rule, what appallingly truthful pictures should we not have had in literature of those very horrors of pestilence and famine which are recorded to-day only in a dozen curt lines in our Press telegrams, forthwith to be dismissed from the English consciousness. Speaking broadly, while English literature of the period, 1830-1880, voiced the moral outlook, ideas and ideals of our triumphant middle-class, Russian literature undertook the sterner duty of exposing the evils of the national life. Even the Byronic Romanticism of Púshkin and Lérmontov was not divorced from their criticism of contemporary life. But Romanticism, a Western exotic, could take no real root in the Russian soil. With the death of Lérmontov, of whose poems some interesting renderings by the editor, Mr. E. H. Minns, enrich the volume before us, Herr Brückner tells us, "Russian song became silent for decades; it had lost the ear of the nation, which now thought of other things."

The year 1842, which saw the publication of Gogol's "Dead Souls," proclaimed by the great critic Bêlinsky, "a genuinely Russian work, as true to life as patriotic, mercilessly tearing the veil from reality, breathing passionate love for the fruitful essence of Russian life," is, indeed, the chief literary landmark for our guidance, since into the firmament "swim into our ken" in rapid succession the galaxy of stars above mentioned, as well as Herzen, Goncharov, Grigoróvich, Gleb Uspénsky, Nekrássov, and Alexis Tolstoy.

It is not necessary to dwell here on Herr Brückner's criticism of Turgénev and Tolstoy, which are weak in æsthetic appreciation. Illuminating, however, is Dostoévsky's verdict on Tolstoy made in 1877: "In spite of his colossal artistic talent, Tolstoy is one of those Russian minds which only see that which is right before their eyes, and therefore press towards that point. Obviously they have not the power to turn their necks right or left to see what lies to one side; they would have to make the turn with their whole bodies. Then they will perhaps maintain the direct opposite, for they are in any case strictly honest." The chapter on Dostoévsky is admirable in its deep appreciation of the great Russian "sorcerer," who sought to sound depths in the human consciousness never before explored. And equally good is Herr Brückner's exposition of the great satirist Saltykóv, the Russian Swift, a fascinating figure, who "destroyed unsparingly Russian illusions."

Will no English scholar come forward with a translation of Saltykóv's satire on the good people of Glúpov—*i.e.*, Russia? The war-cry of the first Dynastic Chief of Glúpov, "Thrash to Death," seems to have become an inherited family motto.

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT.*

This is the first comprehensive treatment of the unemployed problem that has appeared in the English language. Mr. Beveridge has set about his task in a thoroughly workmanlike fashion. Beginning with a careful examination of the value of the trade union percentages furnished by the Board of Trade, he shows how much is known and how much remains unknown as to the dimensions of unemployment. A close and thoroughly practical examination of the facts of seasonal and cyclical fluctuations in the demand for labor leads to a formulation of what may be termed his central doctrine of "the reserve of labor." This doctrine is, in effect, an enlargement and an economic justification of the judgment expressed by Mr. Charles Booth—that "the modern system of industry will not work without a margin of unemployed." Within certain limits the doctrine is indisputable. There are few trades where the pressure of work can lie quite evenly over all seasons of the year, and over a period of years. There are unavoidable fluctuations in the rate at which the raw materials of wealth can be extracted and supplied to the productive processes; weather and other natural causes impose seasonal or more casual irregularities on the volume of work to be done; while corresponding fluctuations from the side of the consumer stamp themselves on most trades. When we add that in competitive industries there is no security for an equal or regular distribution of orders among the various competing businesses, or local groups of businesses, we recognise that redundancies of labor power must always be found in certain parts of our industrial system.

"Unemployment arises because, while the supply of labor grows steadily, the demand for labor, in growing, varies incessantly in volume, distribution, and character." There must be wastage between jobs in trades like building; printing has a slack time in the autumn; every change in machinery or method, in materials or public taste, is certain to displace some workers, who lose time in getting other work; in the general growth of national trade and employment some trades will be declining, some localities decaying, and a good deal of wastage of labor-power occurs when such changes are sudden, rapid, or unforeseen. Owing to such shrinkages, there must always be a number of unemployed workers. But in the true economic sense they do not merely stand for waste. They represent a reserve of labor essential for the freedom and fluidity of industry. So far as they constitute "the unemployed," the problem is to economise this necessary reserve, and to make humane and reasonable conditions for them while they are waiting for employment.

To this task the most valuable part of Mr. Beveridge's constructive proposals is devoted. He shows how, by a well-ordered system of labor exchanges, the loss of time in fitting employers with the men they want might be reduced, while for a large mass of casually employed labor a smaller

* "Unemployment: A Problem of Industry." By W. H. Beveridge. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

quantity of regularly employed might be substituted. This smaller mobile reserve must be regarded as a normal expense of industry, its members being furnished with a decent subsistence when they are not wanted. If labor exchanges could once be established as the ordinary accepted method of coming together between employers and workers, registry at an exchange might be a safe "labor test," entitling out-of-works to support. But it is mainly to an extension of insurance, either through trade unions, or by some public system, that Mr. Beveridge looks for his provision for the waiters. Relief works he regards as a radically unsound remedy, nor does he look with much favor upon afforestation, or any other new public industry, as a method of dealing with unemployed workers. Public bodies, by regularising their business operations, can do something to level employment, the substitution of short time for dismissal by private industry can do more, though on this point Mr. Beveridge omits to face the danger lest short time should be utilised for keeping a larger reserve within the trade than is desirable.

While agreeing, however, with most of Mr. Beveridge's constructive proposals, we cannot see in them a satisfactory solution of the main problem of unemployment, that which is related to industrial depressions. Dismissing various theories for explaining these cyclical movements, he appears to hold that, in their existing forms and dimensions, they are essential to industrial progress, and that the unemployment they carry is necessary to the healthy operation of competitive industry.

"Trade fluctuation is, indeed, at times obviously and directly the means by which the standard of production and of comfort is driven upwards. *When trade is expanding*, many new factories are built; they have then their chance to overcome initial difficulties and to get a footing while competition is less severe. *When trade contracts* again it is not the new, but the old and relatively obsolete factories that have to close. The next expansion starts from a higher level of efficiency. In this way fluctuation appears intimately bound up with the possibility of material progress" (page 64). The phrases we italicise convey a doctrine of the unexplained inevitable. Frankly, we refuse to accept the suggestion that it is either necessary or desirable that for long periods, at intervals of seven or eight years, some eight or ten per cent. of the labor power, together with a corresponding capital, should be standing idle, or that the doctrine of the "reserve" covers any such enormity. Mr. Beveridge asserts that cyclical fluctuations of this order are simply "structural changes," without which industry would become "stereotyped and unprogressive." There is no reason to hold that any single factor of production, the ability and enterprise of employers, the saving and investment of capital, the efficiency of labor, is rendered more productive by a period of depression. On the contrary, these periods are the greatest obstacles to industrial progress: they represent not the wholesome rhythmic pulsation of vigorous growth, but periods of debility and disease in the industrial system. We cannot regard as an adequate remedy any scheme of industrial reconstruction which fails to cope with this largest factor in the case, the difference between the 2½ per cent. of unemployed in a good year and the 9 per cent. in a bad year. Mr. Beveridge does not show that this is part of any useful reserve, except by assuming the inevitability of booms and depressions.

Until some remedy, or at any rate some sensible alleviation, of cyclical depressions can be discovered and applied, it is, moreover, tolerably clear that the efficacy of the sound palliatives advocated by Mr. Beveridge will be seriously impaired. Labor exchanges could do little at times like the present to help competent workmen to get employment, and they would fail at such times to furnish "tests" for the genuineness of applicants. The dimensions and duration of unemployment in depressions already strain the resources of the strongest unions, and invalidate the contention that the great majority of workers could afford to make adequate insurance. Moreover, if private co-operation or State assistance made such insurance possible, the waste and demoralisation of character involved in long periods of idle maintenance would remain as the most striking testimony to the irrational economy of our industrial system.

A FROLIC.*

The genius of Mr. Snaith is certainly of a curious and essentially original type. It is very varied, and it breaks out in quite unexpected places. It may owe something to Meredith in style and in choice of subject, when, for example, it falls upon a line of humorous fantasy or seizes on and criticises the characteristic lines of English social life. But it is thoroughly modern, and as it gathers ease and self-confidence, we think that its author should take his place in quite the front rank of our novelists. His "Araminta," is, on the face of it, a little puzzling. It is a pure study in playfulness, with little or no hint of the seriousness of "Broke of Covenden" and "William Jordan, Junior." Nothing in it is real, or, let us say, more real than the figures in one of the more innocent of Aubrey Beardsley's pictures. The world that he imagines is a kind of æsthetic world, with Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses masquerading as Earls and fairy godmothers and daughters of the gods divinely tall and gloriously flounced and bewigged. This is far enough away from the path where despised genius walks its forsaken way, or the foibles and passions of our barbarians break themselves on a world grown too hard and practical for them. For that reason we have no doubt it will be more popular than either of its more serious predecessors. It should, we think, make an excellent farcical comedy, and indeed, as we read it, we could both hear and see Sir John Hare playing the part of Lord Cheriton. What its author's purpose was, save to indulge the skittishness of a rather playful muse, we have no idea. It is delightful, high-spirited brilliant frolic. If it had been sustained at the level of the first fifty pages, and we had had a few more scenes like the awful toilet of Lady Crewkerne, or the entrance of Araminta into the Hill Street drawing-room, and the enunciation of her famous formulæ about Slocum Magna and Widdiford, we should have found nothing in modern English fiction quite comparable to it for freshness and high spirits, save perhaps an early extravaganza of Thackeray. And while it has no plot, no point of feeling or serious play of character—nothing more, indeed, than the wilful artifice which a clever writer employs in order to adorn his humor—its *entrain*, the pretty, puppet-like arrangement of its scenes and *tableaux*, must please all but the most morose of critics.

"Araminta" is, we suppose, the heroine of the book. She is the great-grand-daughter of a duchess, the daughter of a poor country parson, from Devonshire, brought up to town by a whim of Lady Crewkerne, of Hill Street, her grandmother, an aged harridan, drawn a little from Thackeray's Lady Kew, but also a good deal from the author's freakish fancy. She is an absolute beauty, a duchess of curds and cream, and an absolute fool. Arrived at Hill Street, where she is taken for the new housemaid, and shakes hands with the butler, she is discovered to be a kind of "throwback," the physical image of her great-grandmother, Araminta, Duchess of Dorset. Araminta the First has been painted by Gainsborough, and her picture is the chief ornament of the Hill Street drawing-room. When, therefore, Araminta the Second arrives, in cobbled boots and hat "like an inverted vegetable basket," and seats her magnificent self on the sofa, with her finger in her mouth, Lord Cheriton, the amateur of beauty, catches the exact likeness to the portrait of her forbear, and insists on making her the "success of the season." To this high end, he summons all the social powers, the dressmakers, the Church, and even an aged rival in the shape of a battered Duke, who joins him in the discreet *chasse à l'Araminta* which follows. A new "creation" in the shape of a Gainsborough hat is designed for Araminta the Second, her gown is sat upon by a jury of experts, and when she is fitted with these marvels of fashion, Lord Cheriton and Lady Crewkerne escort her to Church. But the effect is not yet quite perfect, and as the party bearing Araminta's social fortunes enter the sacred building after the congregation has assembled and the service well begun, Lord Cheriton finds it necessary to improvise a veritable *coup de théâtre*. And this is how he manages it:—

> "Easy, Caroline," said he. "Let 'em get fairly on to their legs."
>
> As the procession filed very slowly down the central aisle

* "Araminta." By J. C. Snaith. Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW FOR MARCH

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RUSSIAN SPY SYSTEM

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with the fervent voices still upraised and the organ loudly pealing, more than one pair of eyes took their fill of it. There was not a worshipper within those four walls who did not know who the old woman was with the hawklike features and the ebony walking-stick. Nor were they at a loss for the identity of the distinguished, if slightly overdressed, gentleman who came in her train. Moreover, the wonderful creature in the picture hat and the lilac frock did not fail to inspire their curiosity.

Caroline Crewkerne's pew was at the far end of the church, next but two to the chancel. The procession had reached the middle of the central aisle when there came a brief lull in the proceedings. The organ was muffled in a passage of peculiar solemnity; the fervor of the voices was subdued in harmony; there was hardly a sound to be heard, when Cheriton had the misfortune to drop his umbrella.

The sound of the ivory handle resolutely meeting cold marble at such an intensely solemn moment was really dramatic. Not a person throughout the whole of the sacred edifice who could fail to hear the impact of the ill-fated umbrella. For the umbrella was indeed ill-fated. The ivory handle lay upon the marble, shivered in three pieces. Almost every eye in the church seemed to be fixed upon the owner of the umbrella. A wave of indignation, which seemed to make the air vibrate, appeared to pass over the congregation. Not only did the owner of the umbrella come late to church, but he must needs disturb the sanctity of the occasion by mundanely dropping his umbrella with extraordinary violence and publicity.

From a little to the left of Cheriton, as he stood ruefully surveying the wreck of his umbrella, there penetrated cool and youthful tones.

"My aunt!" they said, "who is the gal the old blighter's got with him?"

"Sssh, Archibald!" came a sibilant whisper; and then arose a louder and more decisive, "Overdressed!"

Araminta finally slips out of the hands of this accomplished *entrepreneur* into the arms of the young artist who paints her, and adores at once her brainlessness and her beauty. Most of the scenes in the book resemble the one we have quoted, designed, as they are, as mere play, too light even for social satire. The latter half of the book disappoints us a little, for Lady Crewkerne, the freezing Medusa of the earlier pages, fades into something like a commonplace match-making old woman in the later. But all of the characters have something to do with the fortunes of this wonderful blond beauty who lets herself be tossed from one to the other till her stalwart artist carries her happily off, with a blessing and an endowment from her æsthetic chaperon. The book is pure fantasy throughout; it does not advance Mr. Snaith's reputation, save in so far as it shows how gay and droll a fancy is his, and how lightly he plays with it. But we should say that it will greatly advance his popularity.

NEW ZEALAND, PAST AND PRESENT.*

Little more than a year ago New Zealand was declared by Royal Proclamation to be a Dominion. The change in her title signified the attainment of her desire to be raised in status above the ruck of colonies, even of self-governing colonies; to stand, in fact, on a level with Canada as a political and territorial entity recognised by the whole world. In Great Britain, it must be confessed, no great stir was caused by the new style. Only a few realised its inner meaning; having concerned themselves in the past less with the political development of the colony than with a few prominent facts of commerce associated therewith. It was known, for example, that New Zealand gave us frozen mutton and Mr. Seddon; but it was not nearly so widely recognised that her position at that time was an almost critical one, the time having come for her to decide whether she was to retain her independence or to become incorporated in the federation of the Australian States. This was the question that she had to answer for herself in 1907. There were obvious good reasons why she should join the Australian Commonwealth. There were, to her mind, equally sound arguments in favor of her standing aloof. She chose the latter course, and the title of Dominion, accorded in answer to her Parliament's petition, was the formal ratification of her choice, and, as such, assumes considerable historic importance.

It is, however, hardly with politics, or at any rate not the latter-day politics, that the two books on New Zealand which are before us attempt to deal. The one is a volume in the "Romance of Empire" series, and is written by Mr. Reginald Horsley; while in the other the country, as it is to-day, is described by no less an authority than a former High Commissioner, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, and illustrated by the landscape drawings of Messrs. F. & W. Wright. The two differ in regard to their general intention, since Mr. Horsley deals mainly with the past of New Zealand, and his fellow-author with the present; but they are alike in that the political standpoint is, in both, subordinated to the picturesque. The scope of each overlaps that of the other since Mr. Horsley brings his history up to the present age, and Mr. Reeves illustrates the present by references to the past. But the particular province of each is clearly enough defined. One might go further and say that Mr. Horsley's story is that of the Maori, and Mr. Reeves's that of the white man. The former is at any rate a word pageant of Maori warriors, fights, victories, defeats: a record of almost Homeric romance; while in the latter narrative the black man has fallen into his place of little romance and less importance. The first, moreover, is very largely tinged with an imaginative sympathy for the Maori point of view, the second mainly occupied with those natural beauties of the country, of which the Maori remnant forms a picturesque item, and with the white settlers in whose habits the intending emigrant or tourist naturally takes the most interest.

Mr. Horsley's narrative, which may be read profitably as an introduction to the other, sketches Maori history from the legendary accounts of the Polynesian immigration to the more substantial records of the coming of the Paheka, or White Man, thence, through the great and little wars of the last century, to the present day. The first European to discover New Zealand was Tasman, the Dutchman, who sailed thither in the seventeenth century, but never landed on its shores; and it was not till 1787, some years after the death of Captain Cook, that the islands were included by Royal Commission in the British dominions. Queen Victoria's sovereignty was declared by Governor Hobson in 1840. Five years later the first Parliament was instituted at Auckland. Such are the principal points in the constitutional development of New Zealand. The very wide spaces between them are filled up by the Maori wars, notably the revolt of Heke in 1845 and that of Te Kooti twenty years later, the doings of private colonisers, and the struggle between the Crown and the New Zealand Land Company. With this struggle the early history of the Colony is largely bound up. In the end the Crown won, and the Company, like the East India Company in an older Colony, faded out of existence. But for long afterwards the land question was the source of trouble between Maoris and settlers. The Maoris clung to their own system of land tenure. They could never understand how the land possessed by them for generations could be permanently taken away from them, even by purchase; to sell it seemed to them the same thing as leasing it, with the right of re-possession in the future. The Colonist buyers were—naturally, perhaps—unable to see the matter from this point of view; neither would they allow that the ridiculously low purchase price that was often paid affected their moral claim to hold fast by their bargains. Consequently questions of proper title were always arising, and out of them came quarrel and bloodshed. Some famous fights and figures are vividly described by Mr. Horsley, whose book, if it were nothing else, would be an informative study of the methods of Maori warfare. Besides the Maori leaders a few Europeans stand out strongly from the picture—men like the late Sir George Gray and Bishop Selwyn, both Empire-builders in the best sense—and Mr. Q. D. McCormick's dramatic drawings in color are thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of a stirring story. Mr. Reeves's literary taste has been of a more peaceful character, but his book is wholly interesting. He shows a peculiarly intimate knowledge of the natural history of the Colony, and his appreciation of its scenic beauties is expressed in terms always scholarly and often eloquent. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that he knows every inch of the social fabric in town and country, and describes it with insight and, one may add, an implied cordial invitation to the reader to make its better acquaintance. One could desire no better apologist for a still young land.

---

* "New Zealand." Painted by F. & W. Wright. Described by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves. A. & C. Black. 20s. net.
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* * *

We observe that "The Fellowship Hymn Book" (Headley Brothers & Co., and E. Dalton, fourpence, net) is designed by the joint compilers for the special purposes of the P.S.A. and adult school movements, for which, we have no doubt, it is admirably suited. With this purpose it combines new and old work, with the definite object of mingling purely religious poetry—either of the objective or of the meditative kind—with modern strains of thought and aspiration, democratic and ethical in tendency. To this latter type belong verses such as Ebenezer Elliott's "When Wilt Thou Save the People?" J. A. Symonds's "The Men of the Future"—(why not Shelley's perfect poem, "The World's Great Age Begins Anew," of which Symonds's fine verse appears to be a reminiscence?)—Edward Carpenter's "England, Arise," Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and "Home, Sweet Home." This is no doubt a necessary development, though we confess that, being conservative in this matter, we ask for nothing more in a hymnal than the Latin and Moravian hymns, Watts, the Wesleys, Cowper, James Montgomery, and perhaps Keble and Newman. We would add, on pressure, one or two moderns like Canon Ellerton and Lynch, and we admit the feeling which appeals for one or two of Mrs. Alexander's verses. But we should not accept Faber, or anything of Frances Ridley Havergal. The compilers of this volume have exercised a wider choice, and, considering their special aim, they have shown a singularly catholic spirit. One ground of quarrel we must take, and that is the imperfect form given to Charles Wesley's "Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown," one of the most perfect poems in the English language. The brief critical or biographical note at the head of each hymn which demands such treatment seems to us excellent.

* * *

The career of a nineteenth century captain of industry of the best type is well told in Dr. Stuart J. Reid's "Sir Richard Tangye" (Duckworth, 6s.). The son of a small Quaker farmer who also kept the village shop, Sir Richard Tangye started in business with no advantages save character and a good education. The latter he obtained at the Friends' School at Sidcot, an institution which has reared quite a number of distinguished men. He began as a clerk in a small engineering firm at Birmingham, and then set up on his own account, without capital. His brothers joined him, and the tide in the firm's career came when Brunel built the "Great Eastern." The ship could not be launched, as the type of jack then in use proved powerless. James Tangye made an hydraulic jack, which solved the problem, and the real foundation of the business was laid. "We launched the Great Eastern, and she launched us," Sir Richard Tangye was in the habit of saying. As an employer of labor, Sir Richard Tangye was one of the first among the Birmingham employers to introduce a nine-hours day, and his consideration for the welfare of his workpeople was always a marked feature of his management. He was a strong Liberal, and his stalwart support of the party at the time Mr. Chamberlain left it, did much to keep Liberalism alive, if not flourishing, in Birmingham. Though often invited to enter Parliament—once by Gladstone himself—he felt that his health could not stand the wear and tear of Parliamentary life. Dr. Reid has given us an excellent portrait of a genial, public-spirited, and attractive personality. Those who enjoyed his "Life and Times of Sydney Smith" will not be disappointed in this biography of Sir Richard Tangye.

* * *

We rejoice to see a revised and enlarged edition of Professor L. T. Hobhouse's "Democracy and Reaction," published at one shilling net by Messrs. Fisher Unwin. Its searching analysis of the intellectual and emotional nature of Imperialism has lost none of its value since the book first appeared. Indeed, recent events have only served to confirm the accuracy of Professor Hobhouse's diagnosis by exhibiting new symptoms. As he points out in the valuable Introduction to this popular edition, "the hot fit of Imperialism is past, but the cold fit succeeds. Those who the other day were loudest in proclaiming their nation the appointed rulers of mankind, are now in panic because our neighbors want to have one warship to our two. The same Press influences which so misled the nation in the matter of South Africa can proceed seemingly with undiminished influence to work up a scare on the subject of Germany." No more serviceable volume can be put into the hands of a young politician.

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"It is very apparent," writes Mr. Henry Clews, in his last letter from New York, "that we are feeling the reactionary effects of the panic more plainly than at any time since it occurred. There is more hesitation in spirit than has been experienced in many months. By general consent the tariff is blamed for this state of affairs; yet while an element of delay and uncertainty, it cannot be held responsible for many of the signs of depression which are daily coming under observation." The truth is, adds this experienced critic, the readjustment process is still incomplete. "We must come down to lower costs of production and lower costs of living; then we may be ready for a fresh start." "Meanwhile Tariff Revision will continue to be used as a bogey by those who wish to frighten Congress out of making any important reductions in the schedules." This is plain speaking from a Wall Street magnate. As a matter of fact the steel, woollen, and other trusts are getting nervous about tariff revision. It is one of the misfortunes of a tariff that it has to be periodically revised, and these changes naturally upset trade and business.

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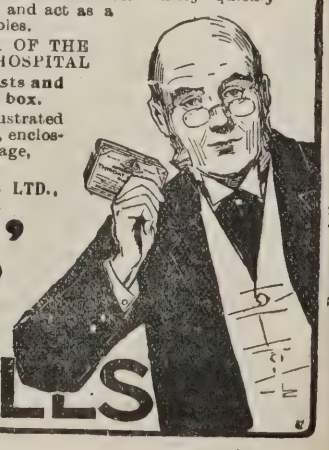

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

It is understood that Wednesday's Cabinet Council resulted in a decision to build four "Dreadnoughts," rather than six, but to maintain a certain reserve power of building in view of contingencies. We presume that this refers to the speeding up of the rate of construction in German shipyards, a fact—if it is a fact—which is a set-off against the long delays which occurred over the earlier types of German "Dreadnoughts." We hope the House of Commons will part with none of its powers of supervising finance and voting money with full knowledge of what it is to be spent on. It is curious that the Admiralty should be represented as asking for six "Dreadnoughts" at a bound—a sheer panic demand—in view of the remarkable fact that progress on the two "Dreadnoughts" voted last year has been so slow, and that the "Téméraire" and "Superb" have been behind their times. We wonder whether the directors of the Admiralty could give Parliament any satisfactory assurance that they could deliver, arm, and equip any such number of leviathans within two years, or even thirty months. We are not at all sure that the best safeguard for the public would not be in some such House of Commons inquiry as Mr. Bellairs has demanded.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes, describing a naval situation having some close parallels to our own: "The difference between the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Marine has reached an acute stage and the resignation of one or the other seems to-day (Thursday) to be inevitable. It is believed that M. Picard has the support of the majority of his colleagues in the Cabinet, and in particular of M. Clemenceau, in which case M. Caillaux will be the seceder unless an arrangement can be made at the eleventh hour. M. Caillaux's friends declare that his opposition to the demands of the Marine is due not merely to the enormous amount of the credit for which M. Picard asks but also to the absence of any guarantee that the money will be well spent. He desires that the abuses in the Service should be effectively tackled before Parliament is asked to vote more millions. The suggestion is that there is a grave leakage and that M. Picard shrinks from a thorough investigation which might put some highly-placed officials in an uncomfortable position. It is also suggested that the attacks on M. Caillaux are indirectly aimed at the Income Tax Bill and at Old Age Pensions, and it is certainly the case that the reactionary and conservative Press is unanimously hostile to the Finance Minister, and calls on M. Clemenceau to get rid of him. In any case a Ministerial crisis is more than probable."

* * *

On Thursday of last week the Russian Government decided to receive Prince Ferdinand at the funeral of the Grand Duke Vladimir with royal honors, and on the same day rumors were circulated from St. Petersburg that Austria was on the point of issuing an ultimatum to Servia, and immediate war was almost inevitable. No such ultimatum has been issued, and the Austrian Government professes to have no wish or thought of war, but a furious Press campaign has been raging between Russia, Servia, and Austria, in which the "Novoe Vremya" has won special distinction. If there is any likelihood of war much responsibility rests with the Panslavist agitators in Russia. Austria's position is that Servia must drop her inadmissible demand for territorial compensation, and then, but not till then, Austria will think of generous economic compensation. An attempt, originating in Paris, to secure joint representations by the Powers at both Vienna and Belgrade has fallen through, because Germany holds that Servia alone threatens the peace. If, on the one hand, Russia cooperated in bringing Servia to reason, instead of stimulating Servian passions, and, on the other hand, Austria dropped her stiff refusal to give shape and substance to her hints of economic compensation, a settlement ought to be easy enough.

* * *

Lord Morley's great Indian Reform Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords on Wednesday without a division. It will probably pass the House, and therefore Parliament, without amendment, especially as its author has settled the Mohammedans' discontent by giving them a separate electoral register, and seats on the Council in excess of their numerical strength. The third demand—that of a Mohammedan member for the Viceroy's Council—he necessarily rejected, for that would give a third of the whole body to native representation. Lord Morley was able continuously to claim Lord Minto as a friend of the Bill, especially of its pivotal proposal for admitting a native to the Viceroy's Council. In his fine speech he held firmly to the language of the Act of 1833, confirmed by the Proclamation of 1858, that

fitness was to be "the criterion of eligibility" for service in Indian Government. On the whole, the reception was favorable, even in the suspicious and highly official atmosphere of the Lords.

* * *

The most critical speech was Lord Curzon's, whose general line was that Lord Morley had gone beyond Indian official opinion. He specially opposed the admission of a native to the Viceroy's Council on the double ground that it unsettled the foundation of our rule, and that native India could not supply the mixture of "expert" and "statesman" who could properly be seated in the Indian Cabinet. But, although he thought Lord Morley went too far, he hoped to join hands with him on his general plan. Lord MacDonnell, a thorough bureaucrat, who spoils his great gifts by wrong-headedness, was slightly more hostile, but Lord Ampthill was, on the whole, very favorable. The same may be said of Lord Cromer and Lord Reay, and Lord Midleton, though critical, disclaimed hostility. This was, in the main, Lord Lansdowne's attitude, and it seems clear that the Lords will yield a grudging assent.

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Mr. Ponsonby's amendment to the Address calling on the Government to bring in a Bill on the lines of the Campbell-Bannerman resolution of June, 1907, was rejected on Monday by 225 votes to 47. Only fourteen Liberals voted in the minority, though a few weeks ago 223 signed an almost identical memorial to Mr. Asquith. Mr. Ponsonby spoke with the simplicity and courage which give him a standing in the House, his chief point being that the country was ready for battle with the Lords, but that it disliked the hesitancy of the Government, and would be unfavorably impressed by it. Mr. Lehmann pointed to the sure fate both of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill and the Irish Land Bill. For so brilliant a Parliamentarian Mr. Asquith's reply was embarrassed. On the one hand he agreed that the pure Tory partisanship of the Lords had brought things to a "climax"; on the other he pleaded that the Government must not concede them the right of forcing a dissolution, and that it must fulfil its honorable engagements to pursue social reform and legislation. But the Government would act "at the earliest possible moment," and in the delay the country would have time for a considered judgment.

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Mr. Balfour pressed the dilemma arising from this argument. Mr. Asquith must in his heart think the Lords would treat his Bills fairly. If he did not, he was wasting time in withholding from the country the issue between the Houses. It was time to cease blowing the trumpet and walking round the walls of Jericho, expecting them to tumble down. There was really nothing brave about the Government but its speeches. On the whole, Liberal speaking showed a desire for battle, but observers noted depression and uncertainty in the Ministerial ranks. The Welsh members, we understand, are pressing for the reference of the Disestablishment Bill to a Grand Committee. But even if this course be taken, and the Bill goes to the Lords, rejection is certain.

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The Protectionist amendment to the Address was defeated on Friday week by 276 votes to 107. The only feature of the debate beyond Mr. Balfour's muttering of the various Protectionist formulæ in the kind of *sotto voce* which he adopts on these occasions, was Mr. Churchill's statement that a Free Trade Government was free, if it pleased, to use *revenue* duties for retaliatory purposes. We doubt the use of retaliation in any case, but Mr. Churchill's reference—which was clearly in the nature of a hint to the French Government in view of the threatened new tariff—applied only to duties, like those on wine or tobacco, levied on articles not produced at home. We fancy that, on one occasion, Gladstone made a similar diplomatic use of the wine duties.

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Both France and the United States are in the throes of a considerable tariff agitation. The extreme French Protectionists have discovered that M. Méline's tariff of 1892, reactionary as that was, is behind the times, and a Customs Committee of the Chamber has drawn up a new general tariff which would raise the duties on 866 articles and lower them on six. The apology for this insolent demand is that the general tariff is merely nominal, because in practice practically every country would come under the minimum tariff, but the Protectionists propose to manipulate the minimum tariff so as to raise the duties it imposes on 182 commodities. The "Temps" and the "Débats" point out that this new tariff would not only plunder the mass of consumers, but open a general tariff war and nullify the laborious efforts at improving international relations just at the moment they were producing good results. The Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs has already promised reprisals if the French project is adopted; there is considerable agitation in Switzerland and Germany; and numerous English Chambers of Commerce have already protested, while the Government is watching the situation.

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The Finance Reform Committee of the Reichstag appointed a secret sub-committee to work out a compromise, which it professes to have done. The sub-committee, in harmony with the views of the Conservatives and the Centre, condemns the death duties and estate duties proposed by the Government, and suggests in their place that the State contributions should be increased, the increase to be raised by the individual States within two years by means of direct taxes. This proposal means that the Reichstag should practically abandon the task of levying direct taxes itself, and the Radical and Liberal Press condemn an arrangement which is at once an abdication and wholly illusory. The question of direct taxation is, of course, the crux of the financial problem, for the proposed new indirect taxes, if not accompanied by direct taxes, would be a gross injustice to the poorer classes, upon whom the tax system already bears inequitably. Addressing the Agrarians on Tuesday, Professor Wagner, the well-known economist, denounced "the selfish battle of the propertied classes against the taxation of property." Germans with small incomes, he said, were already more heavily taxed proportionately than Germans with large incomes, and persons with less than £45 a year, though they paid no income tax, owing to Protection had no tax-free source of income. Two points are worth noting about this conflict in Germany. The struggle, as the struggle between Free Traders and Tariff "Reformers" in England, is one between taxation imposed on wealth and taxation imposed upon poverty. In the second place, the Conservatives and the Centre are working together, and, if they force their scheme through, the *bloc* must break up, and with it Prince Bülow.

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Mr. Haldane's approval of the action of the Alliance Insurance Company in promoting what Sir William Collins properly called an indirect form of conscription, has been strongly discountenanced by leading

employers. In the Insurance world, Mr. Noverre, of the Norwich Fire Union, told the "Daily News" that he entirely disapproved of it, and considered the action of the Company a great mistake. Sir John Barker, who has vigorously promoted the growth of the Territorial Army, said that he would not be a party to anything which "smelt of conscription," and flatly stated his disagreement with Mr. Haldane. The managing director of Maple's declared that the Alliance Company's plan did away with "all the glamor" of volunteering. Similar repudiations come from the director of Whiteley's, the managing director of Messrs. Shoolbred, the secretary of the Law Accident Insurance Society, and the heads of many firms whose names are household words in British commerce. The secretary of the Clerks' Union also insisted that the plan of the Alliance was coercive. This repudiation stamps decisively on the attempt of a Liberal Cabinet Minister to introduce "compulsory volunteering." Indirectly, it is sure to undo much of the sensational recruiting achieved by the "Daily Mail," for it prejudices those who join the Territorials equally with those who do not. If the latter class is handicapped in trying to enter a firm where the exclusive rule applies, a member of the former is handicapped when he endeavors to enter a business which does not put a premium on Territorials or is not able directly to encourage the movement. A clearer tampering with personal liberty could not be imagined.

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Mr. Haldane has not mended matters by his extraordinary speech, at Newcastle on Saturday, in favor of the organisation of an Imperial Army. He suggested that to the thirty Divisions of the Over-seas and Territorial Army Canada might add six, Australia five, New Zealand one, and South Africa four or five. In all, he hoped for an army of forty-six divisions or twenty-three Army Corps. This force would exactly equal the German Army, and no other military power in the world had an organisation so great. We believe that Australia will be repelled rather than attracted by Mr. Haldane's suggestion that the New World should be called in to settle the disputes of the Old. In any case, this flamboyant militarism upsets the entire theory of a "peaceful, unaggressive Empire" on which our statesmen build. We observe, without surprise, that Mr. J. A. Bright proposes to ask Mr. Haldane what change in our military policy has made it necessary for us to maintain a force equal to the German Army.

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The Opposition amendment calling for coercion in Ireland was rejected on Wednesday by 336 to 118, no Liberal votes being detached. The Opposition, through Mr. Balfour, Lord Percy, and Sir Edward Carson, practically asked for the re-enactment of the Peace Preservation Act and the enforcement of the Crimes Act. Mr. Birrell's reply was to produce an exhaustive return of the state of order in all the Irish counties, showing that in only three districts—Clare, East Galway, and Sligo—were there other than slight exceptions to a generally "satisfactory" condition. He also showed that no possible comparison could be made between the Ireland of 1886 and 1887, which provoked the Crimes Act, and the Ireland of to-day. For neither cattle-driving nor boycotting did the Crimes Act provide a remedy, and all terrorised persons—such as the cruelly persecuted Mr. Clark—were being adequately protected.

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Mr. Balfour found it necessary to repudiate the slight advance towards the Irish Nationalist vote which the Protectionists are making, and declared that his party would never guide Irish policy by what they thought Irish votes might do for them. Remembering the Maamtrasna deal, Mr. Asquith replied curtly that it was easy to resist the temptations of to-morrow. The Prime Minister's speech—an excellent one—pointed out that the measure of Irish discontent was Ireland's disappointment with the hopes that the Wyndham Act held out to her of the redistribution of the grazing lands of the west. Coercion was no remedy, political and agrarian trouble going hand in hand. The only cure was, both by legislation and administration, to associate Irish sentiment with the law. The trouble, we are afraid, is that Ireland is becoming more and more dependent on the land. A young farmer on the coast said recently to a Minister: "America is shut down on us, the trawlers have the fish, and the graziers the land. What are you going to do?"

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Answering a question by Mr. Dillon on Tuesday, Sir Edward Grey made by far the most satisfactory statement that has yet appeared with regard to the Government's Persian policy. The British Government, he said, has informed Russia that in its opinion the best course would be to stand entirely aloof from the internal affairs of Persia, but, as Russia's frontier position might make such an attitude more difficult for her, the British Government would co-operate with Russia on certain lines, conditioned by the understanding that there could be no improvement in Persia without representative government. Great Britain would agree to advise the Shah to dismiss his reactionary advisers and summon able and energetic men to draft a scheme of representative government on an elective basis, and to inform him that unless he granted constitutional government he would get no support of any kind from Russia and Great Britain, who, on the contrary, would have to take measures to safeguard their interests. If, later on, a loan was considered necessary, the conditions would require careful consideration, and Great Britain would not consent to any advance unless approved by an elected Assembly. This is very re-assuring.

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The election campaign in Italy is not yet either strenuous or exciting. The Government is putting no programme before the country, but relies partly on its control of the administrative machine, partly on its record—it has some good work to its credit—and partly on the steadiness of the political situation. The Opposition is not much more enterprising. The Constitutional or Conservative section, led by Baron Sonnino, clamors for heavy military and naval expenditure, a reform of taxation, and the maintenance of the Triple Alliance. It urges that the sane policy for Italy cannot be one of mere negation, whether the negation of clericalism, Socialism, militarism, or Freemasonry. The Socialists, of course, have their minimum programme, and they have decided to put up their own candidates wherever they have a chance of election, but, where not, to support the Radicals and Republicans. The Clericals still remain under the rules of the Papal decree, *Non expedit*. The Papacy will not have a Catholic party in Parliament, but in the exceptional cases where the intervention of a Catholic candidate is necessary to prevent the election of an enemy of the Church a Catholic may, with the approval of the bishop, offer himself, and receive the votes of the faithful. Some 26 Catholic candidates are standing, chiefly in Lombardy, Venetia, and Emilia, but these include Signor Romolo Murri, the Christian Democrat priest, who is in sympathy with the Socialists, and has been suspended by the Church.

Politics and Affairs.

THE BASIS OF SECURITY.

It is news of great relief to the Liberal Party that the Government, in strict harmony with the desire of the mass of their followers, are likely to prepare a moderate, rather than an excessive and alarming, programme of battleships for 1909. Had another issue been presented, there might have been no Liberal Party worth the name to deal with it. There is, we are afraid, little room for excessive congratulation. There must be an advance, and a serious advance, on last year's Estimates. There will be a reversion to the highest scale of "Dreadnought" building known to the Admiralty. And we may well doubt whether we have secured more than a brief respite from the alarms which closed the career of the greatest of Liberal leaders, and continually vexed his two last Governments. With this we must for the moment be content. The habit of forcing "scare" programmes on the nation by the dint of an extemporized Press campaign is engrained in the Admiralty, and only a vigorous personality at the head of the office, a man with powers of criticism and independent judgment, resolute to obtain a fit subordination of technique to policy, will stamp it out. On this subordination we hope that the Liberal Party in Parliament will insist. It is clearly necessary for the preservation, not only of the force of statesmanship, but of the rightful influence of the permanent official. If he insists on pressing the powers of agitation into his service on his own presentation of his case, he must come forward and stand the brunt of Parliamentary inquiry into the general range of his administration. The country must know what use he is making of its money; whether, in fact, he and his comrades are men fit to be entrusted with an order for so many battleships, and whether they can deliver their goods in due order and completeness. This is the answer to the demand of the "Times" that when an Admiral comes forward and says that he must have so many ships for the defence of the Channel, no question remains for statesmen but bare compliance. The statesman, and especially the Liberal statesman, has a right to reply: "How is it, then, that on every fresh demand on the Treasury you ask for more ships than you get, and are able to assure the nation of safety on the smaller number? How is it that by the wholesale scrapping of comparatively new ships you, from time to time, acknowledge errors of construction and judgment?" Such a reply is the answer of the head of a firm to his agents; and it is as servants, not as masters, that the soldiers and sailors will have to do their work in a democratic State.

This, we think, is the necessary attitude of a Liberal Government which declines to be crushed beneath the weight of social and military pressure. But we are by no means blind to the necessity of "national security," and to the close connection between it and the maintenance of a powerful and adequate fleet. To this object we would make three important concessions, for we recognise not only that the country must be safe, but that the commercial world must be convinced that it is safe, and must be protected from just such a panic as that to which its ungovernable "experts" periodically expose it. First we would keep the fleet superior to any "probable combination." Secondly, we would meet the special demand created by the new German rivalry by maintaining a superiority of, say, three to two in "Dreadnoughts," and accelerating our present rate of building them. Thirdly, without provocation, and with every attempt to secure an appeasement of the diplomatic situation with Germany, and a mutual restraint in armaments, we would meet a programme like that of the Germans, which extends over a series of years, with a similar programme, based on the standard of strength we have suggested. This is not the ground of a "fanatical" peace party, and within its bounds every element of abundant "security" is to be found. These points are not difficult to establish. They can be maintained by reference, not to organs of the peace party, but to the fairly careful and scientific statements of naval strength, based on the official figures, annually issued by the Navy League. Does this organisation, which stands in the forefront of the "big navy" school, admit safety on the basis of a programme of four "Dreadnoughts" this year? The answer is emphatically "Yes."

The facts as to the "Dreadnoughts" happily lie in a tolerably small compass. In an unhappy hour Sir John Fisher and his colleagues started the type, which they now use in such a manner as to destroy the popular belief in their judgment, for they act, or at least speak, as if it wiped out the earlier overwhelming superiority of our fleet. Germany only followed us and France and Japan and America, so that she cannot be accused of an attack on our naval supremacy, but only of an adoption of the type which we had declared indispensable to naval power. We secured our advantage. We began building in 1904. Germany practically started three years later. We finished our first "Dreadnought" in fourteen months, have a small fleet of these vessels actually at sea, are now building improved and enlarged types of them, and by the end of next year should have three squadrons of "Dreadnoughts" on service. Where does Germany stand? Her first "Dreadnoughts" were provided by the Estimates of 1906. Neither of these ships has yet been commissioned, both were delayed, and they may, or may not, be completed by the end of this year. By that time we shall have ten such vessels, including the two "Nelsons," on the seas.

At present, therefore, there is no rivalry or the shadow of rivalry. But we have what is popularly called the danger years of 1911 and 1912. We will assume that Germany builds at her fastest, and that not one accident occurs to qualify her speed of output. This, of course, is most improbable. Essen, says the "Navy League Annual," is a "hot-bed of trade unionism," and the materialisation of Germany's naval ambitions depends on the "good-will of the National Labor Party," which, we may add, strongly desires peace with England. But, assuming that everything German goes like clockwork, there will be in March, 1911, according to

the "Navy League Annual," and every other naval authority that we know of, a proportion of fourteen British "Dreadnoughts" to nine German. But we will assume that the three battleships and one cruiser laid down this year will, a few months later, be completed and added to the German Navy. Against them we necessarily put our four ships, which we hope will this year be laid down earlier than usual. Even if the Admiralty is incapable of this exertion, and we allow for a late beginning of these vessels, we shall by the first months of 1912 possess eighteen "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's thirteen. There is, we know, a talk of a speeding up of German plans. But is it argued that our Admiralty, which built the first "Dreadnought" in a little over a year, is incapable of responding to such a stimulus? If it is, there must be something more at fault with its administration than Sir John Fisher might care to disclose. And if the suggestion be true, we have to make the additional criticism that the building of six "Dreadnoughts" within the stated period of twenty-four or thirty months would be even less within the compass of our constructors than the building of four, and the demand for an excess on that rate is blown into the air. It is one thing to say that we must have an adequate number of ships. It is quite another thing to pretend that they cannot be built, armed, and fitted with tolerable speed. In the one case Mr. McKenna might be held to account. In the other, we are afraid that Sir John Fisher and his colleagues would also have to answer for it.

But, indeed, we have only touched one part of our naval strength when we survey the special and, we admit, important problem of the "Dreadnoughts." Let us again take the Navy League as our guide, and reproduce its conclusions as to the relative strength of Great Britain and Germany in the years when the two Powers approach each other most nearly—namely, 1911 and 1912. Taking all the fighting types together, our authority gives us the following reassuring results for March, 1911:—

In Modern Battleships		
Great Britain will have	...	63, of 958,130 tons.
Germany ,,	...	29, of 370,729 tons.
In Armored Cruisers		
Great Britain will have	...	35, of 416,600 tons.
Germany ,,	...	9, of 93,345 tons.
In Protected Cruisers		
Great Britain will have	...	48, of 240,520 tons.
Germany ,,	...	32, of 112,404 tons.
In Destroyers		
Great Britain will have	... ...	78.
Germany ,,	... ...	78.
In First Class Torpedo Boats		
Great Britain will have	... ...	49.
Germany ,,	... ...	0.
In Submarines		
Great Britain will have	... ...	72.
Germany ,,	... ...	8.

To sum up, in battleships and armoured cruisers—or, let us say, in ships fit to fight in line of battle—Great Britain will, two years hence, possess 98 of 1,374,730 tons; Germany will have 38 of 464,074 tons; and her strength, combined with that of America, will but slightly exceed one million tons. In protected cruisers our strength will be more than double the German tonnage, while in torpedo craft it will be more than double in point of numbers. Is any process conceivable by which, twelve months later, this superiority can be turned into anything approaching equality? How are the additional men to be found and trained and the ships tried? In 1912 Germany will doubtless add three "Dreadnoughts" and one "Invincible" (nominal cruiser) to her strength in the "all-big"-gun class—*i.e.*, the class which carries only 12-inch guns. But for that year the four "Dreadnoughts" which we shall construct will be available, and the 76,000 new tons of German leviathans will be balanced by an equal, or probably larger, addition to the mass of our own force in line of battle. The 1911 standard of comparison will, therefore, still obtain, and it may be added—though the comparison seems to us a false and useless one—that our own strength will probably yield us a substantial advantage, both in tonnage and in the number of battle units, over the combined navies of Germany and the United States.

We conclude, then, that a broad margin of complete naval "security" remains with us on the more reasonable programme to which we hope that the Government and the Admiralty will finally assent. What more can, or should, or *will*, a party do whose prime concern lies with the building up of the credit and commercial strength which its spendthrift predecessors laid low, and with the moral causes of European peace and social reform? To what authority in its past could it appeal for a different policy? What approach could it make to modern democracy, carrying in its hand the poisoned gifts of ambitious ascendancy over other European communities, and boundless extravagance in armaments? In policy how futile would it be, in view of the rapid growth of wealth and industrialism in America and Germany, to set still higher a scale of warlike expenditure, to which these powerful peoples would inevitably respond! In spirit how fatal would be the breach with the masters and guides of Liberalism! From such an error the Government has, we hope, been saved so as by fire, and we may well rejoice that even if its present course be beset with perils, it can lead neither to ruin nor to dishonor.

THE NEED FOR A EUROPEAN CONCERT.

For the third, or even the fourth, time in six months the Balkan crisis has reached a point at which sober students of international affairs are contemplating the possibility of war. Austrian statesmen have arrived at that rather deliberate phase of anger in which, looking into their own breasts, they feel bound to announce that within a period, variously measured in days or weeks, they will quite certainly lose their patience with Servia. To onlookers it has naturally occurred that a passion subject to such nice prediction might conceivably be controlled, with the help of a little pressure from outside. France, which has for some months been sincerely anxious to bridge the absolute gulf that divides Europe into two hostile camps, suggested, for the second time in this crisis, a joint mediation by the three disinterested Powers—England, France, and Germany—at Vienna and Belgrade. It was the first condition of success that

Germany should be willing to co-operate, and Germany has refused. She was quite willing to take her part in lecturing the Servians—to be lectured by Great Powers is the daily lot of all small nations. But she would not join in urging Austria to offer adequate compensations. Once more the attempt to restore the reality of the European Concert has failed. No Conference can be got together. No mediation appears to have much prospect of being accepted. Europe is paying in this deplorable impotence the accumulated consequences of five years of restless high politics, in which the unappeasable conflict of two firmly-organised groups of Powers has destroyed all sense of fraternity and confidence. The chances of peace and war appear to turn on a series of nice calculations as to which ally might at a moment of trial desert her obligations. If Austria attacked Servia, would Russia intervene? If Russia intervened, would Germany also go to war? And if Germany went to war, would all Europe join in the conflict between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente? It is hardly too much to say that it is this universal doubt and suspicion as to the loyalty of allies and friends which alone suffices to preserve peace.

It is not at all difficult to understand the irritation of Vienna against Belgrade. Servia, by daring to resent the annexation of Bosnia, has undoubtedly put Austria to considerable trouble and expense. She has to maintain a large force on a war footing, in order to watch the Servian and Montenegrin frontiers, and to terrorise the Bosnians, who only await a favorable moment to revolt. All this costs money, but, above all, it is an offence to Imperial pride that it has month after month to watch inactive the outspoken anger of a little people whom it despises, much as our own purple party despised the Boers. Empires will pour out money like water to meet the rivalry of a strong Power, but they are all economists when it is from a puny nation that the menace comes. We can understand the mood, without sympathising with it. Austria is only paying the price of her own disregard of treaties. She chose to achieve by a *coup de main* what she could certainly have obtained by negotiation. It is salutary that she should discover that violent methods are in the end neither prompt nor cheap.

The position of Servia is only too tragically clear. It is easy to sneer at the truculence of her Crown Prince and her Press. It is easy to discredit the primitive, yet corrupt, little coteries which govern Belgrade. But, at all events, her wild words are not the froth of a city crowd which would hesitate to make them good. Servia would fight to-day as recklessly as she did in 1876, and the Montenegrins are not much beyond the plane of civilisation of the Afghans, who live with no ideal save prowess in the field. Behind it all is a peasantry which contrives, in spite of politics, to live happily, and to nourish a passionate patriotism on the land which it owns. The issue which both branches of the Servian race is facing to-day is nothing less than the conservation of its independence. Landlocked and hemmed in, Servia finds herself exposed in every crisis to the economic dictation of her Austrian neighbor. An intimation in Vienna that "swine-fever" is raging in Servia suffices to close her only foreign market, and to menace her peasantry with ruin. "Swine-fever" is a name which Austrian statesmen apply to any passion for independence among Servians. The little kingdom keeps her integrity only by selling it—only, that is to say, by submitting to the alternate dictation of Austria and Russia, even in her most intimate concerns. While Bosnia was still in name a Turkish province, and Macedonia seemed open to partition, it was possible for an imaginative people to cherish hopes. But the same summer saw both these outlets closed. Bosnia has been annexed; Macedonia has been pacified. In demanding some economic arrangement which will give her exports a free outlet on the Adriatic, Servia is making her last bid for a real independence. It might, we think, be satisfied without a territorial re-arrangement—a free port and a neutralised railway are not impossible expedients. On one point let there be no delusion—Servia has little to lose even by the most desperate course. If she receives compensation she remains small, poor, isolated, but free, and renounces all thought of a union with the Serbs, who are under Austrian rule. If she fights, and is absorbed by Austria, it is about as certain as anything in politics can be, that a united Servian kingdom, a third in the now dual Monarchy, must ultimately be constituted. If such a solution could be achieved without war it would be of all the best. The real obstacle to it is much more the jealousy of Russian Pan-Slavism than the interests of the Serbs themselves.

It is, we think, a misfortune for the Servians that their cause has been so hotly espoused by Russian Chauvinism. This it is which has made the whole controversy something more than a mere Balkan tangle—a capital issue between the two European groups. The Russians are manifestly thinking much more of their rooted antagonism to Germany than of the interests of their Servian clients. While that mood endures it is difficult to induce an atmosphere in which mediation can be applied, or a disinterested consideration of the problem on its merits attained. The ideal, for which M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne were first responsible, of rehabilitating Russia as a Great Power, was unluckily ill-timed. Europe would have been to-day a happier Continent if they and their successors had agreed to wait until Russia became as a preliminary a Liberal Power. Her recent indignation at the Franco-German *détente*, her conduct in Persia, and her premature recognition of Prince Ferdinand's personal ambitions, are all advertisements of the difficulty of co-operating with her in any loyal policy for the general good. There is still no hopeful way of escape save by mediation or a conference. Either solution requires the active aid of Germany. There can be no Europe from which she is excluded. To restore the concert by conciliating Germany is for England and France an interest more vital than the rehabilitation of Russia.

THE REMAINING WORK OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The inexorable course of events has put the Government to a rather severe test. To have taken up the challenge of

the Peers and brought the "dominating issue" to a test would have required the plain, straightforward courage of the soldier. To have accepted the insult in silence in order to continue unimpeded the great work of Liberalism would have required the higher courage of the Christian. But to combine the two attitudes, to take up the gauntlet and yet postpone the fight, to denounce the Lords as usurpers and yet accept the constitutional position which they have laid down, to proclaim the issue dominant and still refrain from contesting it, argues a union of qualities to the height of which no known system of ethics has yet risen. It is difficult to measure the effort which it must have cost the Prime Minister to explain that when he spoke of the constitutional question as the dominating issue, he meant merely that it had dominated the Liberal Party for twenty years. He might, indeed, have elaborated the theme, and, but for its painful nature, would doubtless have done so. He might have pointed out that in the sphere of legislation the Lords have now all but reduced two Liberal Governments to a nullity; that for twenty years no first-class Liberal measure outside finance has found its way into the Statute-book; that the destruction of the last Liberal Government and the *débâcle* which followed it, were due to the discredit and disorganisation resulting from those failures. He might have added that, as the issue has dominated Liberalism for twenty years past, so on the present lines there is every reason to expect that it will dominate it for twenty years to come. When Mr. Asquith told us that this was the dominant issue, we innocently supposed him to mean that it was an issue asking for a decision—an issue to which all others were to be subordinated. Not a bit of it. The issue was only dominant in the sense in which it long has been, and long will be, dominant; that is to say, in the sense that it reduces Liberal legislation to a nullity and Liberal promises to a farce.

However, rightly or wrongly, the decision is taken. The victory of the House of Lords is, for the moment, complete. No organic social reforms will now be possible except such as can be compassed by financial measures. It remains to consider what great public objects remain of which, under these conditions, the Liberal Party can still be the instrument. From this point of view no sincere politician will give any weight to such measures as the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Under existing conditions the debating of this measure will be a mere academic exercise, and when we find Welsh leaders, instead of concentrating all their attention on the constitutional issue, demanding that this Bill should be brought forward, without the smallest prospect of becoming law, we are tempted to doubt the genuineness of the feeling for Disestablishment in Wales. If that feeling were strong and intelligently directed, it would not demand an academic and unreal discussion. It would urge practical measures towards its realisation. He who does not will the means does not effectively will the end, and no rational end can accrue from a foredoomed measure of Disestablishment, which, for all the relief it will give Wales, might just as well be introduced into the Hampstead Parliament.

There remains for legislation the question of social reforms in connection with the Poor Law Reports. This is a field in which the Lords, our masters—let us accustom ourselves by every means to the truth—are sometimes graciously pleased to make concessions. Possibly we may redeem our barren years by efforts in this direction. Unfortunately the King's Speech does not carry us very far on this point. The immediate question is: what can be done for the unemployed? On this head the Speech promises us Labor Exchanges. Labor Exchanges, taken alone, will not carry us very far towards a solution. A network of such exchanges was, indeed, contemplated by the Unemployment Act of 1905, and, as the Minority Report points out, it is by the default of the Local Government Board that such a system does not already exist. Administrative zeal in place of obstruction from high quarters is the thing mainly needed in this direction. But there is more to be said. As the "axis" of a comprehensive scheme for dealing with unemployment in all its phases, the Labor Exchange may be of considerable value. If it is to serve, for example, as one means of testing the genuine unemployed, and giving a trustworthy measure of the mass of distress that has to be dealt with, and if then we have means, whether through public works or, as the Minority of the Commissioners suggest, through some system of industrial training, of providing for those who are left on our hands, then indeed it may be a valuable contribution to the most difficult of social questions. Standing alone, it is of less avail. More valuable contributions to the problem would be found in a scheme of insurance, which will, at least in part, meet the case of the skilled trade unionist, or in a scheme of afforestation, which will be a first step towards the further regulation of the labor market, or, again, in raising the age of industrial employment for youths and girls, which will tend to block up one source of recruitment for the class of unemployable. If the time remaining to this Parliament is to be utilised for a serious effort towards social reform, we must expect the Government to grapple with such questions as these.

But, apart from constructive work, a Liberal Government may be held to justify its existence by resistance to positive measures of reaction. At the present moment the tide presses strongly towards Tariff Reform, and still more strongly towards militarism. Let us see how the Government stands in relation to these forces. If the Unionist Government were in power, we should undoubtedly have an attempt to establish Tariff Reform, but we should be a vigorous and united Liberal Opposition. The danger of the present situation is that some of our own leading men may make concessions to the Tariff Reform principle which, during the coming years of opposition, may prejudice the fighting power of the party. The danger is still more urgent in relation to the question of militarism. A Unionist Government would build six "Dreadnoughts" without hesitation, but it might be held back by a determined Liberal Opposition. That Opposition, however, will be paralysed from the outset if the party when in power itself sets the example of increasing the Navy beyond the limits of the dreams of Jingoism. Again, if the Unionists

were in power they might very possibly take some steps towards compulsory military service. Nothing, under ordinary circumstances, would be so stoutly or so successfully resisted by a Liberal Opposition. But suppose that a Liberal Minister of War has himself, unrebuked by the party or the Cabinet, taken or sanctioned the first steps in that direction. With what face is the party in future to denounce the principle of compulsion if it quietly acquiesces when its own Minister publicly approves compulsion by employers? Surely a conscriptionist might rejoin that if there is to be compulsion at all it is far better that it should be State compulsion, regular, impartial, and deliberately accepted by the people, than that it should be a hole-and-corner compulsion, exercised on unfortunate clerks through irresponsible employers, who may not even be Englishmen by blood. Had the most pessimistic critic of Liberalism three years ago prophesied that compulsion of this kind would be sanctioned by a Liberal Minister before this Parliament ended, we should have said that in the present House of Commons no such Minister could after such a blunder have retained office for a week. But in those days we were fresh from Opposition. All we have now to say is that Liberalism, being shorn of much of its power of constructive legislation, has now to justify itself largely by strenuousness in resistance to evil tendencies, and that if it fails us here, we shall encounter at the next election something worse than a party defeat. We shall have inaugurated a second reign of reaction.

SOME FATUITIES OF PROTECTION.

The rules of the game doubtless required that two valuable Parliamentary days last week should be given to a bout of tariff controversy. The dominance of the issue in the Opposition programme needed formal reiteration, and Mr. Balfour's "zeal for righteousness" must be once more put in evidence. But as a display of controversial tactics, the debate was singularly ineffective. Intended partly as a general parade of Tariff Reform arguments, partly as a special opportunity for advertising Protection as the cure for unemployment, it floundered in hopeless confusion between these two inconsistent purposes. Preference, Retaliation, Revenue, and Protection were continually tripping one another up, and needed a more skilful drill-sergeant than Mr. Bonar Law to draw them into line. But when they were set to march along with the new popular recruit, "Tariff as a cure for Unemployment," the embarrassment became ludicrous. In the first place, Mr. Balfour damned their new champion with the faintest of negative acknowledgments. "No such expectations have been held out by any leader of the party, so far as I know, that this particular question of unemployment, or any other question, is going in our complex social system to be wholly healed by any such arrangement or rearrangement of our tariff system." Indeed, Mr. Balfour doubtless recognises clearly that the objects on which his own tepid enthusiasm is set are utterly at variance with the new popular appeal. Colonial Preference may increase employment in Saskatchewan, as Mr. Lloyd George shrewdly pointed out, but can do nothing for the British working man, except put up the price of his bread. Retaliation can only be effectively applied against high protective countries by duties upon raw materials, which must injure British trades and reduce employment. Tariff for revenue must let in foreign goods in order to collect the tax, and is *pro tanto* an ineffective instrument for increasing home employment, which, according to the orthodox protective reasoning, depends upon the exclusion, not the taxation, of foreign goods. The only novelty of the debate (apart from the revelation of the division between those who would and those who would not tax Colonial wheat) consisted in the formal introduction to the House of several weird arguments upon the economics of employment which have made successful *débuts* upon the provincial stage.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, on the authority of a well-known figure-finder, propounded the extraordinary doctrine that, as a nation, we were passing rapidly from "productive" to "unproductive" occupations, pointing his contention by the feigned accuracy of percentages. We presume that Mr. Chamberlain alludes to the familiar fact that certain groups of industries, such as mining, building, transport and distributive trade, have, in recent years, been absorbing a larger proportion of our workers, while the staple manufactures and agriculture have been employing a smaller proportion. If, to the intelligence of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, railroads, docks, warehouses and shops, and the whole labor apparatus for moving and distributing goods, rank as "unproductive," we can hardly hope to persuade him to the contrary. There was once a school of economists to whom agriculture was the only really "productive" employment. But we do not imagine that he will ply this particular "argument" with much effect before audiences at Liverpool, Crewe, Derby, or in the City. Mr. Wyndham, indeed, seemed on the track of a similarly profound discovery in his statistical investigations, which disclosed the alarming fact that our three leading manufacturing industries, cotton, iron and steel, and woollen and worsted, are not expanding in the proportion they contribute to our export trade, and that our exports are containing a larger proportion of raw materials and partly manufactured goods. These gentlemen must entertain a curious notion of a progressive industrial State which is to employ as large an increase of its labor-power in those industries to which new mechanical economies are applicable as in those where they are not, and in which all the vast supply of new wants for the home markets and for foreign trade is furnished without any disturbance of the relative preponderance of the staple manufactures. Does it never occur to them that the enormous increase of material goods, due to improvements in the extractive and primary manufacturing processes, necessitates an ever-increasing proportion of employment in the subsidiary and secondary industries, and particularly in those con-

cerned with the transport and marketing of the enlarged mass of wealth?

A graver, because a more insidious, fallacy underlies the attack to which Mr. Wyndham, and, we regret to say, Mr. Balfour, lent themselves in suggesting that the large investment of British capital abroad was injurious to trade and the employment of labor in this country. An excellent practical answer was supplied by Mr. Winston Churchill, who pointed out that the periods in which the largest flow of British capital went into foreign investments were those of greatest prosperity and of fullest employment at home. The contention that this capital, if it had not been able to find more remunerative foreign investments, would have been used at home in giving more employment to British labor, is absolutely false. There is no lack during a trade depression of any form of industrial capital. During such a period of trade distress as that through which we have been passing, unemployed labor has been confronted by unemployed capital in equal excess, factories, machinery, and other plant closed or working short time, ample available supplies of materials, and loanable capital at a cheap rate for any business man who can show a probability of using it for profitable production. The capital that goes abroad, either in good times or bad, does so because it is not needed here. It is a "surplus," seeking a vent elsewhere instead of remaining to congest a home market already fully supplied. The protective temper is a constant breeding-ground of novel fallacies, but this notion that "the amount of capital going abroad was a loss" is quite a "record" of fatuity. Protectionists actually represent the interest upon these foreign investments, the surplus imports which come to us chiefly in the shape of wheat, sugar, cotton, hides, and the like, as inflicting injuries upon the British industries whose raw materials they cheapen, and upon British workers whose real wages they enhance by lowering the prices for foods and other commodities which they consume.

It is, of course, quite true that a constant flow of British capital has spread over the industrial world, developing railways, mines, manufactures, and other industries, not only in raw, backward countries, but in civilised states which have thereby been enabled to "compete" with us in their own, our own, and neutral markets. To those who are obsessed by the inveterate falsehood that international commerce is fundamentally an antagonism of national interests instead of a co-operation, this may appear a terrible admission. But for Free Traders it ranks as the finest testimony to the efficacy of their policy that under it the prosperity of British industry has been so great that its savings suffice, not merely to furnish the full requirements of our own expanding businesses, but to open up new rich resources in all parts of the world. Thereby we stimulate a continual growth of the capacity of foreign peoples to purchase our products. By this process they are always sending us larger and more regular supplies of the materials we require for the effective development of our home industries and the improvement in quantity and quality of the standard of consumption of all classes of our population.

Life and Letters.

THE LIFE OF A ROMAN CITIZEN.

Two civilisations—and two only—have established peace and comfort in Western Europe. They were separated by a catastrophe of centuries, occupied by the evening, the night, and the dawn. The imagination has still some difficulty in swinging itself across that huge gulf of time, to reconstruct an age in many respects parallel to, in some things in advance of, our own. We still read into the days of its glory the subsequent tragedy of its decline, and cannot believe that in the splendor of the Imperial peace men were not afflicted by the feeling of frost in the air, heralding the approach of Autumn. To many observers the credulity and superstition of the world which emerged but slowly from the great overthrow is read back into that secure and established and sceptical society which preceded it; and the people amongst whom Christianity first came are but little distinguished from the people who had been terrified into fears and tremblings by generations of calamity, until they came to believe in all grotesque and marvellous fancies. But the Rome into which intruded this and other Eastern faiths was a city which had run through the whole scale of human beliefs and ideals until it had become tired of them all. It had sought virtue. It had sought pleasure. It had sought renunciation. It had tried Democracy, Aristocracy, Absolutism. It had experimented in Republicanism and Socialism. It had even believed (for a time) in the religion of humanity. It had settled down at first to modest, afterwards to more feverish enjoyment of a world which at last had swallowed all the formulas. It had achieved that ideal of intelligence and security to which we are struggling, which we have not yet completely attained. It could not conceive that it could ever be moved, while already there could be heard in the shadow the sound of the forces which were to ensure its destruction.

Dr. Dill, in his fascinating volume, has revealed the intimate life of this civilisation at two periods—in the height of the Imperial peace, when a material progress for the first time found itself in supremacy untroubled by discomforts or religions; and again in the last century of the Western Empire, when already, had they known it, the end was come. Mr. Warde Fowler, in "Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero" (Macmillan) carries the study a little earlier—to the period when the Imperialism is on the road to consummation, and the comfort is already becoming assured. It is a period extraordinarily resembling our own. There are differences, indeed, in manners and organisation which might seem to present insuperable divergences. The dependence of wealth upon slave labor, the occupation in the armies of so much of the best life of the city, the absence of much mechanical ingenuity, might seem sharply to distinguish this first experiment in civilisation from its successor. It is doubtful, however, if these are other than superficial distinctions. A proletariat in modern society is still essentially enslaved to the forces of hunger and cold. Fighting may not at times have been a severer drain than our present armaments or the demand for rulership made by an Empire of four hundred millions. And to the soul of man the driving of a motor car along the Thames Embankment or of a chariot along the Appian Way are essentially similar, essentially irrelevant. The points of resemblance are certainly far more noticeable: sudden wealth sucked in from the provinces and conquered dominions to the heart of the Imperial rule; the slow and steady, if almost imperceptible, decay of the popular religion; and a pursuit of pleasure common to all classes, to whom the old austere obliga-

tions of duty and service appear tedious and unreal. A population of half a million at least (a surprisingly low estimate) is crowded on these little hills and valleys by the banks of the Tiber. At the top of the social order is the old "governing class," in the middle the new plutocracy—merchants, bankers, money changers; below them stretch the masses of the common people. The more luxury and extravagant display increased amongst the wealthy, the more was excited an envy and discontent amongst the poor. Mr. Fowler laments the absence of a Mr. Charles Booth to provide us with exact data of comparison between the poverty of the ancient world and of our own. Essentially the attitude of the "haves" to the "have nots" has not changed. "The statesman, if he troubled himself about them at all, looked on them as a dangerous element of society, only to be considered as human beings at election time; at all other times merely as animals to be fed, in order to keep them from becoming an active peril."

Mr. Fowler is not surprised that even the best men of that age—Cicero, Cæsar, Lucretius—show hardly any sign of sympathy with, or interest in, that vast mass of suffering humanity, both bond and free, with which the Roman dominion was populated. "To disregard misery, except when they found it amongst the privileged classes, had become second nature to them. We can better realise this if we reflect that even at the present day, in spite of the absence of slavery and the presence of philanthropical societies, the average man of wealth gives hardly more than a passing thought to the discomfort and distress of the crowded populations of our great cities." What little we know of the "populace" is but of their occasional appearance in riot or revolution, protesting for a moment in the upper air before the hatches are battened down on them again. So, indeed, appear the "populace" in all ages—Nineveh, Jerusalem, Rome, England of the "forties," Chicago of to-day. They were housed in "block dwellings" like the people of Bethnal Green; huge "insulae," three or four stories high, owned by men of capital, who found a safe investment in the increasing "ground rents" of a growing city. They were almost entirely vegetarians, living principally upon the corn which came to be freely distributed by the Government at first under cost price, and later at no price at all. They drank water, and differed from the modern proletariat in being practically unacquainted with intoxicating liquors: although, when possible, they mixed their water with a little wine. They organised themselves in guilds of workers: and in Rome of the first century, as in London of the twentieth, they gradually passed from "productive" to "unproductive" labor as the demands of wealth, in a city living upon the tribute and interest of all lands—capital "invested abroad"—sought to spend that wealth on the apparatus of comfort and pleasure.

The keynote of the age, however, is less any change in the condition of the poor than the rise into wealth of the now successful commercial classes. "Nothing is more astonishing than the vast sums of money in the hands of individuals, and the enormous sums lent and borrowed in private by the men whose names are familiar to us as statesmen." They made money by land speculation first; by loans to the municipalities; by cheating their neighbors; by letting out gladiators on hire; by buying slaves; by all the methods, scarcely changed but in appearance, by which the modern world makes money to-day. Indemnities paid by conquered peoples, and the booty brought home by victorious generals, and the subsequent plunder wrung out of the new territories by able Pro-Consuls, formed a source of plentiful revenues. "The remarkable fact about this inpouring of wealth is its extraordinary suddenness," as sudden as the inpouring between the early Victorian Age in England and the first decade of the new century. The wisest of observers "saw clearly that the sudden influx of wealth was disturbing the balance of the Roman mind, and that the desire to make money was taking the place of the idea of duty to a State." Huge joint-stock companies arose, managed by the successful men of business, in which there was a universal demand for shares. The Forum in Cicero's letters was the centre of the life of Rome. "Going down to the Forum was the equivalent of 'going into the city,' as well as of 'going down to Westminster.'" Nor were Westminster and the City any farther apart than in Imperial Britain. For in this, as in all Imperialisms, politics were not disconnected from finance, and the appeal to Imperial sentiment became also an appeal to particular greed. Cicero, in urging extraordinary powers for Pompeius for the driving of Mithridates from Roman Asia, dwells on the necessity for preserving the province, "not only to the State, but to innumerable private citizens who had their money invested in its revenues." "Believe me," he declares—it might have been a speech at a gold mining company meeting before the South African war—"the whole system of credit and finance which is carried on here at Rome in the Forum, is inextricably bound up with the revenues of the Asiatic province. If those revenues are destroyed, our whole system of credit will come down with a crash." He invites them energetically to prosecute a war by which "the glory of the Roman name, the safety of our allies, our most valuable revenues, and the fortunes of innumerable citizens, will be effectually preserved."

The ancient theologians had more to say for themselves than at first appeared, in their affirmation that all knowledge of human history could be read in the record of one tiny race of men. They emerge in simplicities and pieties. They attain success in a hard struggle against nature and external foes. Success breeds arrogance, security, and love of pleasure. They quarrel amongst themselves for the booty. They settle down in contentment to enjoy this world. Their search for pleasure, always unsatisfied, passes from a moderation to a delirium. They are compelled to pronounce it all dust and vanity. They pass, and another race succeeds. No one who has walked through those silent streets which lie under the shadow of Vesuvius which overwhelmed them, and reveal, too naked to be shamed, the private life of a dead age, but is impressed with the extraordinary resemblance it bears to our own. Here are curious instruments of ease and comfort, pleasant houses and gardens, the decorated bathrooms and theatres, and arenas for the communal games. Here are even the evidences of the tiny conveniences of a refined social life, stepping stones to preserve from the mud of the streets, sockets for the torches, injunctions to voters on the walls, addresses inscribed to wife or to child. The prophets were there also, endeavoring to stimulate to action and indignation a people who (as to-day) applauded and passed by, wondering what all the pother was about, or agreeing that the teaching was very salutary to the times. Vicarious sport replaced military service, and the "Englishman's Home," with but verbal variation, might have attracted similar approval by a similar audience in Pompeii as at Wyndham's Theatre. "Gradually," says Mr. Fowler, "as vast sums of money were laid out by capitalists, and even by senators, upon the horses and drivers, the color factions increased in numbers, and their rivalry came to occupy men's minds as completely as do now the chances of football teams in our own manufacturing towns." The temples of the national religion were neglected. Men, in a society more and more completely sceptical, found themselves involved in the worship of strange gods. Some advocated that the historic and established faith should still be maintained by the upper classes, if only as an example to the poor. Wild men, like Lucretius, seeing men fearing death and fearing the gods, overvaluing life and yet weary of it, denounced them all. Finally, the orthodox religion was merged in a worship of Imperial rule. And the Roman civilisation crowned itself with flowers and called itself immortal, while already the barbarians were at its gates. The adventure into this distant world recalls inevitably the conclusion of "Les Pingouins": with its passionate, ironical summary of the sweeps and cycles of human life, and each successive conquering society thinking itself to have attained the secret of earthly immortality before being swept itself into the silence which has engulfed them all.

THE DIAL IN PARADISE.

In spite of all its water, Hammersmith does not sound much of a place for William Morris. But, apart from Hammersmith, one might almost think a Providence had arranged the most suitable scenes for him to live in, and had purposely set him there. The skirts of Epping Forest, long before they were cut to the municipal pattern, hung round his boyhood an interwoven tapestry of greens and purples. Close to his school at Marlborough stood another forest, the most beautiful now left in England, and the open downs under the sunset were scattered with vast grey stones and other vestiges of departed men. Oxford followed, still a medieval city when he was up, breathing with ancient life, untainted as yet by the red-brick suburbs of marriage and the pretty parodies of his later self. Then came the decorated Kentish house, and London, which also has a history, and was once small and white and clean. But the most benign provision of his destiny came last.

Where the Cotswolds shut out the wildness of the Severn, the early Thames runs through a broad and little-known valley, in which seven centuries have hardly altered the shape of the meadows. It is a deep and fertile country, fragrant as a cow's breath—a land of deep and quiet waters moving between banks of agrimony, loosestrife, and scented flags. Willows stand along the watercourses too, but the country's tree is the heavy elm, clustered about the old farmhouses, or in single file along the hedges round the corn. Grey watermills, with dark bridges and tunnels, span the streams, and beside the main river ancient villages stand around spires and churches designed by long-forgotten village builders. Cricklade, Kemsford, Lechlade—names full of quiet ancestry—bring us to Kelmscott and the many-gabled house. A quiet and abundant land, sheltered from wildness, plentiful in trees and water, and deeply rooted in a happy past—that was the scene which, of all others, one would have chosen as symbolic of Morris and his genius. It was more fitting even than the streams and sweet fertility of Touraine, in which one has sometimes imagined him placed. For, exuberant though Morris was, his was not the exuberance of Rabelais or of Balzac, who dominate Touraine. In spite of all his Celtism, Scandinavianism, and the rest—or rather just because of those deep strains in our blood—Morris remained essentially English, and we imagine him best among the English associations of that old, but gentle, meadowland.

He was, as Mr. William Yeats has said in his essay on "The Happiest of the Poets"—he was the poet of abundance rather than intensity. In all the beautiful work of his mature life, he never again approached the intensity of his youthful volume, "The Defence of Guenevere"—such intensity as is shown in the ballad beginning:—

> "Had she come all the way for this,
> To part at last without a kiss?
> Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
> That her own eyes might see him slain
> Beside the haystack in the floods?"

Or, again, the intensity of the invocation, faulty in rhyme, but still the finest lyric he ever wrote—the invocation in the same early volume, beginning:—

> "Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips;
> Think but one thought of me up in the stars."

In his favorite scenes there is no torture of unendurable passion, no thought or emotion that would leap beyond the flaming ramparts of the world; but we see rather some picture full of lovely colors and the ease of satisfied desire in mind and body. As Mr. Yeats has said:—

> "Now it is a picture of some great room full of merriment, now of the wine-press, now of the golden threshing-floor, now of an old mill among apple-trees, now of cool water after heat of the sun, now of some well-sheltered, well-tilled place among woods or mountains, where men and women live happily, knowing of nothing that is too far off or too great for the affections."

Outside that first volume, there is so little intensity in his work that hardly a single line can be quoted. Even in the first volume the scenes he loved to dwell upon were like that picture of brooding peace at the beginning of "Golden Wings":—

> "Midways of a wallèd garden,
> In the happy poplar land,
> Did an ancient castle stand,
> With an old knight for a warden.
>
> "Many scarlet bricks there were
> In its walls, and old grey stone;
> Over which red apples shone
> At the right time of the year."

In the touch of affected simplicity in the last line, as in the calm beauty of the whole description, running on for many stanzas, we see exactly what Morris was to become, and the kind of influence he was to have. We see the germ of all the pretty crimes committed in his name—the over-decoration, the expensive simplicity, the self-conscious picturesqueness, the deadly imitation that we still behold in the suburbs of culture. But we also see the ideal of happiness that was to remain with him to the end—a beautiful ideal, full of that "passion of the past" which, indeed, inspired it. He had before him always a land of streams and meadows, marked by buildings scarlet and grey, set in walled gardens—a land of "whispering trees in homely places, where the children play." He never wavered far from that ideal, and it is significant that, when in "News from Nowhere," he struggled to describe the Utopia of his so-called Socialism, he tired of economics long before the end, and wandered off into a charming account of the Upper Thames and Kelmscott, as they would be when all men and women were the kind of people he liked, and could employ their time in his own charming manner.

That was where his first trouble came in. He was, in his very essence, a happy man, and he would so much have liked all men and women to be as happy as himself, but they evidently were not. In nearly all the arts he was a master craftsman, preserving the sanity that the work of the hand always ensures, and composing his mental works with much the same ease of mechanism as his tapestries. Joy in labor was for him the first necessity of life, and as he was always an artist and always rich, it came to himself quite naturally. But to others it did not come, and, do what he would, he could not remain blind and deaf to the immense misery of the present manufacturing world. That was the basis of all his later Socialism—the knowledge that the enormous majority of civilised mankind is occupied upon industry without art and without pleasure. In later life the pain of this knowledge possessed him, but, as Mr. Alfred Noyes rightly observes in his book on "William Morris" (English Men of Letters, Macmillan), the origin of this sympathetic unhappiness may be seen much earlier. Speaking of the "Life and Death of Jason," Mr. Noyes says:—

> "It contains perhaps the first indication in his poetry that his mind was turning to the social problems with which he was soon to busy himself, and it shows from what direction he was approaching them. It is his first cry against 'the smoky net of unrejoicing labor.'"

He beheld modern England "meshed within the smoky net of unrejoicing labor," and the horror of the contrast between that sight and the bright vision he had formed of a Chaucerian England drove him, rather reluctantly, into his long and heroic efforts for social revolution. There was a time when Social Democrats used to claim William Morris as "a robust disciple of Karl Marx," but there was no scientific theorising and no pedantry in Morris's Socialism. The present writer often heard him in the earliest days of the movement, when he used to speak in the smudgy halls of Clerkenwell and similar districts for the "Democratic Federation," as it was then called, before the Socialist League was founded, or the "Commonweal" thought of. And it was always the voice of a sympathetic artist, keenly alive to the beauty and pleasure of the world, violently scornful of the rich who lived like swine, incapable of the beauty and pleasure he knew so well, and violently sorrowful at the misery of the working people, into whose lives such beauty and pleasure could never come. Joy

was necessary for him, but the sense of community in joy was equally necessary. Of the theories and statistics and abstractions of dogmatic Socialism there was hardly a word, or, if Morris mentioned them at all, he sank at once to the pathetic level of a child repeating the dates of kings since "William the Conqueror, 1066."

The degradation and joylessness of the working people haunted him; they drove him to personal sacrifices in scenes that he abhorred; they forced him to gospels of equality when all his nature as artist cried aloud for variety of life. But, perhaps more than by the misery of the world, he was haunted by common death. Death was the shadow on the dial standing in the midst of the fair garden into which his desire transformed existence. There stood the ancient house of Life, lovely with mellowed walls and mysterious hangings; beyond the sunlit garden a living stream of white and purple water turned a mill-wheel half hidden under grey arches; beyond the stream one heard the hum of joyful labor and the pleasant chaffering of the cheapingstead, while up and down the garden and the street comely women moved, fit for motherhood and unquestioning desire. But always upon the dial's face that shadow crept noiselessly, and houses fell and women faded and artists died. The fairer the world, the more poignant was the regret, and ever in the midst of the garden, as to the Roman poet, a voice kept crying, "Thou shalt go! Thou shalt go! Nor will any of the trees but the deathly cypress follow their shortlived lord." All through the earthly paradise of Morris's wholesome and exquisite nature we hear that haunting voice. In his sweetest lyrics, when for the moment he almost rises to passion, it is there:—

> "In the white-flowered hawthorn-brake,
> Love, be merry for my sake;
> Twine the blossoms in my hair,
> Kiss me where I am most fair—
> Kiss me, love! for who knoweth
> What thing cometh after death?"

It is the old cry of that other Roman poet in his youth: "Suns may set and can arise again; but when once our brief day has set, we two shall sleep together in everlasting night. Kiss me a thousand times and then a hundred, and then another thousand times, and then a second hundred." So the shadow on the dial still moved on, haunting the beautiful world that the soul of Morris had created, and Mr. Noyes gives us a characteristic saying when he observes that the only philosophic utterance Morris ever made about the matter was that perhaps change and death were necessary, or there would be no good stories.

AN ANGLICAN BISHOP.

Even good Churchmen, with a genuine spiritual sympathy with ecclesiasticism, must sometimes find a little piquancy in the status and functions of an Anglican bishop in our twentieth century life. Among the people at large—nominal Churchmen, Dissenters, or indifferents—his gaitered person as he moves about the streets arouses an interest mainly archæological, but carrying some tinge of magical feeling, mixed with the reverence due to rank. Probably a bishop's net influence in the moral ordering of our national life, extensive and intensive, though still considerable, is weakening, less from any spread of rationalism or other definite rejection of his spiritual authority than from a not irreverent humor which plays upon the incongruity of his position and claims in the new social order. Can any people moving towards self-government in politics, industry, education, and other modes of self-control in which authority emanates from a number of individual wills, break off from the unity of this collective life a sphere of spiritual conduct, and hand it over to the governance of a little group of men claiming to wield divine powers, magically transmitted? We are not here concerned with the radical issue between self-government and traditional oligarchy as modes of maintaining social order and securing social progress. We are rather thinking of the bizarre character which acceptance of the first principle in other departments of conduct imposes on the position of spiritual authority claimed for a church and impersonated in her bishops. This contradiction by no means exhausts the sense of incongruity. There are other aspects. The survival of a caste of holy men, living out of "the world" an ascetic life, devoted entirely to the acquisition and use of spiritual powers, has always been accepted as a specialisation of tastes and gifts rather than as an incongruity. Even the Roman Church, with all its tampering with temporal power and its material magnificence, has maintained the forms and in a large degree the substance of the severance from the world for its priesthood. To liberal reflective minds an English bishop, with a wife and family, living in a house termed a "palace," and ranking as a peer of the realm, who at the same time claims to be the repository of spiritual powers handed on from the persons of Galilean fishermen, is hardly an intelligible being. Yet he exists, and can be made intelligible by a sufficiently skilful interpreter.

In a singularly clever little volume entitled "A Bishop's Letters" (Mowbray & Co.), the Rev. T. A. Lacey performs this feat for us. It is an admirable piece of self-portraiture in fiction, conveying through a sympathetic medium a convincing image of a good English bishop of to-day, without an apparent touch of conscious satire or exaggeration, and therefore filled with the humor of character and situation which inheres in the case. The blend of "humanities" and "barbarities" in our public schools and universities lays the foundation of such a personality; a not too subtle theological training in a vocation where tact, intelligence, vigor, and self-confidence are of supreme importance, provides the necessary professional superstructure, and the bracing atmosphere of episcopal elevation gives the requisite sharpness of authoritative tone. He is a stable, fully-developed being as he is shown to us by a number of little series of letters which prick him out in his relations to his church and world. Upon the whole one is disposed to say that episcopacy triumphs over Christianity, for it shows a hard, just man, a little proud of both properties, striving towards toleration, but failing to conceal the absoluteness of his judgment, meting out with a too visible economy the measure of his love for his fellow men, a little ashamed of enthusiasm, and quite incapable of "losing his life to save it." And yet withal an easy, genial man in his private non-professional relations, full of help and shrewd advice to those in trouble, stubborn, almost brutal towards opposition, but generous to broken enemies.

We see him to best advantage in his advice to a missionary of dubious vocation, to one of his clergy on canonical obedience, and in handling scandalous cases or the questions of conscientious objectors. In such matters the intellectual strength of absolutism appears in the sharp, short, conclusive reasoning from fixed first principles, which gives real force, and even "wit," to his literary style. Enough learning to furnish weapons for controversy, but not enough to make them unwieldy, sufficient subtlety to see the weaknesses of his opponent and to refuse to see his own, and a genuine pervasive belief in the infallibility of his representation of the Church, make him as formidable a controversialist as could be found. Here is part of his reply to a meddling statesman who, in a matter affecting the conduct of worship in a parish where he is not a parishioner, has written a letter of remonstrance:—

> "The rest of your letter, though it is couched mainly in the form of questions, can hardly claim any comment from me, unless in acknowledgment of the public spirit with which you find time, in spite of the heavy strain of your official duties, to deal so largely with matters not in your immediate concern. It is, of course, open to anyone to criticise a bishop's administration of his diocese, and you are entitled to do this as you please; but I think it better to profit in silence by such criticism, however ill-informed it may be, rather than to enter upon either admission or refutation of its content. To do this might seem to imply that one is answerable to his critic."

Most delicate and interesting is the description, by the process which may be called "insinuendo," of the Bishop's relations towards his Dean, his Archbishop, and his Archdeacon, and others whose independence is

apt to chafe against his own spiritual self-sufficiency. In dealing with lay intrusions he is less delicate, but even there he wields vulgar weapons with some skill. "I regret the use of the word *impertinence*, as it seems to have pained you unnecessarily. I used the word in a narrow technical sense, but I ought to have seen that it might convey an offensive meaning, and I ask you to accept this apology for inconsiderate language."

If the little volume is written as an "apologia," it fulfils the purpose excellently. For it shows us just what sort of Christianity is compatible with the dogged, dogmatic, narrowly emotional, unimaginative temper which has been our ideal of British efficiency. A certain larger leaven of rationalism than is openly permissible in the Roman communion is available for doctrine. In the substance of his faith our bishop is moderately liberal, but stiff in the maintenance of the creeds and formularies which maintain the authority of the Church. A test case is the request of one of his clergy for permission to preach in a dissenting pulpit.

> "Privately, and in your own mind, you may think him as good a priest as yourself. He is probably as good a man, and I have no doubt he is a better theologian; I have read his books with interest and with profit. But that is not the point. You are invited to appear with him in a public capacity as sharing the same ministry. In your public capacity as a member of the Church, you cannot do this. The Church does not, in fact, recognise him. If you do so, you set yourself directly at variance with the Church of which you are a minister; and that state of things is quite intolerable. If, on the other hand, you go under some reserve, implied or expressed, you will be treating Mr. Winter with discourtesy; and that, I hope, is equally intolerable."

The logic of the situation is impregnable, and our bishop, being a fearless man in the defence of "principle," does not shrink from the firmest assertion of the spiritual dominion of the Church, not merely over the inner life of its adherents, but over their conduct in the closest relations of life. His discipline in the case of the remarriage of a divorced person affords an illuminating instance of an excess of authority which explains why the ordinary Englishman repudiates with contumely the duty of confession and the priestly rights of penance and of absolution, which are so explicitly asserted in the Book of Common Prayer.

These letters appeared originally in the "Church Times," and we are quite prepared to believe that the figure they exhibit appears to its readers that of a model modern Anglican bishop. To most of our readers they will serve to illustrate the subtle and perilous reactions of spiritual autocracy, embedded in the ferro-concrete of ecclesiastical tradition, upon a fine, able, honest, kindly English gentleman. His excellent qualities of intellect and heart would have made him an uncommonly good business organiser, statesman, schoolmaster, or public official. As bishop he fulfils all these functions with distinguished success. But there is a something, a presence or an absence, which dehumanises; perhaps it is the very quality which episcopates, transmuting the English gentleman into the quasi-Roman pontiff.

Present-Day Problems.

LORD MORLEY'S INDIA BILL.

Lord Morley has fulfilled his promise to introduce his India Bill immediately after the debate on the Address. The time has therefore come for the nation to make up its mind in what spirit and by what methods it will meet the existing situation in India. Everyone admits that important modifications in our system of administration are necessary to satisfy modern requirements, and Parliament will have to pass a decision on the scheme of reform now coming before it. The position is deeply interesting, and the issues are momentous as regards the future of India, and also as regards the future of the United Kingdom.

The general scope of the proposed reforms was indicated in the Message of the King-Emperor to the princes and peoples of India on the occasion of the Jubilee. In that gracious declaration, which confirmed and developed the principles laid down in Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858, he promised concessions to the wishes of the people, including the appointment of qualified Indians to high office, the extension of representative institutions, and the satisfaction of Indian aspirations as regards equality of citizenship and a greater sphere in legislation and government. In order to fulfil these promises Lord Morley has now prepared his Bill—the outcome of prolonged enquiry and deliberation—which will aid in giving effect to the scheme approved by the Government at home and by Lord Minto as Viceroy of India.

The high authorities are thus all agreed as to the course to be pursued. At the same time no one can suppose that the task is a light one, and it will be well at once to realise some of the principal obstacles to be overcome. The principal difficulties seem to be threefold: 1st, the inherent difficulty of devising a scheme suited to a vast population made up of elements differing in race and creed; 2nd, the natural reluctance of the official body to part with a portion of its authority; and 3rd, the want of familiarity with Indian matters on the part of our legislators.

Taking these points in their order, it may be said that the inherent difficulty of the case is illustrated by the deputation on behalf of the All India Moslem League which waited on Lord Morley. The object of the deputation was to protest against the method suggested in Lord Morley's despatch for the election of representatives to the Legislative Councils. That method was by what has been called joint or mixed electorates—*i.e.*, the representatives would be chosen, directly or indirectly, by electors drawn from all classes of the population within a prescribed area. The deputation expressed a fear that this method would prove detrimental to Mussulman interests, the contention being that where the majority of the electors were Hindus, this arrangement would make the Mahomedan representatives dependent on the goodwill of a rival community, and place Mussulman interests in their hands. For Mussulman representatives they desired exclusively Mussulman electors. With reference to this complaint Lord Morley gave the deputation the assurance that the Mahomedan representation would be "adequate, real, and genuine." He further pointed out that the despatch only suggested, and did not prescribe, the joint or mixed electorates, and he indicated no less than four ways in which, within the terms of the despatch, their wishes as regards the elections might be met.*

This explanation appears to have satisfied the deputation on the particular point raised. But, underlying the specific complaint, this interview illustrates the fact that in a considerable section of the Mahomedans there exists a general apprehension that the added powers which representative institutions give to a majority may be exercised to the detriment of a minority. How can this apprehension be allayed? No doubt in part by careful consideration of concrete cases as they arise. But the chief remedy for possible friction is to be found in the reasonableness and good feeling of the Hindu and Mahomedan communities themselves. On this point Lord Morley takes a hopeful view: "From information that reaches me," he said, "I do not despair of meeting fair-minded critics of both communities." And this hopeful view seems to be confirmed by the conciliatory spirit manifested by the Indian National Congress, which for the last twenty-three years has voiced independent public opinion in India. The resolutions, passed unanimously at the recent session in Madras, are evidence of harmony among the various communities; for it must be borne in mind that the doors of the Congress are open to all, and that many distinguished Mahomedans have always been among the Congress leaders. It has, indeed, always been a prime object of the Congress to promote concord among all classes, and the Hon. G. K. Gokhale, in a remarkable speech, impressed upon his hearers that "the new powers should

* Since Sir William wrote his article Lord Morley has specifically granted a separate Mussulman register.—Ed., Nation.

be exercised with moderation and restraint, and they should be zealously used for the promotion of the interests of the masses of the people."

Such utterances do not show any factious or partisan inclination; so we may hope that the details of the scheme will find a peaceful settlement. As regards the particular question of joint or mixed electorates, my own belief is that if the Hindu leaders prefer this method it is with no desire to dominate or oppress a minority. It is rather from a conviction that this is the best means of avoiding friction and promoting unity. And this view seems reasonable. For we know that any organisation formed to promote sectional interests tends to bring to the front men of extreme and militant views. A Navy League, a Tariff Association, a Society of Temperance Advocates will naturally take as their leaders those who feel most strongly regarding the cause they have at heart—enthusiasts, and sometimes even fanatics. And if the several religious communities in India specialise themselves in electioneering organisations there is reason to fear that their representatives in the Legislative Councils will not be men of that calm and conciliatory disposition best fitted to carry through practical measures for the public good.

The second difficulty in the way of the reform scheme, to which I referred above, is the natural reluctance of Anglo-Indian officials to relinquish any portion of their authority. This point does not need elaboration. India has hitherto been in a condition of tutelage; but since 1858 at least three generations of educated Indians have passed through our schools and colleges, and they now ask to have a reasonable voice in their own affairs. The Indian Civil Service has shown itself an upright, though austere, guardian, but should now, with becoming dignity, recognise the altered position. The ward is approaching his majority, and the guardian should welcome his co-operation in the labors of the administration.

As regards the third difficulty, the want in Parliament of familiarity with Indian questions, there is the danger that political partisanship may carry away those who do not realise the critical position of affairs in India. In the condition of unrest which still prevails in India, it seems almost incredible that any journal claiming patriotic feeling should act so as to stir up fresh trouble. Yet some organs in the London Press have already shown an inclination to play off one great Indian community against the other, suggesting unfairness on the part of Government as between the Hindus and Mahomedans. Such unworthy insinuations have called forth a sharp rebuke from Lord Morley, who declares that the suggestion that any member of the Government has any prejudice whatever against Mahomedans is "one of the idlest and most wicked misapprehensions that could possibly enter even into the political mind." So far as Parliament is concerned, no doubt the central principle will be to maintain inviolate that strict impartiality between castes and creeds which is the ancient and secure foundation of British rule. No departure from this well-established principle would be countenanced by a statesman of the character and the Indian experience of Lord Lansdowne. And we may hope, now that the Bill has come before the House of Lords, that support will be given from both sides to Lord Morley in his earnest effort "to improve Indian government, and to do full justice to all bodies of the Indian population."

W. Wedderburn.

Hyères, France.

The Drama.

MR. JAMES AND MR. JONES.

The Afternoon Theatre was doing its manifest duty in producing Mr. Henry James's comedy "The High Bid." One of its unquestionable uses is to give a hearing to meritorious plays which have not precisely the qualities (meritorious or otherwise) that attract the hundred-night public. That "The High Bid" is capable of giving pleasure to a certain order of audience was amply proved at its first performance. The audience then present was representative of a considerable class, but not of a large enough class to pay the expenses of a "big production" and keep the theatre full for five or six months on end. The chief problem of our theatrical life is to devise such a method of "minority representation" as shall enable the demand of a lesser, but far from negligible, public to become effective, and not leave the "great public" sole arbiter of the drama's destinies. Both the demand and the supply exist in quite sufficient quantities, if only they could be brought together; but, in a world of manifold clamors and distractions, that is no easy matter. The Afternoon Theatre is one of the most hopeful means yet devised for mitigating the rigors of the long-run system; and it is, I repeat, doing its duty in producing "The High Bid."

It is curious and significant that, on one and the same stage, while "The High Bid" is modestly put on as a side-show for half-a-dozen afternoon performances, all the resources of the theatre are devoted to making a great appeal to the great public with "The Dancing Girl." Some people will see in this conjuncture an ironic illustration of the essential inferiority of all dramatic art, inasmuch as it always tends to take its standards from the taste of the multitude. Not thus do I read the lesson. If "The Dancing Girl" appeals to the great public—it did once: I do not know whether it does now—it is in virtue of something that is lacking in "The High Bid," not to its advantage, but to its disadvantage. Mr. Jones makes an honest effort to touch our imagination, to present strong emotions, and to typify conflicting theories of life. His effort is not, perhaps, very happily inspired; but the will is there, sincere and unmistakable. Mr. James, on the other hand, tells us a dainty little fairy-tale, with an artificiality of accent which sometimes charms and sometimes exasperates, but never conceals the emptiness of the intellectual sport. In point of literary art there can be no comparison between the two plays; but it is no mere stupidity of the great public which prefers even an abortive tragedy to a fine-spun comedietta.

What is the matter of "The High Bid"? One would scarcely exaggerate in saying that it has no matter—only manner. A fine old English mansion comes, heavily mortgaged, into the hands of an heir who has never even visited it. The purse-proud mortgagee demands that the heir shall marry his daughter, on pain of foreclosure and ruin. But just at the right moment there drops from the skies a wealthy and overpoweringly amiable American widow, with a passion for old English houses, and no aversion from a young English husband. She promptly falls in love with the heir, who with equal promptitude reciprocates the sentiment; she buys out the mortgagee at an exorbitant figure (the legal aspect of this "high bid" is obscure to me); and the mortgagee's daughter is left free to marry a lover of her own rank in life, who is thoughtfully provided lest any note of disappointment should jar upon the pleasure which it is the business of a comedietta to give. In all this, of course, there is not a trace of invention. There is no older form of romance than that which tells of a sympathetic hero who has fallen into the power of a wicked enchanter, and is saved by the intervention of a good fairy. It is nothing to the purpose that her magic wand happens to take the form of a cheque-book. If this story had been presented by a commonplace writer, we should all have cried out upon its childish conventionality. Mr. James is anything but a commonplace writer, and his workmanship lends interest and charm to his theme. Yet it is only fair to point out (since chance has forced the comparison upon us) that Mr. Jones's fable has not only more matter in it, but actually more probability and common sense, than Mr. James's.

Nor can it be said that there is any serious character-drawing in "The High Bid." The hero, Captain Yule, is the sympathetic personage, undisguised and unashamed. The heroine, Mrs. Gracedew, is a truly delightful creation, and, in her attitude towards "taste" and the beauties of antiquity, she may possibly represent

a real—though certainly a rare—American type. But whatever truth there may be in her portraiture is there, so to speak, by accident. The author did not set out in search of truth, but of delightfulness. Mrs. Gracedew is a good fairy with an American accent—that is the first and last word of her characterisation. Miss Gertrude Elliott, indeed, played the part without any accent; but that is not Mr. James's fault. The character he created is distinctly American: that is the one differentia which distinguishes her from the abstract, unqualified good fairy. The accent of the purse-proud mortgagee is not American, but Jamesian—otherwise he has nothing to mark him off from any other mortgagee of comedy. His daughter is a breathless, embarrassed nonentity, and the old servant is a figure of pure convention. The play, then, reduces itself to a highly improbable sentimental anecdote, set forth in dialogue which is sometimes humanly fanciful and charming, at other times artificial and incredible, but always marked with verbal distinction and felicity. This is essentially art for a small public. At a repertory theatre "The High Bid" might be put up some half-dozen times in a season, when a short play happened to be wanted as front-piece or after-piece to some other short play of a happily contrasted character. But the fact that such a play does not appeal to the great public is no proof that the great public is inaccessible to great art. For this is not great but essentially small art.

Nothing could have been more delicate and delightful than Miss Gertrude Elliott's performance of the good fairy from Missoura Top. Perhaps Mr. James originally "saw" in the part an actress of more forceful and compulsive personality; but no one could have played it more wittily or more winningly. Mr. Forbes Robertson was admirable as the mild idealist, Captain Yule, and Miss Esme Hubbard was really clever as the mortgagee's daughter.

It is my incorrigible sense of abstract justice that makes me try to hold an even balance between the afternoon and the evening entertainments at His Majesty's, not any personal preference for the banquet offered to the great evening public. Whoever wishes to realise the progress of the British Drama since 1890 ought to book places at once for "The Dancing Girl." He will be amused by the play; it is far from unentertaining; but, above all things, it is a historic document of extraordinary interest. It sent me straight to another historic document—my own notice of it in its novelty. I expected to read it with amusement: I read it with amazement. It might have been written in cuneiform, so remote did it seem and so incomprehensible. Good heavens! the things I admired! The "temptation of St. Christison" in the second act! And the "grim irony" of the Duke's remarks to his valet and others in anticipation of suicide! And, most astounding of all, the "scenic adroitness" of the third act, in which the grand staircase of Guisebury House is cleared of the ducal guests in order that the Quaker father from Cornwall may have a fair field for launching his curse at his "Pagan" daughter! At His Majesty's, the spectacle of his Grace of Guisebury shinning up those stairs and shooing his *invités* before him seemed to me one of the funniest things I had ever seen on the stage. But if you ask me whether I am ashamed of my raptures of 1891, I reply, "Not at all." They were inspired by the sense, which subsequent events amply prove to have been a just sense, that the drama was in progress, and stood in need of opportunist, not idealist, criticism. That my standards were, in fact, lower and more naïve than those of to-day is no doubt true; but it is also true that "The Dancing Girl" was as far ahead of the average work of fifteen years earlier as it is behind the average work of to-day, and that it was my business to realise and give the fullest value to this advance. Moreover, there is a certain actual quality in the play—a quality of imagination, of wit, and of dramatic energy—which it would have been foolish to ignore. Garish melodrama though it be, "The Dancing Girl" stands on a far higher level than such things as "The Christian," "The Sorrows of Satan," and the like pretentious vulgarities. Mr. Jones is always a born dramatist; he has the root of the matter in him. There were many passages in "The Dancing Girl" in which the audience quite genuinely felt the true dramatic throb, that pulsation to which the much-puffed pseudo-playwright never attains. I did not see the new last act; last acts which begin after 11.30 are not for me. It would seem that it does not essentially differ from the old last act, which alone was excluded from my eulogy of twenty years ago. The non-resuscitation of the polar voyagers is, however, a distinct improvement. To resuscitate Captain Leddra, as presented at His Majesty's, would be to fly in the face of Providence.

On the whole, the acting is all that can be desired. Mr. Tree, of course, revels in the Duke of Guisebury—it is one of his best parts. Miss Alice Crawford seemed to me extremely effective in the part of Drusilla—quite as much so as her predecessor, Miss Neilson. Mr. Louis Calvert's David Ives amply deserved the applause which greeted it. Miss Marie Löhr and Mr. Vane Tempest, in their very different ways, were both delightful.

It is curious, and not very encouraging, to find Mr. George Alexander, as well as Mr. Tree, falling back upon a revival of a late-Victorian drama. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is too well known to call for more than a passing mention. It is as good a play of its kind as need be; and as a vehicle for picturesque costumes and uniforms it has few rivals. Mr. Alexander plays his treble part with grace, distinction, and force, and he finds in Miss Stella Campbell a simple, sincere, beautiful, and quite sufficiently dramatic Princess Flavia. Mr. Frank Cooper makes a duly sinister Black Michael, and Mr. Alfred Brydone is excellent as the Bismarckian Colonel Sapte.

Some critics, I gather, were dissatisfied with Miss Ethel Irving's Miss Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Haymarket. They are very hard to please. Allowing for a little nervousness, I saw nothing to complain of in Miss Irving's performance. She did not try to get out of the part more than there is in it, and that is a matter for sincere gratitude. Who can doubt that it would be very easy for Miss Irving to exaggerate the archness of the part, and emphasise all the by-play? That she refrained from doing so is, in my opinion, a sign of true artistic feeling. Miss Irving ought one day to give us Mirandolina in "La Locandiera"; but the play must be specially translated for her, with some crispness and vitality of style. Mr. Robert Loraine is a capital Young Marlow; but the passage where he whisks Miss Hardcastle up in his arms is unworthy both of him and of her. Mr. Holman Clark is a sound and sensible rather than a rich and delightful Mr. Hardcastle; and Mrs. A. B. Tapping would be excellent as Mrs. Hardcastle but for a crowing trick of the voice—a perpetual alternation between chest notes and falsetto—which, for my part, I found very trying. One could wish that Mr. George Giddens as Tony Lumpkin would borrow some of Miss Irving's moderation; his performance wants only a little toning down to be as praiseworthy as it is entertaining.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE GRAND VIZIER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—" . . . Seeing that, in my firm conviction, all the honorable deputies will consider my explanations as perfectly sufficient, I find myself obliged to put off answering the interpellation till next Wednesday."

Thus ended Kiamil Pasha's first letter to the Turkish Parliament on the eventful 13th of February, and when I heard it translated for me, I wondered if my fate was to be to see, for the third time, a Parliament closed by an autocracy. "If these good people wait till Wednesday," I said to myself, "they will never meet again—save in a fragmentary manner, some-

where outside the Turkish frontier, in order to draw up an Ottoman version of the Viborg manifesto."

My experiences in the Russian Duma had taught me what waiting till Wednesday would mean. It would mean that on Wednesday Constantinople would be full of troops, that the Parliament House would be surrounded by the Sultan's Albanian Guards, and that Kiamil Pasha would have blossomed into a Stolypin, very liberal at first, very effusive in explaining to foreign journalists all the sweeping reforms he meant to introduce, how he intended, despite the Committee and their misguided dupes, to make Turkey one of the most democratic countries in the world, but afterwards, beneath the spur of the Court camarilla, degenerating swiftly from statesman into hangman.

"But the Sultan invited us to dinner, and greeted us with sincere affection," said Ismaïl Kemal, one of the eight that supported the Grand Vizier to the end. "Besides, he swore to observe the Constitution."

"Put not your trust in Princes, *effendi*," I replied. "In the Winter Palace I heard the Tsar salute the deputies of the first Duma as 'Russia's best.' I afterwards met those deputies trooping out of jail. Didn't the Shah swear to observe the Persian Constitution?"

The most suspicious element in the situation was the Grand Vizier's tale of a conspiracy against the Sacred Person of the Padishah. Hilmi Pasha, the Minister of the Interior, poured contempt on that story, and asked why the Grand Vizier kept it fifteen days to himself without doing anything, while the Committee has obviously no need to plot against a man whom it holds in the hollow of its hand. What made me look askance at the device was that it had been tried before. Exactly the same trick was played on the second Russian Duma, whose last day of existence was marked by the excited appearance of M. Stolypin, full of a dreadful conspiracy among the Social Democrat members to blow up the Tsar. You will remember that while people were shuddering over this frightful disclosure, Stolypin himself blew up the Constitution, by altering the Law of Election, and that we heard no more of that atrocious plot.

In some ways the Turkish Parliament reminded me of that fateful day in the Duma. Like the Catherine Hall of the Taurus Palace, the one little corridor of the Parliament in St. Sophia Square is crowded during recess with groups of excited deputies, engaged in eager discussion. Of course there is a difference in the costumes. In the Duma, rubashkas and high boots; in the Turkish Parliament, fezes and, here and there, a dark, silent, and dignified Arab deputy, whose strikingly picturesque robes recall the lonely desert horseman. There are other differences as well. You will see here, for example, none of the sadness and despair which clouded the faces of the Muscovite legislators on that memorable day. The Turks look and speak like men who have a few trusty bayonets on their side too, and who have, perhaps, as good a chance of dissolving the Sultan as he has of dissolving them. Listen to the letters that are read from the military chiefs of the Osmanli scattered all over the Empire, from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, from the frontiers of Austria to the frontiers of Egypt! They are short-sighted people who regard as military dictation this gallant rally of the troops around the Constitution. Those who write and wire such things forget that the Committee is forcing the Parliament to do this, when, as a matter of fact, the House, with the exception of some dozen members, *is* the Committee. Listen to the letters that are read from the officers and commanders of every cruiser, gunboat, and torpedo-boat in the Turkish Navy, from those in Smyrna, the Marmora, and the Golden Horn to the one that lies in the Bosphorus, with its 9·10 inch gun trained on Yildiz Kiosk. "Gentlemen," say all these letters, "we are with you!" The curt, respectful messages of the sailormen amount to nothing more than this; yet we are asked to believe that the fleet is coercing the legislature.

Speaking English with a Greek accent, swarthy Levantine gentlemen in Turkish fezes and with Spanish passports in their pockets, introduce themselves to me as representatives of great European and American papers, and insist vehemently that the Grand Vizier is right and the Parliament utterly wrong. I am drowned in their torrent of words, hypnotised by their incessant gestures. I am solemnly assured by them that if Kiamil Pasha falls England's sympathy is lost.

In the Duma they had once a Don Cossack deputy who raised a terrible storm on the part of the extreme right by declaring that the day may come when the Cossack will refuse to lift his whip against women and children. To-day in the Turkish Parliament there was no storm at all, only a murmur of placid assent, when a young military deputy, Major Habi Effendi, cried out from the tribune: "Thanks to our soldiers, the nation has got a Constitution. The Army will keep that Constitution intact, and if anyone dares to touch it he will see whether or not the blades of our scimitars are sharp and the points of our bayonets keen."

Outside the Parliament House there was little excitement, for a continuous downpour of ice-cold rain did more towards keeping crowds from collecting than a thousand policemen could have done. The only place where a panic broke out during this eventful day was in the Grand Bazaar, that wonderful half-subterranean market, whose miles of busy streets, piled with all the characteristic goods of the Orient, constitutes one of the tourist's favorite haunts. Towards dusk a man ran swiftly through this bazaar crying out at intervals, "Why tarry ye here? They are coming," and, in the excited state of the public mind, these simple words were enough to cause a veritable panic. Shops were closed, goods were stolen, children were trampled underfoot in the rush, but nobody thought of stopping and questioning the mysterious stranger, for whom, by the way, the police are now anxiously but vainly searching.

If this was a device of Kiamil to cause a panic among the people, it failed. Kiamil had reckoned on the Parliament being a many-headed, many-brained monster, which would take weeks to make up its mind, while he, Kiamil, having control of the military and naval forces of the Empire, would act with the alertness and secrecy which have twice proved so helpful to the Tsar. But it was the Parliament that acted with incredible swiftness and decision. It was Kiamil who was slow and irresolute. "Parliaments are notoriously unwarlike," thought the Grand Vizier; but he forgot that this is a Mohammedan Parliament. So far as Constantinople is concerned, the Committee is, it is true, only sure of its four battalions of Macedonians—those watchdogs of the Constitution whom Kiamil Pasha was so anxious to banish to distant Janina, and whose officers are circulating so busily to-day among the deputies in the lobbies—but it has the Fleet on its side—and it has Youth. True, Youth is on the other side as well; but the helm is in the palsied hand of extreme old age.

The aged Sultan and his octogenarian Grand Vizier both hesitated to adopt the bold plan that Youth suggests—hesitated until too late. That plan was for the Padishah to proceed in person to the old Seraglio in Stamboul, in order to unfurl there with his own hands the Sacred Standard of the Prophet, or, as the Osmanli call it in their high-flown Oriental phraseology, "the majestic cypress of the garden of victory." This precious relic of Mohamet is kept in a shrine of the innermost harem, called "the Chamber of Noble Vestments," and is solemnly uncovered once a year by the Sultan. The mere fact of the Padishah unfurling this ancient green flag places all Mohammedans under so strict a religious obligation of ranging themselves under its folds in defence of the Khalif that only the dying are dispensed from obedience. Its last unfurling meant the extermination of the rebellious janissaries. On that occasion Mahmoud II. gave the standard to the Grand Vizier and the chief Mufti, who reverently handed it in their turn to the Moslim officers. Amid wild cries of "Allah! Allah!" the latter rushed out of the gate towards the mosque of Achmet and planted it in the delicately-carved stone pulpit of that mosque—a counterpart of the pulpit at Mecca. Then, after the *ulema* had read the decree abolishing the janissaries, Mahmoud himself, scimitar

in hand, mounted his charger, and before nightfall 10,000 human heads were piled in a bloody heap before him—the janissaries had been wiped out of existence.

The Young Turks learned from a eunuch that an exactly similar scheme had been proposed to the Sultan Abdul Hamid two years ago, and that it might have been adopted had not Kiamil Pasha been reluctant, and had the Padishah not been strongly opposed to leaving his palace, even for an hour. They believed the story, whether true or not, and they acted on it.

The vote of want of confidence was carried by 198 to 8, and Kiamil resigned. The supremacy of the Young Turks was ensured. The great principle of ministerial responsibility to Parliament was established. A new Vizier was appointed, and the Sultan accepted the inevitable. The Parliament had beaten the Autocrat.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR BALKANS CORRESPONDENT

Communications.

A MUNICIPAL CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The important proposal which has been put forward by Mr. Graham Wallas in THE NATION is one which will arouse the keenest interest of all who would be affected by the introduction of the system he describes. The opinion of one who is in the municipal service and who has long had somewhat similar ideas on the subject, may not be altogether without value. The restriction of the term "Civil Service" to appointments under the central government in this country has often given rise to discussion as to the proper designation of municipal officers; many object to being described merely as "clerks," but "municipal civil servant" is cumbrous, and "local government officer" is strange.

With Mr. Graham Wallas's main theme, there must, I think, be very general agreement. The importance of the local official is becoming very much greater than is realised, and it would be easy to mention a dozen principal officers of municipalities whose salary is equal to that of the President of the Local Government Board, and much higher than that of the Permanent Secretary of the Board. In these cases, it may be safely assumed that the men who hold these posts have proved themselves capable administrators and efficient advisers, but at the same time there are throughout the country very many highly-paid appointments for which men of proved capacity should be selected, but to which men are appointed by reason of having influential friends. It is true that in practically every case appointments are advertised, but it would be interesting to notice in how many cases personal canvassing is held to be a disqualification. Naturally, if an impression gets abroad in any locality that the plums of the municipal service are to be the reward for political partisanship, the ideal of impartial devotion to duty is lost Thus the particular posts will be filled by men who may be good, but are nevertheless not the best that could have been obtained, while the other officers lose something in zeal and fidelity, as well as that independence which would enable an officer firmly to resist any insidious beginning of corruption; and "scandals" are the result. A system of competition by which men are attracted into the municipal service as a career will obviate this difficulty, but it must be understood that if favorable personal influence is no longer to be able to get a man a post, adverse influence must no longer be allowed to ruin a man's official life without just cause. In other words, the official who enters the service by competition is entitled to security of tenure of his post so long as he is efficient. Some particularly flagrant instances of the unjust influence used by persons who have procured their own election to the local authority for the purpose of avenging some injury done in the course of official duty have recently pressed this question to the front, and municipal officers have formed an association to press, among other things, for security of tenure.

A further point to be noticed is that while civil servants are entitled on retirement to good pensions, the officers of local bodies are not. In comparatively few cases bodies have established superannuation funds, to which their officers are compelled to contribute, but even in the best of these the superannuation allowances are of the most niggardly character. The civil servant has a proverbially happy time, while the municipal man has, generally speaking, to work harder, for longer hours, with less holidays, often uncertainty of tenure, and no pension. Is it not clear that the civil service may be expected to attract a much better class of individual, for all that he need have no influence whatever at his back? Mr. Graham Wallas thinks that the expectation is, in fact, realised. It may, however, be said that such an authority as the President of the Local Government Board has borne witness to the fact that in one case at any rate, the officers of a certain body are certainly not inferior to civil servants.

I think that most people who have the direction of municipal affairs will, then, agree with the proposition that municipal servants should be more carefully selected, and the obvious mode of selection is competitive examination. Certainly the evil of the "temporary assistant," who has been filling the vacancy, and who is recommended for permanent appointment, is the cause of a very great deal of heart-burning among officers themselves, for often enough the individual who is so introduced is appointed to fill a by no means lowly position. This temporary assistant is as often as not a relative either of a member or a higher officer, and those who know could tell of many instances where, the temporary assistant having once put his foot inside the office, it has been impossible to secure his removal.

Even as I write, the Poor Law Commissioners have recommended that with a view to establishing and maintaining a high standard of efficiency, it is necessary to vary the present practice as to qualifications, appointment, terms of service, and superannuation of public assistance officers. They suggest that there should be qualifying examinations for the higher posts, that proper scales of salary should be introduced, and a central superannuation fund set up. My point is that similar alterations are necessary in all branches of the municipal service.

It does seem, however, that something might be done on the lines advocated, without troubling Parliament. Everybody knows how immensely difficult it is to get a Bill on such a subject through, but if only an enlightened public opinion could induce local bodies voluntarily to adopt the plan I suggest, the end would be largely attained. In London, for instance, the London County Council has two grades of clerks, the former of which perform minor clerical duties, and the latter perform the higher duties, except the technical professional appointments—*e.g.*, in the architectural and engineering departments of the Council. Why should not the various bodies in London—the Water Board, the Asylums' Board, the Borough Councils—when they require a clerk of a grade comparable with one of the grades of L.C.C. clerks, obtain him as the result of competitive examination, not, indeed, held by themselves, but by giving notice to the County Council that when they are holding their next examination the Borough Council or Board appointment, as the case may be, may be included in the list? I see two difficulties: first, that the conditions of service, pay, and prospects with the various bodies are not identical; and, secondly, that the Borough Councils with characteristic truculence, would decline to allow the County Council to have any say in regard to their staff. The first of these could, I think, be removed without much trouble, the slight increase in salary which would be involved in the case of most boroughs would be amply repaid by the better class of officer obained as the result of the wider competition; and the second difficulty is one which could be smoothed away by a little tact and sweet reasonableness.

With regard to the other authorities throughout the country, or even for London as well, if my previous suggestion should prove impossible, it occurs to me that the examinations of the Civil Service Commissioners might be utilised by agreement between them and the local bodies concerned, on the basis of a small payment by the local body in respect of examination of each candidate who is taken into their service. The Civil Service Commissioners hold a large variety of examinations at numerous centres

throughout the country, and candidates might be given the option of taking the service of some local body near their home rather than entering the national service and having to leave home. There does not seem to be any insuperable obstacle in the way of this scheme; in fact, there is, I believe, already in existence an arrangement by which one large business house is supplied by the Civil Service Commissioners with the names of candidates for one of their examinations who, while not being within the number to whom appointments are offered as the result of the examination, have yet reached a certain standard of attainment, and this business house, whenever it has a vacancy, selects a youth from this list.

It would, as I have already pointed out, be necessary before any proposals of the kind suggested by Mr. Wallas could be effected, to render uniform the pay and prospects in the various bodies who would join the schemes, but the advantages are obvious. I cannot but think that the attraction of a better class of men and the increased zeal which would result from the application of the principle of security of tenure and a reasonable system of superannuation, would inevitably render the municipal service more self-respecting and more efficient than it is. Local authorities in this country are entrusted with many and important duties, and for the performance of these under their direction they will have increasingly to rely upon their officials. Now is the time when a reform of procedure in connection with municipal appointments may have a great effect in unifying and purifying the local administration throughout England.—Yours, &c., I. L. J. H.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Charles Cecil, is evidently a subscriber to the National Service League. His long letter, which is neither an answer to, nor a refutation of, what I said, is therefore natural. What I am in politics or anything else is beside the mark. It is what I said that matters.

Mr. Cecil's "League" issues a programme entitled "The Briton's First Duty: The Case for Universal Training." It was first published with the title—"The Briton's First Duty: The Case for Conscription." The earlier edition spoke with scorn of the idea of conscription being "repugnant to the feelings of the nation," but in the later edition the word "conscript" has been substituted by "national." Yet Mr. Cecil expresses wonder at my doubts as to the *bona fides* of the advocates of the League!

The following conversation before the Norfolk Commission is instructive:—

> Do you think that the requirement of a possible military situation can be satisfied short of general service—that is to say, the liability of everyone for service?
> Sir J. French: No, I do not think it can.
> Do you mean by general service liability, service for a couple of years on the part of everybody?
> Sir J. French: Yes, conscription, in fact (2492-2493).
> You do not advocate conscription for foreign garrisons?
> Sir J. French: No, I do not. . . . I would always make that reservation, that for war they (the conscripts) must go abroad.

General Sir J. Kelly Kenny said in answer to the question:—

> If the nation were engaged in a war of importance, the conscripted man should be liable for service abroad?
> Sir J. Kelly Kenny: Yes, for service abroad (829).

Further, before this same Commission Sir Coleridge Grove asked Lord Roberts:—

> You do not consider that an attempt at invasion of this country is likely if we have three Army Corps at home?
> Lord Roberts: I do not think so (1016-1017).

In this connection it may be mentioned that Mr. Haldane's Territorial Force is organised for fourteen divisions, equal to between four and five Army Corps. It already much exceeds the three Lord Roberts thought were more than sufficient, and no account is taken of the Regular Forces which would still be in the country!

Although seventy-three admirals have joined the League—one wonders how many command stone frigates—the Admiralty have no belief in invasion. The War Office memorandum of March 11th, 1903, quotes:—

> It is held by some that the Navy can guarantee complete protection of the United Kingdom against the danger of invasion by any larger force than 5,000 to 10,000 men (Mem. 4).
> Query: What does the word "some" mean? Does it mean the Admiralty?
> "Yes," replied Sir W. Nicholson, "their Director-General of Military Intelligence and Mobilisation."
> We may take it (the questioner goes on) that that is the view of the Admiralty?
> That is the view of the Admiralty.
> Is it also the view of the War Office?
> No, it is not the view of the War Office.
> Has this paper which has been before us been submitted to the Committee of Imperial Defence?
> No, it has not been before them.
> Then whose view does it represent? . . .
> It may be held to represent the view of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State.
> We may take it as an authoritative expression of the present views of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State?
> Yes (44-51).

The great interest in this lies in the fact that Lord Roberts was the Commander-in-Chief.

The Militia Act of 1662, the foundation of all subsequent Acts, was based entirely on inequality of service—on the principle that made a man's military contribution to the State vary according to his property. The more a man possessed the more service he owed, whilst the man who owned nothing, owed nothing—persons who had less than £50 a year from land, or less than £500 from personal property, incurred no liability of any kind. I wonder how a re-enactment of this would suit Mr. Cecil and his League?

M. Dumont says of Conscription in France—compulsory service, far from being a school of morals, is a "school of drunkenness, of idleness, and of debauchery." A famous French preacher says—"The family in France gives to the Army a young man clean in mind and body; the Army returns that same young man steeped to the very lips in debauchery, suffering from disease and degrading vices." I would remind the advocates of Conscription of Lieutenant Bilse's book, and of the Dreyfus episode.

Finally, as regards physical development. The Swiss were robust before the Constitution of 1874 made military service compulsory. In the "Morning Post" of September 21st, 1907, Mr. Battersby, an Englishman, told us that a few years ago the Swiss authorities were alarmed by the evidence "forthcoming of a general deterioration in physique." He further pointed out that forty-two per cent. of the youths of that athletic country were rejected for bad eyesight or disease, at the age of twenty. Forty-six per cent. of the Germans are rejected as physically unfit, and one of the reasons is for failure to attain a certain standard of height—this is less than 5 feet 1 inch! (Norfolk Commission, 6864.)

I am indebted to Mr. J. A. Farrer (whose little book, "Invasion and Conscription," is worthy of study) for much of the matter I have used.—Yours, &c.,

A. Grimshaw Haywood.

February 20th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There are two fallacies in Mr. Cecil's letter which seem always to haunt the advocates of Conscription.

The first is that it is mere "indolence" and neglect of the sense of "duty" which prompts the opposition to Conscription; the second is that some higher patriotism and some form of self-discipline would be brought in by Conscription. Now I venture to think that the bulk of lawyers, clergymen, schoolmasters, and doctors are no more fairly to be charged with the neglect of duty or indolence than the average soldier. Nor is the charge any juster because they refuse the work of the soldier, than it would be to tax the soldier with injustice because he does not undertake the duties of the professions to which I have referred. Nay, I can even find outside the ranks of those regular professions a number of people who are trying to do their duty to their country though they may dispute the right of Mr. Cecil and the National Service League to settle for them what that duty is.

Secondly, as to the higher motives and feelings to be introduced by Conscription. Here I venture to think that Mr. Cecil and his friends confuse the question of their own

feelings produced by a certain peculiar attitude towards life and country, and the feelings to be produced in the unwilling recruits by legal and physical coercion. I am willing to credit Mr. Cecil with much better motives than he allows to me; but a man who is merely forced into service can be only actuated by fear, which is not an heroic or ennobling motive. Mr. Cecil and his friends can perform all the military service which they desire without any change in the law; but assuredly the introduction of Conscription will not cause, and never has caused, that zeal for military service which Mr. Cecil desires. The Germans who come over here to escape Conscription, the French who are developing even extreme forms of anti-militarism, are proofs of the ultimate effect of Conscription; and the Mutiny of the Nore showed what effect the press-gang produced in the Navy. But while the rank and file when they have waked to the sense of their condition feel this revolt, it cannot be deemed that those who are at the top of the tree, those who introduce these schemes, feel the delight in war of a Napoleon or a Bismarck or a Peter the Great. And while the machine is content to be a mere machine, it is useful at first for purposes of aggression. At any rate those who control the machine desire to use it.

As to the Swiss Militia, if Mr. Cecil is prepared to disband our present Army, to give up all schemes of foreign policy, and to trust the defence of Britain to such a Militia as the Swiss, *then* we can discuss that question; but to propose Conscription as an adjunct to our present Army, and then compare our case with that of Switzerland, is simply to play with words.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. Maurice.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens
Hampstead,
February 20th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—A glance at the map of Western Europe will show that the great bulk of British Sea-borne Commerce does not go near the German Coasts, and that in order to attack it, a German cruiser must expend a large fraction of her coal supply, both in reaching the trade-routes to the west and south of these islands, and in getting back to her nearest port afterwards; for the chance of being able to replenish her bunkers *without* returning, may well be set off against the risk of a fight being forced upon her.

British Sea-borne Commerce then would be fairly safe in a war with Germany.

On the other hand, the great bulk of German Sea-borne Commerce must pass our shores, either to the south or to the north, and could easily be attacked by cruisers from our numerous harbors.

Here, then, is the rub: over seven-tenths of Germany's total foreign trade is sea-borne, and, therefore, some slightly smaller fraction of it would be exceedingly vulnerable and would, in fact, be utterly destroyed in a war with us.

And what can be done but to strain every nerve to protect herself, by a nation growing in wealth and disinclined to accept a preventable risk?

Would it be satisfactory to her, if Great Britain abandoned the right of capturing merchant-vessels while still retaining the power of doing so; in view of the fact that a struggle between the two countries if it ever took place, would surely be a life-and-death one?

No; in order to come to an understanding, and, perhaps, eventually to a reduction of armaments, Great Britain must find some other way of defending herself than that of keeping an overwhelmingly strong Navy in Home waters, to be a potential menace to the sea-borne trade of every nation in her vicinity; otherwise the game of beggar-my-neighbor must continue.

Now Germany's estimate of the length of her purse is just as likely to be right as our own estimate of the length of ours; or even more likely, if the fable of the hare that was running for his life, and of the dog that was running for his dinner, is remembered.

And how many millions will be spent by each nation before it is agreed that *we* are the dog?

Further, what must be Germany's game if opposed to an enemy with an overwhelmingly strong Navy, but with weak land forces?

Clearly it must be to endeavor to evade or disperse that Navy by every means in her power, including, if necessary, the bombardment of undefended ports, and to get in a blow at the heart, before the Territorial Army is fit to meet an invader's troops.

It may be well to note here, that even 200,000 men would be but one-twentieth of the four million soldiers at her disposal—so that the total loss of an invading force of the former strength would not be at all a crushing blow to her.

As to our Fleet intercepting the transports; that is no doubt a great risk; but there are fogs for days together, and there are German pilots quite familiar with our coasts; there is also steam at command in a fog, whereas in the old wars, sail-power was not available in that condition of the atmosphere, which is always accompanied by calms or light airs; further, there are much better methods of finding a ship's position by sounding, especially in shallow waters, and even when going at considerable speed, than ever there were formerly; and it is quite possible to "claw out" of any harbor in a fog, *if the risk be worth it.*

And the risk would be well worth it; for, supposing the venture successful throughout, as it well might be if the fog continued; what a prize would reward the venture! Whilst, if unsuccessful, then a small fraction only of the total military strength would be lost; and as for individuals, there would be a fair prospect that half of them would be picked up by our own boats and by other means, in these humanitarian days.

Invasion of these islands, then, offers at least a sporting chance of repaying the attempt.

And in order to meet this danger, and until several years have elapsed after we have decided to resume our fundamental duty to the State, we must not only put up with a Territorial Army that cannot be ready till some time after war has broken out, and that may be insufficient in numbers even then, but we must also (pay to) bolster up this unsatisfactory defence as best we can with another, which may or may not be able to protect us from invasion, but which—judging from the analogy of the Spanish-American War of 1898—will in no case be able to save us from a succession of panics, nor from a nearly certain breakdown of the credit of the country and a general return to the stocking of our ancestors.

Now to conclude this too-lengthy trespass on your valuable space, sir: should not all friends of peace on a sure basis, all lovers of justice and fair-play, unite to dispel the mists through which we still see "citizenship" distorted into "militarism," and "selection" disfigured as "conscription"? Should we spare *any* efforts to bring about such a beneficent, necessary and economical reform as would be universal military training: for this would provide the only unaggressive and the only adequate defence—a "Nation in Arms"?—Yours, &c.,

Herbert M. Wyatt, Commander R.N.,
"Brighton," Waverley Road, Bournemouth,
February 20th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have received your issue of the 13th inst. to-day. It contains a letter signed "S.R. & R.W.W.," on "What Workmen Think of Conscription." Doubtless this letter does voice the thoughts of some workmen and their leaders, but, sir, what does it prove? Simply that in spite of, or, perhaps, because of our modern education simple English history has either never been learnt or else has been forgotten.

It proves also that these particular workmen and those who guide their thoughts are the lineal descendants, or would-be emulators, of those Britons—English—call them what you will—... were conquered in turn by Roman, Dane, and Norman, and who would have again been defeated by 100,000 Boers, but for the help of Colonists of all races from South Africa, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

In this same issue there is another letter on the subject written by Mr. A. Grimshaw Haywood. In this occurs the following paragraph: "In time of threatened or actual war the problem is simpler, for there is then but little difficulty in recruiting." It should be remembered that during the

Boer War, feeble and incompetent, patriotism was worth just five shillings a day!

The old Chinook exclamation, "Hélo shame," is comment enough, and will, I think, be understood by your readers.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. Craven.

Brogueswood, Biddenden, Kent,
February 23rd, 1909.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE'S "JEANNE D'ARC."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have read in your columns of February 13th, M. Anatole France's "brief and very characteristic reply" to my criticisms. M. France announces that my "laudable scruples" have led him to correct some of his references. When I obtain a copy of his revised edition, perhaps you will allow me, if space permits, to give you the results of my examination of the "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" in its amended form.—Yours, &c.,

A. Lang.

St. Andrews, February 22nd, 1909.

[We shall be pleased to place our columns at Mr. Lang's disposal.—Ed., Nation.]

THE NEW TURKISH GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I beg your kindness to declare the gratitude of my countrymen for your sympathetic comments on the circumstances resulting in the fall of Kiamil Pasha. It was in no way a change of programme of the Committee of Union and Progress—who simply defend the Constitution—which has resulted in the change of Viziers. We still value and are anxious to retain the goodwill and support of the British nation. Hilmi Pasha, you will find, will prove quite as warm a friend to England as his predecessor. We have never dissented from the foreign policy of Kiamil Pasha or doubted his ability, probity, courage, or patriotism. It was his own fault that he came into conflict with the Chamber by dismissing Ali Riza Pasha, on grounds his Excellency must now see were wholly insufficient, without consulting the Cabinet. I hope Englishmen will not condemn the Chamber for selecting Ministers from the permanent Civil Service. We have no other choice at present, as the young Army officers and civilians who have saved Turkey and guided her destinies for seven months, lack administrative experience and depend upon the best of the existing corps of officials for putting their reform policy into practice. If mistakes are made we ask your indulgence.—Yours, &c.,

Mehmed Sadik.

Hotel de Provence, London,
February 22nd, 1909.

THE CRISIS IN LIBERAL POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Many readers of The Nation must, I think, be realising just now that not only the fortunes of the Liberal Party, but a far more important stake—the principles and practice of Liberalism itself lie in grave jeopardy. A constitutional crisis of the first moment has been postponed, many of us hold unwisely, in order that certain social legislation may be carried upon conditions to be dictated by the House of Lords. Few thoughtful reformers who understand the scope and magnitude of the legislative changes essential to provide effectual remedies for such social maladies as are disclosed by the Report of the Poor Law Commission can seriously believe that the House of Lords will pass these laws. Even greater urgency attaches to the issues of naval expenditure and of the indirect conscription for the Army, which are known to be dividing Liberals and progressives in the Government, Parliament, and the country. At such a time some organisation of men and women willing to take an active part in safeguarding what they hold to be essentials of Liberalism—peace, economy, and social reconstruction—will seem desirable. The local habitation of such a body is afforded by the New Reform Club, and I write to urge those who realise the influence which even a small number of well-organised persons, watching closely public affairs, can exercise by considered co-operative action at opportune moments, to apply for membership of that Club. Formed by a fusion of a group of Liberal Forwards with the League against Aggression and Militarism which came into existence during the late war, the New Reform Club has taken an active part in a number of movements relating to financial reform, industrial and humanitarian legislation, the protection of native races, and the improvement of democratic machinery. The Club, containing some four hundred members, with a low annual subscription, has just been reinstituted, and its new Committee contains a number of the most active Radicals in the House of Commons (among them Messrs. Alden, Lough, Mackarness, Ponsonby, H. J. Wilson), and other men and women well-known in politics and literature. With convenient premises for meetings and for social intercourse, the New Reform Club exists primarily to do just such work of defence and propaganda as the present emergency calls for.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. Hobson.

New Reform Club,
10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.,
February 24th, 1909.

THE NEW SUFFRAGE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The Reform Bill, introduced last week by Liberal and Labor M.P.'s, marks a new stage and an important advance in the women's suffrage movement.

The Bill, with its three months' residential qualification for man or woman, married or single, its prevention of plural voting, and its simplification of electoral law, is one to which no consistent democrat could refuse assent. May we not therefore expect that you, sir, will call on all Liberals to have the courage of their convictions, and will urge the Government to make a definite promise of support on the second reading on March 19th, now that the form of suffrage proposed is the one prescribed by the Prime Minister?

The old "limited" Bill has been recognised as conservative in its effect, and that Liberal and Labor M.P.'s should have now come forward with a Bill acceptable to the Liberal and Labor Parties shows the advance that the agitation has made.

Suffrage societies have, so far, persisted in asking only for the "limited" Bill, because they believed that adult suffrage was a red herring. But if all Suffragists were to unite in its support, and throw the same energy into their work for the larger, as for the smaller, measure, adult suffrage could no more be shelved than a limited suffrage Bill.

As to the country not being ripe for adult suffrage, that remains to be seen. At least, we know that Labor Party and Trade Unionist Congresses have steadily refused to pass anything but adult suffrage resolutions, and the present Bill is backed by the present secretary of the Labor Party. The strength of the democratic appeal is very great, and has never had its fair chance. But Mr. Dickinson's Bill No. 2 has had remarkable effect in impressing on people the claims of married women, and has prepared the way usefully for the present Bill. Further, the power of a Party lead to Party politicians has not been taken into account. The "first step" argument in favor of the "limited" Bill does not meet the facts of the political situation, and there is everything to gain by a courageous and resolute demand for womanhood suffrage. It is the logical outcome of nearly every argument used by suffrage speakers, even of the old argument that taxation should go with representation, for every woman, rich or poor, married or single, pays taxes over the counter. It is the only form of enfranchisement which meets satisfactorily and justly the facts of women's economic position. And it places, as in equity it should, the married and single woman on a footing of equality as regards their citizenship.—Yours, &c.,

Margaret Llewelyn Davies.

11, Hampstead-square, N.W.,
February 23rd, 1909.

SUFFRAGETTE TACTICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letter over the signature of "Senex," and, as a member of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, I should like to take the opportunity your correspondent has given me to remove what appears to be a rather general impression.

"Senex" says that "the ridiculous proceedings of the Suffragettes" have given the Women's A.S.L. an "opportunity for existence." This league, however, came into existence not as a protest against the tactics of any one society or league of Suffragists, but as a protest against the granting of the Parliamentary franchise to any women. Whatever view may be taken of our arguments, we are now sufficiently numerous and influential to refute the statement made by the Suffragists that the women of Great Britain demand the Parliamentary vote.

The point at issue is whether or not the sovereign power in this state should be placed in the hands of women. In the words of our petition we believe "that the danger which might arise from woman suffrage in the case of a state burdened with such complex and far-reaching responsibilities as England, would be out of all proportion to the risk run by those smaller communities which have adopted it." Whilst we are opposed to the placing of the sovereign power in the hands of women, we resent very strongly the assertion that women are living under a "tyranny," that they are "outlaws," "downtrodden," "slaves," &c., &c. We point to the long and honorable list of women, who, without the Parliamentary vote, have accomplished so much for our country's welfare. We are also aware that women possess full civil rights, and that their position is safeguarded by the law.

Apart from general principles, we find that all the suffrage societies habitually hold out the promise that woman's franchise will "increase women's wages," "lower infant mortality," "help so immensely in domestic problems," in the "question of the employment of married women," will "give to women some interests outside their home, making them better comrades to their husbands, better mothers to their children." At the same time they are asking for the franchise on the same terms as men, a basis which would not give the vote to any but the comparatively small number of wives who have separate property qualifications.

We contend that the only basis on which women can be enfranchised is adult suffrage, which is the rule in Australia and New Zealand. But how many supporters of women's suffrage are prepared to follow their proposal to its logical conclusion and hand over the government of this empire to a vast unwieldy electorate, in which the enormous majority would consist of absolutely inexperienced voters?—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL COLQUHOUN,
Hon. Sec. Kensington Branch Anti-Suffrage League
13, Upper Phillimore Place, W.,
February 27th, 1909.

ANATOLE FRANCE ON EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your valuable article, "What 'Equality of Sacrifice' Means" has reminded me of a passage in Anatole France's "L'Ile des Pingouins," where a similar question is discussed The Penguins, after their transformation, held an assembly in which it is proposed that each of them should contribute a tenth part of his wealth for public purposes. This suggestion is opposed by Morio, one of the richest of the Penguins, in the following unanswerable arguments:—

> "Oh Father Maël, I think it right that each should contribute to the public expenses and to the support of the Church. For my part I am ready to give up all that I possess—if necessary I would even cheerfully part with my shirt—in the interest of my brother Penguins. All the elders of the people are ready, like me, to sacrifice their goods, and no one can doubt their absolute devotion to their country and their creed. We have, then, only to consider the public interest and to do what it requires. Now, Father, what it requires, what it demands, is not to ask much from those who possess much, for then the rich would be less rich and the poor still poorer. The poor live on the wealth of the rich, and it is for that reason that all wealth is sacred. Do not touch it, to do so would be an uncalled for evil. You will get no profit by taking from the rich, for they are very poor in number; on the contrary, you will strip yourself of all your resources and plunge the country into misery."

It seems that Morio anticipated a view of public finance which still finds many supporters. For illustrations of this doctrine, see "Spectator" *passim*.—Yours, &c.,

PENGUIN.

London, February 23rd, 1909.

THE LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"Flet" as a place name had no notice in last week's letters. An estuary is implied—Fleet Street, Fleet (a river in Sutherland and elsewhere), Fleetwood, Saltfleet, Northfleet, Wainfleet, Haring Vliet, Honfleur, Harfleur, and Barfleur (old spelling "fluet").

It is interesting that the French examples occur near Le Hâvre (Icel: höfn haven).—Yours, &c., S. C.

48, The Ropewalk, Nottingham,
February 16th, 1909.

[This correspondence may now cease, as the point raised has been thoroughly elucidated.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

A GOD IN VENICE.

THE town whose quiet veins are dark green sea,
The town whose flowers and forests are bright stone;—
There it was the God came to you and me
In the boundless depth of summer. All alone
We lay, and half in dream,
Gazed at the thin salt stream,
And heard the ripples talking lazily.

No verdurous growth, no sudden sharp decline
Of buds or leaves is there: the marble towers,
Come rain, come cold, come snow or gay sunshine,
Blossom eternally with graven flowers.
Yet there the wild God came
In silence, shod with flame,
Girdled with mystery, and crowned with vine.

We lay in the sun and listened, and we heard
Soft-treading feet and whispers in the air
And thunder far away, like a God's word
Of dire import, and saw the noonday flare
And tall white palaces
Sway all with dizziness:
The bells pealed faintly and the waters stirred.

And Life stood still a moment, mists came swinging
Blindly before us; suddenly we passed
The boundaries of joy: our hearts were ringing
True to the trembling world: we stood at last
Beyond the golden gate,
Masters of Time and Fate,
And knew the tune that Sun and Stars were singing.

For like two travellers on a hill, who stay
Viewing the smoke that dims the busy plains,
So, far away (sweet words are "far away!")
We saw our life; and all its crooked lanes,
Dim cities and dark walls
Fell, as a world that falls,
And left us radiant in the wind of Day.

An end, an end! Again the leaden noon
Glowed, and hot Fever opened her red eyes,
And misery came creeping out, and soon
We felt once more the sorrow of the wise.
Come friend! We travel on,
That one brief vision gone,
Bravely, like men who see beyond the skies.

JAMES FLECKER.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

M. ALFRED LOISY is at present engaged on a work dealing with the "Acts of the Apostles," which will be the complement of his great works on the Synoptics and the Fourth Gospel. If, as is now almost certain, he is appointed to the chair of the history of religions at the Collège de France, it may be presumed that his first course of lectures will deal with the "Acts." But it is his intention, when his study of the "Acts" is completed, to transfer his attention from the New Testament and the history of Christianity to some other subject, probably to some aspect of the history of one of the religions which had most influence on Christianity. The Académie des Sciences Morales has yet to send its recommendation for the vacant chair to the Minister of Education, but it is highly improbable that the Minister will pass over the candidate of the Collège de France even should the Académie refuse to recommend M. Loisy. In any case the definite appointment can hardly be made before the end of the present month.

* * *

A VOLUME called "Mansfield College Essays" has been written by old pupils and colleagues of Dr. Fairbairn as a memorial of his able Principalship of Mansfield College, which may truly be called an event both in theology and in Nonconformity. The book has no special unity other than an attempt on the part of each of the writers to make some contribution to theological scholarship on subjects that have engaged their special attention, and to make the work "some not altogether inadequate memorial of the range of theological scholarship represented in Mansfield College life during Dr. Fairbairn's tenure of the Principalship." There are eighteen contributors, among them being the Rev. C. S. Horne, the Rev. W. B. Selbie, Professor J. V. Bartlet, Professor A. S. Peake, Principal Garvie, Dr. A. Souter, Professor G. B. Gray, the Rev. D. MacFadyen, and the Rev. H. T. Andrews. The pleasing habit of presenting a scholar with a volume of essays written by his admirers is more common in Germany and in America than in England, though it has been done once or twice of late in this country. The book will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

* * *

EXCEPT Horace, there is probably no poet who has attracted so many translators as Heine. It is no disparagement to the vast mass of renderings that have been made of both these poets to say that they are failures, for the task attempted is an impossible one. The latest author to try and do what seemingly cannot be done is Father Tyrrell, whose "Transcripts from Heine" is announced for early publication by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The best attempt on Heine hitherto is Dr. Todhunter's poetical version of the "Buch der Lieder." Father Tyrrell has great qualifications of style and temperament. It will be most interesting to see the result.

* * *

MR. JAMES HUNEKER, the American critic, has a fancy for single-worded titles. "Iconoclasts," "Overtones," "Melomaniacs," are a few of the names under which he has chosen to issue his volumes of essays. His new book, to be published by Messrs. Scribners, continues the sequence. It is called "Egoists," and deals with Anatole France, Huysmans, Max Stirner, Stendhal, and other writers in whom Mr. Huneker sees an abnormal development of egoism and self-assertion. Judging from the same author's former books, we may expect the volume to be a series of very clever, though rather superficial, essays, written in a strange mixture of the French and American languages which, though not quite incomprehensible to the English reader, is extremely irritating.

* * *

EARLY next month Messrs. Heinemann will publish "A Short History of German Literature" in their series of "Literatures of the World." The volume covers a period of more than a thousand years, starting with a discussion of "The Religious Poetry of the Ninth Century," and coming down to the literature of the present day. Dr. Thomas, who is Professor of German Literature at Colombia College, has aimed at treating his subject in a purely literary, rather then in a scientific, manner. Mr. Heinemann's series has previously given us such noteworthy books as Professor Gilbert Murray's "Ancient Greek Literature," and Professor Dowden's "French Literature."

* * *

THE same publishers have in preparation a series of small volumes which will contain the best letters of the best letter-writers. The title is "Laurel Crowned Letters," and among the authors to be represented are Horace Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lamb, Cowper, Shelley, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Madame de Sévigné. The letters have been chosen partly for the light they throw upon the social, artistic, and political life of the various periods, and partly for their distinctive literary appeal.

* * *

MESSRS. BELL are about to issue a number of volumes containing representative passages from the works of great writers in prose and verse, together with biographical and critical introductions. Arrangements have already been made for "Scott," by Professor Grant, "Fielding," by Professor Saintsbury, "Defoe," by Mr. John Masefield, "Carlyle," by the Rev. A. W. Evans, "Dickens," by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, "Thackeray," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and "Hazlitt," by Mr. E. V. Lucas, with other volumes to follow. The aim of the series is to give selections generally representative of the author rather than a mere string of purple passages. The corresponding French series of "Pages Choisies" is of the greatest value, and we hope Messrs. Bell's "Masters of Literature" will be equally successful.

* * *

AMONG Mr. John Lane's autumn announcements is an English translation of Mr. H. S. Chamberlain's "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," a book which in its German original ran through eight large editions in ten years. Mr. Chamberlain's object has been to present the historical forces which have moulded the life and thought of our own era. In the first part of his book he shows the debt which modern Europe owes to Greek philosophy and art, to Roman law and administration, and to Christianity. The second part is devoted to the period 1200 to 1800, and is divided into seven sections—Discovery, Science, Economics, Politics and Church, Philosophy and Religion, and Art. The book is one of great importance and value, which many readers will be glad to have in English.

* * *

THE "Essay on Shelley," by the late Francis Thompson, which appeared in the "Dublin Review" for July, 1908, and attracted a great deal of attention, is about to be published in book form by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Some further notes on Shelley, also by Francis Thompson, will be printed as a supplement. Mr. George Wyndham, who contributes an introduction to the volume, describes the essay as "the most important contribution to pure letters written in English during the last twenty years."

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Post-Augustan Poetry from Seneca to Juvenal." By H. E. Butler. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero." By W. Warde Fowler. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Samuel Pepys, Administrator, Observer, Gossip." By E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Life of Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock." By Sir Clements Markham. (Murray. 15s. net.)

"Russia's Message." By W. E. Walling. (Fifield. 12s. 6d. net.)

"An Englishman's Castle." By M. Loane. (Arnold. 6s.)

"Italy, 1494-1790." By Mrs. H. M. Vernon. (Cambridge University Press. 5s. 6d. net.)

"Eliza Brightwen: The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist." Edited by W. H. Chesson. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"God with Us: A Study in Religious Idealism." By W. R. Boyce Gibson. (Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Royal End." By Henry Harland. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Daphne in Fitzroy Street." By E. Nesbit. (Allen. 6s.)

"Le Japon Moderne: Son Evolution." Par Ludovic Naudeau. (Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50.)

"Un Mois à Rome." Par André Maurel. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)

"M'ame Préciat." Roman. Par Léon Frapié. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

"La Gloria." Tragedia. Di G. D'Annunzio. (Milano: Treves. L. 5.)

Reviews.

A WORLDLY WISEMAN.*

From early days "the wisdom of this world" has had an indifferent, not to say a bad, reputation. Socrates denounced it in the Sophists, the writers of the New Testament in the Gnostics; and the greatest of religious allegories holds up Mr. Worldly Wiseman as an example of all that we should avoid. Abstracted, however, from its opposition—which, after all, is not essential—to qualities of a higher order, this wisdom, if earthly, is not necessarily either sensual or devilish; its exponents, from the Gnomic poets of Greece to Montaigne, are of the lineage of the Hebrew "Preacher" who, criticise him as we will, has left so deep a mark on the later world. It would be easy to parallel the most cynical prescriptions of the former from the sacred books ascribed to the latter. "Be not righteous over much," were it not scripture, would scandalise the pietist; the sceptical pessimism of much of the Sapiential literature falls short of the standard of average Pagan thought. If it be objected that this literature, sacred or secular, moves on the surface of life, passing lightly over the mysteries which underlie it, the answer is that it is not, and does not claim to be, an exhaustive rendering of experience. Its function is to provide us with a practical philosophy of human intercourse, based on observation of men and things, which, if conventional rather than comprehensive, has stood the test of many generations, and is reliable as far as it goes. As to how far this is, we may differ; most of us, however, will agree that it is a considerable way. The "Characters" of Theophrastus is an example. And, if we gather from the writer's undeniable testimony that "there were bores, ill-bred persons, and detractors even in Athens, of species remarkably corresponding to the English, and not yet made endurable by being classic," the lesson is that in small things, as in great, human nature changes slowly; "there is no new thing under the sun."

Scholarly as Sir Richard Jebb's rendering is, the book is one which loses in translation: the terseness of the Greek cannot be reproduced. It is in the critical appendix that the characteristic features of the great Cambridge scholar's work are to be found. The text is corrupt, the emendations are conjectural. Jebb's judgment was seldom at fault in discrimination and selection; and, while he has adhered more closely than previous editors to the MSS. as reported by Foss & Petersen (1858-9), his own conjectures, if anything, too sparing, are marked by singular penetration and restraint. The expurgations might have been spared; or the text, at least, have been given in its integrity; except for school editions, the principle of bowdlerising is out of date.

The defects described by Theophrastus seldom amount to grave moral faults. But they are such as to make a man "unclubbable." We should not send either the "Late-learner" or the "Newsmaker" to New Caledonia; but we should blackball them, we should go out of our way to avoid them, and be "not at home" when they called. The Agora was very like the Park. Who does not know the "Unseasonable Man"?

> "He will go up to a busy person, and open his heart to him. He will serenade his mistress when she has a fever. He will address himself to a man who has been cast in a surety-suit, and request him to become his security. He will come to give evidence when the trial is over. When he is asked to a wedding he will inveigh against womankind. He will propose a walk to those who have just come off a long journey. He has a knack, also, of bringing a higher bidder to him who has already found his market. He loves to rise and go through a long story to those who have heard it, and know it by heart."

The "surly man," too, is familiar to us, who, "when he stumbles in the street, swears at the stone." His bark is worse than his bite. "If a friend asks him for a subscription, he will say that he cannot give one, but will come with it by and by, and remark that he is losing this money also." He is infrequent at church and sermon; "he is apt also not to pray to the gods."

Loquacity would seem to be "an incontinence of talk"; the habit of evil speaking is "a bent of the mind towards putting things in the worst light." Superstition "would seem to be cowardice in regard of the supernatural." The superstitious man observes "dreams and omens and such like fooleries"; his religion has a certain fatuousness from which piety, in the best sense, is free. Garrulity is "the discoursing of much and ill-considered talk."

> "The garrulous man is one who will sit down beside a person whom he does not know, and first pronounce a panegyric on his own wife; then relate his dream of last night; then go through in detail what he has had for dinner. Then, warming to his work, he will remark that the men of the present day are greatly inferior to the ancients; and how cheap wheat has become in the market; and what a number of foreigners are in town; and that, if Zeus would send more rain, the crops would be better; and that he will work his land next year; and how hard it is to live; and that yesterday he was unwell."

Unhappy listeners!

> "He who would not have a fever must shake off such persons, and thrust them aside, and make his escape."

Were time, as it is not, a denominator of human nature, we should say—how modern a touch! For we know the garrulous man only too well. He buttonholes us after dinner; he bears down upon us at the cover side; he besets us in the drawing-room and at the club. His differentia is that of his place and time. To-day we have the man of the German Invasion, and the Tariff Reformer; or we may classify the tribe by the paper which at once moulds and reflects their prejudices: there is the mentality of the "Times," and that of the "Telegraph"—the "Rowdy Philistine" of "Friendship's Garland"—and, a later product (by "Tit Bits" out of the "Telegraph"), that of the "Daily Mail." But in substance the types are unchanged. Like Theophrastus, we have the "Boor" and the "Braggart," the "Oligarch" and the "Patron of Rascals": they came into the world early, and they came to stay.

Moralising of this surface-sort has been criticised as at best an enlightened worldliness, which concentrates on the non-essential and neglects the weightier matters of the law. These things ye ought to have done, it may be answered, and not to have left the others undone. Good manners are not inconsistent with intelligence and virtue; dirty hands are no evidence of a clean heart. And the instructor will insist on the outward, not because it is outward, but because, as such, it can be imposed by precept and acquired by practice. The inward, on the other hand, is not taught of men. It is spirit, and comes not with observation; it grows while men sleep. The greatest Oxford teacher of the past generation was charged with worshipping success, and training his pupils to make it their first object. Nothing could be more unreasonable and unjust. None knew better than he how to distinguish the real from the merely apparent; none was less disposed to take names for things. But one, at least, of the teacher's aims is to make men useful in their generation; and, *ceteris paribus*, the successful man is more useful than the failure. Education cannot, indeed, guarantee success, but it can remove certain obstacles to it; and Jowett set himself, as did Theophrastus, to remove them. In each case this was but one side of the teacher's activity; and that there are higher aims and other sides does not hinder it from being useful and good.

* "The Characters of Theophrastus." An English Translation from a revised text with introduction and notes by R. C. Jebb, M.A. A new edition, edited by J. E. Sandys, Litt.D. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

THE AGE OF THE MEDICIS.*

"No figure in the history of Florence," says Mr. Horsburgh of Lorenzo, "has quite his fascinations. His virtues trod hard upon the heels of his vices, and his vices, however great, were seldom contemptible." In Lorenzo "Nature displayed herself in all her mixed elements of glory and decay." In easy writing and with wide knowledge of his subject, this, the latest of his biographers, attempts again the record and interpretation of the most typical child of the Renaissance. The historical study is excellent, the complications of the warring Italian principalities in the Pazzi conspiracy and its aftermath, are clearly unravelled

* "Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Florence in Her Golden Age." By E. L. S. Horsburgh. Methuen. 15s. net.

"The Medici Popes." By Herbert M. Vaughan. Methuen. 15s. net.

in a smooth and intelligible narrative. Special chapters on Lorenzo as a poet form a definite and separate piece of valuable literary criticism. Mr. Horsburgh is perhaps less adequate in the general impression of Lorenzo's Florence, which is provided by his record of the golden age. The charm and glamor of that amazing time should have filled the story with a sense of youth, of limitless aspiration, of not inglorious achievement, which have made this age one of the wonder ages of the world. The admirable reproductions here given from Botticelli and Ghirlandajo and the Gozzolis of the Riccardi Chapel, reveal a mystery and enchantment not easily analysable: a kind of gold in the air. That mystery and enchantment is suggested by many of the original authorities: the expression of a spirit of transfiguration which they could not entirely understand. The drama was performed in a limited arena, amongst less than one hundred thousand persons, and in a short space of time. The comparison has been frequently made, and always with justification, with Athens; similar in the limits of its surroundings and their beauty, in the hurry of the progress from obscurity, through a supreme gladness of individual endeavor, into premature decay. The age of Lorenzo is the age of Pericles. Behind is the gloomy medieval town with its tall towers and factional warfare in the narrow dark streets. Beyond is the chaos of the Puritan revival, the French invasion, the final overthrow. In this short breathing space the air is bright and clear, the charm that of the Italian landscape, Fiesole in springtime: some magic mingling with the seed of men, which could suddenly transfigure with unforgettable genius, one valley of Tuscany.

It is a city of merchants—like Athens and all great art centres—eager in trade and commercial expansion, and for that reason not very popular with other communities too proud or stupid to succeed in business affairs. The common illusion, so sedulously fostered by ignorant persons, that aristocracies and landed interests have been patrons of art, defending the artistic existence against the bludgeons of trade and commerce, has been again and again exploded and again and again revived. Aristocracies can compete for the purchase of masters acknowledged as "great" centuries after they have perished in poverty. It has always been the middle class—the trading class—in Greece and Italy, Florence or London, who have supported art in its inception. To such patronage a Botticelli equally with a Burne Jones owes his opportunity of self realisation. Lorenzo, a merchant and prudent financier, the heir of a family of merchants, owes his supremacy in Florence to the fact that he is the typical citizen of a merchant city. He was a statesman, a humanist, a patron of art and letters, something of a mystic, a lover and a poet. But he was also the head of a banking community whose policy was deliberately to encourage cosmopolitan trade. Giovanni had first become popular by his new plan of taxation, "by which everyone was called to contribute to the revenue at a fixed rate per cent": by an Income-tax which "stamped him in the opinion of the masses as their friend." Lorenzo, in the interests of commerce and of the poor, devised a system of taxation to which England is only tardily being driven, and that less by reason than by the force of circumstances. "His fundamental principle," says Mr. Horsburgh, "was that taxation should be graduated, and fall mainly on the land. By this means he could relieve trade and commerce of burdens which hampered their expansion, while making the State mainly dependent on revenues which could be easily assessed and collected. He caused a valuation of all lands in Florentine territory to be made, and assigned ten per cent. of the total value to the State Exchequer. This amount was raised by a graduated land tax rising from seven to twenty-two per cent., according to the value of the amount held." Such a "confiscatory" land tax with a graduated Income-tax superimposed, and later a graduated tax on luxuries, served to maintain prosperity in an age of the richest development of individual life that Christendom has ever known.

"It was the oil of commerce," says this writer, "which kept the lamp of culture burning." There was no department of life in which art did not have its recognised place. The inspiration to great work was only indirectly from the encouragement of patrons: it came from the civic enthusiasm of a whole population which looked on, approving or condemning. The municipal patriotism found expression in beautifying the city by public buildings and princely private houses. Pre-eminent in art, they were pre-eminent also in philosophy and scholarship; pleasure-loving but, on the whole, serious—not frivolous; with, underneath all their curiosity in a newly-discovered world and all their determination to know and to enjoy, "a deep sense of the mystery of life." A perception of the sadness, as well as of the exultation that accompanies beauty, the questionings and shadowings which set the rejoicing always in half lights, sharply distinguished the Florentine from the Athenean renaissance. On the whole, a religious people, though with an exiguous standard of morality, they found in their achievement of beauty, in the life of lovers, in the feverish pursuit of the new knowledge, in the freshly apprehended fascination of the world, always a sense of some undertone of seriousness and of surprise: the sadness and wonder of the Botticelli Venus and Madonna, the magical twilight of the "Prima Vera." That is why Plato came to count for them more than any of the ancients, why so many of the great men of the city are found in their declining days withdrawing themselves from artistic effort or the world of affairs to meditate upon the purpose and destiny of human existence. "We," writes Cosimo to Pius II., after the death of his son, "as you so wisely and religiously wrote, we know nothing. Yet as to my son Giovanni, I have never thought anything ill done, since he has passed, not from life, but from death to life. For this that we call life is really death. That is true life which is eternal."

"This that we call life is really death." It was the inner confession—at moments—of all this company which ruled and revelled and enjoyed, seizing so many of life's good things, at a time when life had so many good things to give. Lorenzo filled his existence with such a wealth of experiences in so many diverse fields as to make future observers wonder how it were possible to overcome even the limitations of the hours—how twenty-four hours sufficed for each crowded day. And in such a varied, rich career, as in the Medicean political method, he stood as representative of his age and city. Mr. Horsburgh notes "the perfect harmony which in all things existed between the Medici and the aims, ideas, and aspirations of the Florentine people. The evil and the good in them corresponded to the mixed elements of the Florentine people." "Il Magnifico" is for once an historical designation entirely justified. It is an air of "magnificence" that pervades the picture. Issues sometimes unscrupulous or corrupt are set in a large horizon. A certain opulence and carelessness in generosity and patronage and accumulation is there, which is open to criticism, but is never simply petty and mean. Whether Lorenzo is offering himself to his enemy at Naples, desiring, as he writes, "that my life, my death, my prosperity, my misfortunes, may contribute to the welfare of the city"; or accumulating art treasures, freely to bestow them on others, Greek manuscripts, not to hoard them in some private collection, but to scatter them amongst the libraries of Italy; or endowing learning in an Academy, or building churches or palaces, or pursuing his private business as a lover, he is always surrounded by a spacious and generous atmosphere—a vision above the narrow limits of a narrow personal aggrandisement. And this attribute was shared by a city which could boast even in the days of her decline that her wealth and talent had always been bestowed upon the whole world: that Humanity, and not merely local or Imperial power had gained from the genius of Florence.

The last years of his rule marked the culminating point in her prosperity. "Her successful pursuit of material well-being afforded the means and the leisure which the cultivation of the inward life of art and beauty and refinement requires. Trained through long centuries in the traditions of culture, Florence, under Lorenzo, saw the realisation of her ideals. To her as a centre, all that was best in the world of the spirit seemed naturally to gravitate, and from her the heat of her own enthusiasms radiated throughout Italy." Small wonder that, remembering the end which was shortly to come to pass, men afterwards looked back longingly to his age as a golden age, and to his care as that of "the father of his people," that signs and portents accompanied his departure, fierce lights blazing in the sky, and ghosts appearing in Marsilio Ficino's garden with terrible

and confused voices, that lightning struck the lantern of the Duomo, and twin lights flamed over Arezzo, and "a star of unusual brightness illuminated the heavens while Lorenzo lay dying, being extinguished at the moment of his death." The portents were to celebrate less the overthrow of a tyrant than the vanishing of an age.

For the inevitable law of human things, in Athens and in Florence, had completed the cycle with feverish rapidity. Simplicity and devotion had brought wealth and prosperity; wealth and prosperity bred arrogance and corruption. The greatness, the rise and the fall is all compressed within the limits of a century. At the end of Lorenzo's rule, "the very prosperity," says Mr. Horsburgh, "was a symptom of a diseased State. The pursuit of wealth, ease, and luxury became the main purpose of life to all classes of the population." The rise in the standard of comfort was coincident with the growth of indifference to every aspect of government other than its economic aspect. "The hunger for riches," wrote Guicciardini, "makes them follow their own private interests without any regard or consideration for the public honor and glory." Mr. Herbert Vaughan, in his study of the Medici Popes, has traced the story of the decline. If Lorenzo is the typical figure of the early springtime of the Italian Renaissance, Leo X. and Clement VII. are equally typical—the one of the parched heat of the later summer, the other of the early autumn of decay. Lorenzo's second son can make Rome the artistic and intellectual centre of the Christian world; but it is a dry, sapless splendor, glittering and sterile, with none of the mystery and boundless promise which accompanied the early days. On the death of his brother, Leo was admonished to control his feelings and show no natural emotion "since the supreme Pontiff is not a man, but a demi-god, and ought therefore always to exhibit a serene and smiling countenance." This is the spirit of a Court whose brilliance, flattery, and extravagance revealed a humanity once more proclaiming themselves as gods, and set upon building a tower to scale the walls of heaven. The end comes soon in the utter destruction and the sack of Rome under Leo X.'s cousin. The whole fabric falls into collapse, while Italy is rent in wars and tumults, and the Renaissance passes into the horrors of divided Christendom fiercely fighting between Protestant and Catholic. Rome is rejoicing at the death of the despised and discredited Medicean pope. No portents in the sky foretell the passing of a hero. "It was even planned by some indignant Romans to drag the corpse itself from its coffin and draw it ignominiously with a hook through the streets of the city." *Venit summa dies et ineluctabile fatum*: an end not only to each famous man, but to every age in which for a season it has seemed that human life itself, in a time of order and enjoyment, can overthrow the boundaries within which it is normally confined.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS AND THEIR INVENTORS.*

When everything else about Canon and Mrs. Barnett is forgotten—which will not be in our time—they will be remembered as the inventors of social settlements. The echoes of many controversies ring through these pages—the gradual clearing of the issues regarding the unemployed before and since the Act of 1905; the perennial war waged by Mrs. Barnett against barrack schools; the rival or complementary schemes and methods for educating the people and bringing home to their real lives the fruits and flowers of culture; above all, the balanced claims of the desire to better people's surroundings and to spare them harsh treatment, and the desire, no less justified, to stimulate, instead of sapping, their independence and energy and initiative, their capacity for self-help and self-redemption. But the tone is seldom controversial. It is tolerant, public-spirited, concrete, critical, non-partisan; it confronts theories with observed facts; it shrinks from linking its generalisations closely together; there is a recurrent distrust of work on the large scale, of institutions, of reform through machinery. Its defect, perhaps, lies just here, in that its arrows are often too bluntly tipped, if they have tips at all; they rebound without seriously dinting the brazen shields of monopoly and giant wrong; nay, not seldom they fall at the very feet of the Philistines, convenient for them to shoot back at us.

This tolerance, this broad-mindedness, this non-committal attitude and eagerness to get the best out of all parties and classes, pervade nearly all the varied and suggestive papers which Canon and Mrs. Barnett have collected into a good-sized volume. But naturally one especially remarks them in the three articles on Toynbee Hall, half autobiography and half theorising, in which the authors tell us what they intended their settlement to be and what they have tried to make it. Canon Barnett opposes the idea of a settlement to that of a mission, much as one might oppose the idea of plastic art to that of didactic. A settlement is not to have a "purpose" outside the natural enrichment of the lives of its members and their friends. Rich can learn from poor, poor from rich, and each be incalculably happier and wiser for knowing the other. No doubt their association will lead to the undertaking of definite enterprises—clubs, lectures, excursions, parties, schemes for education or entertainment or relief. But these are for Canon Barnett the offshoots of a Settlement's life, not its essentials. "Its classes, its social schemes," he writes, "are not so true a test of its success as its effect in establishing friendship between man and man." He has the rooted conviction that what one individual can do for another by personal contact can never be replaced by what he can do through philanthropic machinery; and that the second sort of social effort is almost bound to go wrong unless inspired and guided by the first. Therefore the first, and almost the last, thing which he wants the settlement to do is to establish "neighbourhood" between rich and poor. Having done that, it should, as an institution, stand almost entirely neutral. If he recognises in it any further essential function, it is, perhaps, that whereas English local government assumes the existence of an educated leisured class to run it, a settlement should provide such a class artificially in districts where it does not naturally exist. But while this means that members of Settlements may be active politicians, the Settlement as a body should never commit itself politically.

This idea—the founder's—of what a Settlement should be, is worth recalling because it has been so generally departed from. No doubt there is a truth in Canon Barnett's view, that some so-called Settlements are merely missions misdescribed; but the fact remains that the bulk of the undeniable Settlements have come to regard their machinery, their "activities," as essentials, and have come also to abandon in one direction after another the pretence of neutrality. Nor is it easy to condemn them. Experience, we think, hardly bears out the opposition which Canon Barnett emphasises between the cult of neighbourliness and that of machinery, and supports still less his view that the former flourishes best in an atmosphere of neutrality. Neutrality is often the best course, but it is unnatural and chilling. The pretty high standard of it maintained at Toynbee Hall under Canon Barnett's reign has established no special warmth or depth of relations between the two classes there; on the contrary, most people with a wide knowledge of different Settlements would, we think, rank Toynbee Hall decidedly low in this respect. The Settlements which in recent years have committed themselves most audaciously in, for instance, local politics, are precisely those in which the personal gap between members of different classes had been most fully bridged.

As to the relative value of residence and machinery in a Settlement, many people again (especially those familiar with Settlements in provincial towns) would almost reverse Canon Barnett's estimate. Living in a Settlement has many drawbacks. There is always a certain ring-fence round "the residents," whom the real residents in the locality can scarcely help classing as a race apart. Living directly among the people brings you much nearer them. But for units so placed singly, what the Settlement can supply, and what they can least supply for themselves, is, precisely, machinery. Yet further, there is now some criticism of "settlement for settlement's sake," and a degree of conscious reaction against Canon Barnett's tendency to deprecate the test of external results. It is said with truth, that however much you gloss it over, settling nearly always

* "Towards Social Reform." By Canon and Mrs. S. A. Barnett. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

means some self-sacrifice on the settler's part, and he nearly always does it with some consciousness of virtue. If to this self-sacrifice and this consciousness of virtue no actual objective betterment of the poor corresponds, you may get—and unquestionably you often do get—a very dangerous result. The rich man measures what he has done by what he feels—*i.e.*, by the really heavy drafts which he has made on his own stock of goodness; but as a measure of any real good which he has done to others, this may be disastrously misleading.

Yet when all is said, the debt which the vexed modern world owes to the Settlements is a very considerable one, nor has all of it been incurred yet; and the debt which they owe to the blend of sanity and audacity, broad tolerance and deep earnestness, which characterised their inventors, is more considerable still. How easily the idea could have made shipwreck under other auspices, the repeated failures of to-day sufficiently show. Of the intellectual breadth and strength of the Barnetts this volume will afford testimony hereafter; one hopes it may convey, also, some measure of their personal spell.

FOR SPECIALISTS.*

One may be tempted to wonder why Italian art continues to attract so many investigators, in view of the enormous literature, compared with that of other countries' art, that has grown up around the Italian schools. But the very vastness of this literature would appear an inducement to produce more, and would seem not merely to have no deterrent effect on the specialist, but actually to propel him to greater depths of specialisation. Consequently the learned tomes about the really great masters of Italy have been succeeded by equally ponderous ones about the little masters, the latter being in no way inferior to the former in point of erudition; one little maker of altar-pieces after another has been dragged from obscurity into the light, until there hardly remains an Italian who handled brushes, who has not become the special subject of a modern specialist, and until, notwithstanding the admitted importance of Italian art, some rude Philistine people say it has been overdone.

These remarks on Italian art and its investigators were suggested by the reading of the laboriously long, splendidly illustrated, infinitely erudite volume, compiled by Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes and Dr. Rodolpho Maiocchi, on "Vincenzo Foppa, of Brescia, founder of the Lombard school . . . with ninety illustrations . . . and ninety-seven documents." The conclusion of the sub-title hints at what one must expect, and no reader should sit down to this work in a light or frivolous mood. Long before we come to the documents, which are relegated to an appendix, we realise that this is a book to be read slowly and seriously, or not at all. There is, for instance, a footnote on practically every page, varying in size from a few lines to five inches of solid type. Then, apart from this bewildering expedient, the text itself is so anxious to inform and suggest upon everything connected with Foppa, on Foppa's works, Foppa's movements, Foppa's circumstances, Foppa's associates, Foppa's town residence, &c., that all the details seem to be, and probably are, of exactly equal importance; so that it is only fair to the book to try and assimilate all or none. When, finally, we come to the documents, having by that time forgotten most of what we read in the early portion of the book, we are reminded of, and given chapter and verse for, nearly everything we were supposed to have remembered. So far as we can guess, no document bearing on Foppa's strangely unadventurous career has been omitted. We even find—on page 342—documents such as "Evangelista Foppa receives the rent from his father's tenant," and "Francesco Foppa pays his father's dues to the hospital." There are, of course, more valuable documents than these concerning the filial performances of the young Foppas, yet it is unfortunate—even pathetic—that not one of the ninety-seven throws any light whatsoever on that part of Foppa's life which has puzzled all previous historians, namely, the first part. We are no nearer than before to knowing what Foppa did with his youth, and whence he got his artistic training. It becomes, however, tolerably certain that he owed the bulk of his schooling to Verona, and not to Padua, as has sometimes been stated; also that he lived for many years longer than he is commonly supposed to have done, although, as his last days are as obscure as his first, this addition to our knowledge is not so great as it might appear.

It will be gathered from the above that this tremendous volume is essentially by Foppaists for Foppaists, and the humble outsider's criticism must necessarily be of a general character. With this limitation in mind, we are constrained to say that the book makes little attempt to reconstruct Foppa's personality for us: it is content to give facts and leave the reader to do the rest. And as these facts are mainly too trivial to be inspiring, the image of the man remains as nebulous as it was before the day of four-guinea biographies. We are on safer ground with the pictures, authentic and unauthentic, in the classification of which the authors have shown a care and patience beyond praise. But on the question of Foppa's place in the art world we find ourselves at variance with the claim, put forward in the title, that he "founded" the Lombard school. Morelli's assertion that Foppa held in the schools of Brescia and Milan a position similiar to that occupied at Padua and Mantua by Mantegna, is not sufficient to warrant the claim of founder, even if Morelli was always right. To ourselves Foppa has always appeared as an industrious minor master, working within a very limited range—he confined himself to religious themes—whose art might have given ideas to many other painters without profoundly influencing any; while as a "founder" of the Lombard school, he is tacitly disposed of by the authors themselves in the admission that the school had a position in North Italy before his day. We are told, furthermore, that his influence at Brescia was "neither deep-rooted nor enduring," and nobody needs to be reminded that Leonardo, when he came to Milan, swept all other influences off the field. These reflections tend to lessen one's interest in Foppa from the public standpoint. We doubt not, however, that there are Foppa enthusiasts, and these will find the book—and, as we have said, it is not a book for the general public—as trustworthy a digest of archivist research as could have been produced.

* "Vincenzo Foppa, of Brescia, Founder of the Lombard School: His Life and Work." By Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes and Monsignor Rodolpho Maiocchi, D.D. John Lane. £4 4s. net.

FRATERNITY.*

The world of our sub-conscious thought, which has claimed the belated attention of modern science, is shadowed forth in the portraiture of certain artists, such as Rembrandt. Communities and social classes, no less than individuals, live by virtue of instinctive feelings which they are careful not to scrutinise, and it is Mr. Galsworthy's distinction to analyse in his clever, subtle pictures of English society, aspects of class relationships of which our other novelists seem unconscious. Mr. and Mrs. Barthwick, for example, in "The Silver Box," who prided themselves on their successful life of middle-class rectitude, were suddenly precipitated, by chilling contact with a wastrel and a girl of bad reputation into facing immoral aspects of their own and their son's conduct, which otherwise would have remained screened in the semi-conscious twilight of their minds. It is because the educated Englishman has brought to the finest perfection this instinctive art of boycotting mentally all the distressing facts that swarm around him, that both his soul and his social conduct offer such diverting material for the insidious analysis of Mr. Galsworthy.

"Fraternity" in some respects is the most interesting, perhaps the most instructive, novel the author has given us. Less impeccable in structure than "The Country House," it is more human than "The Man of Property," and it is evident throughout the shifting scenes that the author is sympathising with all the characters, even while he is ironically philosophising on the strength of the class barriers that keep the rich man and the poor apart. "Fraternity" owes its significance and artistic force to the fact that its two sets of characters—the one rich, the other poor—brought together on the same stage, are by turns the social criticism of each other. And the strength of the social satire lies in the inevitability of this scheme of

* "Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

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things, which keeps one set of people "submerged," and the other too prosperous, refined, healthy-minded, and fastidious to think about, far less to come into human contact with their "shadows" who people the mean streets and slums stretching near their doors. It is only by a social accident, followed by a thin chain of favouring circumstances, that it comes about that the "submerged" characters come into the foreground of "Fraternity."

The two highly typical Kensington households of cultivated, fastidious, upper-middle class people, between which the main action of the story is developed, are those of Hilary and Stephen Dallison, brothers, "of an old Oxfordshire family which, for three hundred years at least, had served the Church and State." The brothers, now in middle age, have married respectively Bianca and Cecilia Stone, "the grand-daughters of Mr. Justice Carfax, of the well-known county family—the Carfaxes, of Spring Deans, Hants," and their aged father, Professor Sylvanus Stone, who lives with Hilary and Bianca, is a retired, once famous lecturer in sociology. Into the well-ordered, decorous, and smooth-gliding life of the Dallisons, which might be symbolised by their perfectly-appointed West End houses, furnished in exactingly discreet taste with the choicest "old things," steals the invading shadow of a Hound Street household of people, their sordid griefs and squalid atmosphere and mean struggle with grinding poverty. The human medium by which the gulf is bridged between these rich and poor, is "the little model," a girl of the people, Devonshire bred, whom Hilary befriends, after she has sat to his wife Bianca for the figure in her picture, "The Shadow."

It would be futile for us to try to indicate the development of this situation, which is elaborated in a succession of delicate strokes page after page, through forty-one chapters. It is in the exactness of the social atmosphere of the relations of these two sets of characters, the Dallisons and the Hound Street household (which latter consists of the little model, a seamstress and her husband, and an ex-butler, a street vendor of newspapers) that the artistic triumph of "Fraternity" is brought about. A single quotation will enlighten our readers, where further explanation would weary them:—

> In her morning-room Mrs. Stephen Dallison sat at an old oak bureau collecting her scattered thoughts. They lay about on pieces of scattered notepaper, beginning "Dear Cecilia," or "Mrs. Tallents Smallpiece requests," or on bits of pasteboard headed by the names of theatres, galleries, or small halls; or, again, on paper of not quite so good a quality, commencing "Dear Friend," and ending with a single well-known name like "Suffolk," so that no suspicion should attach to the appeal contained between the two. She had before her also sheets of her own writing-paper, headed "76, The Old Square, Kensington," and two little books. One of these was bound in marbleized paper, and on it written: "Please keep this book in safety"; across the other, cased in the skin of some small animal deceased, was inscribed the solitary word "Engagements."
>
> Cecilia had on a Persian-green silk blouse with sleeves that would have hidden her slim hands, but for silver buttons made in the likeness of little roses at her wrists; on her brow was a faint frown, as though she was wondering what her thoughts were all about. She sat there every morning catching those thoughts, and placing them in one or other of her little books. Only by thus working hard could she keep herself, her husband, and daughter, in due touch with all the different movements going on. And that the touch might be as due as possible, she had a little headache nearly every day. For the dread of letting slip one movement, or of being too much taken up with another, was very real to her; there were so many people who were interesting, so many sympathies of hers and Stephen's which she desired to cultivate, that it was a matter of the utmost import not to cultivate any single one too much. Then, too, the duty of remaining feminine with all this going forward taxed her constitution. . . . Ringing the bell, she thought, "It will be a job for Mrs. Hughs, poor thing. I believe she'll do it quite as well as Rose and Thorn. Would you please ask Mrs. Hughs to come to me? Oh, is that you, Mrs. Hughs? Come in."
>
> The seamstress, who had advanced into the middle of the room, stood with her worn hands against her sides, and no sign of life but the liquid patience in her large brown eyes. She was an enigmatic figure. Her presence always aroused a sort of irritation in Cecilia, as if she had suddenly been confronted with what might possibly have been herself if certain little accidents had omitted to occur. She was so conscious that she ought to sympathise, so anxious to show that there was no barrier between them, so eager to be all she ought to be, that her voice almost purred.
>
> "Are you getting on with the curtains, Mrs. Hughs?"
>
> "Yes, m'm, thank you, m'm."
>
> "I shall have another job for you to-morrow—altering a dress. Can you come?"
>
> "Yes, m'm, thank you, m'm."
>
> "Is the baby well?"
>
> "Yes, m'm, thank you, m'm."
>
> There was a silence.
>
> "It's no good talking of her domestic matters," thought Cecilia; "not that I don't care!" But the silence getting on her nerves, she said quickly: "Is your husband behaving himself better?"
>
> There was no answer. Cecilia saw a tear trickle slowly down the woman's cheek.
>
> "Oh dear, oh dear," she thought, "poor thing! I'm in for it!"
>
> Mrs. Hughs' whispering voice began: "He's behaving himself dreadful, m'm. I was going to speak to you. It's ever since that young girl"—her face hardened—"came to live down in my room there; he seems to—he seems to—just do nothing but neglect me."
>
> Cecilia's heart gave just the little pleasurable flutter which the heart must feel at the love dreams of other folk, however painful. . . . "I've said to him: 'Whatever are you thinking of? And after Mrs. Hilary's been so kind to me!' But he's like a madman when he's in liquor, and he says he'll go to Mrs. Hilary——"
>
> "Go to my sister? What about? The ruffian!"
>
> At hearing her husband called a ruffian by another woman the shadow of resentment passed across Mrs. Hughs' face, leaving it quivering and red. The conversation had already made a strange difference in the manner of these two women to each other. It was as though each one knew exactly how much sympathy and confidence would be expected of the other, as though life had suddenly sucked up the mist and shown them standing one on either side of a deep trench. In Mrs. Hughs' eyes there was the look of those who have long discovered that they must not answer back for fear of losing what little ground they have to stand on; and Cecilia's eyes were cold and watchful. "I sympathise," they seemed to say, "I sympathise; but you must please understand that you cannot expect sympathy if your affairs compromise the members of my family." Her chief thought now was to be relieved of the company of this woman, who had been betrayed into showing what lay beneath her dumb, stubborn patience.

The above passage is characteristic of the extreme subtlety of Mr. Galsworthy's art at its best, of its living freshness, of its unveiling of shades of class feeling which refined natures strive to hide, and which coarse natures accentuate in their daily contact. We say "the author's art at its best," but, in truth, the author keeps steadily near this level. Cecilia Dallison, Stephen, and her husband, and Thyme, their fresh, sweet little daughter, are the triumph of the book. Hilary Dallison, this mild, fastidious, and over-scrupulous nature, whose sensitive self-consciousness has paralysed his springs of action, is less a type of modern Englishman than the human embodiment of generations of gentle breeding and safe environment, of which the dilettante is the fruit. Bianca, his wife, in her cold hostility and passive bitterness, is wonderfully indicated. The aged Professor Stone, whose flow of ideas in his *magnum opus*, "The Brotherhood of Man," serves as comic relief to the general picture, is, we think, an excrescence on the artistic scheme. The characters of the "submerged" class—the seamstress and her husband Hughs, and the ex-butler "Westminster"—are most convincing figures seen through middle-class eyes. Hughs, especially, in his brooding rage and violent outbreaks, is a creation of which any novelist might be proud. There remains for consideration the figure of the real heroine of the book, the "little model," whose muteness, weakness, and limpet-like power of clinging on are essentially feminine. As a study of the intricate web of "the social conscience" in our community, "Fraternity" is a new departure in fiction.

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scenery about them have charm and distinction. Following the classification drawn up by the Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures, Mr. Allcroft divides defensive earthworks into three classes—Promontory Forts, Contour Forts, and Plateau Forts. The first class occupy the ends of headlands or cliffs, and their strength chiefly depends on their position. The theory generally held regarding them is that they were the last strongholds of a beaten race, though it is possible that they may have been the work of invaders landing from the sea. The Contour Forts belong to a more settled state of civilisation, and their main purpose seems to have been to provide a defence against wolves and other wild beasts, though doubtless also they were sometimes used for protection against hostile tribes. Plateau Forts stand on ground presenting no special defensive advantages, but many earthworks which might hastily be placed in this class, were once protected by peat bogs, or even by deep water. After discussing these defensive earthworks, Mr. Allcroft proceeds to deal with the sites of primitive homesteads, villages, circular huts, and other similar establishments, an interesting chapter being given to the ancient dewponds which possibly provided them with water. Next follow accounts of Roman camps, Saxon and Danish earthworks, Norman castles, and miscellaneous ruins, and the book ends with a description of the remarkable series of earthworks that lie on the slope of the South Downs and of Dolebury Camp in Somerset. Mr. Allcroft makes no claim to have added much to what is already known about his subject. He modestly says in his preface that there is probably nothing in his book which has not been said before. But in making accessible to the general reader a great deal of matter which, up to the present, has been buried in learned treatises or transactions of societies, he has certainly done good service, and though at best the subject is rather arid and technical, Mr. Allcroft has gone a long way towards giving it a popular interest. The book is well provided with plans and illustrations.

* * *

Of all bad books the least endurable is the type which attempts wit and achieves dullness. We gather that Dr. Emil Reich's latest volume, "Nights with the Gods" (Werner Laurie, 6s.), is intended to amuse. If this be so, the author has not succeeded. The book is quite ineffective. Its travesty of contemporary English society is so exaggerated that every shaft of satire intended—if Dr. Reich chooses to be judged as a satirist—goes wide of the mark. But if the execution of the book is lamentable, its plan is excellent. The gods and heroes, chiefly Greeks, meet at night to discuss English contemporary life, and Dr. Reich reports their conversations. Properly handled this exchange of views might have given us a pointed satire on present-day thought, philosophy, religion, politics, drama, scholarship, and—a subject on which Dr. Reich is supposed to speak with some authority—women. But, as we have indicated, the author fails so completely to understand English life and ideas, and draws so absurd a picture, that his satire is pointless; while, whether it be Aristotle, Diogenes, Alcibiades, Plato, or Cæsar who is speaking, no attempt is made to reproduce the appropriate tone or method of treatment. The delineation of English "shockingitis," English specialism, English politics, and English religion seems to afford endless mirth to the assembled gods—and to Dr. Reich. We can only say that their frequent laughter will not be shared, except by such persons as regard bad puns and poor personalities as substitutes for wit.

* * *

In his volume called "In the Days of the Councils: A Sketch of the Life and Times of Baldassare Cossa" (Constable, 10s. 6d.), Mr. Eustace Kitts traverses ground that has been already covered by Bishop Creighton and Mr. Bryce. Of both these writers Mr. Kitts makes good use, and he has produced a readable account of an interesting period in medieval history. Nevertheless, we think that the reader who wishes to understand the relations of the Papacy and the Empire will do better to consult Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," or the introduction to Creighton's "History of the Papacy," than Mr. Kitts's book. The sub-title led us to expect a biography of Baldassare Cossa, the Neapolitan pirate who rose to the Papacy as John XXIII. The expectation is in some degree fulfilled, but Mr. Kitts is more interested in the Great Schism and the clash of parties which it produced than he seems to be in Cossa's career. As a result, the latter falls into the background, while the book ends with Cossa's elevation to the papal throne in 1410. Mr. Kitts promises another volume, which will complete the story. None the less, we should have felt more grateful had he given us a single book in which he kept closer to the variegated career of his central figure, though, perhaps, it is hardly fair to apply the term to Cossa, for during the period dealt with in the volume before us, he hardly ever plays a leading part. Judged as a history of the Great Schism up to 1410, the work has the merits of clearness and impartiality. Its faults are a tendency to discursiveness and too many quotations from modern text-books. But as an introduction to the ecclesiastical history of the period, it is useful, if wanting in originality.

* * *

Fifty reproductions of old engravings of the London of our ancestors are given in "Old London," compiled by Mr. W. L. McNay (Alexander Moring, 3s. 6d. net), and, facing each picture, is a brief historical account of its subject. The area covered extends, roughly speaking, from the City to Regent Street, including, of course, Westminster and Whitehall. Lovers of London engravings will find much to interest them in this excellently got-up volume. There are a series of capital views of Old London Bridge, with and without its houses, of the Marshalsea Prison, the original Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, the East India House, a fragment of London Wall, as it was standing in the churchyard of St. Giles', Cripplegate, in 1793; pictures of Old St. Paul's, Temple Bar, Somerset House as it was before the Victoria Embankment was built; Westminster Hall, Buckingham Palace, Regent's Quadrant, and views of a host of other houses and streets associated with the history of London's greatness. We are reminded that John Stow, the famous sixteenth century historian of the metropolis, died in great poverty, the sole recompense for his labors being "a license to beg," which was granted by King James. This discouraging example, however, has not deterred a legion of successors from giving the best of their work to the same object as that to which Stow devoted his life, and the London of the past has been reconstructed for us times without number. The picture-book under notice is a useful and inexpensive addition to the library of London lore.

* * *

In view of very recent events in the field of European politics, the volume on "Francis Joseph I.," by Mr. R. P. Mahaffy (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.), is decidedly interesting The present Emperor of Austria-Hungary celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his accession last year; and the story of his long reign is that of political developments as startling as any to be found in the history of the nineteenth century During this period the map of Europe has been completely altered by the treaties arising out of the successful struggle by Victor Emanuel for Italian freedom and unity, and the Austria-Prussian War of 1866. The Emperor himself, from having been an autocrat of autocratic Hapsburgs, has become a constitutional sovereign. Austria, after being ruled without any Parliament to speak of for nearly twenty years, was granted her constitution in 1867, and now enjoys universal suffrage. Hungary, the second half of the Empire, is only one degree less democratic. These are but the most prominent happenings in a maze of others which Francis Joseph has witnessed and played an active part in The late annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria is discussed in an appendix, and the author takes the view that that much denounced action did not violate the treaty of Berlin, and that the only ground of objection possible must be sought for in the treaty of Paris, which admitted Turkey to the "advantages" of the European Concert. Whatever may be the value of this opinion, no reader can fail to benefit by a study of the facts of Austrian policy, which are succinctly set forth in the text, and which explain the relationship of Austria and Hungary to each other and to the rest of the Continent as clearly and briefly as could be desired.

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The chief event of the week has been the sharp slump in Wall Street, which occurred on Tuesday, having begun in the London market on Monday. As Mr. Pierpont Morgan and many of the magnates crossed to Europe a few days ago, it is quite likely that they left orders that the market should be allowed to drop down to a suitable level until their return, when fresh manipulation for a rise might be seasonable. One of the reasons given in New York was a decision of the Supreme Court convicting the New York Central of allowing rebates to the American Sugar Refining Company. Really, however, values had become higher than the depressed condition of trade and of the public revenues warranted. It seems, moreover, that the United States Steel Company has at last been compelled to reduce its prices owing to the dwindling demand for its monopolised wares. Altogether the protectionist tariff of the United States seems to be on its last legs, though it is quite likely that the corrupt and corrupting interests may be strong enough to make a last rally and prevent any big reductions in the new tariff. But if they do, Mr. Taft and the Republicans will be hopelessly discredited.

The Money Market and Business.

On Monday £410,000 of gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment to Buenos Ayres. But an almost equal sum came in from Egypt, and all the supplies available in the open market were secured by the Bank. The monetary situation therefore continues favorable. But as the Income-tax screw is bringing in revenue at a great rate, the market has been compelled to borrow a good deal from the bank, and money has been in demand at quite high rates. Discounts have been a little firmer in consequence. These symptoms, however, are, I think, quite temporary, and if only peace can be maintained in the Near East, the bank rate is more likely to go down than up at the end of this quarter. Indications of improvement in business are still noted, but the continued depression in the United States still causes disappointment. Thanks to the good Indian harvests, trade with the East is recovering. But this is also a slow business, owing to the reduced stock of food stuffs in India.

The Argentine Loan for Battleships.

A telegram from London to the New York papers states that Argentina in her efforts to secure a big loan for armaments, has been confronted with the difficulty that the great financial houses are insisting, as a condition for underwriting it, that the shipbuilding companies in which they are interested must be given the contracts for new Argentine battleships. The telegram continues:—"It is said that Argentina first went to France to secure the money, but having asked the shipbuilding companies of the world, including three American concerns, to tender bids, she could not agree in advance that the ships would be built in France. Argentina then came to England, where one bank made the same stipulation, and negotiations are now going on between another British firm and a commission, consisting of Admirals Garcia and Logos and Captain Montos, the naval attaché to the Argentine Legation here, which is to consider the tenders. The members of the commission will visit British shipyards before making their report. They have been invited to go to America, but it is doubtful if they will have time." This is an interesting sidelight upon the methods that are in vogue now to stimulate the consumption of warlike materials. It would be useful to know a little about the secret relations between European Admiralties and European armament firms. The Argentine loan has gone well enough, and is at a small premium.

Armament Companies' Shares.

Recent movements in armament shares have not been very wide in either direction, and taking four of the most important companies, we find that since the beginning of the year prices have risen in two cases and fallen in the other two. The amount of capital involved is extremely large—so large, in fact, as to make it worth the companies' while to spend money very freely in order to keep their order books full. Of course, the whole of the capital is not employed in the production of guns and warships, as all the firms combine an industrial engineering business with the Admiralty and War Office work. The capital, shares and debentures combined, of four leading armament companies is as follows:—

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On the ordinary shares Vickers pay a dividend of 15 per cent. per annum; Armstrong Whitworth 15 per cent.; and John Brown & Co. 10 per cent. Cammel, Laird & Co. are, of course, in difficulties at present owing to mismanagement at their works and the difference of opinion between the directors and the Admiralty. But until last year the rate of dividend on the ordinary shares was 10 per cent. The last two dividends due on the preference shares have been passed, and as the dividend is cumulative, and the shares at present stand a point below par, they are obviously very speculative, and when the company can start paying dividends again the price will probably go up with a run. But it is impossible for anyone outside the circle of management to know when the company will begin to make a profit. To trace the movements of prices over a long period, I may give the following comparison between 1898 and 1908:—

	1898.		1908.	
	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.
Vickers ordinary	4¾	2 11-16	2 1-16	1 17.32
Armstrong ...	3⅝	2⅞	2⅞	2 7-16
Cammell-Laird ...	14 5-16	12⅜	5	2 9-16
John Brown ...	1 13-32	1 5-32	1 7-32	1 1-32

The figures in the case of John Brown are for 1899, not 1898. The capital of the various companies has greatly increased during the ten years, owing to amalgamations, &c.

American Wood Pulp and Paper Tariff.

The following comes from Washington:—"The special committee on pulp and paper investigation have held a meeting this morning and have considered various matters which might go into their report, and among them the tariff question. While no definite conclusion was reached, it is understood that the sentiment of the committee is to recommend a considerable reduction in the tariff on cheap print paper and probably the removal of tariff on ground wood under such conditions as would serve the free importation of both pulp wood and ground wood pulp from Canada, and forbid any export tax or other charge by Canada upon either pulp wood, ground wood, or print paper. It is not likely that the tariff on sulphite or soda fibre will be changed. While the committee is composed of four Republicans and two Democrats, it is said that the report of the committee embodying recommendations is likely to be unanimous."

This statement, one learns, was precipitated by the fact that the presence of a large lumber lobby which had been working in Washington for several days was becoming known, and by certain indications that the process of wining and dining was making some converts to the idea of maintaining the duties on lumber and wood products. The announcement gave warning to the lumber people and to those Republicans who were getting ready to join the lumbermen. It foreshadows, in the opinion of good observers, reduction by the Ways and Means Committee, not only as regards those features of wood pulp and paper tariff which are closely connected with the lumber schedule, but also on the timber rates generally. A Washington correspondent adds, however:—"North-Western members who have been looking over the situation with extreme care in the interests of their constituents do not, however, feel at all sure of free lumber. They state that while some radical changes will be made, they believe that the committee will endeavor to leave the schedule as a whole in such shape as to get the maximum revenue from it."

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

Mr. Roosevelt has left the White House for ever. An American comic paper depicts him driving away in an overloaded cart—packed with bears, heads of moose and deer, portraits and busts of himself, tennis rackets, rifles, revolvers, and copies of "The Strenuous Life." This is the best criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency: it was overloaded with action, much of it futile, and scantily furnished with thought. His quieter successor, Mr. Taft, was inaugurated in a blizzard, which came four years late, and prevented the President-elect from delivering his inaugural address in front of the Capitol. Mr. Taft's address reflects, on the whole, conservative Republicanism, and his adherence to the Roosevelt domestic "policies" is probably weak. On the other hand, it is nominally Imperialist, emphasising the need for naval expansion. No diminution of the tariff is promised by the double affirmation of a tariff high enough to equalise the cost of production at home and abroad, and a threat of applying the maximum to unfriendly competitors—a threat which leaves a Free Trade country untouched. But Mr. Carnegie has shown that the cost of producing steel is lower in America than here, so that this ground is a slippery one for the high Protectionists. On the whole we fancy Mr. Taft leans to a reduction of the higher rates. Revenue he must have, in order to fill up the deficit of £20,000,000 sterling, and this can only be obtained by a lowering of the tariff. The only personal note is the invitation to the South to advance to a general educational franchise in place of a forcible exclusion of the colored vote.

* * *

The Austro-Servian crisis has not yet ended, and the blame for its prolongation rests chiefly with Austria. Russia acceded so far to the proposal of a joint intervention at Belgrade as to advise the Servian Government to abandon the claim for territorial compensation. Servia has not taken this step, and Austria is giving her no encouragement to do so. The semi-official "Fremdenblatt" tells Servia that she must give up all pretensions with regard to Bosnia, acknowledge that she has no *locus standi*, and then discuss any question of economic concessions direct with Austria. This means that Servia must be humiliated, and abandon the support of powerful intermediaries. Equally uncompromising are the declarations made by Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian Premier, and Count Tisza, an Hungarian ex-Premier. The stiff attitude of Austria has certainly been the chief obstacle in the way of a settlement, and it has made a very bad impression throughout Europe. Even the German Press criticises the Austrian Government severely, not only Radical papers like the "Berliner Tageblatt" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung," but high Conservative papers like the "Kreuz-Zeitung." The "Kreuz-Zeitung" bluntly says that the determining motive in the situation is not peace or national interests, but a duel between M. Isvolsky and Baron Aehrenthal.

* * *

Mr. Falconer, a Scottish Liberal of considerable ability and standing, was elected member for Forfarshire on Saturday by a majority of 2,452. The Liberal majority in 1906 was 3,519, but no serious politician takes 1906 as a normal or index year. On no other occasion did the Liberal majority rise much beyond a third of Mr. Falconer's surplus, and in 1894 a Conservative was elected. In 1900, a year of Tory reaction, Mr. Sinclair's majority was only 248. The chief issues in the contests were the Scottish Land Bill and Free Trade. On Thursday South Edinburgh returned Mr. Dewar by a majority of 1,221. This is a decline of 1,739 on 1906, but at only one other election—that of 1886—was the majority so large.

* * *

Central Glasgow tells a somewhat different tale. Mr. Scott-Dickson, a former Glasgow member, was elected by a majority of 2,113. The seat was always Conservative until the late Sir A. M. Torrance, an ideal Glasgow candidate, carried it at the last election by a majority of 431. The "Times" claims the result in one leader as a victory for Protection, and in another as a defeat of Home Rule. It is probable that the latter was the more conspicuous factor. The "Glasgow Herald," the ablest of the Scottish Unionist newspapers, which did much to destroy the effect of Mr. Chamberlain's first Protectionist crusade in Glasgow, urged Free Trade Unionists to vote for Mr. Scott-Dickson on the ground that, though a Protectionist, he could never carry Protection, and that Free Traders need not, therefore, be "superstitiously" high-principled. Mr. Gibson Bowles fought a most spirited battle, but he was, perhaps, too

brilliant a candidate for Central Glasgow, which preferred the tempered radiancy of Mr. Scott-Dickson.

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The Army Estimates for 1909-10 show a total of £27,435,000. This is an apparent decrease of £24,000 as compared with 1908-9, but a real rise of £276,000. The nominal saving is obtained by levying an additional contribution of £300,000 from the Indian Government towards the cost of raising and training the British Army in India. The Territorial force has involved an increase of £355,000, though as yet it is far from its full strength, and is still about 10,000 short of the old Volunteers. The reports as to its training and organisation are good. There is a reduction of 1,800 men in the regular army owing to the return from South Africa of one cavalry regiment and four battalions of infantry. This brings about an exact balance between the number of battalions serving abroad and their feeders at home. As 11,000 men still remain in South Africa, there should be further economies in this direction at the first moment when South Africa, Dutch and English, is ready for them. On the other hand the Egyptian garrison is being stiffened.

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Mr. Haldane's presentment of these Estimates on Thursday revealed some sharp criticism of his recruiting tactics for the Territorials, and of his sketch of an Imperial Army consisting of 23 corps. Sir Charles Dilke called this mere "Germanisation," likely to repel Australia, and to create "alarm or ridicule." As to the Alliance Assurance scheme, it was bad for the Territorials, for a man pressed to join by one firm which recruited for it would be handicapped by another which was unfavorable. The same protest was raised by Mr. Ward, Mr. Seddon, Sir Ivor Herbert, and even by Mr. Arnold-Forster, who objected to compulsion by employers. Mr. Forster's other main criticisms were that Mr. Haldane was spending £275,000 more for 100,000 fewer men, and that the Special Reserve was a sham. On the other hand, it was agreed that the Territorial scheme and training were good, and that, as Mr. Francis Acland showed in a very interesting speech, the standard of the soldier's life was rising.

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Mr. Lloyd George made an interesting reply on Monday to criticism of the administration of the Pensions Act. He said that the Act had revealed the extent of the secret, heroic struggle against poverty which had been going on throughout the land. As an example he gave the case of an old lady of seventy-five who earned on an average 6s. 6d. per week, paid 3s. 6d. of it in rent, lived on the remaining 3s., and yet had £11 in the Savings Bank as an insurance against a pauper funeral. As to the case of Ireland, where wholesale fraud was strongly alleged by Mr. Balfour and other speakers, neither Mr. Lloyd George nor Mr. Birrell would admit anything more than "laxity" of administration in a country full of poor and outworn people who, owing to the absence of birth registers, did not accurately know their ages. An administrative inquiry has been ordered. Mr. George's general conclusion was that almost the whole community entitled to pensions had applied at once, the reluctance shown in other countries not being visible. The total cost of the present system was eight millions, which he thought the wealthiest of communities would not grudge for so human an end, but there was a chance of this sum growing to eleven millions.

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Mr. Burns was sharply criticised by the Labor Party on Tuesday and Wednesday for his administration of the Unemployed Act. The chief complaints were that he had starved Labor Colonies like the farm at Hollesley Bay and the Women's Workrooms, that he had refused to start Distress Committees in districts which needed them, and had cut down opportunities for relief work in Manchester and elsewhere when they were sorely needed. Mr. Burns's reply on the two latter points seems convincing, but Mr. Balfour did not accept his theory that the Hollesley Bay experiment was to be condemned merely because of its high cost or its uneconomic character, and properly suggested that its educative and human value should also have been taken into account. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald insisted that the Local Government Board had barred out all prospects of the Colonists getting access to the land, and confined the scope of the experiment to mere relief work. Mr. Balfour's verdict on Mr. Burns's administration was that he had acted with courage but not "in the best possible manner." Mr. Balfour thought that there might be some good in labor exchanges and in a limited redistribution of public and private work between good and bad times. Different remedies were wanted for different evils. But first it is necessary to distinguish between the unemployed and the unemployable.

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A committee of the French Cabinet has been revising the draft tariff in conjunction with the Commission of the Chamber. The Cabinet and the Commission are agreed as to the majority of schedules, and the Commission has made some concessions. The revised draft will come before the whole Cabinet in a few days, and the next stage will be to submit it to the Chamber. It is expected that the Chamber will pass the tariff in the course of the present Session. At the meeting of the Association of Chambers of Commerce Mr. Walter Behrens, of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, explained that the framers of the tariff had shown considerable readiness to spare English susceptibilities, and that the French Government had pledged itself to oppose any arrangement likely to disturb the present excellent economic relations between France and Great Britain.

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The Association passed two resolutions, one calling the British Government's attention to the situation, and the other recommending a commercial treaty. It is noteworthy that Mr. Churchill on Wednesday, this time specifically in connection with the French tariff, repeated his approval of retaliation when "demonstrably to the general and permanent advantage of the trade of this country," and his resolution not to "tie the hands of this country" in all circumstances. We suppose Mr. Churchill has a plan, but when did retaliation ever secure an advantage for the State that used it? With regard to a commercial treaty it should be observed that the abolition of commercial treaties was part of the Méline Protectionism, and that a law of 1891 forbids commercial conventions of longer duration than twelve months.

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After a trial lasting over three months the Zulu chief Dinizulu has been found guilty upon two of the twenty-three counts in the indictment against him, viz., for harboring members of the family of the "rebel" Bambata, and for not delivering up some other "rebels" who took refuge in his kraal after the "rebellion" was ended. Though the evidence given at the trial is not to hand, we may assume that it was proved that he or his tribesmen did conceal the fugitive wife of Bambata and some other miserable homeless refugees after the great slaughter of 1906. When it is remembered that the whole country had been subjected to the illegal

operation of martial law, under which whole tribes of unresisting Zulus were driven into the forests after their kraals had been burnt, this offence of succoring a few of his destitute countrymen can hardly be considered a heinous crime. The original charges of murder and incitement to murder, freely uttered against him by the Natal authorities, were not put in the indictment, and upon all the major counts, including charges of rebellion and conspiracy, collecting arms and so forth, he was acquitted.

* * *

But in the heavy penalty of four years' and one year's imprisonment on the two charges the enemies of Dinizulu have secured their end—his removal from his country and, presumably, his deposition from the position of paramount chief. Though we cannot comment on the conduct of the trial itself, we may remind readers that this condemnation is the culmination of a long series of accusations directed against the son of Cetewayo ever since his return from exile in 1898, which when put to the test were shown to be destitute of all foundation. The impropriety and injustice of the conduct of the authorities prior to this trial have been subjected to well-deserved reprobation. Without formulating any charge, General McKenzie arrested him in December, 1907, issuing a proclamation to the effect that he would never be permitted to return to his country. For more than a year he was kept in close confinement until sufficient evidence could be secured on which to base a charge, his legal advisers being meanwhile prevented, under martial law, from entering the country to collect evidence for his defence. Such is the administration of justice in Natal.

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The German financial problem is not appreciably nearer a solution. The Reichstag Committee has rejected the Government's death duties proposal and the National Liberal proposal for an Imperial property tax, but it has not yet discussed the Conservative-Clerical compromise put forward by its sub-committee. The Secretary to the Treasury sticks to his original view, and the Finance Ministers are doing their best to push the death duties scheme. They object to the Conservative-Clerical idea of a property tax raised by the State for Imperial purposes as "imperilling the federal character of the Empire." There are, it will be seen, a constitutional and a political problem superimposed upon a purely financial problem. Prince Bülow has called into council the leaders of the groups of the *bloc*, and negotiations for a compromise are actively proceeding; Prince Bülow no doubt hopes that the Liberals and Radicals will be made tractable by the fear of the *bloc* giving way to a Conservative-Clerical combination as the parliamentary engine of the Government. If a compromise is reached it is pretty certain not to include the death duties so obnoxious to the Agrarians, though there may be some extension of the legacy duties, and it is equally likely to make good any deficiency in revenue by increased indirect taxation. The poor will bear the heavier burden because the parliamentary majority consists of the rich.

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There is no decisive change in the Persian situation. The expeditions against the Nationalists of Ispahan and Resht have halted a short way out of Teheran, and the Shah is evidently concentrating against Tabriz, calculating that if that city falls the whole revolutionary movement must collapse. An assault was made on Tabriz from those quarters; the Royalists gained a slight advantage on the N.E. side, but were repulsed with some loss elsewhere. The town, however, remains blockaded. All the roads are beset, and supplies have been cut off for the last fortnight. Apparently, however, Katai Khan has food enough for another six weeks. In an interview the Shah has made it quite clear that his mind remains unchanged. He thinks the old Megliss was an anarchic institution, and he will do nothing in the way of concession until he has crushed all opposition and cowed the nation. Representations from the foreign Powers are not likely to affect him, especially as Sir Edward Grey says that the granting of an amnesty has formed part of all suggestions that have been under consideration. The leading Persian statesmen, the "able and energetic" men of the country, are in exile, and will not be permitted to return if the Shah can prevent it.

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The International Opium Commission which assembled at Shanghai on February 1st separated after three weeks without accomplishing much. It passed nine resolutions, the chief of which recognised "the unswerving sincerity" of the Chinese Government and "the real, though unequal, progress" made in suppressing the opium habit, urged all Governments to take drastic measures to control the sale, manufacture, and distribution of morphine, and recommended the foreign settlements in China to close the divans as soon as possible, and to negotiate with the Chinese Government to prohibit the sale and manufacture of anti-opium medicine containing opium. The most effective measure—a general agreement to prohibit the growth of the poppy—was not adopted, nor did the Chinese Government get its way on the matters nearest to its heart—the reduction of the importation of opium *pari passu* with the reduction of the growth of the poppy in China and the establishment of a Government opium monopoly there. The Chinese Government claims that it will have stamped out the cultivation of the poppy in two years, whereas the Indian Government will take ten years in abolishing the export of opium. Direct negotiations between the two Governments may, however, lead to a better arrangement. Opium monopolies have been attempted in several of the provinces, but in every case they broke down before the protests of the foreign consuls—including, one regrets to say, English consuls—on the ground that they were an infringement of treaty obligations.

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Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The Minister of Education, as everyone anticipated, has appointed M. Loisy to the professorship of the history of religions at the Collège de France. Any other appointment would have been abnormal and unjustifiable; the choice of the professors of the college is almost always ratified by the Minister, and in the very few cases in which it has been passed over, there were special reasons for that course. Thus the refusal to appoint Père Scheil, the Dominican, to the chair of Assyriology was based on the ground that a member of a religious order is not a free agent and is unable to deal with any subject from a purely scientific standpoint. In the present case it would have been more than absurd to pass over the greatest French authority on the history of religions in favor of a young Egyptologist who has given no attention to the question outside his own special branch of it. Had the vacant chair been a chair of Egyptology, M. Foucart might have been a very suitable person."

[*This number of* The Nation *contains a supplement dealing with publishers' announcements of books to be issued this spring.*]

Politics and Affairs.

LIBERAL RESPONSIBILITY TO EUROPE.

> "The people of our Christian world live like animals, guided in their lives merely by personal interests and by their struggle with one another; differing from animals only in that the animals, from time immemorial, have kept the same stomachs, claws and fangs, while people move with ever-increasing rapidity from roads to railroads, from horses to steam, from spoken sermons and letters to printing, to telegraphs and telephones, and from sailing boats to ocean steamers, from swords to gunpowder, cannons, quick-firing guns, bombs, and war-aeroplanes. And life with telegraphs, telephones, electricity, bombs, and aeroplanes, and with hatred of all for all; directed, not by some uniting spiritual principle, but, on the contrary, by animal instincts which divide, and which employ mental powers for their own satisfaction, becomes ever more and more insane and wretched."—*Tolstoy in the "Fortnightly Review."*

The Government cannot, we think, complain that in the controversy on armaments it has been left without plain indications of the mind and will of its followers. The Executive of the National Liberal Federation, which speaks the mind of the moderates of the party, and is not usually left without official guiding, has unanimously revised an earlier resolution admitting the necessity for an increase on naval expenditure, and has substituted for it another motion, declaring that, in its opinion, no necessity for any such increase exists. Two other bodies of influence, the National Reform Union and the New Reform Club, have spoken in the same sense. A large body of Liberal members of Parliament have ballotted for a motion of discussion and criticism of the Navy Estimates. Powerful reasons exist for this movement of vigilance and alarm. Already the mark of heavy warlike expenditure is visible in the wearing down of the programme of social reform. The promise of legislation removing the disability which shuts out the aged workhouse inmate from a share in the pensions fund has been dropped. The Prime Minister's further pledge of an energetic dealing with the problem of unemployment has been reduced by the omission from the King's Speech of a measure of afforestation, and we do not see how a programme involving the building of four "Dreadnoughts" this year and possibly six the next is compatible with a measure of insurance for invalidity and unemployment. Unprincipled journalists, Liberal as well as Tory, are not wanting to assure the Liberal Party that its pledges of social reform, explicit and implicit, are valueless in comparison with the demands of the war services; while a Cabinet Minister spends his energies in creating an atmosphere equally unfavorable to economy and to peace. Take the Army Estimates, as to which the pledges of reduction are, as it were, ten deep. Mr. Haldane prides himself on a reduction of £24,000. There is no real reduction. The estimates of expenditure are on an increased scale, notably in respect of the cost of the Territorial Army, and the so-called saving is merely obtained by dragging an extra £300,000 out of India as an increased contribution to the raising and training of the British Army there. Mr. Haldane has, indeed, one source of economy in the gradual withdrawal of the South African garrison, as a result of the settlement of the racial question and the creation of a single self-governed community. But of this he has only availed himself to a limited extent, while on the other hand he presents an assured and continual source of increased expenditure in the growth of the Territorial Army. It is already clear that this force, though smaller in number than the Yeomanry and Volunteers whom it replaces, will be far more costly. In the last year of the existence of these bodies, we maintained 250,259 officers and men at a cost of £1,894,159. Mr. Haldane has now enrolled about 240,000 officers and men, and his estimate of the cost of the force during the present year is £2,307,000. This is a large excess, even if we make due allowance for the additional expense incurred in the more careful training of the new forces as compared with the old.

However, this is only a measure of Mr. Haldane's most innocent activities. The country might consent to pay a little more for effective volunteering. But the Secretary for War is engaged in an agitation for popularising the Territorial Army, and he has employed three auxiliaries—a sensational halfpenny newspaper, a melodrama written to further conscription, and an Assurance Company whose directors have most improperly decided to exclude from their service all but members of the Territorial Army. This ukase of Lord Rothschild Mr. Haldane has expressly approved, though it is clear that if a sufficient number of employers adopted it, the road to conscription would be made broad and plain. The whip of unemployment would be used to drive young men of the middle classes into military service, and the passage from this kind of pressure to force exercised directly by the State would be inevitable, and, indeed, would be demanded by workers and employers alike. It is no fault of Mr. Haldane's that both these classes have repudiated the invasion of personal liberty which he has excused and applauded; and we think it matter of grave public scandal that a statesman having high office in a Liberal Government should be permitted to profess such views, and to hold the threat of forced service over the heads of free British citizens. Already insurance clerks who do not care for soldiering are given warning that, so far as two important companies are concerned, their sphere of employment is restricted, and if the field had been narrowed a little more, this body of workers must either have fought "conscriptionist" houses or yielded. Such an issue cannot be allowed to rest. If Mr. Haldane chooses to make his own creation unpopular, and substitute for the young enthusiasts of last year men driven into training by the hunger-whip, that is his own affair. But so long as he is a Liberal Minister he cannot be allowed to move one step towards the tragic blunder of Conscription.

The incident will, we hope, convince Liberals and Radicals that, now as ever, they have not a single cause to defend, but a general policy and point of view. Free Trade does not stand alone. It is a pledge of the general security of British democracy against the combined attack of Protection, Conscription, Militarism, and Imperialism, and no Government which is not determined to

fight all these tendencies at once can long retain or deserve the name of Liberal. For all these influences in their several ways imply the denial of moral force; all base themselves on doctrines abhorrent to the teaching of the great progressive thinkers and statesmen —Mill, Spencer, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright; all misuse and debase the instruments of science and civilisation; all imply the helplessness and economic depression of the peoples. If, within six years of the close of the South African War, we are again visited by these allied and co-operative spirits, the proof is clear that in armaments and in the unending increase of armaments resides, not security, but the very demon of insecurity. We never were so safe, and we never felt more unsafe. Nature has provided us with the most secure of frontiers, and yet we spend millions more on defence, and are more alarmed about "security," than any of the European Powers with merely land barriers against their rivals. The greater our fleet, the greater we want it to be. The more science accumulates the power of enabling attacked and invaded countries to destroy an aggressive enemy, the more helpless we believe ourselves. The reason is that a universal scepticism and superstition hold the most powerful of modern States, each fearing the other, and believing it to be devoid of its own innocent and upright policy, while in each country the same type of perverted mind builds up the same arguments for increasing that material force which is the cause of our unrest, as it is the poison to which each patient has almost equal access. There is therefore no relief by way of armaments, for science, with its last invention, supplies all the nations with the means of neutralising the discovery that preceded it. Steadily these Christian, equally civilised, Powers—no longer ringed round with a barbarian world, as was ancient Rome, but sharing a common and continually enriched endowment of faith and knowledge—press each other to the gulf of common ruin, and, by a strange moral blindness, greet every advance to the precipice as a victory of peace. Two organised political forces only seem to exist to combat these tendencies. They are the British Liberal and Labor Parties and Continental Socialism. Liberalism is, for the moment, the most important of these instruments for redeeming modern society from its craze for violence. Great therefore is its responsibility, measureless must be the consequences of a false step on this question of armaments. For if the Liberal Party now abandons or qualifies its central doctrine, it will not only destroy itself, but will open the way to a worse Europe than that of 1819.

TRUE CONCEPTIONS OF STATE HELP.

The Old Age Pensions Act has cost more than was expected, and the excessive number of Irish claims probably indicates defects in the machinery which will have to be made good. Nevertheless the effect of the debate on the Supplementary Estimates has been to confirm the sense of satisfaction—we may almost say of profound relief—with which the public contemplate the provision for the aged poor. Mr. Lloyd George struck the right note when he dwelt on the mass of unacknowledged and undisclosed poverty which the Act had revealed. The true pathos of poverty is not to be seen in the listlessness and apathy of the workhouse or in the squalor of the miserable crowd that huddles away from wind or snow under the arches of Waterloo Bridge. Such poverty has become destitution and ruin, and in becoming destitution it has put off its human aspect for something hardly human; it has exchanged its pathos for horror. The true pathos of the poor is seen rather in the bare but decent home, in the unending yet unavailing struggle with the inevitable, in the pinched lip closing in after the long years of unrequited toil unrelieved by hope and uncheered by a rest which involves either dependence or privation. From this blank ending the pension system is rescuing the mass of the poor, and when it is extended, as extended it must be, by abolishing the disqualification of poor relief, it will go far to solve the problem of poverty for the aged. It will hold out a hope to the worker whose faculties are decaying, and who becomes aware that he cannot long trust to his own hands to maintain him; it will afford a possibility to son or daughter of maintaining the parents without unduly burdening their own families. It will stimulate energy and thrift, and arrest the weakening of the family tie. This it achieves because it throws over the previous destitution test, and instead of confining relief to those who are perhaps too far gone upon the road to ruin to make good use of it, holds out the hand to all who need.

It is the same principle which the Minority of the Poor Law Commissioners would have extended to all forms of public assistance. The Commissioners of 1832-4 taught us to seek economy by restriction. Relief had been given with so little discrimination that it had become a mere grant in aid of wages, pauperising not only the independent laborer, but even in a sense the farmer who employed him. To escape from these abuses the New Poor Law sought stringent tests to distinguish the case of real need from the case which was spurious or undeserving, and the more efficiently it was administered the more it strove to throw on every man to the last stroke of his ability the responsibility of maintaining himself. Under certain imaginable economic circumstances this might, in fact, be the best course. If there were what two generations ago there was sometimes supposed to be, a system of free industrial enterprise with a mobile labor market, wherein every man of normal human faculties could find his place and his wage, if there were no unemployment but that due to sickness, if there were no sweated industries or swollen rent-rolls, if wages were fixed on a scale to make ample provision for an average family and leave a margin to provide for sickness, misfortune, and old age, then it might be best for each family to stand on its own feet and take on itself the responsibility for all these contingencies of life. Then it would be possible to treat the man who had fallen out of the ranks of industry as an idler, and him who had failed to make due provision as a spendthrift. At least it would be possible to leave the few exceptional cases to private charity, and all that the

Poor Law would have to do would be to stand between the wastrel and sheer starvation. But the excellence of the social system itself would separate the sheep from the goats. We might be sure that all who failed failed by their own fault. The newer methods of the State towards poverty have arisen because none of these conditions are fulfilled, nor are they in a fair way to be fulfilled. Free competition does not provide assured employment for all, not even for many who are thoroughly competent and respectable. It does not supply a "living wage" for perhaps a quarter, perhaps a third, of the population. It sentences them to a monotony of dull and de-humanising toil, with no prospect of betterment, and no hope of rest as the eyes grow dim and the limbs grow feeble. That many of this class, as of others, makes things far worse for themselves by drink and waste is true. But to combat drink and waste the best of all means is to supply the stimulus of hope—that is, to hold out the prospect not of impeccable and unredeemed dreariness, but of reasonable comfort and human conditions as the reward to be gained by a life of industry and self-control. To hold out this hope it is necessary not to reserve all public assistance for the utterly destitute, but to lend a hand to those who have not yet sunk into destitution, to redress in some small degree the heavy balance of economic forces, and secure to the citizen, as citizen, some lien upon that vast accumulation of wealth which is always in large measure a social product.

The other side of a more liberal and humane conception of public assistance for the poor is the added necessity for the sharper discrimination between poverty and pauperism, and the more rigid treatment of the essential pauper. Pauperism is not properly an economic condition. It is much more a type of character, and the vice of our present Poor Law system is that it tends, especially in such an institution as the workhouse, to confound these widely different classes. The remedy widely favored and suggested by the Majority Report is to refer the work of discrimination to the expert in philanthropy, who passes his life in sifting cases, examining records, and adjudicating claims to relief. We cannot, however, suppose that Parliament will ever consent to taking the administration of relief so far out of the hands of representative authorities as is suggested in this Report. Charitable societies, Guilds of Help, Church organisations, will always have an important *rôle* to play alongside of the State organisation. That *rôle* will be something more than the Minority conceive, for the best individual work is not done, as they seem to suggest, in connection with institutions, but in the medium of direct personal relationships. But it will be a good deal less than the Majority desire, for public funds must be administered by representatives of the ratepayers, and the charitable organisations of the country have not acquired such a reputation for combined feeling and judgment as will induce the public to confide the task to their hands. Much less will it allow them, as seems contemplated in the treatment of the unemployed, to set the standard of permissible relief, so that whatever is done for a man by a public authority must be "in some way less eligible" than the treatment which he would have received from organised charity. Legislation on questions so large and complex as those dealt with in the recent Reports can only proceed piecemeal, and we do not suppose that the question of the authority to be substituted for the present Guardians will be broached until the suggestions have had time to sink in and there is more general agreement as to the proper substitute than would now be found. But we think it clear that no progressive Government would accept the main ideal underlying the recommendations of the Majority, that the appropriate organ for administering public assistance is a committee of private representatives of organised charity.

THE POSSIBILITY OF AZEFF.

"Our safety," said the Minister of Police in the *Roi des Montagnes*, as he avowed his complicity with the brigands; "our safety lies in the fact that we are so utterly improbable." About's malicious epigram might with propriety be adopted by the Russian bureaucracy. It survives in Europe because it is so incredibly un-European. Scandal follows scandal, and still it survives, sustained by loans, alliances, and understandings, because the scandals require for their comprehension a background and environment which it is beyond the powers of the untravelled Englishman or Frenchman to conceive. The few who know the facts hesitate to unmask them, lest they themselves should be broken by the impenetrable incredulity of Western common sense. But the accumulation of crimes of which the Azeff affair is only the last is now so considerable that it is tempting to group the facts together. Isolated they seem monstrous. Collected they present a certain coherence and internal consistency, which makes a possible, if topsy-turvy, world. The main thing to remember is that we are dealing with a society in which there is neither public control nor unified discipline. There has never been in Russia a single government, but always many. There was before 1905 no Cabinet; there were only separate Ministers, each struggling for the favor of the Autocrat. The arbiter among these arch-officials was necessarily the Court, and the Court meant in practice the Grand Duke, the great lady, the financial adventurer, or the "practical mystic" who had for the moment the ear of the Tsar. Outside the Ministries stand certain chiefs of the secret police, responsible only to the Tsar, directed by some exalted detective who has his confidence, and is usually at war with one or more of the Ministers. In the provinces, under the perennial states of siege or "exceptional protection," the local governors, only partially responsible to the Ministry of the Interior, rule as little independent despots, and generally rely for their immunity on the favor of the secret police, which ultimately means the Tsar or his courtiers. The object of most of these official persons is naturally to "make their careers," and the way to make them is not so much through public service or popular repute, as by winning the favor of one or other of the factions which intrigue

in secret in the corridors of the palace or the bureaux of the political police.

Into this chaotic world is it possible to fit the monstrous figure of Azeff? Let us first consider some of its other known tenants, and the methods of which they stand convicted. Plehve's master-idea is now fairly well-known and established by authentic testimony. At the moment when Socialism began to spread among the industrial workers, he created a police trade union, whose object was to lure the men into strikes, in the hope of more easily drawing out and marking down their leaders. Father Gapon was himself an agent of this system, and owed his success largely to the belief of the police that the priest-demagogue was really their man. Certainly he was in their pay, but, like Mirabeau, he at first took bribes without allowing himself to be corrupted. Through Gapon the Secret Police provoked to insurrection, intending to crush it utterly. Perhaps the most lurid revelation of the power and malignity of the organisation which controls the lives and liberties of a hundred millions of the Tsar's subjects, came with Prince Urussoff's disclosures of the part which it played in organising the massacres of Jews. It directed the "Black Hundreds," used the military and the ordinary police as its tools, and camped in the Ministry of the Interior (unknown to Count Witte), where it safely printed its proclamations inciting to slaughter. The man who drafted these proclamations was Ratchkovsky, now better known as Azeff's immediate employer. He survived that scandal as he had survived others. It was Count Witte who fell. Ratchkovsky survived because his patrons were the then omnipotent General Trepoff, and the Tsar himself. For if one fact about this chaos is clearer than another, it is that the Tsar publicly supported and eulogised the "Black Hundreds" during the period of their most sinister activity.

Concerning Azeff certain facts are now, since the inconclusive debates in the Duma, beyond dispute. He was, as M. Stolypin admitted, a police agent from 1892 onwards. He was also by the Prime Minister's admission deep in the counsels of the terrorist organisation between 1906 and 1908. He took part in the organisation of many attempts during those years, and his justification according to M. Stolypin was that most of them failed. That is in effect an admission that he instigated young men and women to crimes, whose successful execution he none the less prevented. M. Stolypin was not explicit, but it is asserted that during these two years Azeff took part in promoting the Moscow rising, and the Cronstadt and Sveaborg mutinies. It is true that these risings brought disaster on the revolution, but it was at the cost of thousands of lives. A spy would have betrayed these plots in such a way as to cause them to fail by the premature arrest of the conspirators. Azeff's *rôle* was rather that of a general paid to lead the enemy into bloody disaster. But by fixing the date of Azeff's real influence over the revolution in the year 1906, M. Stolypin evaded the more startling questions concerning Azeff's past. The fact is that as early as 1903 Azeff was the supreme head of the inner Terrorist Organisation of the Revolutionary Socialists. That fact and all it implies was generally assumed in the Duma debate, notably by M. Miliukoff. It is established by the official report of the party, by the independent testimony of Russians who knew him, but are themselves outside this party, notably Prince Kropotkin and the able writer who contributes a page of history to the "English Review" over the initials "D. S." The present writer has had the advantage of discussing Azeff's past with a Russian Socialist who knew him intimately through all those years, and explained his influence in the party solely by his uncanny success in organising terrorism. This authority was, indeed, inclined to think that Azeff's treason to the party had been gradual and comparatively recent. That theory, however, is negatived by M. Stolypin's own statement. Azeff represented the Secret Police within the party all the time and from his earliest connection with it. It is difficult to reject the statements of the party itself that Azeff organised the murders of Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius, and was even present as an active participant in the assassination of the former.

At this point the real mystery begins. The secret police, who knew what was Azeff's position in the party, must also have known that he had at least a foreknowledge of the plots against Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius. Why, then, did it allow him to conduct these plots to a successful conclusion? Was it simply to permit him to win the full confidence of the real terrorists in order afterwards to destroy them? Or did Azeff himself deceive both his police paymasters and his terrorist comrades? Or was the secret police using him for its own purposes, to remove its own enemies within the bureaucracy and at court? The last theory, the most monstrous and improbable of all, seems also the best to fit the facts. Ratchkovsky, who organised Jewish massacres, would not have hesitated at murder; Ratchkovsky was Azeff's immediate employer, and he is said to have had a personal feud with Plehve, whom Azeff helped to assassinate. The final improbability confronts us when we are assured by those who have examined the documents that Azeff, the police agent, was more than once engaged in plots against the Tsar's own life, which failed through no fault of his. Before rejecting even that last monstrous suggestion, it is well to recall the rather lurid history of the Russian Court and the Romanoff dynasty. Court plots, which might include as a detail the removal of a sovereign, seem to us an impossible anachronism, because our own history has been free from them since the reign of James I. and the Gowrie conspiracy. But only a century separates the Russia of to-day from the Tsar Paul and a succession of dynastic conspiracies complicated by murder, insanity, and queenly gallantries.

For the whole truth about the career of Azeff we may have to wait until the Secret Police has left its records to be studied coldly and critically as historians to-day unravel the infamies of the Bastille documents. We know enough, however, to suspect that there is a subterranean government in Russia, often stronger than the Ministry, capable, perhaps, even of challenging the person of a feeble Tsar, which uses as its instruments indifferently the police, the terrorists, and the "Black Hundreds." That M. Stolypin knows little of its doings

and cannot control them, we readily believe. He does not even know how many thousands of victims it yearly sends untried by "administrative process" into exile. Its psychology and its morals must resemble more closely those of some Camorra than any police organisation which the Western mind can conceive. It is a counter-terrorism, differing only from an avowedly anarchist league in the fact that its members are propagating no principles, but merely fighting a nation, and incidentally amassing wealth and seeking promotion. Sometimes it makes terms (as at Moscow) with brigands of the Tottenham stamp, who share with it the proceeds of "expropriations," Sometimes, as was stated by a Cadet member in the Duma debate, a male detective disguised as a young woman will lead a girl's school to some "revolutionary" act, which will condemn several young women to prison or exile. Sometimes (as was proved in a recent trial at Vladivostock) it will procure the hanging of men by hiding forged documents in their rooms, sealed with a revolutionary seal which it has fabricated. There is, in short, nothing to distinguish the doings of this secret police from those of the Turkish spies employed by the Yildiz camarilla. It will last while the autocracy endures, and while it lasts it will produce a perpetual duality in the government of Russia. Nothing can end that duality, save a frank acceptance of constitutional rule. Nothing now sustains it but the complacence of European diplomacy and European finance.

THE FATE OF THE FREE TRADE UNIONISTS.

If the Liberal Party watch with closeness the signs of public opinion, as the bye-elections reveal its movements, they will, we think, find no reason for discouragement. There are many signs that the country is passing over and through the reaction which undoubtedly set in during the progress of the Licensing Bill. The bad series of elections, starting from Peckham, began with that measure, and it now shows signs of closing. There is nothing surprising in this phenomenon. The friends of the Licensing Bill never expected it to be popular. They had lately emerged from a battle for cheap food for the people; it was easy for a well-organised trade, familiar with working-class habit, to pretend that the Bill meant dear, or worse still, inconvenient, drink. But now that the brewer and his friends have won, we come back to issues more easily expounded. The Tory Party and its leader have hung out the old forlorn banner of taxes on the people's bread, meat, and roof-trees, and behind it they are beginning stealthily to advance the standard of Conscription. They have cavilled and sneered at old age pensions, and they have been compelled to withdraw or hedge on their sporting offer to do away with unemployment. When these issues are again thoroughly canvassed in England, popular opinion will not, we are convinced, turn in a Protectionist direction. The country laborers will not let the big loaf go; and neither they nor the town workmen will look at a new form of press-gang adapted to the less popular of the two war services. When the issue of the Lords is raised, as it ought to have been raised long ago, the simplicity and power of the argument for representative as against hereditary rule will be a new force for Liberalism and the Labor Party, while, if our leaders are wise, it will become the basis of a general understanding with the Irish as well as with the British democracy. Nor in the sphere of social reform do we see any opening for the genius of Toryism, or its pseudo-democratic wing. The British people will never stand a proposal like that of the Majority of the Royal Commission to commit the working of the Poor Law to selected coteries of the well-to-do, organised as branches of the Charity Organisation Society. The Liberal Party, therefore, should take courage. The evident promise of the future is with it, not against it.

Nor is this promise belied by the evidence of the bye-elections. Even during the last unfortunate months more electors voted Liberal and Labor than Tory. Through the whole Parliament, Scotland, which has suffered more than any part of the United Kingdom from the veto of the Lords, has been firm for the Government. Forfarshire is a typical constituency of the pure Scottish type. It once returned a Unionist; otherwise it has been Liberal, by a moderate surplus. In 1906, indeed, it shared the general fury of repudiation of Mr. Balfour's Government, but six years later, the present Lord Pentland was glad to retain his seat by a majority about one-tenth as large as that which Mr. Falconer obtained. The two electoral issues were the Land Bill and Free Trade, and on both the constituency stood firm. Nor is South Edinburgh unsatisfactory, if we clear our minds of the notion that 1906 was other than a "miraculous year" in electioneering. The constituency is uncertain, having been alternately Liberal and Tory, and the most recent additions to it come from the type of dwellers in villas. A good proportion of these middle-class men appear to be Tariff Reformers, and that in itself is regrettable enough. But a Liberal majority of 1,200, rarely attainable in normal years, shows that the mass of Scottish urban voters remains progressive and Free Trade, and that powerful reserves of conviction and feeling withstand a general Protectionist success at the polls. In Central Glasgow the result is no doubt markedly unfavorable. But in the first place Glasgow was never a Liberal seat; in the second place it is a mixed constituency, in the presence of which an Irish element provokes a counter-force of extreme resistance to Home Rule. It was this antagonism on which the Unionist managers relied to conceal the want of agreement on Protection, while the powerful organ of Scottish Free Trade Unionism used it to drive Free Traders of its persuasion to the poll in support of Mr. Scott-Dickson. Even this gentleman dared not advance much beyond the equivocations of a leader who conceals each advance to Protection by a cloud of formulæ compatible or half-compatible with Free Trade.

The surrender of the Free Trade Unionists was, however, qualified. It was, their organ was careful to explain, merely a betrayal *ad hoc*. It was so important to keep the Irish people from governing themselves that it was worth risking the chance of inflicting dear food on them and on their Scottish and English brethren. Therefore, said the "Glasgow Herald," Unionist Free Traders ought to prefer an "enlightened expediency" to "ob-

stinate adherence to principle," and there could be no betrayal of Free Trade in voting for a Protectionist who would not make his principles "effective" in the present Parliament. By this high-minded reasoning the "Glasgow Herald" urged its readers to vote against a Free Trader with no chance whatever of making his Home Rule principles prevail in a Parliament in which both parties had expressly barred it out. It is not surprising that a party of such intellectual and moral fibre as this should be contemptuously told by the chief Unionist Whip to stand aside from the next election, and let people with some soul and purpose fight it out together.

The argument of the "Glasgow Herald" is, of course, worthless, for the Protectionists have not for a moment hesitated to credit their creed with the victory in Central Glasgow, and it is evident to everyone who studies the slippery methods of party warfare that the hopes of a Protectionist victory next election are built mainly on the belief that they can win at the polls by wearing down and discrediting a Free Trade Government, and can then snatch a victory for the tariff by "bluffing" Mr. Balfour into the belief that the spoils of victory were rightly theirs. The public do not look nicely at electoral results; they examine them in the broad mass, and as the noise and volume of the Protectionist propaganda drown every other voice in Toryism, they assume it to be the cause of the electoral successes of the Opposition. It is here that the political incapacity of the Free Trade Unionists stands revealed. Their first demand to the Liberal Party was to give up its Liberalism as a price of the Free Trade Unionist vote. When this was refused they retreated, with the "Spectator," into the remotest cave of Toryism, and in that archaic retreat they have remained ever since, vituperating democracy, and making occasional sallies into the open in the guise of Protectionist voters. The result is that they have ceased to be a practical force in politics. Save on the Licensing Bill, they objected to nothing that the Lords have done to discredit Liberalism and Free Trade, and many of them pressed for the rejection of Old Age Pensions and the Trades Disputes Act. They have not been a moderating influence as against extreme Toryism, even in the sense of Mr. Chamberlain's earlier career as a Liberal Unionist. Totally differing from the Peelites in moral firmness and intellectual consistency, they have not produced, since the death of the Duke of Devonshire, a single statesman of weight, with the possible exception of Lord Cromer. They have exhibited one or two sterling examples of personal honesty, and that is all. They profess no theory of government which either British party accepts, or on which it would be possible to govern a European State. Now that they have broken all ties with the Liberals, they cannot, in their turn, complain if we refuse, at their suggestion, to make any second reservation in regard to Home Rule. The pledge, if pledge it was, was unwisely given at the Election of 1906, and it is safe to say that, now that the timidity and anti-Liberalism of the Free Fooders' press and of the majority of their leaders have been fully revealed, it will never be renewed.

Life and Letters.

THE LATTER-DAY PROPHET.

"No one reads Ruskin now," said one of the leaders of artistic circles the other day, and very likely she was right. If she had shared the misfortune of being born thirty years earlier she would have lain at Ruskin's feet thirty years ago in a loose blue cloak and a shimmer of fluffy hair. But time has been kind in keeping her for a later day when she may find more beauty in a foggy mud-bank than in the Alps, and in a motor's steam than in all the stones of Italy. To be born late is an advantage that defies attack, and every year's revelation begins by quietly obliterating the last.

It is magnificent, this procession of continually advancing splendor, always reaching forward with unsatisfied longing for change, always dropping behind it what once was thought so dear, strowing its path with a litter of outworn affections. To be sure, there is something a little pathetic about it too, at all events to the affections thus outworn. And in this case there seems a peculiar pathos that the leader of artistic circles should have uttered her easy condemnation just on the very day when, after many years of faithful and ungrudging labor, the final volumes of the great Library Edition of Ruskin's works were ready to appear. They appeared last Thursday, and the noblest memorial that devotion and self-sacrifice have ever raised to a Master is now complete.

Mr. George Allen, Ruskin's disciple, friend, and publisher, who designed this great and final edition, is no longer here to rejoice in its fulfilment. But the editors, Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, can look back on having accomplished a work almost unequalled, we suppose, in the history of scholarship, whether we regard its difficulty, its labor, or its success. It is sometimes the way of genius to be greater than its work, and there was about Ruskin's personality a living soul whose influence went further than anything he wrote. But in these thirty-seven volumes is encased as in a shrine all that is tangible in the life-work of one of the strangest and most conspicuous men of genius that England has produced, and one of the most influential upon our national character, no matter how much the vogue of artistic circles may affect to disregard him now. Influence is an unconscious thing, and many who feel it most are not aware from whom it comes. But there are some left who upon the course of years littered with fading reputations can still approach this shrine in gratitude alike to the builders and to the noble spirit whom it commemorates.

The two last volumes contain a selection from Ruskin's letters—a selection running to several hundred, perhaps to a thousand or two, for Ruskin was copious in letter-writing as in everything he did. We only wish that two more volumes had been added so as to include the answers. Then we should have had a picture of nearly all last century's leading thought and art. As it is, though letters do not make a biography, being often only the expression of passing moods and usually written to please or to discuss some casual interest, still we can follow in them the career and, to some extent, the mind of a man who touched last century's life at some of its most vital points and profoundly affected them. We are first taken back to the well-to-do middle-class family of days when Queen Victoria was playing with her dolls—a typical family except for the father's strain of something like genius in critical appreciation. We see them all gathered on a suburban hill—pious and evangelical, reading the Bible persistently from end to end, but not excluding other literature of the best kind, liking Pope, and even admitting Byron with hesitation. We see them setting out upon their holidays in the family coach, with a joyous sense of change and adventure such as no motor ever equals. Compared to the mother, as Ruskin confessed, he and his father always appeared rather profane and rebellious characters, and in one of her letters, written to her son when he was fifty, there

is a touch which unconsciously reveals the nicety and pious trustfulness of her nature.

> "I have had some experience of one of your large grasshoppers," she writes, "and have no desire to have anything more to do with such acquaintance. I dislike the insect tribe altogether, except as they excite my deep reverence towards the Life sustaining them."

From such breeding, which people under forty can no longer understand without a difficult effort of imagination—from such decent and profoundly solemn breeding, as always in the eye of a loving though overwhelming Power, Ruskin acquired the reverential mind that can find no subject for scorn or jest in beliefs, though knowledge has outworn them. What he said of himself in politics was true of him in higher things than those: "Bred a Tory," he writes, "and gradually developed into an indescribable thing, certainly not a Tory." Or again, "I am a Conservative by instinct, loving old things because they are old, and hating new things merely because they are new." It is this reverential love for the beauty of the past, this pious consideration for things that our fathers have told us, which distinguishes him among the great reforming spirits of his age. It is true the age was deeply touched by the same reverential honor for ancient nobleness. We have but to think of Newman in religion, of Carlyle in literature, or of the Pre-Raphaelites in art, to see how profound that feeling was among the finest minds. But in Ruskin it reached a passionate yearning that surpassed all the others in regret and in the sorrowful indignation that embittered his existence. For on all sides, in religion, in common life, and in art, he saw the remains of ancient beauty crumbling away together with the beliefs that gave them birth. When the present writer met him once in Savoy, Ruskin was continually lamenting that the snow was no longer so pure and deep on Mont Blanc as in his youth. It may have been true or not, but the profound regret with which he said it was caused by the disappearance of many other things more important for man's spirit than the snow upon Mont Blanc.

This reverential melancholy marked him early. Some years before he was thirty he wrote to his father from Pisa:—

> "I do believe that I shall live to see the ruin of everything good and great in the world, and have nothing left to hope for but the fires of the judgment to shrivel up the cursed idiocy of mankind."

But more effectual, though not less tormenting, than these haunting regrets for the beauty of vanished time was the spirit continually questioning why the present was thus growing in hideousness. That questioning spirit was part of the man's peculiar accuracy and depth of vision. There was nothing he did not see. Till he spoke, he appeared to be all eyes. Behind everything visible he saw something else again, and then something else, just as in opposite looking-glasses the reflections go to infinity. In the commonest things it was always the same. Going to one of his Oxford lectures, he saw a little girl wearing her mother's old boots. "Why does a little girl wear her mother's old boots?" he kept asking, and the question led him through all modern society to the limits of the universe. Or again, in walking among mountains, which he loved perhaps more passionately than any form of beauty, he would suddenly ask, "Why is ground at an angle of 40 anything better than ground at an angle of 30—or of 20—or of 10—or of nothing at all?" And so the question would take him back and back by subtle analysis to the ultimate problems of life.

It was the same in literature; and that is why, in spite of his extraordinary admiration of "Aurora Leigh" in these letters, he was one of the keenest and most enlightening critics of a great age in criticism. But, above all, it was upon the new social conditions of the time that this questioning spirit was turned. In a truthful analysis of his own nature which he sent to Henry Acland, when he was nearly forty, he writes:—

> "I am forced by precisely the same instinct to the consideration of political questions that urges me to examine the laws of architectural or mountain forms. I cannot help doing so; the questions suggest themselves to me, and I am *compelled* to work them out. I cannot rest till I have got them clear."

And it is in this sphere that his spirit of unresting question has had its widest influence. Perhaps we see the first definite beginning of that influence when he gave evidence in 1860 before a Parliamentary Committee on Public Institutions. He thus describes the scene:—

> "You would have been amused at seeing some of their faces as I got out, in repeated and clear answers, my hatred of Competition. At last, on my saying finally that all distress mainly came from adopting for a principle the struggle of man *with* man, instead of the help of 'man by man,' Sir Robert Peel burst out with: 'Most extraordinary sentiments, I must say, Mr. Ruskin.'"

As before, it needs a strong effort of imagination to call up the age when all Ruskin's sentiments, on economics as on art, appeared most extraordinary to the leaders of thought and to all educated and commercial people. Such sentiments as that the workman is of more value than the work, and that art is worthless as long as life is hideous, have now become the common currency of thought, and few remember the startled indignation with which they first were greeted. Still, it is not so very long ago—not thirty years—since the commonest criticism on Ruskin was that he was perfectly right as long as he stuck to art and left economics alone, and it is strange to think how exactly that criticism has now been reversed.

Dr. John Brown once called Ruskin "a stray angel who has singed his wings a little and tumbled into our sphere. He has all the arrogance, insight, unreasonableness, and spiritual sheen of a celestial." It is a true description, for in all his life one is conscious of a violent and pathetic disharmony between himself and the world around him. He was conscious of it himself, and it was the cause of the melancholy that pervaded his highest joy and his tenderest humor. "This working in a way contrary to one's whole nature," he wrote to the Brownings, "tells upon one at last:—

> "For my own pleasure I should be collecting stones and mosses, drying and ticketing them—reading scientific books—walking all day long in summer—going to plays, and what not, in winter—never writing nor saying a word—rejoicing tranquilly or intensely in pictures, in music, in pleasant faces, in kind friends."

His glory was that, surrounded by the evil of this present world, he could not accept that angelic life. Singularly conscious of past beauty, he could not let the past blind him to the hideousness in which it had issued, nor could the passion of his indignation allow him to rest in those calm and exquisite havens where he would be.

THE PARALYSIS OF SATIRE.

The death of Caran d'Ache may, among other and sadder effects, draw attention to the state of caricature in this country as compared with France and the rest of Christendom. Caran d'Ache called himself impersonally "The Pencil"; and, indeed, his mere pencil, his mere manual trick, was of some international and symbolic importance. His style of drawing expressed the central French paradox, the combination of extravagance with lucidity. His habit of running a clear and complete line round all his funny little figures was not artistic, in the sense that the brilliant omissions of Phil May were artistic, or the rainy twilights of Keene, or the thousand varied strokes of a thousand French caricaturists. But it was intellectual; it was a sort of logical definition of all the men, animals, and trees that he drew. His figures resembled dancing diagrams. It was as if some mad philosopher had cut all creation out of cardboard. Nor is it surprising that Caran d'Ache occupied his later years in making wooden figures of kings and statesmen; his whole joy was in such absurd simplification of the human form.

But Caran d'Ache alone does not give quite an adequate outlook on the state of this satiric style of art. And the state of it in this country is very weak indeed, and wants looking to. This weakness does not arise from that alleged inferiority of England in the fine arts of

which the Philistine boasts, and with which the æsthete flatters the Philistine. A mere inferiority in art criticism would be comparatively unimportant; and it is exactly because it is unimportant that we are always hearing about it. The real evil is one which is much deeper. It is not in art that we are inferior to the French just now. At this particular period we are inferior to the French in politics—and in morals.

The difference between French and English caricature does not lie in the fact that caricature in England is inferior. It lies in the fact that caricature in England is not caricature. As pictorial art some of it is very good, perhaps better than the French. There are several artists now on "Punch" whose treatment of atmospheres or interiors, spluttering sunlight or tender twilights, are really among the victories of pen and ink. But it is all very warm sunlight and twilight, very tender indeed; there is not one solitary flash of the true lightning of satire. Indeed, as one looks at these dim indoor pictures in "Punch," a curious cold fear grips the heart of any patriotic man, a fear that perhaps they may depict only too well, in that cheerless afternoon closing in upon cushioned furniture and courteous tired conversation, our dim aristocratic decline. England is a slowly darkening drawing-room. The men of the drawing-room are still athletic, but they are not fighting; the women, whom one traces dimly, are still beautiful, but men do not take any risks to win them. That drawing-room which Du Maurier filled with light and laughter, with freaks and prejudices, superficial, indeed, but alive, is growing greyer and greyer hour by hour; and only a few figures linger sulkily in the corners. This will not do; we must have some caricature, coarse, cruel, shameless—and moral.

The essential qualities of true caricature are capable of some rough summary. First (if it is to be hearty and heroic caricature) it must be attacking something powerful. If it is attacking something powerful, then almost all brutalities of method are excusable, because they are redressing a balance. If a man sets up to be more than human, you may remind him that he is human, even if you remind him that he was seasick. It is infamous to point at a deformed pedlar as a humpback, because you are laying another burden on a back already bowed. But it is not infamous to point at Richard III. at his coronation as a humpback, because his physical infirmity is analagous to those moral infirmities which make such despotism a danger. That a king may easily be a weakling is not an attack on weaklings, but an attack on kings. It is bad taste to call a harmless old applewoman fat; but it is not bad taste to call George IV. fat, because a whole false picture of politics and life is founded on the idea that he is dignified, elegant, and alert. Thus it is also even with the outrageous caricatures of Gillray and others against Napoleon—the pictures which represented Napoleon as a monkey, a pigmy, a mere microbe to be looked at through a microscope. They were spiteful, they were frantic, they were false, but they were great caricatures; they had the soul of satire, because they sought to put down the mighty from his seat. These men drew Napoleon small because they knew that he was great. They sought to make him smart with pictures of defeat, because they had themselves smarted at the sight of his victories.

Look at these Gillray pictures, with some disgust, perhaps, at their thirsty and pitiless malignity against a great enemy. Then open the current number of "Punch"; and see how far we have fallen from that comprehensible cruelty, that high and human revenge. One of the cartoons of "Punch" this week has for its point the alleged fact that some people in Ireland receive old age pensions before the Parliamentary date. It is illustrated by a picture of ragged Irish peasants, drawn so as to bear just that decent resemblance to apes which "Punch" demands, dancing with delight because all of them, old and young, have received an old age pension. These are the things our cartoonists attack; and that is why they cannot produce any great caricature. They are attacking the shifts and tricks of the poor; because they dare not attack those of the powerful. The French Anti-Clericals can draw real caricatures of swollen Cardinals riding on donkeys; because the Catholic Church is a powerful thing. The French Nationalists can draw real caricatures of fat Jews tipped out of motor cars; because Jewish cosmopolitan finance is a powerful thing. One can be really angry with such things. But no one can be really angry because some people, admittedly very poor, have by accident or ignorance or small pretences, obtained a little comfort before they die. The thing may be a matter for official rectification or official rebuke; but it is not a matter for satire. Considered as satire the thing is a cowardly subterfuge; compared with this kind of thing Gillray was a gentleman. "Punch" will never again be a great organ of public criticism until it begins again to hit the things that can hit it back, of which it can take an ample choice, the Royal Family, the Jewish bankers, the Party system, the Police, the Middle-class Conscience—or even the Christian Religion. It can select whichever it likes to attack, but I should say the safest is the last. But to confine oneself to attacking occasional anarchist organ-grinders or Irish peasants so remote that the artist has obviously never seen them—that is to disappear from the world of creative caricature.

The second principle which is essential to caricature is that it should appeal to a plain moral standard. Satire has grown weak precisely because belief has grown weak. Our caricatures have grown tame in proportion as our speculations have grown wild. And this is evident and rational. How can I effectively hold up to ridicule some vice which a cleverer man may be holding up to adoration? How can I caricature some dirty philosopher who is always ready to caricature himself? This is the second great reason why we cannot draw such caricatures as we drew in the eighteenth century against George IV. or Napoleon. If we denounced the infidelities of George, we should find that half the "advanced" people were praising infidelity. If we reproached Napoleon with his bloody laurels, we should find that bloody laurels were quite correct wear in the opinion of every clerk who had read Nietzsche. Satire involves revolt; but revolt involves a fixed ideal. It is only those who are in possession who can afford to be sceptics. And they generally have been sceptics. People talk, for instance, of Mr. Balfour as an exception; but nearly all Tory leaders have been like Mr. Balfour. Behind Balfour one sees the sneering Salisbury, behind him the sneering Disraeli, and so by almost unbroken succession back to all the Kings that have felt themselves free from God. It is only the rebel who needs to be a dogmatist. The ruler has always had the wisdom to see that his strongest asset was the open mind. Age after age the same divine humanity has stood bound in the same hall of judgment. But the judge in his high chair of judgment has seldom been so silly as merely to say to the prisoner "You lie." He has always said, "What is truth?" One can see Mr. Balfour leaning forward and saying it.

G. K. C.

THE LOGICIAN IN PARLIAMENT.

The characteristic English attitude towards close reasoning in affairs is one of mingled admiration and suspicion. Part of the traditional mistrust of lawyers belongs to this attitude, for it is a function of their profession to apply tight rules of logical consistency to the loose conduct of life. The philosopher and the professional moralist are regarded with a similar reserve: we admit the reason and justice of their arguments, we respect their conclusions; but when we are invited to apply them, we begin to make excuses and demand "allowances." But it is in politics that the humor and the wisdom of the proceeding are most evident.

A logician in Parliament has always been regarded primarily as an intellectual entertainer. His endeavors to apply fixed principles to the streaky, obdurate material of actual politics are apt to arouse in the

"practical politician" a keener sense of the irony of life. But our intellectual entertainer must understand his *rôle*: logic and erudition must be insinuated, not inflicted. The too academic reasoner is soon relegated to the limbo of bores, as several eminent examples among the living and the dead serve to indicate. The very title "Professor" is detrimental in the House of Commons. But the "entertainment" need not be light. J. S. Mill, Charles Bradlaugh, and Mr. Leonard Courtney were listened to with interest and satisfaction, because the House admires men of principles arguing unpopular causes, either with grey logic or the white heat of passionate conviction. There is, in fact, a sort of tacit conspiracy by which in every House the logic and conscience which the ordinary members cannot afford to keep, are delegated to one or two independent personalities. Such men in the late Parliament were Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Gibson Bowles.

In this Parliament the most conspicuous example is Mr. Harold Cox. It is an evident advantage, though by no means indispensable, that the representative of naked reason should sit on the side of the majority, for this position gives a dramatic background to his insurrectionary criticism. Mr. Cox is the ghost of mid-Victorian philosophic Radicalism appearing to reproach twentieth century Liberalism with not having given decent burial to its predecessor. His particular part is to expose to the light of day the halting, groping, bleareyed, compromising Socialism, which by process of what is called "the inevitable," is rapidly displacing the old interpretation of individual liberty as the leading principle of public conduct. Though few can share his desire to resurrect *laissez faire*, or regard it as a possibility, many honest Liberals in the House and the country admire and approve the sharp sword-play with which he pierces the complacent padding of opportunism which, alike in social legislation, in foreign policy, in defence and in finance, usurps the title of "reform." Many of them experience a painful perplexity when they are called upon to prove a modicum of consistency, and they would like a stiffening of, say, 10 per cent. of reason in the blend of self-interest, tradition, sport, and public spirit, which constitutes their politics. No doubt what is lacking is not merely logic; it is also clear ideals, and the force to realise them. But the havoc which a critic using a logical method can appear to make with many of the constructive proposals of their party policy causes them dismay. As a provoker of internal disquietude, Mr. Cox performs a very useful work, and it is right that his dialectics should receive the full attention they deserve. For in an age when compact reasoning, as well as sentiment, is in danger of disappearing from public life in favor of "business methods," we should cherish our logicians even though they chastise us.

But though we hear their censure, we should reserve our judgment. It is hardly ever wise to follow closely a logician in practical affairs. Though few sayings arouse more scorn among persons of "superior intellect" than "true in theory false in practice," this vulgar antithesis contains a profound element of truth. It is an excellent thing to have a Mr. Harold Cox to challenge the adopted policy of his party by the Socratic method of a search for definitions, proceeding along the sharp edge of extreme cases, and branching out into tapering dilemmas and witty arguments *per impossibile*. Indeed, we may almost say that if Mr. Cox did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. For where a Government commits itself to novel projects of Unemployment Relief, Free Feeding of School Children, Old Age Pensions, and the like, there is a proper function for the spirit that denies, the sceptic who asks whether any public expenditure for unemployment can increase the total volume of employment, whether free feeding will not destroy "the family," or pensions usher in an era of corruption and enervation. The rationalist does good service in applying his critical tests, but the politician can never admit their absolute validity. This is why the logician always ranks as jester in politics: for it remains the most perennial deep-seated jest to pretend that man is a purely rational animal, and that conduct can be ruled by logic. "But surely," it may be said, "it is right to acknowledge the supremacy of pure reasoning, and to make politics as exact a science as is possible." Such, for instance, is the plea of Mr. Graham Wallas, who, while fully acknowledging the actual strength, and even the dominance of sentiment, interest, usage, and inertia, regards all progress in political method as consisting in the logical application of quantitative analysis.

At the peril of appearing obscurantist and reactionary, we may, however, enter a protest against the underlying assertion or assumption that politics ought to aim at becoming an exact science. For abstraction, or in other words the ignoring of the concrete and particular, is of the essence of science, and not all the finest classification and specialisation of treatment will enable the scientific statesman or his official to "tackle" the uniqueness of any individual case.

The real significance of the practical man's recalcitrance against the theorist, his suspicion of logic, his distrust of statistics, lies in his recognition that politics is not only a science, but an art. It is true that in the hands of the ordinary politician it is so crude an art as to be little better than a "dodge." But in this underlying truth there exists a certain rationale for the hand-to-mouth policy of illogical compromise scornfully described as "muddling through." The logical purist will be too insistent in his interpretation of equity or utility: he will press too strongly for the realisation of a too abstractly conceived ideal, will require too close a consistency in means and methods. The artist or statesman will recognise that the incongruity of the sentiments which constitute political "power" and the blurred images alike of the "desired" and the "desirable," the knowledge that history never does repeat itself, that every situation or grouping of events is unique—all demand motives and methods which can have no sanction from logic or science. An Art, handling refractory material, with imperfectly known powers, for a dimly realised ideal, demands courage, faith, and imagination, which no science of politics can supply, accurately test, or justify. The "logician" insists that a policy which contains some inconsistency, involves some risk, or even inflicts some injustice, should be discarded. But the practical statesman knows that risk-taking is all in his day's work, that every Act of Parliament must contain some inconsistencies, and every fresh Budget inflict injustice upon many individuals. It is, no doubt, his business to keep these risks and damages within the narrowest dimensions consistent with the achievement of his general purpose. But even in pursuing this economy, trained instinct plays a more important part than scientific calculation, and the logic of his method is that of the workshop rather than of the schoolroom. The moral of all this is that we must use our parliamentary detractors for what they are worth, putting into politics as much logic as it will hold, and no more.

THE WIND FLOWERS.

All the morning the snow has been sifting down, till the greenest of the grass is in aspic, and only the long grey blades give color to the fields. Snow-scuds have obliterated the other side of our narrow valley, and the black shadow of discharging clouds has deepened the wintryness of the picture. But now, as though by magic, the clouds have drawn away and are skirmishing on the distant hills; the snow-scuds have ceased, the sky is veined with blue, and the sun, breaking through, turns our dim valley actually into a vision of rosy loveliness. The snow is still there; and the black trees show white skeletons. But the eye is caught before it reaches the grey of the under world by the blossom-crowned elms. We have seen the maze of twigs thickening as the tips swelled for many weeks past, but not till to-day have the madder-pink blossoms responded as they do now to this sudden gleam of sunshine.

The elm blossom is seldom seen at close quarters, and by thousands upon thousands of us not at all. The

rosy clouds of the elm tops in March are certain to charm those who look at them, but few are willing to give the tiny multitude the name of blossom. Only when the woodman has thrown one of the great shoots of the hedgerow in spring are we countrymen forced to see that here are clusters of pollen producers as worthy of notice as the great red tails that fall from the poplar. In London the diligent wood pigeons throw down the elm bloom in bunches, so that the saunterers by Rotten Row wonder what manner of tree it can be they are walking under.

"The murmur of innumerable bees in immemorial elms" is not the legitimate murmur of honey gatherers and pollen carriers. If it is heard at all (and the poet may be wrong) it comes in summer long after the blossoms have blown and withered, and the bees are attracted by the ooze of the well-detested honey-dew from the bodies of aphides. The incalculable amount of pollen that is being produced now is all for wind distribution. It must be produced by the pound for each stigma that is to be fertilised. The whole atmosphere must be filled with it, so that a tree in each parish may get its share. And, even then, to what end, so far as our elms are concerned? All these acres of rosy bloom, pollen grains more numerous than the snow that has fallen in a week, a million eager stigmas touched—and never a seed that will sprout. For the exotic elm that has in a few hundred years spread throughout the land by means of suckers is doomed in our country to perpetual sterility. Marvellous that it should bloom year by year with undiminished assiduity!

It is, of course, the season of wind flowers. Who would have the catkins fling out their pollen when the world is full of sticky new leaves and all manner of summer distractions to the messengers of love? Even with the world in bare branches, the chance seems less than infinitesimal that the hazel which some bird has planted on the edge of the quarry, among the beeches, should be fertilised by any but its own pollen. But many bushes within half a mile have now, not for the first time this winter, hung out their catkins at full length. The pollen has fallen out of each capsule on to the back of the next one below it, and it needs the smallest shake to set the cloud flying. It rises on the air like smoke. Like smoke or steam, we see it only for a moment while the separately invisible particles are crowded together, and then it vanishes as though it had never been. Just below us a whole coppice smokes as the wind comes and shakes every tree at once. All that dust, too, vanishes before we can count ten, but each of those million million grains of pollen is sailing its own safe barque on the rising air-current. They distribute themselves through the air more rapidly and doubtless just as evenly as a drop of dye might spread through the lake. The atmosphere of our valley is pollen. Each cubic yard of it at any rate, is capable of fertilising one of those tiny red stigmas that the hazel above the quarry has put out to catch nuts with.

Wherever we look we can find catkins full of powder, either now or very soon. The brook is one continuous line of alders, and now along their whole length a yellow glow of new catkins gleams through the black old cones that have been their feature through winter. Shake the yew or the box on a sunny morning, and you will be rewarded with just the same puffs of smoke that came from the nut branch. Soon the ash, the oak, and many other trees of the roadside or the garden will be puffing as vigorously, though the first primrose will distract our notice, and we shall not see them. But every one will discover when the larches take up the firing. The air will be heavy with the scented particles, and the glowing red tips of the sweeping lower branches will get attention at the expense of every flower of the field.

The larch captures us by the most material of the æsthetic senses, the nose, the vestibule of the stomach. There is no spring delight keener than the scent of the larch when it is in bloom. We have declared the presence of the larch and other conifers to be health-giving, only, it seems, because we can smell the good that they are doing us. Possibly they are good because they make us sniff our lungs full occasionally. Perhaps the actual particles, whatever they may be at other times, and especially the pollen grains in spring, do us some good, may even feed us through the mucous membrane. There is no food quite like pollen. So the bee finds, which on pollen does the greatest work of its size of any creature living, and so we believe the chemist finds when he analyses this richly nitrogenous substance. It may be because in spring the whole atmosphere of the world is full of assimilable nitrogen from the stamens of the wind flowers that a more learned generation than ours ordained the Lenten fast.

The snow has scarcely checked the ardour of the sallows and the willows which are pushing on towards the golden glory that brings them into vogue for Palm Sunday. The poplars, too, are heavy, almost as though with fruit, their great velvety red catkins almost ready to hang for a few days, and then fall in hundredweights from the high branches. Best of them all, the abele catches the sunlight on its silver trunk as though on mirrors and the thick fingers have woven a canopy overhead that glows in certain lights almost as warmly as the elms. To them the message of the wind is of more vital importance than to the other trees, most of which produce both stigmas and catkins, for these have all the stamens on one tree and all the stigmas on another. The nearest female abele is nearly a mile away, and if it does not get pollen from the ornament of our low meadow, the stigmas must go unfertilised or take dust from some eugenically inferior black or grey poplar. No one who lives in a poplar country can fail to note that there is some hybridism between these trees, and even the book naturalists are doubtful as to how many species to write down.

The sad Lombardy poplar is a widower here, and, as far as we can find, throughout the British Isles. Never have we seen a female tree, or the woolly fruit, which falls freely in autumn from the other poplars, decorating the branches of this species. But our tall tree, descendant by sucker in the tenth or twelfth remove from the first tree brought from Persia or thereabouts, annually flings out its catkins, the pollen of which can never come home. We see no signs of its blood in the small aspens or poplars, black, white, or grey that occasionally appear in the ditches. Still, if all its pollen is to be written down as wasted, so must 99·9 per cent. of the other organic dust that makes the spring air so aromatic, and gives unwonted color to the sunsets.

Present-Day Problems.

THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.

Probably the first effect of studying the Report of the Convocational Committee on Prayer-Book Revision will be to confirm the judgment of those who regretted the issue of the Letters of Business. It is, indeed, evident that great labor has been bestowed on the work, and that results have been reached which, if disappointing in extent, are not inconsiderable, and would, if sanctioned by law, improve the Prayer-Book in several directions. So much, perhaps, every candid man would admit, but he would certainly be justified if he proceeded to argue that some substantial defects of the Liturgy are left without change, and that so meagre a reformation would hardly be worth having if, as might well be the case, it destroyed the chance of a more thorough revision in the future.

It must be borne in mind that the Prayer-Book, being intended for general use, cannot safely be, in any marked degree, inconsistent with the general beliefs and customs of the congregations. These, however, are notably out of harmony with the desires of the educated minority, with whom, notwithstanding, unless experience be altogether a false guide, the future lies. Two illustrations will make the point sufficiently clear. Any satisfactory revision would have to deal drastically with

the Scriptural quotations and allusions which are plentifully scattered through the Prayer-Book. These, of course, presuppose a view of the Bible which is extinct in educated circles, though probably as popular as ever among the mass of Church-goers. It would be absolutely impossible to carry a proposal to revise the Prayer-Book on the principles of moderate Biblical criticism, yet hardly anything is more necessary. The Convocational Committee has acquiesced in the impossibility, and limits its proposals to the excision of the "Three Witnesses Text," the substitution of the vague word "utterance" for the specific phrase "divers languages" in the Whit Sunday Special Preface, and the better rendering of a Pauline phrase in the Burial Office. The Marriage Service retains its archaic allusions to Adam and Eve, Isaac and Rebecca, Abraham and Sarah, as types of connubial excellence, and the Baptismal Service still makes mystical allusions to the legend of the Flood, and symbolises after the approved Patristic fashion. The other example is in some respects even more suggestive. Sacerdotalist extravagances were the original cause of the appointment of the Royal Commission, to which we owe the present attempt at Prayer-Book Revision. It might then go without saying that the most obviously necessary changes in the Prayer-Book, from the point of view of the nation, are those which would cleanse it of the features which experience has shown to be the occasions and apologies of sacerdotalist teaching and practice. There are two of these—the formula of Ordination to the Priesthood and the formula of Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick. Neither is defensible on Anglican principles, for neither can be justified by that primitive practice to which the Church of England professes to defer. Both are medieval introductions into the formularies, and manifestly connected with those crudely materialistic theories of the ministry and the Sacraments which governed medieval thought. Yet the Convocational Committee has retained both. A slight concession to Evangelical sentiment, indeed, is made in the Visitation of the Sick by adding to the objectionable *indicative* absolution an alternative *precatory* form borrowed from the Order of Holy Communion; and that is all. The citadel of sacerdotalism, which is also liturgically the least defensible feature of the Prayer-Book, remains secure, and the continuance of sacerdotal aggression is thereby made certain. Regrettable as this is, it cannot be denied that in the present state of clerical feeling no other course was possible. Even if the Committee itself could have agreed to make the requisite changes (a supposition which, in view of the actual composition of the Committee, appears almost grotesque) it is unthinkable that Convocation would have endorsed the proposal, or the High Church party acquiesced in it. From the standpoint of national Christianity nothing can be more important than the removal of unnecessary obstacles to frank religious intercourse with non-episcopalians. Of these admittedly the exclusive theory of the Ministry, commonly associated with the dogma of Apostolic Succession, is the most formidable. That exclusive theory bases itself on the Preface to the Ordinal, which, having been composed at a time when accurate knowledge of primitive Christianity was not attainable, states in a crude and absolute way a view of the Threefold Ministry which the modern scholar can only accept with many and important modifications. Nevertheless, the Preface remains unaltered, to form in the future, as in the past, a basis for clerical claims which are as irrational as they are offensive. A slender concession to the principle of Christian fraternity is made in an addition to the rubric at the end of the Confirmation Service, which now permits the unconfirmed, with the Ordinary's "approval" and the minister's "permission," to receive the Holy Communion. This is the only mitigation of Anglican exclusiveness which the Report contains.

The proposal to make optional the use of the Athanasian Creed is open to effective criticism, but it can be defended on practical grounds, and probably offers the easiest solution of a problem which has too long disturbed the Church. Few indications of the rapid extension of Tractarian opinions among the clergy are more suggestive than the tenacity with which a powerful section of clergy and clericalist laymen now hold to a rubric which, by compelling the recitation of an admittedly objectionable formula, drives the liberal-minded clergy to the miserable choice of wounding their own consciences or of breaking the law.

Two proposals will probably provoke more controversy than all the rest of the Report. These are the sanctioning of the "Vestments" and the permitting "Reservation" of the consecrated elements for the use of the sick. The resolution respecting the Vestments is open to many objections. The statements on which the proposal is based are highly contentious, and the proposal itself cannot fail to provoke vehement opposition. It is true that the Committee has drafted a prefatory rubric designed to prevent arbitrary changes "in the customary arrangement and conduct of Divine Service," and the proposal to sanction the use of the Vestments must be read in connection with that rubric. Still, no one who has followed the history of Vestments in the Church of England can doubt that their introduction into the parish churches is the most conspicuous symbol of medieval teaching, and the most significant breach with the consistent practice of the Reformed Church. The learned archæological pamphlet in which a committee of five bishops has maintained the non-significance of "Vestments" argues either little candor or little intelligence. Religious men of even the narrowest opinions do not contend for things which mean nothing; it is only because they mean something which to their minds is of great importance that they fight for them. In this case the Tractarian clergy have made no secret of the reasons why they set so high a value on the Vestments; they have quite frankly stated their desire to go back on the Reformation and restore the continuity of sacramental doctrine. Their spokesmen before the Commission, notably the Bishop of Birmingham and the Archbishop of York, then Bishop of Stepney, stated quite clearly that the concession of "the six points" was a *sine quâ non*. In view of this state of opinion, any concession by authority could only be interpreted as a striking victory for Anglican sacerdotalism. The carefully elaborated conditions under which the Vestments may be introduced will be unheeded; the concession of the main point will monopolise attention, and, since there is no prospect of parliamentary legislation, the authority of Convocation will be held to suffice for any clergyman who desires to give a color of public sanction to his introduction of vestments. Much the same objections lie against the permission of Reservation for the sick. The Committee has, indeed, drafted rubrics designed to prevent the abuse of this permission by making it the occasion of those "devotions" which are so prominent a feature of the Roman Church; but can any sane man suppose that these rubrics can be effectual? Given the sacramental belief which underlies the demand for *any* reservation of the consecrated elements, is it charitable to prohibit those acts of reverence which give it natural expression? Once concede the main point, how can you effectively resist its logical consequences?

The minor changes in the rubrics recommended by the Committee have been mostly designed to meet practical needs discovered in the experience of parish clergy. They are almost without exception excellent.

H. Hensley Henson.

The Drama.

THE MORE OR LESS REAL WOMAN.

Mr. Hichens must try again. "The Real Woman" is not so much a bad play as a good play gone wrong. It seems as though it had met with an accident and been "telescoped"; for it has a beginning and an end, but no middle. We have the preliminaries of a drama and the solution of a drama; but we look in vain for the drama

itself. Mr. Hichens has underestimated the effort it costs to make a good play, and has skipped the crucial point of his action. It is as though we saw an athlete make great preparations for vaulting a high bar, and then calmly duck his head and walk under it.

The framework of the play is not new, but acceptable enough. Mark Vernon, a gentleman who owns six newspapers, but has not yet got his peerage, is a candid and simple soul, resolutely on the side of the angels. Let not the reader rebel against this initial improbability: in the first place, the play is a romance; in the second place, Mr. Vernon's newspapers have nothing to do with the matter—he might just as well be an ornament of one of the characteristically virtuous professions, such as engineering. At all events, he is in love with a beautiful widow, Lady Arden, who numbers among her other suitors a villain named Horace Carruthers. At a supper party one evening, the talk falls on a certain Hugh Graham, an aristocratic idealist, who has devoted his life to work among the poor in Poplar, and is supposed to be something of a woman-hater. Vernon is his friend, and speaks highly of him; Carruthers, on the other hand, ridicules his saintly pretensions, and offers to bet Vernon two to one that if he can be brought within Lady Arden's sphere of influence she will wean him from all his ideals, and make him return to Mayfair and cynicism. Vernon at first declines to make any such bet, but Lady Arden herself dares him to accept Carruthers's challenge, and he cannot resist her. To them enter Hugh Graham, in search of Vernon. A little cripple to whom Vernon has been kind, and who consequently worships him, has been run over by an omnibus, and begs that he may see his wonderful benefactor before he dies. Here, then, is Lady Arden's opportunity; she flings a light wrap over her evening dress, strips the supper-table of its champagne, its jellies, and its flowers, bundles them into a basket, and, in spite of Vernon's protests and Hugh Graham's chill indifference, insists on coming with them in the motor to Poplar, on pretext of nursing the sick child. Regarded from the point of view of sober probability, all this—in short, it had better not be regarded from the point of view of sober probability. But it is a quite good starting-point for a romance, in which, moreover, there is ample room for serious character-study and conflict of emotion. The idea of such a wager is so far from being new that it may be traced back to one of the most ancient of dramas—the Book of Job. In more recent days it has done duty more than once, though I cannot recall the name of the play of which "The Real Woman" most closely reminds me. But that matters very little. A dramatist is at perfect liberty to use a conventional gambit, if only he shows originality and power in the further conduct of the game.

This opening, however, has one serious disadvantage: namely, that it is almost impossible to get away from one clearly foreseen line of development. What we naturally expect is that the insincere person—the person who is merely trying to win a wager—shall succeed in captivating or dominating the sincere person, but shall, in the process, warm up into sincerity, and shall be punished by the indignation and contempt of the sincere person when he or she finds that he or she has been the victim of a tasteless jest. I say "he or she" because, although the victim happens in this case to be a man, that is not in the least necessary. In the other play which haunts my memory, but refuses to give up its name, I fancy it was a young girl who was the subject of the wager. Be this as it may, Mr. Hichens makes no attempt to switch his action on to unforeseen lines. Things duly take their predestined course; and in this, again, there would be no real harm if only the individual characters involved were highly vitalised, and their processes of emotion subtly and convincingly portrayed. But it is just here that Mr. Hichens fails. For one thing, he has not given himself space enough for the development of his theme. It cannot possibly be worked out in three short acts, whereof one is necessarily a mere prologue. Unity of time is all very well, but such a drama as this cannot possibly be compressed into an hour and three-quarters of real, and something like eighteen hours of imaginary, time.

The second act opens by no means ill. The scene is a bedroom in Kelly Street, Poplar—the room of Diana Woodham, a tailoress or something of the sort, the sister of the boy who has been run over. Diana is out at a party, and Hugh Graham has tried in vain to have her informed of the accident. In this room, then, Graham, Vernon, and Lady Arden appear. Vernon goes to sit with the child in an adjoining room, and Lady Arden is much chagrined because Graham will not allow her to go too. Graham does not conceal his belief that her sudden desire to play the Lady Bountiful is a mere frivolous caprice; and there is a very good scene between them, in which, while Graham is busy with measures for relieving the child's suffering, Lady Arden's efforts to help him prove quite unavailing, and the insincerity, or at any rate the superficiality, of her compassion is clearly proved. Graham's contemptuous politeness in this scene is very effective. One feels that it must be extremely galling to the spoilt beauty, and must make her doubly eager to bring this *farouche* young Hippolytus to her feet. It is what a German theorist would probably call the intensifying moment of the drama—the point at which Lady Arden's relation to Graham is transformed from a matter of idle sport to one in which her self-love, and even the deeper fibres of her nature, are intimately concerned.

So far, good: but this scene is no sooner over than the play begins definitely to go off the rails. Lady Arden being left alone for a moment, to her enters the seamstress, Diana Woodham, whom we have heard parting from a merry company of friends outside. She is naturally astonished to find her bedroom tenanted by a lady in gorgeous evening dress; and an utterly incredible scene ensues. Any reasonable woman, in Lady Arden's place, would explain her presence, briefly and simply, and would break to the girl, as gently as possible, the fact of the accident to her brother. Not so Lady Arden. She says nothing at all about the child, gives no coherent explanation of her presence, and soon gets at hopeless cross-purposes with Diana, who imagines that she has been brought or sent there by the villain, Carruthers. I have hitherto omitted to mention—for it is a portion of the plot as inessential as it is conventional and foolish—that Diana has been seduced and abandoned by Carruthers, and rescued by Hugh Graham. Lady Arden does not know this, but Diana assumes that she does; and the result, I repeat, is a series of improbable and meaningless "cross questions and crooked answers." At last one of the men enters, and tells Diana what has happened to her brother; and then, and not till then, Lady Arden begins to behave in a womanly and sympathetic way to the little seamstress. It is very little she does, and there is no evidence in it of anything more than the most ordinary kindness which any decent woman would show to another under the circumstances. But it suffices for Hugh Graham. His scepticism as to Lady Arden's character and motives vanishes like a ghost at cock-crow. He permits her ladyship to go to the bedside of the dying boy, and we see beyond a doubt that Carruthers's wager is virtually won—that the idealist is completely bowled over.

And yet, though the guileless newspaper-proprietor admits the villain's victory, he has not really, logically, and properly won. It is true that in the third act—eighteen hours after their first meeting—Hugh Graham proposes to Lady Arden. But what of that? The wager was that she would make him renounce his ideals, abandon Poplar to its fate, and revert to the hedonist philosophy of his caste; whereas in fact he shows no disposition to do anything of the kind. On the contrary, his proposal is that Lady Arden shall desert Mayfair for Poplar, and become a ministering angel of the slums. I do not see in this any victory for Carruthers: but it is not worth while to discuss the matter, for the play has gone hopelessly to pieces with Graham's sudden revulsion from frigid scepticism to fervid adoration. The drama is simply omitted. It should, of course, have consisted of the gradual and

artful conquest of the saint by the worldly enchantress, of his struggles against the fascination, and, conversely, of her gradual discovery that the jest was like to be a costly one to her own peace of mind. This should have been the matter of full two acts; whereas the actual process which converts chill hostility into worship takes something like two minutes. It is possible (though I can scarcely conceive it) that Mr. Hichens designed to represent a sudden sensual madness on Hugh Graham's part—an abject surrender to the sheer physical attraction of the enchantress, which he disguises to his own conscience by pretending to believe in her divine gift of sympathy and loving kindness. If this was indeed Mr. Hichens' intention, he has carried it out extremely ill: he ought to have given us some slight indication, in the early part of the second act, of the lurking fever in the ascetic's blood. But I do not believe that this was his intention at all. I believe he regarded Graham as a fine character genuinely conquered by the conviction that Lady Arden's beautiful body was irradiated by a no less beautiful soul. If that—as I cannot doubt—was Mr. Hichens' view of the case, then I repeat that he has omitted to write the play he had in mind.

Or again—a thought occurs to me—are we to suppose that at the moment when she embraces the little seamstress in the second act an actual revolution takes place in Lady Arden's character, frivolity and cynicism fall away from her, and "the real woman" stands revealed to Graham's penetrating and unerring intuition? This theory is partly borne out by Lady Arden's speech in the third act: "I looked love and death in the eyes, my caprice withered in the shadow of death, and I was very, very sorry." I will not consider whether this sudden conversion is psychologically credible, for before it can be credible it must be clear, and that it certainly is not. The fault may, perhaps, lie partly with Miss Evelyn Millard, whose beauty is not seconded by any great variety of resource; but Mr. Hichens has certainly not made the character-problem easy for her. So far as she goes, the figure of Lady Arden is gracefully and agreeably touched; but the distinction between the unreal and "the real woman" is at no time clear to us. Let me add that Hugh Graham (Mr. Henry Ainley) returns to Poplar a sadder and wiser man, that Lady Arden marries the faithful Vernon (Mr. Allan Aynesworth), and that the villain (Mr. Herbert Waring) goes off gnashing his teeth.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Short Studies.

AN ORDEAL.

A WOMAN stood listlessly at the window of a studio, looking out over tree-tops to the blue river widening toward the sea, and the low wooded hills on the further bank, with cornfields on their lower slopes. The loveliness of the scene made no appeal to her. She had been striving, by the aid of old notes and sketches, to recall the beauty of Florence, that it might possess her soul and bring the peace of past days. But the effort had been in vain. She could not banish from her memory the figures of women toiling up the steep wind-swept streets of the town, bent beneath their burden of sacks, children dragging sacks in wooden hand-carts that they might help their mothers to earn a few pence at the coarse sewing, stunted men loafing at the street corners or gathered in apathetic groups at the centre of the town. She saw the tall buildings separated by yards from which a foul stench rose, and she climbed the dark, narrow stairs to squalid rooms where men and women and children were herded together. She traversed in imagination room after room of the factory which was the source of her husband's wealth. She noted the tired faces of the girls tending the noisy machines in the heat and glare of the gas, the misshapen forms of the men, worth, so her husband told her, but little wages, as they lacked the strength and vigor of men. She thought of the ill-nourished, shivering children whom she had met coming out of a school in the heart of the town.

Would those boys do a man's share of the world's work in the days to come, and earn a man's wage? Would the lot of their children be a happier one? The forces of evil seemed very strong in the land, and she knew of no opposing good in whose power she could put faith. A cloud of horror, the counterpart of the physical cloud of smoke, hung over the town, and the beauty of her own home only made it seem the darker. Now this cloud enveloped her husband also. She had lost sight of the good comrade who had come to her in the days of loneliness following her mother's death, and had persuaded her that he needed her now, and she must go back with him to the Scottish town where his work lay.

Her husband had gone down to his works that afternoon with something like despair at his kindly heart. He had brought his wife from Fiesole, where her girlhood had been spent, without a thought of any change for her beyond that of climate. At first she had taken pleasure in their home, with its gardens sloping down to the river, but the stupor which followed on her perception of the neighboring misery and poverty perplexed him. He had hoped that she would soon accept the inevitable as they all accepted it, and share their efforts to ameliorate the lot of special sufferers. But she would sit with a look of still horror on her face, and he could not rouse her by talk of the pictures they had seen together, the books they had both read. He had failed to make the woman he loved happy. If she had trusted and loved him more would the effect of outer things have been so desolating? Should he give up his business and take her back to Italy, or would they emerge from the present shadow only to become the querulous idlers without duties, and incapable of seizing pleasure, whose fate had often made him shudder?

* * *

The lights flashed out among the trees on the further bank of the river. The woman stood motionless, her forehead pressed against the window-pane, heedless of the heavy steps in the hall outside, the whispers and opening of doors, a servant's stifled scream. A man entered the room. She turned, thinking it was her husband, and recognised in the twilight the white face of a doctor who was his closest friend.

"I have bad news for you," he said, "very bad news. There has been an accident at the mill, and your husband is seriously injured."

"He is dead. You mean he is dead. Tell me the truth."

"Yes, that is the truth."

Her lips formed the words, "How did it happen?"

"He was caught in a piece of machinery, and killed at once."

"Take me to him." She followed blindly.

The servants gathered in a frightened group round the men who had brought the body home.

"The Lord ha'e mercy on us all. This is awfu'!" said an old foreman. "There was a laddie killed at Follyshaw's last week. He was caught in the belting through going ower near a machine that should ha'e been fenced by rights. And noo the boss has gone the same road. You wouldna ha'e expectit sae little care fra' him, being born and bred in the mill, as ye might say. He was takin' a look at the engines in the diet hour, and wull ha'e forgotten the time when they started again at three o'clock. I am thinking he must ha'e had somewhat preying on his mind."

MONICA MOORE.

Letters from Abroad.

PARTIES IN THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A superficial observer, considering the bitter struggles which accompanied the Italian general elections in the past, might come to the conclusion that the present electoral campaign is proceeding amidst general apathy. The truth is that there is no vital problem of home policy dividing the people, as is proved by the programmes themselves of Premier Giolitti and Baron Sonnino, the leader of the Opposition, which, although suggesting slightly different methods of government, are identical in substance. Thus for the first time in Italian parliamentary history the electors go to the polls without the traditional speeches either from the Premier and the Ministers or the leaders of the Constitutional Opposition.

This, however, does not mean that there is a lack of interest in the result of the vote which will take place on March 7th. It must above all be considered that the present elections are practically forced upon the Government and the country. According to the Italian Constitution a "Legislature"—that is to say, the period between one election and another—cannot exceed five years, but it is the custom that no Legislature shall live out its life. The reason for this is that the Constitution also establishes that once the Chamber is dissolved a new Chamber must be convoked within four months, thus making the general elections imperative in that period. As this constitutional necessity might be inconvenient and dangerous owing to internal or international complications, all Premiers have preferred to obtain permission from the King for the dissolution of the Chamber some time before the end of the Legislature, in order to choose the most appropriate moment for the general elections. Signor Giolitti followed the same rule, and, while the present Legislature which has just ceased to exist could have continued until the autumn of this year, he preferred to dissolve the Chamber, and take the elections at short notice. Evidently he feared that complications of an international character might occur in the spring, and have their echo in Italy. In other words, if not the official relations, the feeling between Austria and Italy is such that, although the two countries participate in the same alliance, and are therefore nominal allies, it is plain that if the annexation of Bosnia Herzegovina and the anger felt here over the Italian University in Austria were followed by some other example of high-handed Austrian policy in the Balkans, it would be impossible to prevent a serious explosion of resentment. This is not desired either by the men who are now in power or by the leaders of the Opposition. Both are united in the wish to avoid the outburst of electioneering speeches, which would have inevitably led to anti-Austrian manifestations.

The most interesting feature of the struggle of this week is the participation of the Clericals in the elections of a considerable number of constituencies. This has led to what is called the "Bloc" of the Extreme parties, comprising Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, who, with the exception of Milan, where they fight each other, have joined forces against the Clericals. The latter, however, are prevented by Papal instructions from forming a party of their own. Pius X., as in the former elections of 1904, has to all intents and purposes removed the *non Expedit*, viz., the prohibition to Catholics to participate in the political arena. But this participation may only take place in those constituencies where there is the danger of an avowed enemy of the Church being elected, and on condition that the unsuccessful candidates of the Clericals shall not unite to form a Catholic or Papal party. This permission to vote does not extend indiscriminately to all the constituencies of Italy, but only to those where the danger I have mentioned is held to exist, in which case the Catholics do not even need to have a candidate of their own, but are allowed to vote for any candidate who gives guarantees that he will not side with the enemies of the Church. There are therefore about 25 pure Clerical candidates, while in many more constituencies the Clericals go to the polls to vote for Conservative candidates against anti-Clerical Liberals or against candidates of the extreme parties.

A peculiarity of these general elections is that there is not even the least idea of overthrowing the Cabinet or considerably modifying the majority which supported the Government up to the dissolution of the Chamber. The failure of Baron Sonnino during his three months' Premiership, three years ago, is too recent to give him the ascendency and the power necessary to revive the Constitutional Opposition. The real fight is between Clericals and Extremists. In some cases the Clericals support Ministerial candidates when these are opposed to anti-Clerical Socialists, Republicans or Radicals, and in other cases they support anti-Ministerialist candidates when the Ministerialists are anti-Clericals, so that the question of *pro* and *con* the Government has nothing to do with determining their attitude.

The Socialists, owing to internal dissensions, are more than anything else preoccupied in maintaining their former positions. Enrico Ferri, once their most virulent representative, after a lecturing tour in South America has abandoned the leadership of the party, is merely looking to his re-election in the constituency of Gonzaga, and is preparing for the future advent of a Radico-Socialist Cabinet of which he might be a member. Filippo Turati, rival of Ferri, and leader of another section of the Socialists, is personally directing in Milan his party's campaign against the candidates of the other two factions of the Extreme Left. The same antagonism between Socialist and Republican candidates exists in all the constituencies of Romagna, which includes the provinces of Ravenna and Forli, while in Rome, Deputy Bissolati, editor of the "Avanti" organ of the Socialist party, conducts the propaganda for the union of Socialists, Republicans, and Radicals against the Clericals. Bissolati himself is a candidate of the "Bloc" in one of the constituencies of Rome against the candidate supported by the Conservatives and the Clericals.

The climax of the peculiarities of the present elections is reached in the constituency of Montegiorgio. Here Father Romolo Murri, a priest already suspended by the Vatican for his Christian Democratic doctrines in opposition to the teachings of Pius X., stands supported by a large contingent of Clericals and by the whole of the Socialists of the place. In his programme he says that if the electors send him to the Chamber he will sit with the Extreme Left, and will urge that the State should leave religion free to conduct its propaganda. On the other hand he insists that religion in its turn shall not interfere in economic and political questions, especially abstaining from opposing the efforts of the proletariat to organise and reach a better condition of social life.

The Republican party has remained in Italy more than anything else the party of a platonic ideal, and it is not likely that it will emerge strengthened from the vote of March 7th or the second ballot of the Sunday after. With the exception of a few Republican centres still existing, most of the Republican Deputies are elected not because of their political faith, but on account of their personal qualities, including the mildness of their propaganda and their apparent indifference to the speedy success of their cause.

The Radicals, indeed, are full of enthusiasm. They hope that the near future is theirs. They believe that, uniting all the young forces of the country, they may be able to bring about a revival both in the internal and international policy of the peninsula, freeing her at home from the excessive and, in our days, useless dominance of Protection, and abroad from the tutelage, active or latent, of any Foreign Power. They think that only this combined action on home and foreign policy will ensure the long period of peace necessary to

the education of the masses and to the development of the national resources, especially in the Southern provinces and the islands.—Yours, &c.,

SALVATORE CORTESI.

Rome, March 2nd.

Communications.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON COMMISSION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The announcement last Saturday of another Royal Commission on the University of London must have come as a surprise to most people. That both Oxford and Cambridge are in need of some inquiry was widely known, but that a university which has been the subject of two Royal Commissions within twenty-one years, and has run on the lines of the later only since 1900, should have another in 1909, seemed to border on reprehensible restlessness. But it may be asserted at once that neither the University which asked for the Commission, nor the Government which has granted it, is pulling up a plant frivolously for amusement or seriously for scientific curiosity. The eight years have sufficed to show that in important respects the structure set up by the last Royal Commission is unable to fulfil the momentous task of organising and providing University education for the inhabitants of London. It has tried; it has had some success; but the duty laid upon it is beyond its powers, and reform is inevitable.

The foremost cause of trouble is the dualism of the structure: a teaching University for London is yoked to an Imperial Examining Board for all comers; and more, the statutes bind both sides to aim at entire uniformity in every degree and certificate which is conferred, whether the student comes from a full college course in London or has gathered knowledge wholly unaided, or from a correspondence system which has captured more than half of the students from outside. All regulations are made as nearly identical as possible, and jealous eyes from the "external" side, as it is called, watch every attempt of London professors to treat examination as a test for the results of the particular teaching given, rather than as a magic wand conferring distinction *per se* on anyone who can steer through miscellaneous examination papers constructed expressly so as to suit no teaching in particular. The better the teachers the more liberty they desire; and they feel sure that, with some assistance from outside examiners, they can offer better testimony to the comparative merits of their students than is offered by the results of examinations constructed wholly by outsiders. On the other hand the tradition of these external examinations is now more than sixty years old, and their supporters have proved unwilling to allow the teachers the influence exercised in every other British University, far less than that which is taken as a natural right in every University in Germany. For a time there seemed some prospect of harmony: leading members on both sides were on excellent terms personally; but the incongruity was too deep-seated, and when some recent convocation elections took the form of evicting from the senate some old members who had leaned too much towards the internal side in favor of new members of a more purely external temper, it was evident that the experiment had failed. It will be one prominent purpose of the Commission to reconsider this situation. Evidence will be offered in favor of making the internal and the external sides wholly independent. One thing seems clear: that the purely examining side has been effective for good in the past is beyond doubt, though the new Universities in England and Wales have very much diminished its range of usefulness. But the problem of next pressing urgency is the organisation of University work in London in a way which will make teaching and research the principal thing, and examinations simply tests and evidences that these are going on efficiently. The solution certainly seems to lie in the abolition of the incongruous dualism which has failed, and the independence of the two sides of the composite University.

Another great problem is raised by the foundation of the great Imperial College of Science and Technology last year. It has taken over the old Royal College of Science and the Guilds Institute, and will enlarge upon these. Its governing body is unwilling to subject its fortunes to the University as at present constituted, yet plainly it could not remain outside a body to which a Royal Charter had entrusted higher education and research all over the London area. It can come in, and will come in willingly, provided the University is remodelled. Various plans have been thought of, and these will now be discussed. The admission of so great an institution calls for a revision of the government of the University, and this is also asked for in the interests of the colleges and institutions already included. At present a senate of fifty-six members, drawn from incongruous sources, is not only the legislative body, but it is also the executive, as it possesses no powers of delegation of executive functions. The revival of the composition of the senate, and the construction of executive syndicates or delegacies under it is plainly a necessity.

Another urgent reform is demanded by those concerned with medical education. The London medical schools are in low estate, compared with what they ought to be. This partly arises from the fact that study in them leads to University degrees only to a very limited extent, owing to the confinement of the degrees to candidates of honors standard. Hence the sons of residents in London resort freely to the Scottish Universities, in spite of the unique teaching power and hospital resources which lie at hand near their own homes.

A further need is that various electoral trusts in London should be examined in order to consider how far they are being administered in relation to a comprehensive scheme, and how far they are being frittered away, however conscientiously, on the part of the trustees. With every respect for local and historical associations, it is desirable that overlapping and useless competition should be reduced, with all the loss that comes from lack of order and system.

There is also a vast range of problems lying outside the border of what is usually considered to be University education proper. The work of the polytechnics, now happily placed in various quarters of the metropolis, the University extension system, the scattered attempts at commercial and technical training, all need bringing into order; and the public may rest assured that whatever benefit can come to these from a connection with a great University will be carefully retained and fostered.

Hitherto we have spoken only of education; but what about the advancement of learning and science in themselves? The meagreness of the provision for this in London is a by-word among observers who know what is provided in Germany, France, and America. It is from London that India is governed, yet Berlin does more for Sanskrit scholarship than London does; Manchester has finer chemical and physical laboratories than London has; medical students leave us for Paris and Vienna to pursue researches on the higher levels; Russians come over to teach us to read our own national records. We have some promising young institutions, notably the School of Economics, and the School of Tropical Medicine, and some old ones, as the Royal Institution and the Society of Arts. But a policy is wanted which shall co-ordinate into a scheme what we have already, and provide for the many functions which are lacking. The Commissioners are instructed therefore to consider what facilities "the Metropolis *should* afford for specialists and advanced students," as well as to take into account what is already possessed.

In all these matters we need not lose sight of the fact that Oxford and Cambridge have the oldest and the highest places in the national regard, and that the new Universities in our great cities have their claims also. It is incumbent on the Commission to devise its scheme for London as a member of the comity of British Universities, and in no other spirit. The *personnel* of the Commission is a guarantee for width of view based on experience of various University systems. Mr. Haldane, the Chairman, himself studied at Edinburgh and at Göttingen; Lord Milner and Sir Robert Morant hail from Oxford, Sir Robert Romer and Mr. E. B. Sargant from Cambridge, Dr. McCormick from Scottish and German Universities; no one of them is in any way committed by a present connection with the University of London itself; whilst in power to organise, the Commission is singularly rich, and assuredly no petty or narrow pro-

posals are likely to find favor with men of their calibre and experience.

Readers of this journal will, no doubt, ask themselves what attitude should be adopted by those who regard Universities as essential instruments of well-being in a democratic community. Liberals will always keep in front view the principles of equality of educational opportunity for all citizens according to their capacities, and of efficiency in the application of all public funds devoted to research. On the latter point, we can simply say that the guiding idea must be to afford free scope for the men and women who are supported by endowments or public grants to devote their talents and their zeal to the advancement of learning and science; and, according as this is aimed at, Liberals will judge the proposals which the Commission will make. On the former point, that of education in its higher ranges Liberals will naturally look for a University which shall open wide doors for all students who show promise of ability to profit by access to teaching, to libraries, and to laboratories, whether for preparation for professions or for the satisfaction of their intellectual aspirations. The present colleges and institutions have been trying to do both of these things so far as inadequate resources and lack of co-ordination have allowed. If anything like success is to be achieved by the Commission there is not a studious young man or young woman in London who will not find that for him or her an easier access has been opened to the stored gains of the past and a freer participation in the intellectual enterprises of the present. Every one must feel interest and hope in the arduous labors now to be undertaken by Mr. Haldane and his colleagues; by none can interest be felt more keenly and hope entertained more ardently than by those whose general thought moves on Liberal lines.—Yours, &c.,

A Liberal Graduate.

March 1st, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

THE EDUCATION OF TURKISH WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—You published in October of last year a letter from a Turkish lady—Mme. Salih—in which the needs of Turkey in regard to women's education were put most eloquently before your readers. The writer pleaded for our sympathy and help because she felt that only by obtaining English and American co-operation could her country really get what it needs at this critical period of her development. As a result largely of that letter, I went out to Turkey for a short visit, from which I have recently returned with impressions so remarkable and interesting that I am heartily grateful to you for having been in any degree the means of my going.

While I was in Constantinople the Minister of Public Instruction asked me to make a short report on such schools as they have, with suggestions as to what seemed to me the desirable changes to be made in their system. In doing this I had the opportunity of seeing something of all their schools, and as a result of my report it seems probable that a Bill will be passed for establishing regular State schools for girls as well as boys throughout the Empire.

It is difficult for us in England to realise where the Turks stand with regard to education. They are neither in the condition of the "untutored savage," as some people fancy, nor have they got a modern European system, such as others dimly imagine. The truth seems to be that they have for a long time had the shadow of the thing and hardly any of the substance. A very large number can read and write, and yet such a subject as Constitutional history has been possible, even in the highest university classes, only since July. Again—to use a distinction which some of the prominent Young Turks are themselves fond of making—they have had instruction without education; *i.e.*, pure book-learning without anything of mental, physical, or moral training correlated with it. Yet the humble schools attached to the mosques, where the floor is filled with tiny creatures who kneel on cotton pads at desks about eighteen inches high, attract the larger number of the village children, to whom school, no doubt, appears as inevitable as it does to our own babies. There they rock reverently to and fro while they read the Koran, and there through nearly three long years they struggle with the endless transformations of Arabic letters till they can at last trace out the mazy curves with accuracy. This is Ibtidaiyeh, or the Beginning, and among the girls many, if not most, stop here. I saw three schools in which girls could continue their studies, but in none of them did there appear to be any understanding of the wider educational principles.

And it is precisely these which are of the most importance in Turkey to-day. A despotism cannot exist without effects. The despotism of Abdul Hamid has had the direful effect of crippling the power of independent thought and action of hundreds of his subjects who to-day are comparatively useless to their country through having been divorced from affairs for so long. But the women have suffered under a double despotism—the despotism of government and the infinitely more terrible despotism of sex. The natural efficiency of the Turkish womanhood has undoubtedly been thus weakened. "We talk and we talk, and we don't know what to do; we are all in a muddle like Turkey herself," as one of them said to me. Now although few things can be predicted as to how any country will develop, I think it is fairly safe to say that some attention is bound to come in the social arrangements of the Turks. Their women, though they may not for generations reach the point which Westerners so glibly talk of as "throwing off the veil," will necessarily get more freedom and a larger share in public activities. Such a change, even if it were limited in extent, would be little short of revolutionary. There are great dangers involved in it, and chances of complete shipwreck for many. It is hard to imagine how things could possibly get readjusted.

And it is in the solution of some of the difficulties that a demand is made upon ourselves for help. In Europe we women have long made experiments in living, and the lessons we have learnt permeate our systems of education. It is by giving of the best in our own educational methods that we can be of use to Turkey to-day. It is not for foreigners to bring about social changes in any community, but when they are once determined on, it would be selfish heartlessness not to give them the support of our own experience. At this juncture the Turkish lady who has taken part in a debate or knows how a committee is conducted is a much sought-after person; and the less superficial qualities which are engendered in the best English and American schools for girls are things of which the East stands at present in the greatest need.

As a case in point, I would adduce the curious incapacity for combination which shows itself among the women. A proposal of any sort is no sooner made than its supporters fall into antagonistic groups. Each group elaborates a new scheme from which once more the individuals withdraw themselves to attempt to carry out their own variants independently of impracticable coadjutors.

But it may very likely be asked, "Can you ever look for business-like capacity, for loyal co-operation in important affairs, from Turkish women? Is it not asking something completely foreign to their nature?" I do not think so. Indeed, I am convinced that they only need training to comprehend and acquire those great virtues which accompany a sense of responsibility.

There is one institution which has been offering such training for many years past to Oriental girls—viz., the American College for Girls at Scutari (Constantinople). This was founded some thirty years ago, and was supported until just recently by the American Missions Board, which, with extraordinary wide-mindedness, appreciated that a need for really first-rate female education existed in the Balkans, and in the lands round the Black Sea and Levant. I stayed in the college for some little time, and I cannot speak too warmly of the work that it is doing. Eleven or twelve nationalities and five or six religions are frequently to be found within its walls. Pupils from the Euphrates may be class-mates of others from Bulgaria, the Caucasus, Hungary, and Albania. All share in the general studies, such as English, French, mathematics, science, the history of Constantinople, &c., while each also receives instruction in her own language, literature, and history. A little veiled Turkish lady comes across from Stamboul to teach

Turkish; a Bulgarian gentleman takes the numerous Bulgarian girls, while an Armenian gives instruction in both modern and ancient Armenian. And although the college has owed its existence to the missionary spirit, it has never been a proselytizing agency. Far from it. I do not know for certain of any girl who has changed her religion as a result of having been there. I doubt if such exists. But I do know that I have rarely met people who treat the religion of others with greater sympathy, reverence, and appreciation than do the members of the college staff. In all the years of its existence, however, the college has had but few Turkish pupils. To send their daughters there, even when the permission of the Sheikh ul Islam had been obtained, meant for the fathers constant espionage, constant threats and annoyances, and sometimes exile—as in the case of a high palace official, whose wife had actually been one of the Sultan's harem.

But of those few who, undeterred by all the difficulties, have passed through the college course, there are several who already stand out in the history of their country, and have bravely served in the ranks of the reformers. Their lives are the proof of the value of the college, and of the great need for it to continue to carry on its work now, when at last the Turks are flocking to it without fear.

But the college is at this very moment threatened with a serious crisis. During the last few months the connection between it and the Missions' Board has been severed. This has been done in a spirit of high-mindedness, which one cannot help greatly admiring. The board felt itself bound to consider the claims of proselytizing work as prior to those of higher education, and the college on its side felt that its hands would be freer to serve the community in the best possible way if it ceased to have any indebtedness to missionary funds.

The result unfortunately is that it is now almost paralysed for want of money just when it ought to be enlarging its borders. It is hard to know whom to apply to, and, so far, all efforts at raising a proper endowment fund have been very discouraging. The people who support missions are apt to hesitate when there is no likelihood of making converts, and those who care for education generally consider that their own country comes first and last. Will not some of your readers help? I will gladly furnish them with full details, and I feel sure that if I could make them realise the good the college is doing, they would willingly exert themselves to keep such a noble institution in efficient existence.—Yours, &c., ISABEL FRY.

239, Marylebone Road, N.W.
February 28th, 1909.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Herbert M. Wyatt, Commander R.N., is doubtless a first-rate officer, but not being a statesman he overlooks treaties and their obligations, and he also writes as if Germany might for her own ends run a complication of risks, which, in the end and at the best, might be supposed to annoy but could not end our existence as a nation. Nations do not set about conquest in the position Commander Wyatt seems to think; indeed, we might imagine that he had lately read that amusing brochure, "If," by the authors of "Wisdom while you wait," and was struck by its simplicity as a solvent of problems.

Mr. A. H. Craven should really submit himself to an examination in "heredity," or on "the origin of species" and "the preservation of favored races." He might then learn better than to write such nonsense about the craven Englishman who is conquered in turn by Roman, Dane, and Norman, and might be under the foot of the Boer but for the happy interposition of Colonists, descended from those very cravens. Such letters do not help an argument, but only confuse issues.—Yours, &c.,

February 28th, 1909. A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A letter headed "Conscription" in your number of February 20th seems to call for some reply.

What is "militarism" except the very thing the writer describes as a virtuous state of mind; that is, "a just contempt" on the part of the profession, those in the fighting trade, for the people who want to live at peace with their neighbors and do not share the Jingo spirit? We cannot, of course, blame those who are in the trade, professionally, for wanting to promote its ends by any, and every, means, although we do object to the compulsion being attempted now, as much as we object to the ruses applied by the publican to get more drink sold.

It is quite true that the moral fibre of the nation has been weakened, but it certainly is not from lack of war. We have had our war, and the moral standard of the nation has been lowered. If any evidence of this is needed we have only to recall such days in London as "Mafficking," and another similar one, the remembrance of which is a cause of shame to all who love their country. Probably they lowered our prestige more than any dropping of "Dreadnoughts" could ever do. The Italians say, "Before the Boer war the English were our moral leaders, now we have none."

The theory that the discipline needed to make, or to restore, character, can be found in "Conscription," only requires a talk with those who have had some experience of it to be dissipated to the winds. To put your will, and your soul, under "mother superior," priest or soldier, is a return to the dark ages, and is *enslavement*, not discipline. We do not deny that there are weak characters to whom a form of hypnotism may be beneficial, but for the full-grown man it is retrogression, not progression.

The untruthfulness of the literature now being circulated in this country, alone shows how poor the case is, and how cowardly its object. One book tries to make people believe that any moment the Germans may invade our shores without any kind of warning. In the present day this is a sheer impossibility. Some quarrel must be got up first or what good is our Foreign Secretary? In the case of the last war it was largely done by a chartered press, and it is said to have been very hard work to lash the country up into a state of passion for the purposes of the war. Some of those who fought in that war say that it can never be done in the same way again. Wars amongst civilised people depend on the concealment of facts. A great war correspondent said, "If we told you what really happened in war there would never be another." It is this truth which gives one so much hope about the future. Science is on the side of peace because it becomes more and more a great and rapid revealer of truth. Marconi can always be tapped, and the flying machine is working towards internationalism.

The most serious "muddle" in the letter of February 20th is in the end of it. The writer seems to mix up the fight and struggle against evil that Christianity calls for, as if that fight required us to enter one of the killing professions, and murder one another. Nothing can be further from the teachings of Christ and the teachings of history. Where are we told that we must not kill those who in one century happen to be under the same flag, but we may kill those who for a little period are under another? "I came not to bring peace but a sword." Does any intelligent person believe that means that we are to slay our brother man when some bad tempered ruler has picked a quarrel with another, or some great financier wants a little more gold? How does the moral fibre of a nation benefit by fighting for such causes? An unprovoked attack requiring a war of self-defence is no longer on the horizon of civilised nations, for more and more the best interests of the masses of the people in the different countries are identical. As a matter of fact the interests of the working men in Germany and England are much nearer together than the interests of the landlord classes and the laborers in the two lands. Education will make this more and more evident. "Peace is not, and cannot be, an ideal of human life." That is true, but where is there any lack of warfare for the soldier of Christ, and who ever needs to go into physical warfare to promote the coming of His kingdom? The doctor and nurse who go into a smallpox hospital, to save life, illustrate the kind of discipline and courage that a nation needs. We can raise the moral fibre of our people if we keep steadily before them who their real enemies are. Building of "Dreadnoughts," to be superseded by other inventions every few years, must lead, through taxation, directly to the end of the British Empire, while the prestige we are vainly seek-

ing can be gained by setting our own house in order. There is a book just published, called the "Evolution of Modern Germany," which shows how when Germany was poor, and had no great military system she produced so many men whose influence was world-wide. Kant and Fichte, Goethe and Schiller, lived before Germany became a great military power, and yet those were the days of her "prestige," and influence over the mind of the world. Since she has devoted her attention to the lower ideal of brute force she no longer produces these great men. The reign of militarism is the day of a nation's decline, and are we fast drifting into it also? To prepare for war is, and always has been, to bring about war. The theory of evolution, and the teachings of history, largely prove that the first nation that can raise its moral fibre and courage to the point of resisting the building of "Dreadnoughts," and put down great armies, must eventually lead the world. Truly "we are come to the dividing of the ways." Shall this great future be England's or another's?—Yours, &c., S.

THE POLICY OF THE NAVY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of February 27th, you ask, does the Navy League "admit safety on the basis of a programme of four 'Dreadnoughts' this year? The answer is emphatically yes."

With a view to correcting this mis-statement, I would draw your attention to the Navy League pronouncement issued on Trafalgar Day last, in which it is explicitly stated, "We require to lay down eight large armored ships a year if we are to be able to meet this emergency."

I trust that you may see your way to giving publicity to this statement, which is the "Navy League" statement.

The "Navy League Annual" is written by gentlemen who express their own opinion, which may or may not concur with that of the Executive Committee. It is especially stated at the commencement of that work that "Opinions expressed in this volume are personal to the writers, and do not necessarily reflect the policy of the Navy League."—Yours, &c.,

WM. CAIUS CRUTCHLEY, Secretary.

13, Victoria Street, London, S.W.
March 2nd, 1909.

[Only eight? Why not eighteen?—ED., NATION.]

SUFFRAGETTE TACTICS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is perhaps not surprising that there should exist some confusion in the public mind as to the precise position of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League. It appears to be an eleventh-hour league formed to combat the final phases of development arising out of an original movement of some fifty years' standing. But the hon. secretary of the Kensington branch of the A.S.L., in her letter of this week's issue of THE NATION, denies that the league is directed against any special final development: she harks right back to the essence of the original movement, and declares that the A.S.L. is formed to protest against the enfranchisement of any woman. If this be the exact position of the A.S.L., the attitude is one which might have been effective had it been adopted earlier in the day. But at this late date it gives an impression of mere intolerance of well-established opinion, because progression on these lines must inevitably be everywhere hampered, and even haunted by the many thousands of records left by many thousands of women—many thousands of women who, under the exigencies of a controversy so prolonged, have meanwhile passed away; but passed away only to bequeath legacies of the faith that was in them to successive and increasing inheritors.

The dominant aim of the A.S.L., if it be accurately described as opposition to the enfranchisement of any women, seems to be confused by the last paragraph in the letter which begins: "We contend that the only basis on which women can be enfranchised is adult suffrage." Passing over that, however, as confusion possibly due to my own misinterpretation of the hon. secretary's meaning—who certainly goes on to say, "How many supporters of women's suffrage are prepared to follow their proposal to its logical conclusion, &c., &c. . . ?"—I should like to raise my own modest protest against the inference that all supporters of woman's suffrage do believe adult suffrage to be its logical conclusion. Is there to be no differentiation between revolution and reform? History discloses a very marked differentiation, and even gives us many instances of the power of a wise reform to scotch a nascent revolution. And surely adult suffrage is in the nature of a revolution in that it probably and almost certainly would transfer the "sovereign power" from the hands of men to the hands of women, the bare mention of which possibility has often, I am sure, called up visions of upheavals tremendous enough to make any mere revolution pale. Woman's suffrage is neither revolution nor upheaval. The balance of responsible masculine power would remain in masculine hands to the tune of something like six male voters to one female voter—a sufficient margin of electoral force, one would imagine, for the forceful sex.

Woman's suffrage, then, is a reform: a reform which contains no element of revolution, but is, in part, an expression of man's increasing need of an efficient helpmeet; in part, the response of woman to the race-call which stirs with ever-increasing sense of responsibility and intelligence, the sensitive and willing spirit of all maternity.—Yours, &c., LUCY GARDNER PAGET (Mrs. Gerald Paget),

72, Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore,
February 29th, 1909.

STRIKES AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Among the many causes of unemployment so ably laid before us by you and others, I have not seen much, if any, reference to the operation of strikes. Some years ago I asked one of our captains—I might almost call him a field marshal—of commercial industry if he would not take the trouble to find out how much trade has been dislocated, lost, and sent abroad by these cruel and crushing labor wars. Even in the few instances where they are successful, they leave a mournful legacy of wrecked homes, shattered constitutions, and embittered lives which no pecuniary success can indemnify; and when they fail, may Heaven help the victims of the complacent, well fed, well paid "boss," who pulls the strings at a distance, without inconvenient knowledge of the circumstances of the case. My friend did not respond to my appeal, but Sir Christopher Furness has nobly thrown himself into the breach, and has not only probed the canker, but devised a sound and sufficient remedy, the great merit of which is the hostility which it has excited in the tub-thumping class who preach in the park and in the House and on platforms the nebulous and impracticable theories which are comprised under the comprehensive term of Socialism.

Perhaps some of the other readers of your admirable and inspiring paper may take up this question, and correct me if I am wrong?—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT FARQUHARSON.

Grand Hotel du Louvre, Mentone,
February 22nd, 1909.

"SOME FATUITIES OF PROTECTION."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Surely the remarks which you make on the subject of foreign investment of British capital in your article on "Some Fatuities of Protection" miss the real point at issue. You say that "The contention that this capital, if it had not been able to find more remunerative foreign investments, would have been used at home in giving more employment to British labor, is absolutely false," and you go on to point out that "the capital that goes abroad either in good times or bad, does so because it is not needed here."

But that is precisely the point which I understand the Tariff Reformer to make. He does not contend that the capital, which (according to his view) our Free Trade system is driving abroad, could while that system endures be used here in employing British labor. On the contrary,

he most unequivocally alleges that it is precisely because present conditions prevent the remunerative employment of capital in this country that capital is driven abroad. In other words, he agrees with you that the reason why capital goes abroad is "because it is not needed here," but he goes one step further and adds that it is not needed here because of our Free Trade system. As to the question whether the outflow of British capital can be called "a loss," —no doubt to speak of foreign investments as a thing to be deprecated in every case is quite fallacious. On the other hand, can it be seriously contended that a sudden increase of such investments is always a healthy symptom?

Assume that the credit of a country suffers a heavy blow. Would not a large outflow of the capital of that country be the almost immediate result?—Yours, &c.,

H. W. Goldberg.

11, New Court, Carey Street, W.C.

[In order to make good his case, the Tariff Reformer must show that by a tariff he can increase the aggregate employment of capital in his country. This he fails to do. He can indeed show that protection of a particular trade may increase its employment of capital, if the rise of price Protection brings does not cause a great shrinkage of demand for the goods the trade produces. But in that case the increased expenditure in this class of goods will cause a diminished expenditure on goods produced by other trades, and less capital will be employed remuneratively in those trades.—Ed., Nation.]

THE "OBEDIENCE" OF THE CLERGY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. Asquith informed Sir G. Kekewich on Thursday last that every clergyman appointed to a Crown benefice is bound to give an assurance that he will obey the Bishop of the diocese in matters of discipline and ceremonial. The course in question appears to be fraught with grave possibilities, and to go beyond the requirements of the oath of canonical obedience. What would be its effect in regard, for example, to any of the following matters: if a Bishop were to require a clerk, so pledged, to refuse the Holy Communion to a man and woman married under the provisions of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act; or to demand either the celebration of the Holy Communion in the evening, or the cessation of that practice; or that the eastward position of the celebrant at Holy Communion be adopted or relinquished?

In such conceivable cases a Crown presentee might find himself in a strange dilemma—on the one hand conscientiously bound by the terms of his "assurance," on the other equally conscientiously unable to "obey the Bishop of the diocese." And what of its results upon a diocese, to say nothing of individual parishes, ruled by successive Bishops of different opinions on these or kindred points? Is not a demand for an obedience beyond that guaranteed by the oath of canonical obedience *ultra vires?*—Yours, &c.,

Presbyter X

A VOICE FROM SOUTH EDINBURGH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I am a voter in South Edinburgh, and write you on the polling day. There is no cause for alarm as to the Solicitor-General's return, but I shall be agreeably surprised if his majority is not much reduced. Should that be so, it will not be Mr. Dewar's fault. His candidature has been exceptionally well and vigorously conducted, while his personal exposition of Free Trade principles has been at once brilliant and clear. Nor has the worth of the Government's good record suffered in his hands.

Yet so convinced am I of the justness of your position generally in opposition to the dangerous militarism manifesting itself in Mr. Haldane's propaganda and the alarmist expenditure on the Navy as introducing alien and reactionary elements among the goodly heritage of the ideals bequeathed by Liberalism to the democracy, that I feel strongly inclined to withhold my own vote.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is driven to extremes to find the money for the social reforming work to which the Government were called, while Mr. McKenna and Sir John Fisher, pleading jealous dread of a nation whose best citizens would give anything to be delivered from the very incubus our scaremongers are promoting, have millions given them to promote the work which the Liberal majority was elected to counteract.

It may be open to question whether now or later be the better time, as a matter of tactics, for grappling with the House of Lords. To some of us it is becoming so, also, as to whether a Government that is dealing so perilously with the nation's best ideals and their own professions, is entitled to our confidence. I am not so unmindful of, or ungrateful for, the work done, as to vote to-day for a candidate whose unblushing Protectionism raises the most vital of all issues, but I am satisfied that not a few Liberals are unsettled because of the Government's drifting and concessions in the matters referred to, and against which you so ably protest.—Yours, &c.,

R. Henderson Smith.

Edinburgh, March 4th, 1909.

"BRITISH" AND "IRISH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. McPheat, in his interesting letter, makes the statement that, since the Union of Great Britain and Ireland, the United Kingdom is properly known as "Britain." I have not his letter by me, but I think that is what he said.

I have never heard that view expressed, but it is not unusual to find Irish people and Irish things included in the term "British," which, sir, I would submit, is incorrect.

In the Tariff Reform Amendment to the Address a reference was made to "British *and Irish*" produce, showing that even Mr. Austen Chamberlain acknowledges the distinction. There is also "The British and Irish Steam Packet Co.," &c.

It is often stated that as Ireland is situated in the British Isles, the people are "British." Surely one might as well say that a Zulu is British, because he lives in the British Empire, and is a British subject.—Yours, &c.,

James H. Webb.

Tinoran, Glengarry, Co. Dublin.

Poetry.

ON EXPECTING SOME BOOKS.

To-morrow they will come. I know
How rich their sweet contents are, so
Upon their dress let Fancy play—
Will it be blue, red, green, or grey?
Sweet Books that I have oft heard named,
And seen stand up like blossoms framed,
Through many a common window shown—
When I was moneyless in town;
But never touched their leaves, nor bent
Close to them and inhaled their scent.
They'll come like Snowdrops to a Bee
That, tired of empty dreams, can see
Real flowers at last. Until this time,
Now on the threshold of my prime,
I did not guess my poverty:
That none of these rich books, that lie
Untouched on many a shelf—save when
A housemaid, dreaming of young men,
And music, sport, and dance, and dress,
Will bang them for their dustiness—
That none of these were in my care;
To-morrow I will have them here.
Well do I know their value; they
Will not be purses found, which may
Be full of coppers, nails, or keys—
They will not disappoint, like these.
O, may their coming never cease!
May my Book-family increase!
Clothes, pictures, ornaments of show,
Trinklets and mirrors—these can go
Outside, that all my Books may be
Together in one room with me.

William H. Davies.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

A VOLUME of essays dealing with "Darwin and Modern Science," which promises to be of unusual interest and value, will be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press. The book is intended to serve the double purpose of illustrating the wide influence of Darwin's work and the present attitude to it taken by original investigators and thinkers. Professor J. A. Thompson, Darwin's friend and biographer, writes on "Darwin's Relations to his Predecessors," Professor Weismann on "The Selection Theory," Dr. J. G. Frazer on "Some Primitive Theories of the Origin of Man," Professor de Vries on "Variation," Professor Höffding on "The Influence of the Conception of Evolution on Modern Philosophy," and Professor Bury on "Darwinism and History." Among the other contributors are Sir George Darwin, Dr. Francis Darwin, and Professors Haeckel, Poulton, Bateson, Schalbe, and Bouglé. The list of writers is extraordinarily brilliant, and the work will be a splendid commemoration of Darwin's centenary and of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species."

* * *

THERE is a rumor that a collection of Lord Acton's letters may be issued during the coming autumn. It will presumably be produced under the editorial care of Mr. Figgis and Mr. Laurence, who have edited Lord Acton's essays. The "Letters to Mary Gladstone" and the correspondence in Abbot Gasquet's "Lord Acton and His Circle" show that Lord Acton was an admirable letter-writer. We hope, however, that discretion will not be carried to excess in the coming volume, and that fresh light may be thrown upon the inner history of the Vatican Council. In this connection we may say that Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Newman" is now practically complete. Its publication is certain to cause no less of a sensation than that which attended the issue of Purcell's "Life of Manning."

* * *

MR. F. A. MUMBY, whose well-chosen "Letters of Literary Men" are known and valued by every book lover, has hit upon the happy idea of telling the story of Queen Elizabeth's early life in a series of contemporary letters linked together with a running commentary so as to form a continuous narrative. The letters, some of which will be published for the first time in the coming volume, are said to give the history of Elizabeth's youth—her early indiscretions, her disputed share in Wyatt's rebellion and subsequent imprisonment, and her life at Court in the last years of Queen Mary—with a completeness and familiarity to be found in no other history of the period. The title of the book is "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters," and Messrs. Constable will be the publishers.

* * *

THE same publishers are about to issue "The Valley of Shadows," a volume of reminiscences by Mr. Francis Grierson, dealing with Illinois in the period before the Civil War, when the people were preparing to elect Abraham Lincoln and the stir of the approaching conflict was beginning to be felt. Mr. Grierson's first book was written in French, in 1889, and won the praise of the leading Parisian critics. It was followed up ten years later by "Modern Mysticism," and in 1901 by "The Celtic Temperament," two small volumes of essays, rather mannered in style, but containing much sound criticism. An essay on Wagner's music deserves special mention for the clever way in which Mr. Grierson analysed the attitude of the more extreme Bayreuth worshippers.

* * *

THE Oxford University Press has in preparation an edition of Roger Bacon's works, which will contain some hitherto unpublished matter. The editor, Mr. R. Steele, has also made a selection of "Tudor and Stuart Publications," which will be issued by the same publishers. Another book containing matter never before printed, which Mr. Frowde announces, is "Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian." It is to appear under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Koszul, in "The Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry." Mr. Koszul has done a good edition of Shelley's poetry for Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library."

* * *

IN spite of its charm and pathos, Dr. Johnson's "Life of Richard Savage" is so full of what Mr. Moy Thomas has shown to be "inherent probabilities and proved falsehoods," that as a narrative of Savage's life it is thoroughly untrustworthy. This is, of course, due to the credence Johnson gave to Savage's own account of his career. There is room, accordingly, for a fresh biography of Savage, in which some attempt will be made to separate truth from falsehood, and we hope that this will be done adequately in Mr. Stanley Makower's "Richard Savage: A Mystery in Biography," which Messrs. Hutchinson announce. Mr. Makower has chosen an excellent subject, for Savage's life was full of dramatic episodes, and its mystery heightens the attraction that surrounds it.

* * *

WE learn that Mr. H. G. Wells has finished a new novel, "Ann Veronica," which will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the autumn.

* * *

Two books treating of Napoleon's famous generals are to be issued during the season. "Napoleon's Marshals," by Mr. R. P. Dunn-Pattison, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen, narrates the careers of Soult, Ney, Bernadotte, Masséna, Berthier, Davoust, Lannes, and other leading soldiers selected from among the twenty-six whom Napoleon rewarded with a Field Marshal's bâton. It aims at giving a popular sketch of the material which Napoleon found to hand, and out of which he evolved the leaders of his armies. The other book, called "The Marshals of Napoleon," is by Mr. Percy Cross Standing, and covers the same ground. It is to be published by Messrs. Collier.

* * *

THE Duke of Argyll has put together and annotated a collection of family papers, which, under the title "Argyll Papers," will shortly be published by Messrs. Nisbet. The volume includes several interesting documents of the Napoleonic period, hitherto unpublished letters of Madame de Stael, and other communications of historical interest.

* * *

"THE BODLEIAN" is the title of a little magazine issued by Mr. John Lane. It gives extracts from books published at the Bodley Head, reviews taken from other journals, and information regarding Mr. Lane's future projects. The current issue contains an interview with Mr. Stephen Reynolds, at Seacombe, in which the author of "A Poor Man's House" gives utterance to some characteristic opinions. Those who care for books will always find a publisher's journal interesting, and "The Bodleian" is one of the best of its type that we have seen.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Letters of John Ruskin, 1827-1889." Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. (Allen. 2 vols. 25s. each.)

"The Greatness and Decline of Rome." By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor. Vol. V. "The Republic of Augustus." (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

"Psyche's Task: A Discourse Concerning the Influence of Superstition on the Growth of Institutions." By J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan. 2s 6d. net.)

"Psychology and Crime." By Hugo Münsterberg. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Every-Day Japan." By Arthur Lloyd. (Cassell. 12s. net.)

"Notes on the Science of Picture-Making." By C. J. Holmes. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Madrid." By A. F. Calvert. "The Spanish Series." (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Short Cut to India." By David Fraser. (Blackwood. 12s. 6d. net.)

"In *re* Shakespeare, Beeching *v.* Greenwood. Rejoinder on Behalf of the Defendant." By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

"After the Pardon." By Matilde Serao. (Nash. 6s.)

"The Bishop and the Bogie-Man." By Joel Chandler Harris. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

"La Jeunesse de Benjamin Constant, 1767-1794." Par Gustave Rudler. (Paris: Colin. 10fr.)

"La France et ses Colonies au Début du XXe Siècle." Par M. Fallex et A. Mairey. (Paris: Delagrave. 5fr.)

"La Politique de Renan." Par Gaston Strauss. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE TRAGEDY OF BOSWELL'S LIFE.*

Mr. Seccombe has done well to make Boswell's Letters to Temple the subject of one of his admirable and carefully annotated new editions and to illuminate it with another of those excellent Introductions of his which it is quite superfluous to praise. For the real Boswell, in spite of all that he wrote and all that has been written about him, you cannot rightly understand till you have read this life-long epistolary Confession. Of the Rev. W. J. Temple, with whom Boswell corresponded from the age of eighteen till the last year of his life, Mr. Seccombe tells us all that we need know. He was a fellow-student with Boswell at the University of Edinburgh, and afterwards went to Cambridge, took orders, obtained a small living in Devonshire, and then a better one in Cornwall, which he retained till his death not long after that of his friend. "A dissatisfied, atrabilious man," Mr. Seccombe calls him, troubled with financial and other discomforts, not very happy with his wife, and repining against the dulness and obscurity of his country rectory. Boswell thought highly of his judgment and knowledge, and unbosomed himself to Temple at intervals during six-and-thirty years with a frankness which has hardly a parallel in literature. He is more candid, more unreserved about himself than even in the "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," which, of course, is also to a large extent the autobiography of James Boswell, Esq. These letters are the supplement, the complement, to the masterpiece. They give us Boswell in all his phases of ambition, amorousness, devotion, drink, dissipation, ineffectual repentance, unrealised aspiration, lofty resolution, imperfect achievement, hero-worship, hopefulness, and despair; the passage of the egoistic, agitated, affectionate, self-tormenting Boswellian soul through its troubled pilgrimage upon the earth. Such a human document, so complete, so detailed, so whimsically and mournfully interesting, one does not often find.

It gives us a view of Boswell a little different from either the Carlylean or the Macaulayesque, and it condemns the latter in its superficial harshness and its inexcusable limitation more thoroughly than ever. Yet perhaps if Macaulay had been writing after the publication of the Temple letters (they were first printed six-and-twenty years later than the famous Essay) he might have found in them fresh opportunity for his savage dagger-play upon Boswell's unhonored corpse. "Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot"—poor Bozzy; "vain," "childish," "tale-bearing," "an eavesdropper"—you read these Letters and find him all that and more also. How Macaulay would have enjoyed his amorous and sentimental revelations! Mr. Seccombe has provided discreet asterisks here and there; but there is enough left in to show us Boswell a quite worthy rival to Mr. Pepys as an amateur in affairs of the heart and affairs of the senses. "What a fortunate fellow am I!" he writes rapturously after a flirtation with a pretty Irish girl. "What a variety of adventures in all countries!" After giving Temple some highly edifying advice on the subject of a virtuous marriage, he adds the information that he is himself happy in the society of a "dear infidel," a married lady separated from her husband for whom Boswell has set up an establishment. To his own wife he seems to have been really attached, and his grief over her final illness and death was obviously sincere; but his affection for the excellent Mrs. Boswell did not prevent him from indulging in miscellaneous amorosities. "There is a Miss Silverton in the Fly with me, an amiable creature, who has been in France. I can unite little fondnesses with perfect conjugal love." While his wife lay dying, he reproached himself with his "frequent scenes of what I must call dissolute conduct"; his repentance, however, was a good deal quickened by the fact that he had gone out to dinner, got drunk, tumbled off his horse on the way home, and dislocated his shoulder. Boswell's drinking habits were incurable. He was always making strenuous vows of amendment, and always giving way again; especially at the least appearance of anxiety, embarrassment, uneasiness, or self-reproach, from which conditions he was seldom free for long.

Poor Bozzy is really rather a tragic figure in these pages, with all his whims, and humors, and eccentricities, and irrepressible exhibitions of superb self-conceit. One leaves the letters much more inclined to pity their writer than to exult over him with metallic cachinnations. Boswell is commonly regarded as one of the comic personages of literature; no one ever pretends to respect him, and, indeed, it is hard, and was so during his own lifetime, to be respectful towards a being so beset with undignified and even contemptible faults and foibles. Yet, as Carlyle said, his poorer qualities lay open to the general eye; palpable to the dullest his gluttony, his wine-bibbing, his sycophancy, his braggadocio. But below all this, as Carlyle also saw, was another Boswell, kindly, loving, generously eager to recognise and do service to real merit and greatness. *Because* he was a fool and a snob, says Macaulay, himself writing foolishly on this occasion, Boswell produced the finest biography the world has known. Not because of his folly, says Carlyle more wisely, but in its despite; because he had sympathy, insight, a fine eye for character, a genuine regard for the better and nobler aspects of human nature. It was the contradiction between these two elements in him that made his life, as we see it here mirrored, something very different from the farcical burlesque it appears on the surface. In reality it was a tragedy, the tragedy of laudable intentions and a weak will. Boswell was that most unfortunate of human beings, the person in whom a restless ambition is combined with inadequate self-control. To do something, to be successful, distinguished, important, to make his life "tell," as he said, in some way; this was Boswell's constant obsession. But his aspirations were brought to nought by his want of self-command, his incapacity to pursue any course of action steadily, his uncertainty and irregularity. He was always beginning something, always resolving to make some enterprise a brilliant triumph, always failing of success, always swaying between periods of hope and periods of the deepest despondency. The idea that he was a gay, grinning, peacocking kind of coxcomb, whom nothing touched, is quite erroneous. Boswell was an unhappy man for the most part, with all his volatility and his capacity for absorption in the pleasures of the moment. "I brood over all my complaints," he says in a letter written when he was fifty-one, "the sickly mind which I have had from my early years, the disappointment of my hopes of success in life." He diagnosed his own case correctly. Boswell was distempered mentally from the beginning. He suffered all through from the sick spirit, the divided aims, that bring futility; his life was one long struggle in which he was always losing battles, and always desperately determining to reform his shattered legions and win to victory at last, and meanwhile dropping out for a spell of indolence or self-indulgence. We see it all in this correspondence with Temple—an "amazing transparency," as Mr. Seccombe calls it, full of entertainment, but full also of pathos. At least, if these Letters give us fresh cause to chuckle over poor James Boswell, they allow us to think more kindly of the man whose confused life did after all "tell" so supremely well towards its clouded close for the delight and solace of all who read the English tongue.

* "Letters of James Boswell to the Rev. W. J. Temple." With an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. Sidgwick & Jackson.

THE DILEMMA OF "MODERNISM."*

When the formation of the Old Catholic body was hailed with enthusiasm by the champions of Anglican Sacerdotalism, Dean Stanley uttered a note of warning. The movements, he pointed out, were going different ways. For the moment they occupied the same ground—that of protest against the Vatican Definition. But the forces underlying the two were radically divergent: the one was making against and away from, the other for and towards, Rome. What the Dean said in 1870 holds good even more obviously of the parallel movement in the Roman Church to-day. Modernism has met with a generous welcome from English

* "Father Tyrrell's Modernism." An expository criticism of "Through Scylla and Charybdis." By Hakluyt Egerton. Kegan Paul. 5s.

Churchmen, Established and Free. That men of the larger school, of which Stanley was a leader, should find themselves in sympathy with it, is natural; in all the Churches liberal thought and feeling move on the same lines. What was surprising, to those who look below the surface, was to find this sympathy in men whose principles and temper were diametrically opposed to those of the Modernists—the High, or sectarian, Anglicans, whose eye is on the past, who repudiate the Reformation, and "speak gently of our sister's fall." For the Modernists do not "speak gently" of it: their ideal Church is far removed, on the one hand, from the Utopia dreamed of by Anglicanism of this type, and, on the other, from the reality of Rome. Mr. Egerton, it seems, is a High Churchman on whom this has recently dawned. Hence surprise, perplexity, and, finally, protest—the latter taking the shape of an open letter, of over two hundred pages, to Mr. Athelstane Riley, who, more far-seeing than his correspondent, is, or was, of opinion that "we Anglicans are under no obligation to take sides in the Modernist controversy." The opinion is not new. It was acted upon some thousands of years ago by the inhabitants of Meroz, who obtained an unenviable notoriety on that account.

The letter is not easy reading: neither the thought nor the style is clear. It is not always obvious whether it is the author or Father Tyrrell who is speaking; or, if it be the latter, whether he is discussing the standpoint of an opponent or explaining his own. Mr. Egerton shows clearly that Father Tyrrell is not a conservative theologian in the sense in which the word is used by Catholics, Roman or Anglican—this, however, might have been shown in less than two hundred pages—and criticises his distinction between "theological" and "prophetic" truth. His own opinion appears to be that revelation is theological information, not experience subsequently put in theological form; and he seems unaware of the difficulties by which this view of the matter is beset. His criticism is unfruitful, because the premisses on which it is based lead to conclusions which he refrains from drawing. To conceive religion as letter, as something outside the self, is to land oneself, if one reasons consistently, not only in Rome, but in Rome at its most Roman—in the *Unam Sanctam*, the Definition of 1870, the Encyclical *Pascendi*, &c. When such conclusions are indicated, wise men revise their premisses: the Rome of Pius X. is the *reductio ad absurdum* of a theory of religion which is not held only at Rome. In the most memorable of his works the late Auguste Sabatier contrasted the religions of authority with the religion of the Spirit. The halfway house is no more than a temporary shelter; the dividing line is here.

Had Mr. Egerton confined himself to showing that the affinities of Modernism are not with the High Anglicans, he would have done a more useful work. They are not: and in the interests of clear thinking it is desirable that there should be no mistake on this point. That the English Church may play a part in the crisis which has been brought about by Modernism is not impossible: much depends on the insight and courage of her rulers, on their power "to take occasion by the hand." The policy of the Vatican has been at once successful and unsuccessful; the former in appearance and for the moment, the latter in fact and for future time. It has not, it may be said without fear of contradiction, altered a single conviction of a single Modernist. But it has driven the symptoms in. Men like Tyrrell in England, Loisy in France, and Murri in Italy, no longer speak for Catholicism; from the standpoint of the concrete Church, and any other is nebulous, they are effectually discredited and disowned. So far, so good: there is no open opposition; the Papacy has saved its face. On the other hand—because Modernism is not a question of opinion, but of knowing or not knowing the facts—the condemned views are increasingly held by Catholics, and that in a more negative form than would have been the case but for their condemnation. The movement, originally a support, is developing into a solvent of Catholicism, in some cases even of faith. False as it is, the dilemma, All or Nothing, weighs heavily on many spirits: "entre la religion inintelligible et le matérialisme brutal, âme poétique et pure, où serait ta place?" To Englishmen so placed English Christianity should present itself, and be presented, as a third path. It is not its dogmatic and institutional side that will be most congenial to them: they have seen what comes of the over-accentuation of ceremonial and creed. It is probable that the light in which they will regard the English Church is that of a Church which, while frankly taking the Reformation standpoint, and so placing herself on the lines of living and legitimate religious development, has the advantage of having broken less with the past, with historical Christianity, than the more radically reformed Churches. She represents, they may remember, the shape which, under Providence, the Christian idea has taken in this country: perhaps, difficult as it is to realise it in times of controversy, of all forms of religion she divides Englishmen the least. Some of those now in doubt and perplexity came out from her in the past. Perhaps they were mistaken: if so, it is not too late to return. But those, should there be such, who take this homeward path, will return not to a narrow Anglican sect, fighting for political privilege, intent on its rehabilitation of impossible dogmas and the restoration of outworn rites; but to an English Church representing all that is best in English Christianity—"this ancient house of our fathers, with all its faults the best and most tolerant of the Churches of Christendom, and the least opposed to the spirit of the age."

A GREAT STUDY-PLAY.*

Of recent years we have been disinterring several forgotten poets of the nineteenth century, such as George Darley and Thomas Lovell Beddoes; and we have been surprised to find men of such admirable parts overtaken by eclipse. But we have not done with the nineteenth century yet; there still remain some poets, not indeed so obscured as Darley and Beddoes were, but certainly not famed according to their deserts, such poets as Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, and Stephen Hawker. They are none of them great poets; yet they are too good to be altogether missed by anyone who is happy enough to have an insatiable thirst for poetry. Of course, this sort of thing always follows a period that has been great in poetry. When astonishment at the paramounts of an age begins to leave the minds of the following generation, it becomes apparent that the gods were not the only persons of that time; there were Titans also. It is not always easy to tell a Titan from a god. What, for instance, are we to make of Charles Wells, the latest nineteenth century poet to emerge into the light? His name has long been famous, chiefly because Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne made much of him, as Browning made much of Beddoes; but his great work, "Joseph and His Brethren," has for the general been lost in profound obscurity until Mr. Frowde's present courageous publication. "Shakespearean" is the epithet that was applied to Wells by men who ought to know what the epithet means; and it has been applied not only to his diction, but to his characterisation. It is a large epithet, certainly; and let us say at once that it is too large for the man. Splendor and force and dignity are in "Joseph and his Brethren"; an admirable plenty of those serious moral reflections so beloved of Dr. Johnson, and, what is more, a wonderful power of visualising in unforgettable fashion those moral reflections, as here:—

> "The Will is but a coward at the heart;—
> Unless 'tis deaf and savage like a beast's,
> Where Conscience wakes the Will sins on its knees."

Further, Wells was acutely aware of the internal beauty of words; and his diction and his thought are matched like canvas and breeze:—

> "Like as the wind doth beautify a sail
> And as a sail becomes the unseen wind."

He was continually inventing phrases that stick like burrs, and he did not scruple to turn a conceit, that device which our modern critical pundits find so sour. He carries us along in that swift, easy manner which only fine poetry can achieve; he is no Phaethon with his team of hot-breathed, difficult passions. All this makes him a most considerable poet; but Shakespearean? Hardly; a line here and there

* "Joseph and His Brethren: A Dramatic Poem." By Charles Wells. With introductions by Algernon Charles Swinburne and Theodore Watts-Dunton. Henry Frowde. 1s. net.

may bring the epithet to our minds, such as these of the sun, "the burnish'd king," going down:—

> "A god gigantic habited in gold,
> Stepping from off a mount into the sea";

or these:—

> "Oh! you do keep your pity in a cage
> And whip it to a starv'd obedience."

But, to name two things only, two prime qualities which must be present in work if it is to be seriously called Shakespearean, "Joseph and his Brethren" has none of that shadowy immensity of thought, that indefinable grandeur of being, which one continually feels behind the beauty and passion of Shakespeare's verse; nor does Wells ever come anywhere near Shakespeare's miraculous propriety of rhythm. Metre, in fact, is not Wells's great quality. His lines are always correct, and sometimes, not often, charmingly varied in rhythm; but they incline to monotony. Wells, doubtless, had made no great study of prosody, for he was what Mr. Watts-Dunton calls a "vagabond poet," one, that is, who is more interested in life than in poetry. Mr. Watts-Dunton has a high opinion of this kind of writer, whereas to put a man in this category seems to us a very serious charge against him as a poet. A poet, if he is worth the name, finds the writing of poetry as much a part of actual vivid life as going for a tramp and drinking in a public-house may be. This will be trite to some; but the absurd division between poetry and "life" seems to obsess a good many folks nowadays. Can anyone suppose that Wells was not supremely conscious of being alive when he composed this exquisite description of Rachel?—

> "Her full dark eye, whose brightness glisten'd through
> The sable lashes soft as camel-hair;
> Her slanting head curv'd like the maiden moon
> And hung with hair luxuriant as a vine
> And blacker than a storm; her rounded ear
> Turn'd like a shell upon some golden shore;
> Her whispering foot that carried all her weight,
> Nor left its little pressure on the sand;
> Her lips as drowsy poppies, soft and red,
> Gathering a dew from her escaping breath;"

and so on for many lines more, all to the same enchanting tune.

In dealing with a poem of so many and such rare excellences, much must be left unsaid. On the character of Phraxanor, for example, we might let loose a deal of admiration; but we do not know that anything could be added to Mr. Swinburne's eulogy of this subtle, exciting creation—the only character of the poem, as a matter of fact, that is profound as well as vigorous. One thing, however, does seem worth touching upon—the poem's form. It is a drama written merely to be read—the kind of play that Wagner called "the unheard-of." Now, in spite of "Samson Agonistes," "Faust," "Cain," "Prometheus Unbound," "Paracelsus," "Empedocles on Etna," and "Atalanta in Calydon," there are several cautious critics nowadays who protest that the dramatic poem is an unfortunate aberration, an amphibious thing that cannot be justified. This is really no more than an instance of the human being's strange faculty of overlooking the obvious; the obvious here being the printing-press. Drama is a very much larger thing than performances on the stage. The stage, certainly, is a very convenient apparatus for conveying drama, but there is no reason in nature why it should be the only one. Printing caused man to develop his imagination in a new way, and to be as impressionable to the printed word as he was, and, of course, still is, to the stimulation of acted drama. It was very soon found that the new way of conveying drama had possibilities in it which made the study-play a prodigiously valuable acquisition to art. Moreover, is this way so new? Disregarding such early examples as "David and Bethsabe," and jumping into the first great age of drama, was "Prometheus Bound" ever much more than a study-play? And do not some scholars now hold that Euripides wrote several plays primarily for reading? The study-play is a form that gives the dramatist splendid opportunities that no other form can give; and, as Mr. Hardy has shown, these opportunities have not by any means been thoroughly exhausted. It is as an addition to the number of great study-plays that "Joseph and his Brethren" is, we venture to think, chiefly considerable. And as a study-play it will surely now take an honorable place in English literature, and help by its noble example in urging poets to come to expatiate their genius in this magnificent form of poem.

FRASER OF LOVAT.*

Simon Fraser is one of the many men whose reputation has suffered from the human passion for good, clear effects of black and white. His character, indeed, was one which no eulogist could present as angelic. His first public appearances—in the year 1696, when he was about twenty—were connected with the capture and imprisonment of an elderly nobleman, and with the forcible marriage of a dowager baroness; his last public appearance was in 1747, on Tower Hill, where he was executed for high treason. During the intervening years, he had professed and denied more than one form of religion, and more than one allegiance; and his name has come down to us as that of a double-dyed traitor, stained with acts of lawless violence. Mr. Mackenzie's volume, however, shows very clearly that he was by no means the monster of general tradition. A very small change of circumstances might have made him as respectable as most of his contemporaries; and, even as the facts stand, he was not more often betrayer than betrayed.

The course of his whole life was decided by an early injustice, and by wresting from him, for a long period, of the title and position that he eventually attained. Lord Lovat, his cousin, left no male descendant; and left also both a marriage contract that settled estates and honors on his eldest daughter, and a deed, annulling that contract, by which he recognised the father of Simon as his heir. Simon always maintained, and the law, in the end, agreed with him, that the barony of Lovat was a male fief. The widowed Lady Lovat, however, was a Murray of Atholl, and the Murrays not only upheld their niece's claim, but refused to marry her to Simon. Lord Saltoun's son was put forward as a rival, whereupon the father of the proposed bridegroom was captured by Simon and his clansmen, and was held prisoner until he resigned all pretensions. Much indignation and a prospect of punishment naturally followed. Simon, neither penitent nor prudent, next invaded the widow in her castle, and suddenly married her instead of her daughter. What precise degree of compulsion was employed, and what were the real sentiments of her ladyship are matters now beyond elucidation. In any case, it seems clear that Lady Lovat was a person of no great stability of mind, apt to side with any present relative against any absent one. A military expedition was sent to take Simon, his father, and his accomplices, dead or alive, and although that effort and others failed ignominiously, life in Scotland began to grow extremely hazardous for Simon Fraser. He retired to London, and entered upon that system of complicated diplomacy which covered the whole remainder of his life. Like most men of his time, he kept a foot in each camp, and his first visit to the Court of the exiled Stuarts at St. Germain was directly followed by one to King William's Court in Holland. There seems good reason, however, to believe that his sympathies and his convictions were consistently Jacobite, and that he never betrayed to the established English Government any information really damaging to the interests of the older family. But a man who follows the common custom of that period and maintains friendly relations, necessitating a network of lies, with both parties, can hardly escape suspicion; and a day came in which neither the King of France nor the exiled Queen of England would have anything more to do with Simon Fraser. Not till nearly a dozen years afterwards did he seriously attempt to put himself at the service of the English Government. In the '15 he behaved like a loyal—though hardly an enthusiastic—Whig, and he was rewarded with wealth and favors, and shortly afterwards succeeded in marrying Miss Grant of Grant. For many years from this time he lived at home, though not in peace, for he was a man of many law suits. The most remarkable of his cases dealt with the disputed Lovat title, which, in 1730, was adjudged to be his. Not long after this success he was assisting in the abduction of Lord Grange's troublesome wife, who, by her husband's connivance and Fraser's active intervention, was conveyed away to St. Kilda, and long kept captive.

Simon Fraser was now established as Lord Lovat, and

* "Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat: His Life and Times." By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S.A. (Scot.) Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

as the chief of his clan, a position which was the height of his ambition, and which he filled, in many ways, well. With his second wife, a Campbell, he quarrelled continually, and they parted at the end of five years. But for the descent of Charles Edward upon Scotland, Fraser might have gone down to a Highland grave, a quarrelsome, intriguing, witty, and rather disreputable old gentleman, much and justly loved by his own kin, and considerably regretted by the Whig party. But Charles Edward came. Lovat wavered, protested, wavered again, and finally sent his eldest son to join the Prince. He himself stayed at home, and pretended to the authorities that his clansmen "went out" without orders from him. He was, however, arrested, but escaped, and for the first and last time met "bonnie Prince Charlie" flying from Culloden. For some time he eluded capture, but was finally taken, and conveyed to London. At his trial he was somewhat abject, attempted to move pity by references to his age—which was less than he represented it—and to his infirmities, which were real, and uttered fulsome compliments to "that brave young hero," the odious Duke of Cumberland. But when once condemned he became calm, courageous, and cynically witty, acknowledged himself to be, in fact, a Roman Catholic, and died, in his own words, "as a Highland chieftain should, not in his bed." The biography was well worth writing, not only in justice to its subject, but because Fraser—in himself an interesting and complex personality—forms an excellent example of the moral disintegration brought about by times of political uncertainty. From the departure of James II. to the accession of George III., few public men were consistently true to either political creed. It may be salutary for modern politicians, securely upright, in an established order, to ask themselves whether, in a country hanging balanced between two dynasties, they also might not have been found "hedging" with Fraser and with Marlborough.

TWO NOVELS.*

The two novels before us offer so instructive a contrast in atmosphere and social outlook that an intelligent foreigner might almost doubt whether the characters, respectively the product of a Catholic and of a Protestant land, really belong to the same species. "After the Pardon" is a good example of the literature of passion which, from early days, has swept northwards from Mediterranean lands in successive waves, invading the chilly atmosphere of the Northern peoples. It is curious to reflect how weak and emotionally inexpressive would be our literature of love stories, poems, and plays, had we been cut off, by an impassable barrier, from the South. Chaucer's love tales, with their gracious and joyous atmosphere, are of Mediterranean origin, as are most of the love plots of Shakespeare and of the Elizabethan stage. Even the famous literature of the Minnesingers was a loan from Provence and the Courts of Love, and came into Germany by way of the Alps. In Teutonic, old Scandinavian, and Icelandic literature, it is noticeable that the love motive bears but stunted fruit, whereas the literature of the Celts, who were racially the cosmopolitan chapmen between North and South, is extremely rich in love songs and love sagas. Goethe and Ibsen are good instances of great authors who have turned their faces to the Southern classical lands, and it is of significance that for the word genius we ourselves have had to go South to the shores of the Mediterranean. It is, therefore, with a sense of ancient obligations that we should welcome this work of Matilde Serao, which, with its picture of the intense absorption of the heroine and hero, Maria Guasco and Marco Fiore, in seeking "the flower and fruit of love," strikes strangely into our Northern atmosphere of mental reserve and emotional inexpressiveness. The advantage to the English reader of this serious study of the love passion, with its boundless desires, preying flames, and sequel of bitter ashes, is that he can lose sight entirely of his own prepossessions, and is forced to realise that his sentimental ideals are the special growth of a different soil, climate, and civilisation. In the North, passion is always portrayed as a doubtful force, a temptation, a perilous expenditure of unmeasured energy, and our instinct is to hoard up passion, to nurse it, to make it last a lifetime, so that we may believe in its dignity and strength.

But in the South passion itself is an ideal, a proof of internal force, almost a duty. And beauty is indissolubly connected with the mystery of its emotional raptures and torments, even as the sunlight is indissolubly associated with health. The situation that is unfolded in the opening chapters of "After the Pardon," between Maria Guasco and Marco Fiore, who, after three years of an intense and overmastering mutual passion, reveal to one another, with the bitter tears of humiliation, that their love is dead, that their hearts are barren, that their desires are spent and exhausted, and their passion can know no re-birth, is almost incomprehensible to the quiet English mind. For this death of passion is sorrowed over by them with the same intensity of feeling that with us is awakened in the soul of those who mourn bitterly the death of a beloved child. In the depth of their grief at their inner impotence, their mortal weariness and indifference, since "the lofty outstanding reason of life—love—is ended," the lovers determine to face "the duty of reparation," and Maria Guasco returns to devote herself to her husband, Emilio, to make him forget the sufferings she has inflicted upon him, and Marco Fiore, in turn, is ready to pay for "his intoxication of happiness and liberty" by marrying Vittoria Cusulta, his old betrothed, whom he has betrayed when he left her to flee away with Maria. The husband and the betrothed are indeed ready to pardon those who have sinned against them, because both Emilio and Vittoria are still passionately in love with their betrayers. The return of the lovers to their duty, like the return home of children who have got tired of playing truant, though it has hidden elements of comedy in it to the English mind, almost seems to be building the bridge of reconciliation between the moral ideas of north and south. But the bridge ends abruptly in the air when we perceive that Emilio's and Vittoria's demand is simply for passion also! Neither of them is satisfied with affection, sympathy, or duty, from the returned sinner. "You must love me with passion as you loved Marco, as I love you," cries Emilio to Maria, and this, of course, is out of the power of the repentant and contrite wife who, indeed, had forsaken her husband three years before, simply for the reason that his passion awakened no response in her. And similarly Vittoria does not care a straw for "the affectionate and tender companionship" of Marco. She wants one thing only—to be loved with the same true and intense ardour with which he has loved Maria. "Am I not young? am I not beautiul? am I not his? Don't I adore him?" she says to her great aunt, the Duchess of Altomonte. And the Duchess, while counselling the bride to be satisfied with what she herself has experienced in her marriage, "a strong moral sympathy, a tranquil and secure attachment," reveals in her answer that the national ideal of her countrymen—passion as an end in itself—is what separates north from south. And this is the reason why the greatest genius we have produced was forced to look to Italy for the dramas of "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Turning to "The Faith of His Fathers," we exchange the slow sweeping line of an art and social outlook born of generations of leisure for the cramped and petty lines of rigid facts in the life of English provincial townsfolk. The dull round of business in factory, shop, and counting-house, the monotony and narrowness of family life, the harsh intolerance of a Methodist training—it is by the pressure of such factors in the life of the Atkinsons, father and son, mother and daughter, that the growth of their spiritual antagonism ends in rupture and collapse. The character of the austere and earnestly self-righteous Mr. Atkinson, who forces his weak and self-indulgent son, Stephen, to marry the barmaid, Flossie, so that he may "atone for his sin and do justice to her and his child," is very well indicated, and not less well so the self-repression of the colorless mother whose bloodless acquiescence in her husband's decisions turns at the end to rankling hate. Miss Jacomb has presented us with so truthful a study, one executed with such sincerity and painstaking talent, that it is a little curious that the total effect is artistically disappointing. Stephen's sullen relations with his vulgar, cheerful wife, Flossie, and his

* "After the Pardon." By Matilde Serao. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.
"The Faith of His Fathers." By A. E. Jacomb. Melrose. 6s.

moral degeneration, inevitable in such an unsuitable union, are painted with much exactitude, and Rachel Atkinson's alienation from her father when he forbids her to marry "the unbeliever," Ransome, whose agnosticism will "imperil her soul," has the force of nature in it. But the grey utilitarian pettiness of the streets and "mean villas" of Chadford is matched by the flatness and tonelessness of the author's style. There is no charm of phrase, no distinctive individuality in her literary instrument. The spiritual beauty of the novel, such as it is, is smothered, too, under the load of unnecessary and trifling details. Miss Jacomb is so promising a recruit to the sparse ranks of our realists in fiction that we gladly own that her conscientious anxiety to be true, at all costs, to the facts of the prosaic environment she depicts, is a fault on the right side. We would urge her to remember, however, that a work of art lives by virtue of its beauty no less than of its truth to nature, and that as a literary model Mark Rutherford is preferable to George Gissing. A novelist's form and style must show grace and beauty, if his chronicle is to live. And few of our modern novelists do not show themselves deficient in æsthetic feeling. Here is exemplified another contrast between north and south; the meagre, thin, colorless pages of Miss Jacomb contrast poorly with the melody and force of Matilde Serao's language even in the very so-so translation supplied to us by the English publisher. It is not fitting, by the way, that a translation should be issued anonymously, as we note is the custom of Mr. Eveleigh Nash. The translator is responsible for the rendering, and his name should always be given as a guarantee that he has done his best.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Asser's Life of King Alfred" (Chatto & Windus, 1s. 6d. net) is a volume in the Series of "King's Classics," issued under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz, Mr. L. C. Jane being responsible for the introduction and notes. The work is a welcome addition to the series; not only because it is the contemporary "Life" of a monarch who still appeals to British popular sentiment as no other Saxon king can, but because it is the basis of most of what we know of Alfred's personal character. It was first printed by Archbishop Parker in 1574 from the author's MS. The latter was destroyed by a fire in the Cottonian Library in 1731, and the present translation is from the "Monumenta Historica Britannica," published in 1848. Many interpolations were introduced into the original text by the Elizabethan archbishop, and one or two subsequent annotators, but these are as far as possible distinguished from the original portions in this edition by being printed in italics; so that one can obtain a very clear idea of what belongs to Asser and what to his editors. The chief importance of these interpolations lies in the fact that they detract from, rather than add to, the strength and wisdom of Alfred. They emphasise the religious side of his character to the point of morbidness, making him appear as "a pale replica of a medieval saint," instead of the strenuous man of action; with the result that, though they include most of the pretty legends—especially that of the Cakes—which it would be pleasant to continue to believe, they are of little value as history. Asser's text is, moreover, sufficiently exaggerated in respect of the King's virtues, though this failing may be due, as Mr. Jane suggests, to his purpose in compiling the Life. It was intended mainly for Welsh readers, the monkish author himself being a Welshman; and its aim was to present the Wessex king in as favorable a light as possible, in order to break down the alliance between the Welsh and the Danes, and to further the cause of a Christian combination, under the Wessex king, against the pagans. As propagandist literature on behalf of the unification of the kingdom, the "Life" was probably less effective than it might have been, owing to its confused arrangement and its many parentheses. But as a contemporary document it remains of the highest political and personal importance. Of Asser's own career and personality the details are somewhat shadowy. It is, however, probable that he was Bishop of St. David's when he first entered the King's service, and afterwards became the recipient of the Sherborne bishopric and other ecclesiastical benefices, the while he supervised his royal patron's literary education.

* * *

Professor Percival Lowell some years ago startled the scientific world by the confidence with which he put forward a theory that Mars is inhabited by beings not very different from ourselves. In "Mars as the Abode of Life" (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net) he amplifies this theory, supports it by further arguments, and gives us a picture of the Martians and the conditions under which they live. According to Professor Lowell, the Martians have reached a high state of civilisation, war has been abolished, for the system of irrigation, upon which life in the planet depends, would be destroyed if one nation interfered with the canals which carry water to its neighbors. All the natural conditions are so hostile that the Martians must be beings of extraordinary intellectual development. The oceans have long since dried up, the land is flat and desolate, "five-eighths of its surface are an arid waste, pitilessly held up to a brazen sun, unprotected by any shield of shade, unrelieved from sterility by surface moisture or covering of cloud." "To conceive of this great buckler of brazen sand and rock, level as a polished shield, and stretching to the far distance, to stand sharp-cut there by the horizon of a sky, unrelieved by so much as a mountain-notching of its blue, is to realise in part what life on it must mean." The picture is far from alluring, though if Professor Lowell is to be credited, a very similar state of affairs will yet be seen upon the earth. It is doubtful whether the view that there are sentient beings upon Mars will ever command assent from men of science, and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has stated the opposite opinion with much force. But the interest of Professor Lowell's book for the ordinary reader is rather the stimulus it gives to the imagination than its scientific theories. From this point of view it is most successful. As we follow Professor Lowell's account we care little for the fact that it is mainly based on but two indisputable facts—the discovery by spectrum analysis that there is water on Mars, and the proof of the real existence of the "canals" afforded by modern photography. Professor Lowell writes in a racy style, and his book is enlivened by many controversial hits at his opponents.

* * *

Mr. W. B. Woodgate is a sportsman *pur sang*, and his "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman" (Nash, 15s. net) will prove entertaining reading to all for whom athletics and racing are of special interest. Educated at Radley and Brasenose, a member of the Oxford winning eights of 1862 and 1863, the founder of Vincent's Club, and in later years exercising a powerful influence upon University sport both directly and from his contributions to journalism, Mr. Woodgate has much to say that is well worth reading. He relates, for instance, how it was that dark blue came to be the recognised color for all Oxford athletic teams. It was in the Whitsun term of 1862 that the Oxford University Cricket Club first applied to the University Boat Club for leave to wear dark blue at Lord's. Up to that time the color had been a monopoly of the University eight, the eleven appearing in the colors of the different clubs to which its members belonged. Three of the five members of the Boat Club Committee were opposed to the proposal, but when a vote was taken one of the dissentients was absent attending the funeral of a relative. The President, whom the cricketers had complimented by electing him a Harlequin, gave his casting vote in favor of allowing the privilege, subject to two conditions. First, the ribbon was to be worn only on variegated straw, not white; and, secondly, the cricketers were forbidden to bind their blue coats with blue silk trimming. Since that eventful decision many minor branches of sport have adopted dark or light blue, and the color is now, of course, representative of all Inter-University competitions. The book is full of amusing anecdotes and will appeal with special force to old Oxonians.

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"Dutch Painting in the Nineteenth Century," by M. G. Hermine Marius, which has been rendered into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos (Alexander Moring, 15s. net), covers a much wider field than did Dr. Max

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Rooses' volume on the same subject, issued in 1900. Whereas the latter dealt only with the prominent artists of the Hague group and a few others intimately connected therewith, M. Marius is far more comprehensive in his treatment of modern Dutch painting as a whole. The first part of the volume is devoted to a sketch of the artistic developments that followed the seventeenth century in Holland. These, put briefly, were as follows. During the eighteenth century the demand, as in most other countries, was for decorative painting and applied art, such as tapestry, although a good deal of encouragement of a sort was also given to portraiture. But, thanks very largely to the uncertain political state of the country, nothing very great was produced even in these two directions, while in others the native pictorial genius languished through neglect; and at the end of the century, when the English school was declaring its existence to the world and the French had begun to recover from the shock of the Revolution, no Dutch painters of eminence had appeared. The craze for history painting which infected the Netherlands as well as other states, combined with a similarly widespread devotion to "Italian culture," gave Holland a moderate artist only in the elder Pieneman, and the Romanticism that followed produced nobody better than Ary Scheffer, the talented sentimentalist whose popularity in this country was at that time only less pronounced than in his own. Indeed, until the Hague school becomes a reality with the advent of Josef Israels to that city in 1869, there is little to be said about Dutch nineteenth century art. Then, however, in the painting of Israels himself, Anton Mauve, the three Marises, Weissenbruch, Bosboom, and several more who, like Theophile de Bock, were "minor" artists in a comparative sense alone, there was a famous revival of the Dutch genius for landscape and *genre*. The Hague school retains a good deal of its influence at the present time, despite the fact that latter-day Dutch artists tend to become more continental and less Dutch, and that as early as 1880 a section of the Amsterdam school definitely revolted against the impressionistic developments of the earlier movement, and declared for a more linear and more classical style. This profusely illustrated volume is really informative in regard to Dutch art since Rembrandt, and the translation is adequate on the whole. There are, however, one or two rather ludicrous mistakes or misprints which should be corrected if it is found worth while to issue another edition.

* * *

The "Fortnightly" is an unusually good and interesting number. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes charmingly to illustrate what he calls the "universality of variation," and his argument, drawn largely from Mr. J. A. Allen's researches into variation in birds, shows how absurd was the late Lord Salisbury's dictum that the doctrine of natural selection based itself on the law of chances—a lottery in which the odds were heavy against an improvement of type. Mr. Atherley Jones, discussing the Labor Party in Parliament, points out what we think is clearly the true moral of the decision in "Osborne *versus* the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants," namely, that payment of members by the State must take the place of payment of members by Trade Unions or bodies of laborers. Dr. Rappoport's sketch of the Russian political and secret police is thoroughly illuminating, and excellent, too, is Mr. Thayer's contrasted sketch of Cavour and Bismarck, the typical Liberal and the typical reactionary Continental statesman of the last century. Mr. Archibald Hurd, while deprecating the demand for more ships for the fleet, asks for more men, in this respect contradicting Lord Brassey, who thinks the *personnel* of our fleet excessive. The special feature of the number, however, is the first instalment of Count Tolstoy's "The Law of Force and the Law of Love," which, while it contains nothing new to students of Tolstoy, exhibits also the whole truth about the moral situation of the Christian world of to-day.

* * *

In "The Nineteenth Century and After," Professor Vambéry speculates upon "The Future of Constitutional Turkey," and warns Europeans against taking a too optimistic view of the future. He points to the great financial stress and want of means for the introduction of reforms, the struggle which is sure to ensue for greater freedom for Moslem women, the necessity of developing fresh political and educational machinery, and the heterogeneous national elements that compose Turkey's Asiatic possessions. "Turkey will need at least two decades to accomplish the transformation which Europe looks for at the hands of Young Turkeydom. Absolute peace and quietness are, of course, a first necessity for bringing the work of reform to a satisfactory conclusion; and, since the peace and quietness of the Near East depend mainly on the attitude of the European Powers, the success or the failure of the Constitutional movement in Turkey rests in reality with our European Cabinets." Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Massy, a former Commissioner in the Punjab, gives his impressions of a recent visit to India. He takes the official view of the present situation, though he admits that "things are perfectly quiet on the surface all over India, with the exception of the Bengal provinces." Organised anarchism does not exist outside Bengal, and the extremists are a *quantité negligeable*. Nevertheless, Colonel Massy advises that the "recent special repressive Acts" should be "promptly extended to any tract in which disloyalty shows itself active." Dr. Archibald Fleming discusses "Scottish Orders and Catholic Reunion"; Lady Frederick Cavendish suggests that the Education Problem may be solved by allowing each district to decide for ten years, by a popular vote, upon the character of the religious teaching to be given. Mrs. John Richard Green, in "Tradition *versus* Enquiry in Irish History," brilliantly answers Mrs. Dunlop's criticisms, made in the last number of the "Quarterly Review." Mrs. Green shows that with the advance of modern studies, need has arisen to review the whole of the materials for Irish history, and to revise the old conclusions. She answers Mrs. Dunlop's criticisms in detail, and leaves the reader with the distinct feeling that she has the better of the argument. Some personal reminiscences of Edward Fitzgerald, by his great-niece, add to the interest of the number.

* * *

"The Contemporary Review" opens with an article on "Ministers and their Critics," by Mr. E. T. Cook, in which it is contended, though not in an ardent or very convincing fashion, that it is possible to treat the veto of the House of Lords as "the dominating issue," and yet pass Bills through the Commons as if it had no existence. Mr. Ernest Rhys writes in pleasant style upon "M. Anatole Le Braz and the Awakening of Brittany." The Celtic revival has made remarkable progress in Brittany, though there, as in Ireland, the clerical influence is in the main hostile. Miss Winifred Stephens discusses the contributions of M. Anatole France and Mr. Andrew Lang to the biography of Joan of Arc. Mr. Jack London describes the leper settlement of Molokai, which he has lately visited, pointing out that "the horrors of Molokai, as they have been painted in the past, do not exist." What Mr. London saw was "a happy colony, divided into two villages and numerous country and seaside homes, of nearly a thousand souls." There are several assembly halls, a band stand, a race track, baseball grounds, shooting ranges, an athletic club, numerous glee clubs, and two brass bands. Miss Edith Sellers continues her account of "Poor Relief in Switzerland," an interesting section of her article dealing with the penal colony of Witzvil which, it is claimed, brings about a permanent improvement in one-third of the cases sent there. Other articles of interest are Mr. G. K. Gokhale's on "Constitutional Reforms in India," Mr. W. S. Urquhart's on "The Pessimistic Tendency of Pantheism," and Madame Caroline R. de Havilland's "Recollections of Victor Hugo."

* * *

The March number of "The English Review" contains the last instalment of Mr. Wells's novel, "Tono-Bungay." We have reviewed this book in a former issue. Mr. Joseph Conrad continues his "Reminiscences," and Mr. Belloc contributes an article on "The Source of Information," part of which has been blocked out by the editor as containing matter which is libellous, though true. What is left of the article is scarcely epoch-making. Mr. Henry James has written a short story fashioned with his accustomed delicacy of workmanship, and there are poems by M. Emile Verhaeren and Miss Ethel Clifford.

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Week in the City.

The markets of the Stock Exchange during the week have been dominated by alternating hopes and fears in regard to Servia and Montenegro. American railways and industrials have been inactive, awaiting the Presidential address, which was eventually received by Wall Street with equanimity. Trade is very sluggish, the high price of corn being an adverse factor. Nor can much be expected from the United States until the new tariff has been settled. Gold in the shape of American Eagles is being shipped from Paris to London, and the Bank reserve is still rising steadily. So the prospect is for a run of very cheap money after March.

The Low Price of Silver.

All the metals except gold have been depressed for more than a year, and though silver has not fallen so much as copper, it has gone low enough to stir up the silverites to fresh exertions. Senator Teller has led the campaign in the United States; but no one pays much attention there to his argument that silver standard countries, by getting their labor cheaper, will be enabled to cut out countries with a gold standard. The fact is, of course, that low-paid labor is not usually cheap labor. In Mexico City the Chamber of Mines has formed a committee "to take steps calculated to relieve the prostration which the silver mining industry has encountered." The chairman declares that he has no idea of tampering with the Mexican currency laws, though they have been very bad for silver. A Mexican newspaper just received states that the condition of the silver mines in Mexico has been bad for nearly two years. Two or three months ago when the price of silver hovered around the 42-cent mark all of the mines were obliged to shut down wholly or partially, except those which had rich ore. "Many letters have been received of late from mining men from all over the country asking the chamber to try to do something to relieve their situation. They have found some relief in the past ten days when silver rose to 50 and 51 cents, but it is felt that something might be done to sustain the price of the white metal." The German silver interests in alliance with the Agrarians are also active to get the Government to coin more silver.

The Meaning of Money.

Messrs. Smith Elder have just published a book entitled "The Meaning of Money," which may be heartily recommended to all who wish to have an acquaintance with a complex but highly interesting subject. The real purpose of the book is to explain the organisation and machinery of credit with special reference to the London Money Market. The author, Mr. Hartley Withers, has for some time been City editor of the "Times," and has acquired in that capacity a first-hand knowledge of what he writes about, and to a certain extent the book is a reflection of the market and of the opinions of the bankers, brokers, discounters, and dealers in money and exchange with whom it is the business of a City editor to consort. Anxiety about the sufficiency of our gold reserves, which afflicts most of them, is shared by the author, who in all other respects, however, takes a scientific as well as an empirical interest in the monetary problem. The book deserves to be placed by the side of Bagehot's "Lombard Street," to which, indeed, it forms an admirable supplement. Since Bagehot's day many changes have taken place; but the developments have been quite normal. It is satisfactory, for example, to learn that whereas in Bagehot's time the loanable capital at the disposal of borrowers for discounts and short loans was usually insufficient, it is now usually more than sufficient, though the aggregate demand is, of course, now much greater than it then was. Perhaps the most important contribution made by the treatise to our general stock of scientific knowledge is Mr. Withers' demonstration that most of the deposits shown in our banking accounts are loaned by the banks to customers who have usually deposited securities. This fact makes it extremely important that bankers should insist upon ample margins; for otherwise a panic on the Stock Exchange might result in disaster to some of the great credit institutions. Another instructive passage in the book relates to bills of exchange, and there are some remarks upon "Kites," or finance bills, which deserve attention.

Battleships and Sinking Funds.

The *Wall Street Journal*, of New York City, is not exactly an organ of the Peace Society; but it has a pretty good notion of finance and of the things upon which national credit depends. Ten days ago its editor, after speaking of "the financial straits of a number of European governments, most of them facing deficits, which must be met by new taxation" went on to say:—"The proposals of the British Government in this respect are awaited with a good deal of anxiety, especially as there is no truth in the rumors of any real movement to limit armaments. Of course, if people like battleships and big battalions, they must pay the price, and these are doubtless very expensive toys, with great intrinsic possibilities for mischief. War fever, however, is a curious phenomenon, and England is actually going through a period of great enthusiasm for military development in a time of profound peace. It would be more to the point if the British Government, instead of spending money that way, were buying consols for the sinking fund." But will our Liberal Government find it quite so easy to raise the taxes as to raise the estimates? Anyhow, it is a bad look-out for Consols.

How to Invest.

A useful series of articles on this subject is appearing just now in the *Investors' Monthly Manual*. The first was chiefly concerned with warning investors against all forms of bucket shops, and especially against those insidious letters one gets by post from kindly agencies which offer out of pure benevolence to look over your list of investments and help you to realise a much higher income. The favorite dodge just now is to advocate a scientific "geographical" distribution of investments. The innocent victim then surrenders his securities, and another set is bought for him. He will find that many of these are not quoted on the London Stock Exchange, and will not realise at anything like the price which the bucket shop has charged him. The first thing for an investor to learn is either to buy direct (by subscribing to a new loan), or to act through a respectable Stock Exchange broker. Brokers are not always good advisers, and if they are asked to recommend speculative stocks "likely to go up," they are often very bad advisers. The second article of the series (which appears in the last number of the *Manual*) discusses the problem of security and the rival merits of Government loans and industrial debentures. Personally I am inclined towards securities which have the guarantee of a respectable Government behind them. It is a wonderful thing that some English railway debentures yield a lower interest than Prussian Consols.

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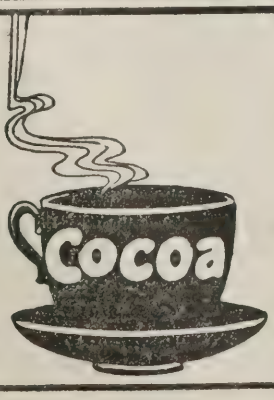

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Diary of the Week.

The Indian Councils Bill passed its third reading in the House of Lords on Thursday, shorn of Clause 3, which gives the Government of India the power to surround Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces with Executive Councils similar to those which exist in Bombay and Madras. On the motion of Lord MacDonnell this clause was struck out of the Bill, by 59 to 18. Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Curzon, who has been vehement in opposition to a policy which modifies his own autocratic methods, asked for further authorities in support. Lord Morley replied to this on Tuesday by quoting a strong memorandum from the Government of India, affirming their agreement with the Secretary of State, and deprecating the action of the Peers, This communication was of no effect. Lord Lansdowne curtly refused to reinstate the clause. On the motion for third reading, Lord Morley again quoted the favorable opinion of the Viceroy, declared that the resources of civilisation were not exhausted, and intimated plainly that he adhered to the clause, and that the Commons would reinstate it. He denied that the Bill had been framed on the demands of Indian politicians, but admitted and properly defended consultation with Mr. Gokhale and with Mohammedan leaders. Lord Ripon, the father of Indian reform, compared the difficulty of governing India with a democratic movement to Sir Robert Peel's statement of the task of carrying on government with an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons, and suggested that the same solution applied to the twin problems. In both countries, it appears that the "proud aristocracy" is the chief obstacle to success.

* * *

The series of Scottish elections ended, satisfactorily for Liberalism, on Friday with the election of Sir John Barran for Hawick by a majority of 520. The election was fought avowedly on Protection, and the Tory candidate was one of the ablest protagonists and the best platform representatives of his creed, while Sir John Barran was a stranger to the constituency. Yet he maintained with trifling loss the strength secured by Lord Shaw, the most popular Radical candidate in Scotland, in the greatest year of victory that Liberalism has ever known. The "Morning Post" admits that the Protectionist party cannot view with satisfaction "the strong position which the Liberal cause still holds north of the Tweed." If Scotland and Wales stand firm, and the North of England and the counties adhere to Free Trade, where is the talked-of Tory majority to come from?

* * *

The Army Estimates passed the House of Commons on Tuesday, the only division occurring on Dr. Rutherford's motion to reduce the numbers of the Army by 10,000 men. This was rejected by 247 to 100 votes. But up to the end of the debate Mr. Haldane—who, though personally popular, was greeted with absolute silence when he introduced his Estimates—received little Liberal support, and none on the question of his approval of the Alliance scheme of indirect conscription. The criticism of Mr. Haldane was of a dual character. The members of the Blue Water school, like Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Harold Cox, objected to Mr. Haldane's abandonment of naval defence, Mr. Cox saying that if Mr. Haldane induced the people to believe that their safety depended on soldiers and not on ships they would say, "Let us pay for soldiers and let us cease to pay for ships." Sir George Robertson, representing central Liberalism, criticised Mr. Haldane's statement that we should be ready to throw a force on to the Continent, as destroying the argument that Germany was the aggressor in the war of armaments.

* * *

The second objection, which was very sternly phrased, was that of the Labor men, led by Mr. Henderson, and the Peace Radicals, represented by Mr. Bright, Mr. Maddison—in a very brilliant and powerful speech—Mr. Byles, and many others, to Mr. Haldane's endorsement of the Alliance Company's action. Mr. Henderson called this a flagrant violation of freedom and an insidious form of compulsory service, and Mr. Belloc drew a powerful picture of the way in which conscription and police surveillance worked together in conscript countries. To this Mr. Haldane replied, declining to withdraw his approval of the action of the Alliance Company on the ground that there must be "freedom" for employers to reject non-teetotallers or members of Trade Unions. But he added that, as the ranks of the Territorial Army were being rapidly filled, further action like that of Lord Rothschild was unnecessary, and he made a general profession of adherence to voluntaryism.

The most important and serviceable speech of the debate came from Mr. Balfour. It was friendly to the Territorial Army, with qualifications on the points of the destruction of the Militia and of the weakness of the Special Reserve. It also expressed some doubt whether in the case of a raid it would be possible to count on this force having received a previous six months' training. But Mr. Balfour thought that it would in the end prove "invaluable" for national safety, and declared, satisfactorily enough, for voluntary service. His chief point, however, was his strong affirmation of the principles of national defence which he laid down when he was Prime Minister. These were that the Navy guaranteed us against invasion in force, and that the purpose of home defence was merely to guard against raids. This dictum, if Mr. Balfour adheres to it more firmly than he has stuck to Free Trade, will check Conservative support of the National Service League and its propaganda. On the other hand, Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Lee both showed a tendency to favor conscription.

* * *

Austria and Servia are believed to be on the eve of a settlement. On Saturday last the Austrian Ambassador informed the Servian Government that the provisional Commercial Treaty with Servia would not be ratified until Servia made known at Vienna her resolve "to maintain peaceful and neighborly relations," but that as soon as that was done, Austria would be prepared to enter on negotiations concerning trade and communications. This was intended to be conciliatory, and during the week the Servian Government with Russian assistance has been drafting a note to the Powers which is expected to satisfy these conditions. In this note Servia announces her peaceful intentions, and her readiness to leave the Bosnian question to the settlement of the Powers. It would seem that the course to be followed will be a direct arrangement between Austria and Servia, to be subsequently ratified or approved by the Powers signatory to the Berlin Treaty; but this is somewhat guess work, for the diplomatic situation seems to be needlessly and deliberately tortuous and obscure. One fact, however, upon which all reports are agreed, is that there will be no war; and if the loan mongers and the war munition contractors have now made all they think practicable, the trouble ought to end quickly.

* * *

The elections to the Italian Chamber took place on Sunday, and resulted in very little change in the general strength of parties. Signor Giolitti's majority remains intact and overwhelming: the constitutional Opposition has lost a few seats, the Republicans and Socialists have gained a few. The really interesting feature of the struggle was the fight between anti-Clericals and Clericals. The Pope was very much averse from a formal entry of the Catholics into the electoral field, but many of the Bishops and the Cardinals desired it, the veto on Catholics voting was suspended, and Catholic candidates were run in many constituencies. In Lombardy these scored a few successes, but in Rome the anti-clerical *bloc* won an overwhelming victory. The general result of this intervention in politics—an intervention which is in fundamental conflict both with the Papal protest against the Italian monarchy and Papal universality—is considered to have been most unfortunate for the Church. Signor Giolitti will recast his Cabinet, and Signor Tittoni, the Foreign Minister, who was the Catholic leader, and is one of the least trustworthy of European statesmen, is certain to be dropped overboard.

Sunday last was a bad day for M. Clemenceau. Thirteen of the seats vacated owing to the Senatorial elections had to be filled, and M. Clemenceau's artillery was specially directed against the Socialists. Eight results were decided outright. M. Clemenceau carried his candidate in the Var, his own constituency, against the Socialist, but the Socialists captured a seat from him at Lyons, and they are certain to carry another at Amiens at the second ballots. Even where they did not win, the Socialist vote increased heavily, and the Radical vote dropped correspondingly, and the Socialists marked an advance in constituencies where they had hitherto been able to make no progress. The "Débats" admits that "the electoral tide is decidedly in favor of the Socialists." It looks very much as though the subdued quarrel between M. Clemenceau and the advanced Radicals had broken out openly in the electorate, and that many advanced Radical electors were giving their votes to the Socialists, as their best way of marking their disapproval of M. Clemenceau's lukewarm zeal for social reform, and his coquetting with the reactionaries.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The Income Tax Bill has been finally adopted by the Chamber by the great majority of 407 against 166. M. Caillaux made a fine speech in the concluding debate, in which he tore to pieces the argument that the poor suffer if the rich are taxed; the Chamber decided to placard the speech. M. Caillaux will want all his ability to pilot the Bill through the Senate without destructive amendment; but he may be relied upon to stand to his guns. The difficulty between him and M. Picard has been compromised, but the exact nature of the terms agreed upon is not yet known; it is satisfactory that M. Caillaux's resignation has been avoided, as nobody else could have taken his place in the conduct of the Income Tax."

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The Free Church Council has been holding its annual meetings at Swansea. It passed a strong resolution on education, declaring against (a) contracting out, (b) the right of entry, (c) the giving of denominational instruction by head or assistant teachers. It also condemned, by a majority, the secular solution; though we do not see how, on the basis of the parent resolution, Cowper-Templeism can be retained intact. The general temper of the Congress was singularly progressive, and there were signs that the fear of the forward theological movement is disappearing. We regret to see one exception to this tolerance of spirit in the shape of Mr. Hocking's violent attack on Romanism. Mr. Hocking hinted that all the leading newspapers were subject to Catholic control or inspiration. Will Mr. Hocking name one such journal? He can no more do this than find a single echo for his intemperate speech, which, according to Dr. H. S. Lunn, marks a somewhat discourteous use of social privileges sought by him in Rome. Mr. Hocking vaguely charged Nonconformist members with "treachery" over the question of the inspection of convents, and we are sorry to see that his not very coherent statement was cheered to the echo. We note with pleasure that the Council has decided to include women in its executive, and that Mrs. Lloyd George is to be one of the first members.

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On Tuesday the Prime Minister made a very clear and powerful rejoinder on the new points of the Protectionist case at a joint meeting of Liberal and Unionist Free Traders at the Queen's Hall. The speech should be read *in extenso* by all who are interested in the fiscal

controversy. Mr. Asquith showed that the export of British capital, which Protectionists used to regard as a capital sign of rising prosperity and now treat as a proof of Britain's fall, meant in the main the exchange of British products for food and raw material. He quoted some striking figures from the "Economist" showing that the amount of British capital exported and invested abroad was 3,000 millions, and that of this 2,300 millions were invested in countries from which our only exports were food and raw materials. This great mass of profitable wealth had not diminished the amount of home wealth. Thus the assessment to the income tax rose from 762 millions in 1898-9 to 943 millions in 1906-7, an increase of twenty-four per cent. obtained while the population had only grown 8·3 per cent. Mr. Asquith also showed that the old preferential basis of Protection was gone, the proposal of the Tariff Commission being to place a 2s.-a-quarter tax on foreign cereals, and a 1s. tax on Colonial cereals. Thus all the Colonies will get is to be put on a minimum tariff in exchange for the untaxed entry which Free Trade gives them. Lord Balfour of Burleigh made a rattling attack on the Confederates, and divided the Protectionists into two classes—the Chamberlainite "whole-hoggers," and the Balfourian "hedge-hoggers."

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The Finance Reform Committee of the Reichstag has approved a compromise arranged by its sub-committee, according to which the death duties proposed by the Government are to be replaced by a sum of £5,000,000 to be raised by the States by means of direct taxes. This compromise was voted by the *bloc* against the Socialists and the Centre; as is their way, the Radical leaders gave way at the last moment. It is not expected that the Reichstag will accept the Committee's compromise. All the Radical, and even such National Liberal papers as the "Kölnische Zeitung" have denounced it, and the Finance Ministers of the State regard it as at once utterly disorganising the State Budgets and threatening State autonomy. Were the compromise adopted it would mean that the Empire could not for many years tap direct taxation, so that inevitable future demands for revenue would have to be met mainly by drawing on the resources of the poor, already disproportionately overtaxed. So utterly illusory is the proposed arrangement that its authors are hastening to declare that their decision is purely provisional, and a return to the Government's death duties is being talked of, though such a step would be bitterly opposed by the Agrarians.

* * *

Lord Esher, lecturing at the Royal Institution on Queen Victoria, gave, by the King's permission, some fresh and very interesting extracts from the hundred volumes of the Queen's journals, the most voluminous personal record of Royalty in existence. He does full justice to the Queen's courage, industry, perfect truthfulness, and hatred of war, combined with unshaken support of the national cause when war had broken out. But he is unduly courtier-like when he says that she made only one serious error in her life, her very natural retirement during the period of her widowhood, while he ignores her persistent hostility to the union of Italy, her uncritical adherence to the Austrian and the Prussian causes, and her steadily growing anti-Liberalism, involving her, as they did, in continual conflicts with Russell and Palmerston and, later on, Gladstone. "The Queen," said Lord Esher, "never seemed to doubt that the country was *hers*, that the Ministers were her Ministers, and that the people were *her* people. Ministers and Parliaments existed to assist *her* to govern. She was the ruler of her kingdom, and the Crown was, in her eyes, not the coping-stone of the fabric, but the foundation upon which the fabric rested." All that we can say is that if Queen Victoria held this view, her statesmen, her constitutionalists, and her people did not share it with her.

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Last Saturday a battalion of the Imperial Guard in garrison at Yildiz Kiosk mutinied and demonstrated in favor of the Sultan before the Palace windows. The Committee of Union and Progress had attached Constitutionalist officers to the Imperial Guard immediately after the proclamation of the Constitution. But many of the old despotic officers remained, and between these and the Constitutionalist officers a quarrel subsisted in which the soldiers sided with the reactionaries. The mutiny was immediately suppressed and the mutinous battalion was broken up and distributed among other regiments. This is the second outbreak in the Imperial Guard since the revolution. After the mutiny of last October, which was only suppressed after some bloodshed, it was resolved to withdraw the whole of this second division from the Palace and replace it with dependable troops, but apparently the resolution was not carried out. Saturday's episode fully justifies the Committee's policy of keeping large numbers of officers and the Salonika battalions in the capital—a policy which an article appearing in the "Times" on the same day as the news of the mutiny, declared to be an "abuse" because no further mutinies in the Palace Guard were to be apprehended after Parliament had met. It likewise throws light on the attempt made by Kiamil Pasha to send the Salonika battalions to Albania, an attempt which precipitated his downfall. Reactionary tampering with the troops is manifestly still in progress.

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The cross actions for divorce, which Mr. and Mrs. Stirling brought against each other in the Edinburgh Court of Session, were decided on Wednesday by Lord Guthrie finding for Mr. Stirling and against Mrs. Stirling. Eighteen days, as the judge said, or a time equal to a Scottish University winter session, have been spent in deciding whether four "selfish idle people" were adulterers or merely flirts. The judge, caustically describing their habits, declared them to be of a low mental endowment, lacking good taste and feeling and serious human interests, and given up to self-indulgence. The wife breakfasted in bed at mid-day, and the whole party spent one Sunday in manicuring each others' nails. These people, said Lord Guthrie, all treated life as a comedy, but they had made a pitiful and costly tragedy of it. He might, perhaps, have added that such a view, if not representative of a large class, was yet general enough to mark the type of pleasure-lovers who have succeeded the workers and wealth-gatherers of mid-Victorian Britain. Confinement to a labor colony would probably be the best cure for this form of unemployment; certainly the regimen there would be better than mutual manicuring.

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We are glad to see that Mr. Lloyd George has stamped on a scandalous libel, which has been carried to very gross lengths. Another public man has been similarly victimised, without a shadow of a shade of foundation. We have never known a more sickening atmosphere of malignant gossip—some of it with a distinct party animus—than has prevailed of late; and it was quite time to clear the air of it.

Politics and Affairs.

THE DOMINANT ISSUE AGAIN.

We hope that the public will take note, for future reference, of the course taken by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon in mutilating the Indian Councils Bill. The issue is, perhaps, a little complicated by the action of Lord Macdonnell. It was at his instance that the Peers eliminated Clause 3, which enables the Government of India to substitute government by Lieutenant-Governors and a Council for the unqualified rule of Lieutenant-Governors acting alone. The two great Indian Presidencies, Madras and Bombay, already possess this form of control. The other six provinces are without it, but the practical intention of Lord Morley's proposal is, for the present, to provide a form of Council Government for the Bengals alone. Lord Macdonnell's idea in striking out the Clause appears to be in the main to obtain a redistribution of Bengal boundaries, which, by setting up a fairly homogeneous Hindu province, would appease or possibly end the present agitation. For Lord Macdonnell's purpose, it need not be said, the Lords have no apparent care, and they have used his manœuvre not to soothe Indian discontent, but to awaken it. While, however, they did not scruple to destroy a valuable and, indeed, essential part of the reforming machinery, they preferred, if possible, to set Lord Morley and the Indian Government by the ears, instead of pitting themselves in form against the latter power. Accordingly, Lord Lansdowne proposed that the Clause should be "held back" until further authoritative support of it could be obtained. This happened on Thursday of last week. On Tuesday, Lord Morley acting, as he has acted all through this controversy, with singular tenderness to conservative critics of his scheme, was able to supply the best authority of all, that, namely, of the Government of India. This body declared that they were in favor of Clause 3, that they regarded it as flowing directly from the enlargement of the Legislative Councils, and that they would regret it if the power conferred on them by Clause 3 were thrown away.

Lord Morley was thus able to present an overwhelming force of expert opinion in favor of this change. He had first obtained the assent of his own Council. He had fortified it with the report of the Decentralisation Commission. He had the support of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a province to which immediately the one application of Clause 3 is to be made. He had, as "Civilian" in the "Times" points out, the immense weight not only of great Indian administrators like Sir Henry Maine, Sir H. M. Durand, Sir George Campbell, Sir W. Grey, and Sir Bartle Frere, but of the majority of the Indian Government in 1868, when the whole question was thoroughly debated. Finally, he could quote the Indian Government in Council in 1909, expressly converted from its hostile opinion of three years earlier. It would seem that when a reforming statesman had marshalled on his side an array of authorities so cautious, so bureaucratic by temper and experience, as the Government of India, the question of a slight modification of bureaucracy would have been settled. But that was not all. Behind the Government of India, Lord Morley was able to place the two chief branches of the peoples of India, agreeing to sink their differences on other points of the Morley scheme. As soon as the action of the Lords was known, Hindus and Mohammedans, uniting their forces, held a great demonstration in favor of the retention of Clause 3. Even the correspondent of the "Times" was not able to allege any serious set of Anglo-Indian opinion against this obviously practical and consequential change. A Lieutenant-Governor is here and there quoted as hostile, but the favorable balance is overwhelming. It has not availed to secure the reinstatement of the Clause, which was contemptuously pushed aside by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Curzon, and was negatived without a division.

We come swiftly back, therefore, to the "dominant issue." The Indian Councils Bill might have been passed by the consent of both Houses of Parliament. It would thus have gone to India as the gift of the whole British nation. It will go instead as the gift of the British democracy, for we assume that the House of Commons will at once reinstate the lost clause, and that the Peers will not venture in this case to contest its will. The action of the Lords merely gives the measure of their care for the good government of the Empire. The setting up of Executive Councils for Bengal is an indirect device of healing for the still open sore of the partition of the province. It does not avoid partition, but it at once raises the status of the province, unduly depressed by the dividing act, to something nearer equality with Madras and Bombay, and it gives unity and a progressive character to the general fabric of provincial government in India. It would have been bad enough if the House of Lords had cut in between Lord Morley and the Indian Government, and widened the existing differences between his statesmanship and its reserves and timidities. But it is worse still to try and dam the movement of reform at a point below that at which the stream of British Liberalism and Anglo-Indian bureaucracy are willing to flow along together. It is in such work that we obtain the measure of the uselessness of the House of Lords, of its fractious, unenlightened temper. Nothing was more difficult than Lord Morley's task at the moment when it seemed improbable that he could carry English Liberalism with him on the policy of the deportations in Bengal. The party chafed again and again under the concessions to coercion, and a breach was avoided only because the prize to be won was the Indian Government's assent to and co-operation with a liberal scheme of reforms. Now that this has been gained it seems possible for India to survive her great political crisis and to work out a new and promising relationship with the supervising Power. This is the moment which the House of Lords selects to send out a kind of fishing inquiry to discover how many Lieutenant-Governors and other permanent officials are prepared to stand out against a measure which slightly distributes their less important executive functions, though it reserves them the power of over-ruling the two Councils which may be set up. Lord Morley is introducing no new principle into Indian Government; Bengal might have had her execu-

tive council more than forty years ago. But the Lords measure nothing in politics but their own prejudices or interests, and when they are encountered, neither social order, as the Irish and now the Indian case shows, nor the verdict of local experience, nor the will of peoples, avail one jot.

COQUETTING WITH CONSCRIPTION.

Those who retain some affection for historic Liberalism, and some belief in its moral value to mankind, must have rubbed their eyes during the passage of the Army Estimates. Here is a Liberal Minister who has set himself the simple task of providing an improved equipment and training for the Volunteer Forces of the country. For these Forces a strictly limited purpose has been assigned by the considered speech on national defence which Mr. Balfour delivered in 1905 and repeated on Tuesday last. This was the repulse of a small raid, conducted by 10,000 men, escaping the vigilance of a Navy which, equally on Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Haldane's postulates, would render invasion, in the sense of an Armada, impossible. To that doctrine Mr. Haldane specifically pledged himself in 1906, and on that basis he has built the Territorial Army. Whether the character and organisation of the Territorials is fitted for the defeat of the improbable purpose which it was designed to frustrate is a matter on which military critics are divided. But it need not greatly concern us. If such a raid took place, under the given conditions of surprise or treachery, the Regular Army would be there to deal with it. That Force would never leave these shores unless and until the Navy had guaranteed the command of the seas, and therefore our own complete immunity from invasion. On the other hand, if such a command were lacking, neither one million nor four million soldiers locked up in these islands could save their inhabitants from starvation. Defeat at the hand of an invading foe would not greatly intensify their misery, victory would not relieve it, and for those sufficient reasons, our enemy would spare himself the construction of a superfluous Armada. If, again, a small force, escaping the vigilance of a predominant British Navy, landed on these shores, the crushing of so rash, if not hopeless, an enterprise should be well within the compass of a fairly trained Volunteer Force, stiffened by regulars. Mr. Haldane's task, therefore, was easy and familiar. It has been defined again and again, notably by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and it was not necessary to attack it under limelight. Mr. Haldane had, first, to keep a small, well-trained Regular Army fitted for its work in India and in other foreign garrisons, and for the waging of small frontier wars with badly-equipped tribes. He had, secondly, to satisfy the public mind by giving it an enhanced efficiency in its auxiliary Volunteer Service. He was commissioned by his party to cut down the irrational cost of our military arm; and for the rest to remember that the defence of the country depended on sea-water, on ships, on its relationships to foreign Powers, and on its own rational, unaggressive policy and demeanor.

Unfortunately, Mr. Haldane, while he has attained a certain success on the practical issue set before him, has of late forgotten most of these considerations. He has called for the "nation in arms." He has asked the Colonies to co-operate with him in creating an Imperial Army of twenty-three corps, equal in number to that of the first military Power in the world, and on Thursday last he stated in the House of Commons that its true objective was "the enemy's coast-line," *i.e.*, a Continental expedition in face of a conscript army numbering millions of men. He has called Conscription a "debatable matter," for which much might be said in regard to home defence; and he has patronised a play founded on the theory that invasion was possible, that it could only be repelled by highly-trained soldiers, and that in such an effort levies like Mr. Haldane's Territorials or the old Volunteers were ridiculous encumbrances. Finally, he has blessed the action of a large Assurance Company in forcing its employees to become members of the Territorial Army. Thus we have every kind of megalomaniac heresy set up by a Liberal Minister after even the Conservative Party, as the result of a careful examination of the problem of defence, had come round to a safe, sound, and unambitious conclusion concerning it.

Now we entirely demur to the theory that Mr. Haldane has a right to describe his scheme as the alternative, or even the last obstacle, to Conscription. We have nothing to say against the Territorial Army—though we doubt the strength of the Special Reserve, and the wisdom of abolishing the Militia—and should have thought a Liberal Minister prudent in seeking a democratic rather than an aristocratic leading for it. But Mr. Haldane's success or failure depends on the soundness of his calculations and arrangements. If these are bad, his scheme suffers, but Conscription remains not less absurd and unnecessary than it was before the Territorial Army was heard of. No country is going to burden itself with an extra twenty millions, or even four millions, for armed defence, in order to produce a force incapable of saving it from surrender by treaty, or failing that, from national starvation. The moment the people come to think about Conscription they will reject it, for they will be faced with half-a-dozen unanswerable dilemmas—the impossibility of either including or excluding Ireland, the impossibility of asking a conscript army to cross the ocean and serve thousands of miles from home, the impossibility of having anything but universal service, and the number of unnecessary men that such an instrument would produce. If, therefore, Mr. Haldane fails, and if the thoughtless movement to Conscription gains an ounce of momentum as the result of it, the blame will lie with Mr. Haldane's besetting obscurity of thought and recklessness of language. He was asked to work on definite lines, to a definite end—to provide a fresh start and new local associations for a somewhat lifeless and unreal citizen force, not to speak of Continental wars and landings, and by a miracle of tactlessness, to link the self-governing Colonies, including the always suspicious Australia, on to the stale ambitions of Pitt and Castlereagh. It was not Mr. Haldane, but the leader of the Tory Party, who on

Tuesday night brought the country back to a sober theory of defence, which turns the talk of "Imperial armies," and "a nation in arms," and "23 army corps," into mere barrack-room rhetoric.

It is happily true that no existing school of British statesmanship can take a serious step towards disturbing the conclusions reached by the Committee of Defence four years ago, and we may accept Mr. Haldane's assurances that he means to stick to voluntaryism. But the moral attitude of a nation can be warped by the preaching of false ideals, and the use of a vain, purposeless, and boastful vocabulary in relation to a modest auxiliary of home defence. There is only a limited stock of popular interest in politics, and it may either be turned to sincere thought about life or wasted in frivolous sensationalism. The Liberal Party has spent much of its energies in defending the religious freedom of the schoolmaster from the parson, and the political freedom of the laborer both from the squire and from his employer. It is grievously embarrassed when one of its own chiefs condones the attempt of employers to dictate to their workers what form of service they shall give to the community, and what kind of exercise they shall take outside their hours of work. We think that even if Mr. Haldane's defence of such action—a defence for which he made no apology in the face of united Liberal and Labor protests—might have been excused on the ground of excess of zeal, the Prime Minister should have expressly guarded the party from an endorsement of it. Unfortunately, no word of recantation—save Mr. Haldane's suggestion that having done it once, he need not do it again—was forthcoming from the Treasury Bench during the long debates on the Army Estimates. No Liberal member or journalist should be put to the necessity of arguing against Conscription, with the chance that a member of a Liberal Cabinet can be quoted against him. We believe that the purpose of this Government is to keep the eyes of the people steadily fixed on their own plain deficiencies in education, on the organisation of our industrial and intellectual society, as well as on the sheer backwardness and darkness of the lowest forms of poverty. In such an atmosphere a Liberal Ministry really lives and thrives; and if support fails it, it can rally when in opposition against the ideas which it resolutely kept at a distance when it was in power. But if it plays with reactionary forces, it rears in time such giant perversities as during the last decade have assailed it in the shape of Protection and Conscription.

A SERMON IN STONES.

The attack made by Protectionists and certain Labor men upon the Admiralty for allowing their contractors to import dressed Scandinavian granite instead of using Scotch or Cornish stone is instructive in several ways. The facts are not seriously in dispute. Norway and Sweden have the best supply of granite in the world of every variety of hardness and color. Large open quarries lie close alongside the fjords, so that steamers can practically load without carriage. On the other hand, Cornish or Aberdeen blocks have to be quarried at considerable depth, hoisted to the surface, put into position for masons to work, loaded in wagons, and carted often several miles to the quay, from which they are loaded on to steamers. The difference in cost is thus considerable. Ought our Government to forego the advantage of this naturally cheaper foreign stone and pay a large sum in order that the granite may be quarried and dressed in these isles? The question deserves serious discussion, and cannot be entirely settled by a simple reference to the general maxim that Governments, like individuals, should always buy in the cheapest market. Our Government has never accepted the full validity of the maxim in placing orders or contracts. Though every department has freely exercised the right to make purchases abroad of stores or other supplies, foreign firms have not been allowed to compete for the important public contracts on equal terms with British firms, even in cases where the work admitted of being carried on abroad. On the other hand, Mr. Macnamara was quite right in stating that it has been the practice of all Governments, Conservative and Liberal, to give British contractors for public works full liberty to buy their materials where they liked. The question of policy, then, that is now raised is whether this rule ought to be modified in such a case as that of this supply of granite. The attempt to draw across the trail the "red herring" of sweated foreign labor collapses before the evidence that the Norwegian quarrymen and masons are well organised in unions, and get, in fact, as high a rate of wages as similar workers in this country. The real question is this: Ought the Government to pay an extra sum of £30,000 in order to get the work done by British quarrymen and masons instead of by Scandinavians? Some Free Traders limit their consideration to foreign trade, and adduce the single argument that the Norwegian granite will be paid for by some increased export of British products. It is true that our export trade will be less if we use British instead of Scandinavian granite. We shall lose in freights, in the export of the coal which our ships carry on the outward voyage to Norway, and in the handling of the goods conveyed. But the reduction of export trade may be partly compensated by an increase of internal trade; sums used to pay for foreign granite may be kept in this country, and go to pay for British granite. There will be less foreign trade, but some increase of aggregate British trade. On the other hand the extra £30,000 means that the granite industry is to this extent to be subsidised by the State, or, in a word, that expenditure and employment are to be diverted from other industries. It is possible to conceive that if a Labor Department were entrusted with large powers to deal with unemployment the Labor Minister might urge upon the Admiralty this extra expenditure of £30,000 as a contributory method of dealing with unemployment, or might even subsidise the Admiralty for this purpose from an Unemployed Fund.

If we are to meet successfully the pressure which Tariff Reformers are making on the Unemployed Ques-

tion, we must partly separate such an issue from that of employing a tariff. For the granite will be bought and paid for by British revenue—that is, by orders upon British goods—whether it is bought from Norway or from Aberdeen and Cornwall. The goods which, in the one case, would have gone to granite producers in Norway, go in the other case to producers within the British Isles. The true issue, then, as we understand it, is this: "Is it or is it not a sound policy for Government to subsidise with £30,000 the British granite industry in order to find it more employment than it would get by free competition with Norway?" Not only Unionists but some Labor men appear to argue that the ordinary sane policy upon which every private business man and most public bodies conduct their business should be set aside in such a case in favor of a cheap and easy mode of meeting temporary unemployment. Now, we agree that such a policy of subsidy is neither so dear nor so disastrous as the use of a tariff to secure the same end. For the first result of a protective tariff upon granite would be to put up the price of the entire supply of granite, and, by increasing the cost of building, to divert expenditure and employment from other trades into the favored trade. A preference to British quarries in a contract might not have this full effect of raising prices on the whole trade.

But when we are invited to approve what is in effect a State subsidy to a particular group of unemployed persons, by turning in their direction an expensive contract which would have gone elsewhere, we must demur. A constructive State policy for unemployment must not be imposed upon our ordinary spending departments as a by-function. If quarries in Aberdeen or Cornwall are standing idle because Norway can produce better or cheaper stone for delivering here, it is not sound public policy to bolster up artificially a British industry which would thereby be led to retain more capital and labor than it can normally and naturally support. If our granite quarries are being out-competed by Scandinavian quarries, it is foolish to keep within that trade a larger body of workers than it will be able to find regular employment for. Nor could a single contract thus artificially secured prove more than a brief respite, unless it formed, as it would tend to form, a precedent for a continuous (and endless) policy of subsidies. Moreover, if we prop up a weak member of a trade, we prop it up not only against the foreign competitor, but against its more vigorous native rival.

What speciousness, indeed, attaches to the claim for such a preference is due to a short-sighted regard for single instances, which neglects the wider economics of the Free Trade policy, upon which Mr. Asquith dwelt with so much lucidity in his speech on Tuesday. His central argument was directed towards another aspect of the same fallacy that lurks in the granite blocks. The notion is that an increased aggregate of sound employment can be provided for our workers by keeping capital at home, and so reducing our export trade. But, as Mr. Asquith reminded his audience, Mr. Chamberlain first raised his tocsin of alarm by pointing to the imaginary decadence of this very export trade. For the act of foreign investment is identical with the exportation of British goods, which constitute the only capital we can detach from home employment. We may, indeed, say of them that they lie abroad for their country's good. If by any restrictive legislation we kept this capital at home, it would not fructify, as it does by foreign travel. We do not, in fact, send capital abroad which is required for use at home. Its forcible retention here would not enhance the aggregate productivity of British labor, or raise the general volume of employment, any more than would a preference for British granite over other goods which we can buy better or more cheaply from other nations.

THE STALEMATE OF CONTINENTAL SOCIALISM.

A NATION bored with itself—that, in a phrase, is the impression which Italy has given to distant observers during the General Election of this week. The routine of the urns has been fulfilled, and once more there confront each other in proportions but little modified, an overgrown governing party, which hardly boasts a principle, and Opposition groups which can only repeat a watchword. Signor Giolitti and the Liberal Opportunists asked only for a mechanical renewal of office, and they were content to gain it by a mechanical exercise of power. Neither he nor his Conservative opponent, Baron Sonnino, troubled to make speeches. The strength of the governing party—if a majority so mixed can be called a party—lies not in ideas, or arguments, or programmes, but simply in the fact that it has in its hands the vast machinery of patronage. The weakness of its opponents lies in the fact that they are anything and everything but a possible Government. Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists formed in most districts a loosely-knit coalition for mutual support against the Opportunists and the Clericals. Their numbers have risen from 61 to 76. But their appeal was restricted by their own self-imposed limitations. The Radicals no doubt would be ready to take office, but they lack conspicuous men. The Socialists in Italy, as everywhere on the Continent, can attract magnetic leaders of indisputable ability, and what is rarer, of high integrity. But despite their breach with the impossibly violent Syndicalist faction—Trade Unionism in Italy, as in France, is incomparably more reckless than the orthodox Parliamentary Socialism—and the readiness of most of them to act with other groups of the Extreme Left, they are still fundamentally a party of protest, which cannot assume office or vote a Budget in its entirety. The Republicans are little more than a splendid survival of the Mazzinist tradition, holding high "the banner of the ideal," and surrendering the present for the future, which is infinitely remote. They too, by their academic protest against monarchy, are permanently excluded from office.

This coalition has slightly increased its strength at the polls and in the Chamber. But what appeal can it make to an electorate busied with the real problems of

daily life? The idealist, the student, the embittered pessimist may be attracted to groups whose main function is protest. But a modern democracy asks for results, and Socialism cannot give it results until it is prepared to assume the burden of office and to face the necessity of an honest compromise. It is on a large scale the situation of Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife." On the practical business of the moment, the realisable minimum programme of Socialism, it is conceivable that a united Left, if it boldly asked for a majority and demanded power, might carry the country. But to one leader the essential seems to be to protest against the bourgeois state, to another to prophesy against the harmless trappings of a very deserving monarchy. The leaders keep their principles intact, and while they enjoy the consciousness of being the over-men of theory, Italy stagnates under a sterile opportunism. "That is where the fun comes in." The result is that the Italian elector must choose, on the one hand, between inveterate governing parties engaged in a mere scramble for power, unable to decide whether they are really for or against the Triple Alliance, and ready in one constituency to compromise with Clericalism and in another to oppose it; and on the other, opposition groups which can promise nothing because they will assume no responsibility

All over Europe the same phenomenon repeats itself, and everywhere its root cause is the same. Liberalism, unable to conclude any stable alliance with Socialism, is everywhere forced into a more or less demoralising opportunism. M. Clemenceau turns away from the Left for allies, precisely as Signor Giolitti coquets with Clericalism. In both countries Socialism continues to register a slow, but steady, progress at the expense of opportunist Liberalism. The balance is invariably redressed by a movement in which Liberalism itself takes a few hesitating steps towards the Centre or the Right. Of this universal misfortune the decision of the Amsterdam International Socialist Congress was the prime cause. It forbade any Socialist deputy to enter a coalition Government—a decision which makes outcasts of the Millerands, the Briands, and the Vivianis. It forbade any Socialist party to vote for the Budget of a middle-class Government—a decision which destroys the value of any Socialist party in a coalition. While these fetters forged for Europe by Bebel and his disciplined German Legion remain intact, Labor on the Continent must be an isolated force, formidable for destruction, a power in the guerilla warfare of Parliaments, a weapon which may often help to destroy a reactionary Government, but a prop on which a progressive Government will lean in vain. There was a moment when our own Whigs declared that they would refuse office unless they had a majority independent of the Irish vote. The effect of this Amsterdam decision is that no Radical, however enlightened, however sympathetic he may be with Labor, however ready he may be to admit a collectivist leaven into his Cabinet, and to inscribe its more actual proposals on his programme, can contemplate office unless he be assured of a majority independent of the Socialist vote. If there is one reason more than another why everywhere on the Continent Protection and Militarism and provocative armaments continue even under Radical Governments to make headway, it is this decision of Socialism to remain an essentially revolutionary force. It is in vain that leaders like Jaurès and Turati preach a "reformist" and evolutionary doctrine. They are the executants of a strategy which was imposed on European Socialism by Prussian and Russian votes.

These irreconcilable tactics were of German origin. It is in Germany that they are causing the maximum of disaster. Ask why it is that the South-German "Radicals" are allied to-day with the Prussian Squirearchy in Prince Bülow's parti-colored coalition, and it is no sufficient answer to say that German "Radicalism" is a party of stockbrokers and small shopkeeps, whose opinions has hardly evolved beyond the negations of the old Manchester school. It has stagnated, mainly because it could neither hope to compete with Social Democracy in its appeal to the working classes, nor arrive with it at any working compromise in the daily round of parliamentary work. The coalition seems at last to have reached a final demonstration of its own incoherence. But its destruction can lead to no more natural alliance while Social Democracy retains its defiant intransigeance. Prince Bülow won his majority on a programme of great armaments and colonial expansion. But his legions, which willed the end, are not agreed to find the means. There is a deficit of from 25 to 30 millions to face, and all the Chancellor's skill in the confection of parliamentary compromises cannot bring the Conservatives to assent to his proposals for direct taxation. The Squirearchy will agree to tax the working-man's tobacco and beer, but to death duties it will not consent. The Radicals, on their side, representing rather wealth in the making than inherited capital, are with the Government in its determination to tax unearned riches. Three courses lie before Prince Bülow. He may resign. He may appeal to the country. He may compromise and form a new majority, form among Conservatives and the Catholic Centre. Whether under his leadership or under that of a successor, whether with this or with a new Reichstag, Imperialism can ultimately hold its own only with a majority in which Conservatives of every line—clerical, industrial, and agrarian—form the governing party. The logic of the situation is once more forcing the Radicals towards opposition. But it is an opposition which must be sterile and irremediable. Future they have none, save in alliance with Labor, and Labor cannot aid them to become a governing party, while Social Democracy retains its present principles. The feud has gone so far, save, perhaps, in the South, that one can hardly conceive a Radical-Socialist combination even for purposes of unflinching opposition. But even were it possible, even were it popular, it would cease to exist at the moment when the electors had turned it from a minority into a majority. The Amsterdam decision is at present the chief promoter of reaction, and the mainstay of militarism throughout the Continent. Its reversal is the condition precedent

to any European movement for the reduction of armaments and the checking of militarism. It is in vain that Socialism stands everywhere for peace and disarmament, so long as it insists on standing alone.

THE LESSON OF THE SCOTTISH ELECTIONS.

By One Who Knows.

We make no apology for reverting again this week to this topic, and we have been at some pains to ascertain from local sources the truth and inwardness of the Scottish verdict. In our opinion they give a seasonable and informatory lesson to the public and Government of England.

In Forfarshire it is a mistake to suppose that the calibre of Mr. Falconer and the manifest acquaintance that he showed with public affairs throughout his candidature did so much for him as might be conjectured. The Unionist cause was, from the Unionist point of view, excellently championed. Mr. Blackburn is a King's Counsel, a son-in-law of the Earl of Strathmore, one of the great landlords of a great county. He is steeped in the prepossessions of his party and social circle on the subject of the land, and he had adopted the whole-hogger type of Unionism on the subject of Tariff Reform. The issues were straight issues, both of them—Scottish land reform and tampering with Free Trade.

Now Mr. Blackburn had, if it was available, a ready weapon to his hand. He could have repeated, as Lord Camperdown and others of that way of thinking have repeated so often in the House of Lords, that the true way of dealing with Scottish land was the Government's own way of dealing with English land—namely, through the mechanism of the County Councils, and with a bias or a weakness rather towards purchase than leasing. But this weapon broke in his hand by the very force of English experience. The whole public of England is now swinging rapidly to the conclusion that the true and safe method for England as well as Scotland would have been the creation of a direct, independent, central board, armed with a mission to effect the great national object and with power judicially to execute its mission. In England, unhappily, the interposition of the County Councils has well nigh ruined everything, and we do not wonder at men like Mr. Morrell insistently proclaiming that something more effective must be done to place English laborers upon the land under conditions of independence.

As to the preference for purchase, that also breaks to pieces before English experience. The landlords may prefer it, especially with a public body as the purchaser, and when the chances are all for a swollen price; but as for the tenants the statistics go to show that with the option before them they prefer leasing to purchase in the proportion of 97 to 3.

So that the prime issue before the electors of Forfarshire was the Scottish Land Bill—just the old Scottish Land Bill in all its main features, not refuted, but, on the contrary, confirmed by experience in England, and upon that issue the electors pronounced an unmistakable verdict of approval of the scheme ratified by public opinion in the north.

On Free Trade it appears that the issue was quite as plain, although not so large, and it is possible that Tariff Reformers may with a certain amount of justice claim that their proposals were submerged in the wave of passionate adherence to the Government's Scottish land policy.

It should be added that in this case both the candidates were Scotsmen.

In Glasgow a fair and straight issue was rendered impossible by the action of Glasgow itself. And our good Liberal friends in Glasgow may just as well listen to this in public which has too often and too long been said of them in private. The difference between Glasgow and the rest of Scotland is that in the rest of Scotland a Liberal condemns and growls at the policy of Toryism, but in Glasgow so-called leading Liberals are largely occupied in condemning and in growling at the policy of Liberalism. Whether individual causes have been pushed so far as to be contemptuous of the average opinion, or whether these people have still some years to walk in the valley of Unionist humiliation before their eyes are opened to more sensible courses, one cannot say. But the primary results of this attitude—which those acquainted with the district know so well—have been twofold. In the first place, no working accommodation has yet been possible with the Labor Party, although all the elements for such an accommodation are present. With men like Mr. Cross in Camlachie it is impossible for a moment to suggest that, granted a spirit of harmony and compromise in the progressive ranks, he would lose his seat. With men like Mr. Barnes, it is impossible to deny that, granted a similar spirit of accommodation and compromise, he would hold his seat, as he ought to hold it, against all comers.

But the second result is that really leading Glasgow Liberals—men like Sir William Bilsland, the late distinguished Lord Provost of Glasgow, a man commanding universal respect—shrink from encountering forces so disposed even in their native city. No one who knows the circumstances can doubt, for instance, that if the fight had been between a couple of clever Glasgow men the result would have been more indicative of Glasgow opinion. As it was, the brilliant candidature of Mr. Bowles, his pluck, his humor, his hard hitting, the expertness of his knowledge of finance, and his cleverness on the platform, were wet-blanketed throughout. On the other hand, Mr. Scott Dickson, the late Lord Advocate—for whose opinions in Parliament or out we never could profess that we entertained much regard, and from which even throughout his candidature little enlightenment could be had—found every omen of an external character favorable, and the average Glasgow man cannot be blamed if, in the situation so presented to him, his natural lukewarmness sent him into the polling-booth to vote the Glasgow patriotic ticket.

Since that disease to which we have referred broke out in Glasgow Liberalism, Glasgow has been the black spot in Scottish representation, and until strong-minded men arise to extirpate the trouble, or the general mass of

the electorate get tired of it, and prefer ways of common sense, the black spot may remain.

In this case the contest was between a Scotsman and an Englishman.

In Edinburgh the contest was on evener terms. The popularity of the newly appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland—an appointment which does much credit to the Government, was wide-spread and undoubted. But, on the other hand, Mr. Harold Cox was a large employer of labor in or near that division of the city, and was the son of a much-respected previous member for the South Division itself. He had been for some years courting the constituency, and there can be no doubt that the issue was a very clear one—the issue of Tariff Reform. In a period of depressed trade this cause, as Mr. Bonar Law has clearly enough discerned, has its best chance. The desire for a change to something, to anything, sweeps into the ready groove of discontent which Tariff Reform eagerly presents. So the enormous electoral majority went down to the depressing total of between twelve and thirteen hundred votes! The feature of the election was, as we say, the well-nigh single issue and the persistency and power with which each side of it was discussed. Probably, upon reflection, were it not for the Border Burghs election, to which we are about to allude, Tariff Reformers would be free to confess that they have seldom received a more damaging blow than in South Edinburgh.

In this case both the candidates were Scotsmen.

We admit that it was left to the Border Burghs to supply the supreme test of Scottish opinion, and this explains to some extent the feverish anxiety with which men on both sides of the Borders awaited the result of the poll.

In 1892 a singular contest was waged in these Burghs. Sir George Trevelyan, who had sat for them for eighteen years, had become allied with the Unionist Party, and with him and against Mr. Gladstone there swung round a great body of influential men, not one of whom, it may be remarked, ever came back to the paths of Liberalism with Sir George Trevelyan himself when he returned to the Gladstonian fold after the election. The cause of out-and-out Liberalism, including adhesion to Home Rule, was championed by Mr. A. L. Brown, a leader of Scottish Liberal opinion, a man of great platform power and of the most attractive and winning personality. Mr. Brown won the seat, as probably no other man could have done, but the majority was only thirty.

When Lord Shaw of Dunfermline went to it as a candidate seventeen years ago, that, accordingly, was the situation. It is true that during his long retention of the seat, and after five keen electoral battles, the party had become solidified, and that the last Liberal majority was 681, but friends and opponents alike agreed that the rupture of close ties of attachment like these altered the situation, and that the case was a narrow one, more like that of the position of affairs in 1892. It must be said at once that the personal element did not and could not count in this election. Mr. Mackinder, although not a very old convert to Tariff Reform, was a most capable exponent of all the elements which make it attractive, and, whether on the platform or by his record, was a very excellent and powerful champion of the Unionist cause. Sir John Barran during his candidature proved himself to be equally so of the cause of Liberalism, and his aptness as a speaker, his familiarity with trade conditions, his attachment to Radical principles, including Free Trade, proved him to be a most fortunate selection. The choice was not about men, but about things.

Trade was bad, and the Tariff Reformer accordingly got his splendid chance. Mills were closed; and they were hugely placarded—regardless, too often, of the facts—as illustrations of the disasters attending Free Trade. Many men were unemployed; and these and their circle were plied with every argument of self-interest; while as for the manufacturers themselves, not five per cent. among them belonged to the Liberal Party.

It must be said, however, that this constituency, which played so fine a part in returning its member during and after the war, had not been neglected, and that shortly before the election, with no expectation in anyone's mind of a change of representation, the meetings of the sitting member, Lord Advocate Shaw, were bumper meetings, at which the leading questions of the day, including Free Trade, were keenly canvassed. The intelligence of the constituency is notorious, and it is said that for twenty years in these Burghs not one single illiterate vote has ever been recorded. It is no wonder that Liberals and the Government take heart of grace from the result, and Sir John Barran is much to be congratulated upon his emphatic victory.

The issues, curiously enough, were not confined to Free Trade. The land question, or, rather, the land and water question, had a share in public attention. The southern counties which surround the constituency are deeply interested in the Scottish Landholders' Bill. The Burghs strongly resented the treatment by the House of Lords on two occasions of the Scottish Land Valuation Bill, and, finally, the closing of great stretches of Tweedside against access by the ordinary angler had brought into prominence a proposal for reform on that subject which all the forces of Toryism will be employed to circumvent. The Government may very well indeed learn the lesson to be here derived.

In this case both the candidates were Englishmen.

Upon the whole, the reflections upon these results are consoling. Scotland remains attached to Free Trade, passionately devoted to land reform on radical lines and according to the methods which the late and the present Prime Ministers have sanctioned. Would that Radicalism south of the Borders would awake with such fearlessness and determination! We commend the Scottish example.

Life and Letters.

THE DANGER OF EUGENICS.

From the moment when Darwinian conceptions began to be applied to social affairs by Mr. Herbert Spencer it was recognised that physical science had placed a new and potent weapon in the hands of political cynicism. The theory of natural selection—a double-edged phrase

which suggested and denied a purposive intelligence in one breath—could be utilised against the furtherance of social progress by human intelligence, and in particular against the older notions of equality and brotherhood. For real progress, it was urged, is to be measured by the growing adaptation of a race to its environment, and this adaptation is secured by the continuous elimination of the unfit, an elimination which is only maintained by the constant pressure of the struggle for existence. Suspend the struggle and you relax the pressure. Relax the pressure and you destroy the operation of selection. Remove selection and you allow the unfit to multiply and replenish the earth. Allow the unfit to multiply, and you not merely suspend true racial progress, but you initiate actual deterioration. Hence the dream of social justice defeats itself. Perfect equality, the reign of peace as between nations, the establishment of true co-operation between individuals, may effect an immediate and superficial improvement, but fundamentally would lower the life-value of the stock by allowing the multiplication of its least worthy members—those who, where life is relatively hard and ruthless, are perpetually weeded out, to the ultimate profit of the species. This is a view which in one form or another, generally more or less wrapped up for the sake of moral decency, has served as a defence for every bad institution and every act of social or international injustice for upwards of a generation.

Unfortunately for the value of this doctrine, it not only conflicts with the ethical consciousness of mankind, but with the whole stream of human history. In so far as civilisation means anything at all, it is a process in which the bare struggle for existence is progressively overcome and replaced by the more deliberate organisation of social life, and the measure of civilised progress is the degree in which the anarchical struggle of all against all has given way to an ordered co-operation in a whole of many parts. The scope of "natural" selection diminishes steadily as civilised life advances, a proposition which is not reconcilable with the view that natural selection is the foundation of all progress. The repeated exposition of this criticism in a variety of forms has by degrees had its influence on the biologists, and the result is to be seen in the growth of the more recent ideal of eugenics, which is due principally to the genius of Mr. Francis Galton, and which was ably expounded by Dr. Saleeby at a meeting of the Sociological Society last week.

The eugenist may be said to accept the fact that for civilised society to entrust progress to natural selection—that is, in reality to the blind elimination of all who cannot maintain themselves under any given conditions—involves a contradiction. But he clings to the principle that social progress is at bottom race progress, and that race progress is to be achieved by selection. Accordingly, for natural selection he substitutes a human and artificial selection. He contemplates the weeding out of bad types, not by leaving living individuals to misery and death, but by preventing them from marrying. More dimly he conceives a positive eugenics, as a system whereby we shall not only improve the race by weeding out the bad, but by selecting the good, and breeding Beethovens or Shakespeares as a pigeon fancier breeds fantails. The conception is as old as Plato, and, granting it all it postulates, it is difficult to deny it a measure of validity. If, that is to say, we suppose adequate knowledge of all that we wish to breed for—that is to say, of all the elements of real value to a society on the one hand, and a full understanding of the laws of heredity on the other, or if we grant further a power existing in society impartial enough to apply this knowledge without fear or favor, and strong enough to impose acceptance on individual men and women, we should admit that eugenics would become a very important branch of applied social science.

But the possibilities of eugenics in the present or the near future seem much more modest. In the first place the whole science of heredity is still in confusion. It is the scene of interminable controversies between contending factions, and while there is no reason to doubt that the mental and moral qualities distinguishing manhood, so far as they are congenital, are quite as hereditary as the physical characteristics of men and animals, there is great uncertainty as to the basis of heredity, the conditions under which any apparent quality will be inherited, the effects, direct or indirect, of environment, and the limits of what can be achieved by the inheritance of small individual variations. Until the biologists have settled among themselves what heredity is and how it works, they cannot intervene with much effect outside their own province. They can only proceed comparatively by pointing to the established results in certain special cases, like that of alcoholism. In the second place, till we are much more definitely agreed than we are at present about the structure of society, the needs of social life, and the possibilities of development, we have no means of determining the type—or rather the multifarious types—which we desire to breed.

Here again the eugenist is on fairly strong ground when he maintains that we are all agreed about certain particular things, that we should all rejoice to see idiocy, imbecility, syphilis, and alcoholism rooted out, and that it is more humane to achieve this end by restraints on marriage than by leaving the unfortunate victim of an hereditary taint to die, while conversely it is not right to enable him to propagate the disease. In this limited field eugenic principles may, with suitable safeguards, find their application. Miss Dendy, who has devoted many years to the care of the feeble-minded—the class bordering on idiocy, but just above the line—believes that they do more to recruit the class of "unemployable" and to depress by their competition the economic status of the casual laborer than any other single cause. The weight of authority is on the side of the opinion that feeble-mindedness is largely an hereditary condition, and, if this is so, to provide permanent institutional care for this unhappy class, involving restrictions on marriage, would seem neither inhumane nor, if a suitably stringent definition of feeble-mindedness be laid down, an unjustifiable interference with liberty. The duty of refraining from marriage where there is a marked hereditary taint of very grave character, such as insanity, has long been recognised. So far as eugenics is merely emphasising this duty and seeking to extend and define it by some systematic research into heredity, it can only do good service.

It is when it sets its claims higher and seeks to dictate to the social reformer that it must be met by a very decisive reminder of its limitations. The race or the stock is not society. Society is a complex structure of institutions, laws, customs, religious beliefs, scientific theories, industrial, artistic, and literary traditions, the work of generations of men, handed on not so much by physical heredity as by social transmission from generation to generation. There is no reason to think that the vast changes, whether for good or for evil, that society in England or in Western Europe has gone through in the last century and a half is in the least degree attributable to simultaneous changes in the congenital characteristics of Englishmen or Europeans generally. On the contrary, biological changes are so slow and slight that to attribute any large proportion of modern social evolution to their operation would be wildly improbable. Social life has been rapidly changed by the development of thought, its application to industry, by the rise of political liberty, by the genesis of newer ideals of social justice. All these are the work of a succession of thinkers, of poets, statesmen, and men of action, who, in spite of all surface rivalry, aid one another by handing on from man to man the results won by each. Social movements, in short, are within wide limits independent of changes in racial characters. Social evolution is not racial evolution. Doubtless any improvement of the racial type must facilitate social progress. But to make the racial type the criterion of social progress is to invert the true relation. What is needed of the race is to be judged by the life of society. The danger of the inverted view is that social reforms destined to the noblest objects of succoring the weak and caring for the backward in the race may be thwarted

by the argument that the loser has himself to blame, and that it is his stock that should be extirpated. The argument is an attractive counterpoise to the humanitarian considerations that make for social reform, and it is this which secures it a hearing. Quite unconsciously it lends apparent justification to what is hard and unjust in the existing order—as though hardness and injustice were not the worst and most anti-social of all qualities, far more destructive to society than mere feebleness. If indeed there were a chance that the eugenist would ever attempt to eliminate the stock of the Napoleons, great or small—the whole type of the hard, pushing, callously successful—he would draw nearer to the heart of social science. But this is the very last type to be chosen for elimination. It is much if society can prevent the brazen pot from crushing the porcelain. So far as it succeeds in doing so—that is, in preserving the nobler sort that ruthless individualism would eliminate—social justice is itself the deepest and most pervasive of eugenic influences.

THE IRISH SONG.

As the stork brings the babies in Germany, so the wild swan brings the people's songs; though sometimes it is a goose. "If you ask who made this song," says a ballad, "the answer is, 'Three grey geese and a white one.'" Or if the song tells of love, the nightingale is its messenger. In England we dare not trust to things so transitory as birds, but to secure a steady supply of poetry we endow a Poet Laureate. Besides the laurel crown, we bestow on him an annual pipe of sherry, "to make him sing," as Plato said when, in his model State, he allowed old men a little wine. We support a vast leisured class for minor poets too, encouraging them to sing at their own expense; and there is Harry Lauder, whom we pay a hundred times more than the Laureate, because we like him a hundred times better. So, by one form of recompense or another, we ensure for ourselves the best poetry that money can buy.

But in Ireland the poet's case has been a little different. Certainly, her poets were always plentiful, and at one time they appear to have received some support from the upper classes. In the part of his "Itinerary" treating of Ireland in Elizabethan times, Fynes Moryson tells us so:—

> "The wild or mere Irish," he says, "have a generation of poets, or, rather, rhymers, vulgarly called bards, who, in their songs, used to extol the most bloody licentious men, and no others, and to allure the hearers, not to the love of religion and civil manners, but to outrages, robberies, living as outlaws, and contempt of the magistrates and King's laws. Alas! how unlike unto Orpheus, who, with his sweet harp and wholesome precepts of poetry"—and so on.

Through Moryson's English eyes we get just that glimpse of the Irish poets at a time when, like their country, they had fallen from their highest estate, and were no longer the honored singers of national greatness, though still welcome in the homes of the surviving princes of clans because they sang of war and daring and defiance of the foreign rule. He gives another reason for their position and influence:—

> "The mere Irish," he says, "howsoever they understand not what is truly honorable, yet out of barbarous ignorance are so affected to vain glory, as they nothing so much fear the Lord-Deputy's anger as the least song or balled those rascals might make against them, the singing whereof, to their reproach, would more have daunted them than if a judge had doomed them to the gallows."

Satire has always remained one of the Irish singer's powers, and "to put a song upon you" one of his most terrible threats. But the havoc and devastation that accompanied England's Imperial rule for two and a half centuries after Elizabeth's accession still further reduced the dignity of the poets by destroying the great Irish houses in which their language could be understood. It was thus that the Irish singers became in the finest sense popular poets, wandering through the country with harps that led the soul of music in dim hovels among the bogs and mountains. Like the prophets of old, having the compensation of song, they were often blind, and, always in destitution, they sang from village to village at other people's expense, as none of our minor poets can. The names of one or two out of the most distinguished have come down to us. Such were Carolan, whose harp still lives, and Raftery, who was singing a hundred years ago, and made this answer to a stranger, as Lady Gregory translates:—

> "I am Raftery the poet, full of hope and love; with eyes without light, with gentleness without misery.
>
> "Going west on my journey with the light of my heart; weak and tired to the end of my road. I am now, and my back to a wall, playing music to empty pockets."

Such, we suppose, was Hanrahan the Red, and, of a later time, Michael Moran, who, like Raftery, could not see a stim, but sang in Dublin streets till just before the Famine, and has his place in Mr. Yeats's "Celtic Twilight." He it was who made a poem on Moses, and a parody on the same beginning:—

> "In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
> King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
> She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
> To dry her Royal pelt, she ran along the strand.
> A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
> A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
> She tuk it up, and said, with accents mild:
> 'Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?'"

But it is seldom that the names of the singers have survived. They led an obscure and unrecorded life, singing their country's language, unknown to the foreigners who set the fashion of polite literature, and haunting the cloudy wastes and sunset estuaries where the followers of foreign culture never cared to penetrate. We know little of them beyond the remaining words and tunes, which have passed into the general heart of their people, bringing with them almost the only spiritual blessing of existence to the poor. They were the three grey birds and a white one who made the songs of Ireland. Many of those songs, and especially of the tunes, were memories from older and more splendid times, but the true Irish "folk-songs" seem chiefly to have arisen in those centuries of the country's blackest misery, and they ended abruptly as the song of a bird when it is shot, in the great famine of sixty years ago. As has happened in other countries, those who cared to preserve them came all but too late for their task. It was actually during the famine years and the ten years after that the fullest collections were made, by Dr. George Petrie and William Forde. But since then, as is well known, the great national work has been carried on by a band of patriots, of whom Dr. Douglas Hyde, An Craoibhin Aoibhin, founder of the Gaelic League, is chief.

High as the service of many others has been, perhaps, after all, the Irish song and music owe most to Dr. P. W. Joyce, who has recorded his memories from days of boyhood in the Ballyhoura mountains, far away back before the famine came. He has now issued a new collection of nearly a thousand unpublished songs and dances, about half of them noted down by himself, and the remainder by William Forde and John Edward Pigot. It is called "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs" (Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin, and Longmans, London), and is mainly a record of the music, especially of old reels, jigs, and hornpipes, though in some cases the words of the old songs are given, and we only wish they could have been given in all. Even the songs that were composed in a kind of English to the old Irish tunes are worth preserving, sometimes for a charm of feeling, and nearly always as a proof how impossible it is for a poet to use any tongue but his mother's with complete mastery.

Dr. Joyce tells us that about 3,000 of the Irish airs have now been printed, and he can put his hand on as many more still in manuscript. It is a great heritage for any nation, and a great defence for those who are trying to exclude from Ireland the corruption of the English music-halls and the abomination of the stage Irish songs that are thought so funny in London suburbs. But we cannot here treat of the music, beyond noticing that Dr. Joyce thinks it is usually taken too slow, for he regards its real character as rapid and spirited rather than melancholy. The Irish music, in fact, has both characters, just as the songs have both, though scholars

and living Irish poets have dwelt chiefly on the melancholy side. There was nothing melancholy in the songs for "hauling home the bride"; nor in the adventures of Valentine O'Hara, who made a great sum of money when he took to the road, but "lost it all in a sudden death at Tyburn"; nor in the satirical ballads such as Moryson had heard of, and of which Dr. Joyce gives two examples, known to him in boyhood; nor about the songs of splendor that Lady Gregory says the old people in Irish workhouses love the best—the tales of castles with crowns over the doors, and lovers' flights on the backs of eagles, and music-loving water-witches, and journeys to the other world, and sleeps that last for seven hundred years; nor, again, in the song that Raftery made for a wedding feast, when there was not a bit but bread and herrings in the house, and he made a great song about the grand feast they had, and he put every sort of thing into the song—all the beef that was in Ireland; and he went to the Claddagh, and did not leave a fish in the sea. And there was no one at all at the wedding; but he brought all the *bacachs* and poor men in Ireland, and gave them a pound each. He went to bed after, without them giving him a drop to drink, as Lady Gregory also tells in her account of him; but he did not mind that, when they had not got it to give.

Or if we want the peculiar passion that some people call the Celtic note, we have but to turn to the Love Songs of Connacht:—

> "She is my treasure, oh! she is my treasure, the woman of the grey eye, she like the rose, a woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, a woman who would not go with me for gold.
>
> "She is my secret love, oh! she is my secret love, a woman who tells me nothing, a woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, a woman who would not for me shed tears."

Or we may remember once more that finest of West Irish songs, called "The Grief of a Girl's Heart," that begins:—

> "O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you, and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.
>
> "It is late last night, the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods, and that you may be without a mate until you find me."

When a country possesses such an inheritance as this, what wonder if its people insist that no one shall enter their national university who is so ignorant of their language as to be excluded from its wealth? The wonder is that any such regulation should be needed or thought of. It would be very hard, one supposes, for an Englishman who could only speak Danish to matriculate in Oxford.

A REBEL.

"Cooped underneath the sky," says the author of "Faith," "like butterflies shut up by schoolboys under a finger-bowl, we can but flutter, or, if we fly, rise only to the middle of the glass. What we can do is to look out as far as possible through the imprisoning crystal, and set down what we see." Mr. Cunninghame Graham has always possessed a gift of vision beyond that of most men, and a power of "setting down what we see" which can reveal vision to others. Everywhere, in his adventure through the world, he can appreciate and convey the sense of places: the sharp color and scent of them, in external impression extraordinarily vivid and memorable. In these sketches, "Faith," (Duckworth & Co.), he is now in some white dead, hot Spanish town, now in the ocean of the South American pampas, now again riding through the rain in the grey mist of a Scottish evening, or watching London celebrating its feast of Christmas. In all there is the impression of one who looks on at the wonder and the terror of all passing things, without dogmatism, without questioning, certainly without search for an end, watching the panorama go by not without some ironical smile at the noise and fuss and self-importance of each who frets and struts his hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more. He has no kind of approval for all or any of it. The South in its cruelties and squalors exhibits a more lively picturesqueness. The North in its laborious effort at accumulation only manifests a machine-like world devoid alike of fascination and adventure. The crowd, trampling through miry ways, is pressing forward towards aimless or ignoble ends, flattered, cajoled, exploited by the greedy and the cunning. Here is no conception of attainment, no judgment of the present by any imaginary future, no belief that effort towards improvement is worth the making. Many of the characters in these sketches are exhibited as standing out, serene and absurd, from the grey background of undistinguished lives, because in the midst of those who drift purposeless through a mechanical or an animal existence, they have found for themselves some fantastic or irrational goal. And in each case this goal is something near insanity, that life which we fools count but madness, and death but utter destruction. "A Saint," which first appeared in the columns of The Nation, is a summary of a shambling, ineffective life commencing and terminating in Cadiz: in which "in the soft, wind-swept, sea-lapped town where stars come out like fireflies, pale, and sink back into the sky, and where day melts into the night as imperceptibly as if it were a tide, it is so easy to forget." Into one shabby soul of that gay Southern people there came "an indignation which lasted all his life and did not settle down into that careless acquiescence that makes cowards of us all." Independent of the world, he set out on his career "to redress injustices, make things grown crooked straight, and, generally, to court the martyrdom mankind is ever to inflict on all who do not put their necks beneath its yoke." He becomes an anarchist, leading an austere life, avoiding all earth's bountiful pleasures, shunned as 'Antichrist' as he walked through the streets "dressed in his threadbare suit of shoddy Barcelona tweed, a soft grey hat upon his head, with his weak eyes shaded by neutral tinted spectacles." Most of his subsequent life is spent in prisons: he emerges from the last of them, a hero. His funeral is a popular demonstration. "He was a Saint. Long live Anarchy. Long live the Social Revolution" is the epitaph spoken at his funeral. "The ground was beaten in upon the grave, on which the blows of mattock and of spade fell heavily, just as the blows of fortune had descended all his life on the man resting underneath. The crowd dispersed and in an hour once more the town had taken on again its air of emptiness, and in the streets the women walked singing and balancing upon their hips, just as a square-rigged vessel sways and balances, with a light leading wind."

So Mr. Cunninghame Graham looks out upon the tragic comedy of life; finding it sometimes pitiful and sometimes absurd, and always vastly interesting. He is a rebel always; against that summarised selfishness of the timid majority which is termed Law and Order, on the side of the individual against the crowd of men, and its enslavement by custom and routine. He seeks color, zest, sparkle, enthusiasm, however bizarre and whimsical; as in the old Socialist bill-poster, whose joy it was to print on yellow packing paper scurrilous attacks on the Queen, "which he placed upon his daily round in letter-boxes of houses of the rich." Long ago "his bills have been covered over an inch thick with others, his pot of paste turned mouldy, his brushes worn down to the wood, and he himself safely enfeoffed in the possession of the inheritance to which he had been born, a pauper's funeral and grave." But "when I sometimes look on his life's work in literature," adds Mr. Cunninghame Graham, "the pamphlet 'Messalina' in which poor Queen Victoria is both so roundly and unjustly vilified, and think upon the pleasure that, no doubt, the writer had in its production in his one stuffy room in Drury Lane, it is not always easy to be sure if one should laugh or cry." The whole panorama—not more inspiring and, perhaps, not more intelligible at the last than the effort of this happy madman—also seems to leave this writer in similar doubt; whether at the end of the story "one should laugh or cry."

Mr. Cunninghame Graham was once in Parliament as a "Socialist." In company with William Morris and

Mr. John Burns he fought the police in Trafalgar Square for "the right of public meeting." He may not have seen the humor of it yesterday. He certainly can see the humor of it to-day. William Morris, indeed, as his biographer has declared, always had something of the appearance of Christian in Vanity Fair; finding it so difficult to understand "why the story of the world grows so unworthy." He entered on a campaign to convert a society which he found just bearable into a society which he would have found intolerable, with the gravity and devotion of a crusader; and wore out his life, "a martyr to his effort for Socialism." It is difficult to believe that Mr. Cunninghame Graham, with his quick insight and gift of irony, ever shared in these illusions. He must have known from his revolt against the meannesses and compromises of comfort that a society organised on the basis of comfort, that autocratic, economically efficient machine which alone "Socialism" can attain, was a monster against which he would have been in perpetual warfare. But the thing presented itself to him (it would seem) as an adventure. At least, it was an attack upon the accepted order, an assertion of the will of the few against the many. And adventure, of some color and violence, is for him a justification of the life of the world. The characters in these sketches all have "faith" in a variety of false or brutal gods. And this "faith" alone enables them to go through the world, riding in scarlet amid a crowd in dingy grey, with lights on the horizon, and the sound of music on the wind. Where this individual will is allowed free play —in his South American sunlit spaces, with passion never far from the surface, amongst his Moors in Morocco, even in the little republic Andorra, here so charmingly described —this writer finds still surviving some trace of a life which is itself its own vindication. It is all disappearing before the advance of a civilisation in which the cohesion of a thousand small, mean lives (in his vision) is trampling down all variations from the normal, is rolling like a moving swamp over the variegated plain. And he would be prepared to cry over it if it were not all so ridiculous: the grave seriousness, the owlish wisdom with which men deliberately set themselves to make a mess of their lives.

Add to such an outlook a power of charm in style, and a delight in sensuous impression, and you are happy in possession of writing alike provocative and compelling, a joy in possession. Mr. Cunninghame Graham shares with William Morris that love of the earth and its beauty which may come at last, in some future "Age of Order," to be the last anarchic stimulus amongst a humanity entangled in a gigantic machine. In a score of tiny sketches here is emphasised this ever-returning miracle of the earth's glories: of the Campagna in the sunset, with "the great sad plains turned to a sheet of silver, the hills to fire, the decaying relics of the past to palaces": in the hot summer of Avila, amongst the "tortuous cobbled streets, past medieval houses, by little plazas in which acacias grew": or in winter at Lochen Falloch with "the little black loch, just as it was intended that it should be lost, by Nature, when she hid it in the hills." One half of the man is revealed in his "Christmas week in London," with its passionate and bitter revolt against the injustice and squalor of modern life; judged and condemned by the legend ironically proclaimed from the churches of a dead creed. "In this Christmas week, with its fierce cold and misery to thousands, mocked by false protestations of the brotherhood of man, and pinched with hunger in the midst of wealth, it must have seemed that all the legend was but another of the corpse-candles lighted to set them running after its thin flame." The other half is revealed in the end of a journey, when he recognises that it is none of his business to interfere with the madness of peoples. "Next morning saw me early on the road, riding along and smoking, musing contentedly on this thing and that, upon the fall of nations and of kings, creeds, principalities and powers, and why it is that fate had spared Andorra when it had eaten up Greece, Rome, and Babylon, and also on the various ways in which men pass their lives struggling to do things quite impossible to do, when after all nothing is better than to jog along the road and shout 'Arré' loudly now and then, when a mule lags behind."

THE "YES" OF JESUS.

One of the characteristic features of St. Paul's writing is its spontaneity. The quickness with which he writes, and his swift seizure of the passing thought, without injury to the train of ideas, are remarkable, when we reflect how well-knit his written work is. The personality implied by such work—logical, brilliant, sympathetic, above all, quick and incisive—is familiar to us. It has done more for us than we realise, in shaping ourselves both directly and through those who, century after century, have done most for the church—Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, Wesley, and how many more?

The brilliance and value of his tangent thoughts is very great. In writing to the Corinthians, for example, Paul is explaining that his failure to visit them was not a matter of impulse or levity. He is not, he says, of the "Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay" type—Yes at one moment and No the next. As he writes the words, they suddenly flash another suggestion upon him. The real thing that gives a man stability is his centre of gravity, and Jesus Christ was not "Yea and Nay." Very far from it; and he writes: "In him was Yes. For however many the promises of God are, in him is the Yes; so, too, by him is the Amen to God's glory through us."

Christ as the "Yes" of God, is his thought, not a mere accidental thought, though due in this connection to a tangential movement of the rapid mind. For with Paul, Christ is essentially positive and affirmative. A promise is a poor half of a thing till the fulfilling Yes comes; and Christ, he says, in just this way gives worth and meaning to the promises of God. For these, of course, we instinctively look to the Old Testament, for so the Church has taught us to do, ever since it took to refuting the Jew in the second century. But this is neither in accordance with modern canons of historical study, nor with the method of Jesus in handling scripture. If we follow his lines we shall reach something better than any scheme of proof-texts compiled to confute a Jew.

What is the value of the prophets according to Jesus? They were men loyal to fact, men who touched fact and lived up against it, till they understood it. They and he alike lived in the region of fact and found God there. Prophets, we fancy, deal in futurity; but they never make much of it until they have absorbed the present a great deal more thoroughly than the practical people round about them. The prophets of Israel in this way read the future out of the present, God's future revelations out of his actual ones. Here was Man, a poor creature enough, except for one thing—his consciousness of his poverty, which differentiated him at once from animals, from natural laws, and all the complete and content things the world may hold. As a man tightened his grip upon fact, he realised more and more acutely how little he had, how little he was, and how much he must have and must be, before he could be complete and content. Fact, which is the real handwriting of God, if one reads it closely enough, shows us in God's script how restless and incomplete a thing is man. Sorrow and hope, love and wrong, and life robbed of its children—all that the English poet has summed up as

> "Infinite passion and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn—"

these were the letters of God's tracing in the human soul, and the prophets read them slowly, one by one, and construed them into a glorious promise. And of this promise, of all conceivable promises of the kind, however many they are, Christ, according to Paul, is the fulfilment, the Yes.

The early church is a witness to Paul in this matter,

for of all men the primitive Christian was in closest touch with the horrible facts of life, and was, at the same time, the happiest of all beings. "The holy spirit," wrote Hermas, "is a glad spirit"; one might even translate the term "gay," for the Greek is the original root-word whence "ex-hilar-ation" and its cognates come. God, in fact, had fulfilled His promises to man in Jesus of Nazareth. This was the common experience. What is much more to the point, it is still verified, whenever men will take Jesus at his word, and really believe what he says. Then comes the great simplification. God is no longer darkness, problem, or "Grand Perhaps"; He becomes love and light, and our eternal rest, while we find Jesus himself the way, the truth, and the life, the light of the world. The author of the fourth Gospel would never have written all these things down, sixty years after the crucifixion, if they had been mere untested fancies; they were experiences of a peculiarly bomb-proof kind. Think through what the early Christian was carried by his conviction! Think only of one picture which Tertullian draws—the Christian tied to the stake in the arena, a crowd of cruel faces all around him, an unspeakable din of howling voices, and he has to wait how long? How long would it seem? All this Tertullian had seen, and he expected no less for himself. God's promises need a powerful Yes, if they are to carry a man through the minutes of such an experience, through the years of such an expectation.

But let us turn to Jesus himself. What better name is there for him than God's Yes? How he lived among God's affirmations, blinking none and shirking none! Other men taught by negatives. "Thou shalt not" is the ancient path to holiness. Jew and Gentile lived on taboos and make-believes; they forbade marriage, food, society, to their holy man; in a word (borrowed from a witty foreign critic of Oxford), "they cultivated fastidiousness and called it holiness." But for Jesus everything natural was of God's making and ordaining, and he said Yes to it, to human love of wife and child, to manual labor, to every rough and ready fact in the world; and he is still saying it.

Paul goes further when he speaks of the *Amen*. This was one of the "words of Jesus." "Familiar in his mouth," it was remembered by his friends, and when they used it they thought of him irresistibly: "that is what *he* used to say!" It passed very early into the common worship on the Lord's day. "Can you with that mouth, whence you utter the Amen, cheer for a gladiator?" asked Tertullian. It was a reminiscent word. Paul sweeps down upon its original meaning. It is by Jesus, he says, that we say Jesus' own word "Truly" to God—to God's glory, too, he adds. "Amen" is the real "Hallelujah," Jesus' version of the ritual word for every-day use. It is the real Christian confession, and it implies the true mind of the church, open as the mind of Jesus to all fact, to every human experience and every human sympathy, to all new learning and all new discovery of God's ways and words—the mind in love with God's realities, whether laws of Nature or sons of men, co-operative with God and man in the spirit of Jesus. This is Paul's conception of religion—a great affirmation in the power of the greatest Yes of all.

"The collective name for the ripe fruits of religion in a character is Saintliness," says Professor William James in his most famous book; and one of its most distinctive features is, he says, "a shifting of the emotional centre towards loving and harmonious affections, towards 'yes, yes,' and away from 'no,' where the claims of the non-ego are concerned." St. Paul did not use exactly the language of the modern psychologist; but one can imagine his reading the passage from which these words have been taken, and then, if it were his way to recall what he had himself written, he might remember what he had said to the Corinthians about the Yes and the Amen. But more probably he would forget the epistle and "The Varieties of Religious Experience" alike, and rise to some new thought of intenser happiness in the original Centre of all his happiness.

Contemporaries.

MR. TAFT.

Mr. Taft belongs to the best type of American public men—a type that, at its best, is far better than most Europeans, or, for the matter of that, most Americans, quite realise. In England the material rewards, the social distinction, the consciousness of sustaining a great tradition, the power and kudos that belong to a man who reaches high office, are in themselves potent inducements to enter the service of the State. But an American Cabinet Minister knows little of these seductions. He is underpaid; the attractions of Washington in winter, though indisputable, can hardly be considered an overwhelming incitement to public life; the national interest in his actions and his personality lacks something of respectfulness, and soon becomes an intolerable nuisance; being chosen for his post by the President, he has no guarantee of a secure tenure; the sharp division between the Executive and the Legislature makes it improbable that, when out of office, he will continue to be a power even in his own party, much less in the life of the nation; and, being merely an administrator, and not, like Cabinet Ministers in England, administrator and legislator combined, he has few opportunities of writing his policies on the statute-book. Yet in spite of these disadvantages an American President has rarely much difficulty in recruiting a body of public servants who are nowhere surpassed in efficiency and devotion to public interests. Many of them are poor men, without private means, who have voluntarily abandoned high professional ambitions to serve their country on salaries that are not merely inadequate, but indecently so. There is not one of them who could not, if he chose, earn outside Washington from ten to twenty times the income on which he economises as a State official. There is not one of them who is not constantly assailed by offers of positions in the world of commerce, finance, and the law, that would satisfy every material ambition with which he began life. But these men rise clear above the commercialised ideals which the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen subscribe to unquestioningly. They are content to sink themselves in the national service without a thought of private advancement. Both in spirit and in fact Mr. Taft is an admirable specimen of this, the real aristocracy of America. His career has been a succession of renunciations of professional and personal ambitions in obedience to the call for State service.

The rhetorician is often the weakness of democracy; the practical, dependable man, if he has a heart, is its strength. Mr. Taft belongs as emphatically to the latter as Mr. Bryan to the former class. He is nothing of an orator, and still less of a genius. There is a wholesome lack of originality about him; his mental processes can all be watched and calculated. One would not look to Mr. Taft for any very striking contribution to the philosophy of politics, any more than one would expect him to bubble forth in epigrams. He is not a man of wide reading or of diversified intellectual interests, and he appears to have as little of Mr. Roosevelt's many-sidedness as of his electrifying alertness and his somewhat volcanic temperament. But his qualities, if not of a brilliant order, are strong, genuine, and serviceable. He has amassed a store of all-round experience on the Bench, in the Philippines, at the War Office, in Cuba, on the Isthmus, and in casual diplomatic visits to Tokyo, Rome, and St. Petersburg, such, perhaps, as no previous President has equalled; and, like Cobden, he is one of those men on whom no experience is wasted. He is always learning, and whatever he learns he learns thoroughly. Immersed all his life in the intimate direction of affairs, he has shown a peculiar gift of lubricating sagacity and that kind of impersonal, disentangling mind which, when united with a winning personality and a character that

all men trust, makes its possessor a court of final appeal for private friends and public colleagues. He moves on an even keel; his centre of gravity is a fixed point. The judge and the man of affairs seem to have joined hands in him; the reflective and probing mind is linked with a strong and constant bias for practical business. Moreover, it is a good omen for the political peace of his administration that Mr. Taft should possess the serenity of a comfortable, unworrying man, who is master of himself, who has learned the virtue of a careful patience, who never explodes, and who allows nothing to flurry him or to break through his reserves of genial placidity. Everybody, indeed, appears to be drawn towards this good-humored, unconventional, rollicking giant, with his frank, free bearing, his massive look of power and adequacy, his radiating air of jollity and zest. He has earned, too, the reputation of being honest, where few men are honest—in his politics. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that his politics are comprised in saying straight out precisely what he thinks. As a Presidential candidate he showed a refreshing scorn for the time-serving manœuvres, the intimate deals and propitiations, that the politicians expected him to practise. He could not be a demagogue if he tried. The arts of trimming and quibbling, of hedging and pretending, are as alien to his character as they were to Grover Cleveland's.

From such a man America expects, first of all, peace. We do not mean external peace—that is taken as a matter of course—but internal peace, peace between the White House and Congress, and between the President and the world of business and finance. After the tub-thumping and wild alarms of the Roosevelt régime, the people are prepared to listen to the voice of reasoned persuasion. They do not desire to see the Roosevelt policies either abandoned or reversed, or any intermission in the campaign against plutocratic privilege. That the natural resources of the country are to be conserved, that a way must be found of asserting the supremacy of public over private interests and of legalising industrial combinations, and at the same time of bringing them under effective Federal supervision—all this is common ground. But there is a feeling, strongest, of course, in Wall-street, but discernible also among the mass of the people, that Mr. Roosevelt's too aggressive and spectacular methods have served their turn, and that it is for Mr. Taft to continue the work of readjustment and reform with the minimum of disturbance to business stability. The task is one congenial both to the new President's views and to his personality, and the moral upheaval which Mr. Roosevelt brought about with so much turmoil and friction may easily, under the mellower direction of his successor, bear fruit in legislation that will be passed and accepted unanimously.

There is, however, one contentious matter which Mr. Taft is both pledged and determined to tackle, and which his predecessor, with more prudence than statesmanship, consistently passed by—the matter of tariff revision. The Republicans are committed to a reduction of the present schedules, and Mr. Taft, by summoning a special session of Congress, has shown that he means, if he can, to keep them to their word. It will be a matter of the first political interest to see whether he succeeds. He is both helped and hindered by the realised deficit of some £24,000,000 on the current year and the estimated deficit for 1910 of £32,000,000. He is helped by the argument that a reduction of duties means an increase of revenue; he is hindered by the opposite argument that the deficit can and should be met, with little or no disturbance to existing rates, by imposing a small *ad valorem* duty on articles that are at present on the free list. We have not much faith in a revision of the tariff conducted by its friends and beneficiaries; nor do we greatly trust the Democrats, least of all those from the new industrial South, to uphold in Congress their platform protestations in favor of a tariff for revenue only. If Mr. Taft really secures any reductions that are not more than offset by increases in other directions, no further proof will be needed of his skill in managing men and of the peaceful successes that are likely to distinguish his Presidency.

The Drama.

MR. GALSWORTHY ARRIVES.

Everybody connected with the production of "Strife" at the Duke of York's Theatre is to be congratulated, and first and foremost Mr. Charles Frohman. He has shown insight, courage, open-mindedness in accepting Mr. Galsworthy's play, and enabling Mr. Granville Barker to revive in St. Martin's Lane the spirit, the atmosphere, the "char-rum" of Sloane Square. So I take leave to say "Bravo, Mr. Frohman!" Then again, as one notes after the names of four of the chief actors, "By kind permission of Miss Lena Ashwell," one feels that Mr. Frohman is not the only manager to be congratulated. By her liberality in conceding the services of her best artists, the manageress of the Kingsway Theatre has once more proved that her compact little company is an artistic organisation of which she, and we, may well be proud. So I permit myself to add, "Brava, Miss Ashwell!"

But the essence of the matter is, of course, "Bravissimo, Mr. Galsworthy!" Not long ago, in a few remarks I had occasion to make on the new school of dramatists, I said that Mr. Galsworthy was still something of "a dark horse." He is so no more. He has proved his staying power, and is manifestly one of the best horses in the stable. There was in "The Silver Box," and still more in "Joy," a certain insubstantiality that left one in doubt as to the author's power of handling a big subject. They were exceedingly clever, but their scale was small. "Strife," on the other hand, is distinctly a big thing. Both technically and intellectually it cuts a deep furrow. It would not surprise me if the historian of the English drama were to pick out last Tuesday's performance as one of the three or four events of the decade that distinctly marked a stage of progress.

Just as "The Silver Box" in some measure recalled "Der Biberpelz," it is inevitable that in thinking of "Strife"—which might better, perhaps, have been frankly entitled "The Strike"—one should also think of "Die Weber." But the plays are really to be contrasted rather than compared. Hauptmann's drama is a broad historical picture, crowded with realistic detail. It dates from his Zolaesque period, though one may note, too, a strain of Russian influence in the wise, patient, pious old man whom a stray bullet kills at his loom. In Mr. Galsworthy's play there is not a trace of "naturalism," and it would scarcely be a paradox to say that it is not even realistic. True, there is not a word that is not perfectly real and natural. There is not the slightest concession either to conventional stage requirements on the one hand, or to quasi-poetic symbolism on the other. And yet the whole play produces a symbolic effect, or rather is, in itself, a symbol. Superficially it is a picture, just, and sober, and delicate in every stroke; but fundamentally it is the utterance, the embodiment, of a thought. Where Hauptmann piles up brutalities and agonies, and appeals in an almost physical sense to our bowels of compassion, Mr. Galsworthy gives us the irreducible minimum of sordid and painful detail—only such a specimen of suffering, in fact, as shall enable us to imagine the rest. It would have been easy to surround Mrs. Roberts with hollow-eyed, famished children, struggling for nauseous morsels of food; as it is, the absence of children from her home—the home of the intelligent working-man—is one of the grim and ominous features of the picture. The only child whom we actually see, plays on a pipe and is fed with bread and jam. Nor, in the personal relations between employers and employed, do we see any callous brutality: there is no insolent manager or tyrannous foreman. Any such incidental evil, due to defects of individual character, would only be an irrelevant complication of the case, as Mr. Galsworthy views it. What he aims at is the confrontation of two principles in their stark simplicity, or, as Lamb would say, their quiddity, divested of all inessential and corrigible accidents. Thus

the play attains an extraordinary purity and distinction of outline. There is nothing cheap, nothing obvious, nothing anecdotic or sensational about it. What it gives us is the intellectual essence of a characteristic conflict of modern life, without either harrowing our nerves or making any facile appeal to our superficial sympathies. While strictly dramatic, without a word which betrays the author in masquerade, it is, nevertheless, as I said above, the embodiment of a thought.

And what is this thought? What but the wastefulness, the futility, the ultimate impossibility of the system which leaves the distribution of the products of industry to be regulated by periodical trials of endurance between the pockets of the rich and the stomachs of the poor? "Strife" is, I take it, a reduction to absurdity—to tragic absurdity—of the theory that capitalism can co-exist with personal liberty. John Anthony, the stern old survivor from the days of triumphant individualism, is perfectly right in maintaining that the relation between Capital and Labor, as at present organised, is inevitably one of strife; that it is cant to pretend that their interests are identical; and that every concession made to the proletariat is a prelude to further demands and a betrayal of the interests of the capitalist class, as such. What he fails to realise, or at at any rate to admit to himself, is that the mere coercion of hunger is insufficient to keep labor in what he regards as its place. It has two strong allies in the camp of capitalism itself. On the one hand it has humanitarian sentiment, which cannot serenely accept the torture of women and children as a mere negligible incident of class-warfare. On the other hand it has cupidity, or, in many cases, the actual pinch of poverty, among shareholders, who will rather put up with a slight diminution in their dividends than sacrifice them altogether, and see their property indefinitely depreciate, for the eventual benefit of their class as a whole. There is more capacity for sacrifice and endurance in the suffering class than in the enjoying; wherefore so long as the workman is at liberty to starve if he pleases, the battle is ultimately an uneven one. Nothing but the conversion of mere wage-slavery into actual serfdom, enforced at the bayonet's point, could give John Anthony a permanent victory, and that a very expensive one. Meanwhile the battle is not only cruel, but enormously and senselessly wasteful; and yet nothing but a radical reconstruction of the framework of society can definitely put an end to it. So I read, not exactly the lesson of "Strife," but rather the thought that informs it. I find in it an austere and impressive symbol of the ultimate impossibility of our economic system.

Mr. Galsworthy's technique is extremely characteristic and interesting. Its ruling principle is the sedulous avoidance of theatricalism. Even the most innocent tricks of emphasis are to him snares of the Evil One. He would sooner die than drop his curtain, I will not say on a tableau, but even on an effective line. It is his chief ambition that you should never discern any arrangement, any intention, in his work—that you should never find him out in a concession, or an appeal, to the tastes or habitual expectations of his audience. As a rule, the only reason you can see for his doing thus or thus is his desire that you should be able to see no reason for it. Yet his conduct of the action is never eccentric or arbitrary: what is said or done is always perfectly natural and probable, and the interest is steadily maintained—at some points almost breathlessly—without our feeling conscious that any speech or incident is in the slightest degree conditioned by the thought of its effect on an audience. I do not say that this is the only right method of technique; I do not even profess a passionate admiration for it; but it is extremely interesting and well-sustained. The danger of it is that you may become affectedly unaffected, artificially inartificial.

I shall not attempt the ungracious and, to me, impossible task of ranging in any order of merit the many admirable performances given by the long roll of actors. Mr. Norman McKinnell and Mr. Fisher White, as the protagonists of Capital and Labor respectively, fairly shared the honors of the occasion; but Mr. White's was the more difficult task, and perhaps the more brilliantly successful. The most moving moment of the play, and an extraordinarily fine one, was that in which the two embittered antagonists, both beaten, both humiliated, bow to each other in mutual recognition of baffled bravery. Mr. Dennis Eadie, Mr. Hallard, Mr. Hignett, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. O. P. Heggie were all as good as possible; and the same may be said of Miss Ellen O'Malley, Miss Mary Barton, and Miss Lillah McCarthy, except that, in the two working women, one might have wished, if not for dialect, at any rate for a little less distinction of speech.

Mr. Galsworthy's method is thrown into relief by a comparison of "Strife" with "The Head of the Firm"—a clever play adapted by Mr. Leslie Faber from the Danish of Hjalmar Bergström, and produced at the Vaudeville Theatre. Here again we are concerned with the conflict of capital and labor; but here it is a mere background or starting-point for a domestic drama working itself out in the capitalist's family. The first two acts of the play are remarkably clever; but unfortunately their promise is scarcely fulfilled in the last two, in which the development becomes conventional and the idea obscure. The play comes out, in the end, as a satire upon the attempts of humanitarianism to mitigate the rigors of class-warfare. If that was the author's idea (I really am not clear on the point) some hint of it ought to have been vouchsafed at an earlier stage. The piece, however, is interesting throughout, and is capitally acted by Mr. Faber, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. James Hearn, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Miss Ethelwyn Jones. The most interesting characters, however, are episodic—the workman's widow, Mrs. Dalby, and her amiable son. These two parts are quite brilliantly played by Miss Sydney Fairbrother and Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm.

William Archer.

Short Sketch.

THE PARENT AND CHILD OF TO-DAY.

Long ago parents used to have a kind of monopoly of being in the right. It was an article of faith in the nursery that a parent could never do wrong. It was a heavenly position! Parents were never told to get up at an unearthly hour, nor to brush their teeth, nor to wash their hands, nor to comb their hair. They always had the best of everything and not a word was said. Even when they said things that were not strictly true and were found out—which is, of course, the only sin—they were never thumped and sent to bed. But in this new era, though parents still enjoy some nominal privileges, they are undoubtedly subjected to a new criticism in the infant department.

A friend once told me of a heart-rending experience of her own. Her dearest enemy came to call one day, and my friend's youngest, an artless thing of five, strayed into the room to entertain the guest until the arrival of her mother, and just as she opened the door she heard her remark in pleasant, conversational tones, "You're the lady papa thays he doethn't like." "You wicked little story-teller," and the agonised mother pounced down on her child and shook her, "how dare you tell such a naughty, wrong story! Go right to bed!" "He did!" and the wronged one burst into a flood of tears, "I heard him tell you, and you thaid you hoped she'd never come again. There!" Whereupon the infant martyr wailed herself out and left her suffering mother to explain.

Though the authority of parents has been distinctly shaken, they can still claim unreasonable immunity from punishment. When the family father spills soup over himself or the table-cloth, ma looks at him, but she says nothing. If a parent demands a second helping of tart, it is vouchsafed without unpleasant remarks. If

mother breaks anything, the bits are discreetly removed, and, instead of "getting it," she is offered sympathy. Possibly she may say that she was careless, but nobody else would dare to, not even pa. It makes a young thing long to be a parent, if only to enjoy the blissful immunity from those consequences with which life is so packed.

The very young were at one time never in the right even when they were in the right, for to have conceded it would have given the authority of parents such a black eye. But now young things make up for it! And, after all, say what you will, there is no other pleasure so great. It is the height of epicurean enjoyment. But these days it has so ceased to be a monopoly of parents that one may truly say that the filial attitude is one of tolerant, if not impatient, criticism. The modern parent has resigned himself, as it were, to the spirit of the age, and has relinquished his old prerogative of being in the right, even if he wasn't, a prerogative painfully earned by length of days and experience and sorrow, and lets the young things, full of pathetic conceit, give him the benefit of their callow wisdom. It is a sad satisfaction to reflect that the cock-sureness of youth will be knocked out of them as soon as they, too, become modern parents.

Some of us can still remember in the old days seeing an elderly woman stand trembling in the presence of a little old mother who laid down the law. These days the power of old mother is curtailed, though not nearly so much as that of old father. In spite of holding the purse-strings, father never had the power to make one quake like old mother. Yesterday I passed a small girl having a tussle with a small boy, whose ears she boxed viciously, at the same time shrieking at the top of a shrill voice, "I'll tell my ma on you, see if I don't," as if she could menace him with nothing more terrible. Indeed, as a mere threat father was never in it. On the whole, I rejoiced to see that the female parent had not suffered a total eclipse. But, unfortunately, this was in a slum neighbourhood and so doesn't count. The present somewhat ignominious position of parents is due in a small measure to the American child, who has put them in their proper places with such great success that it has set the fashion for the whole world, with the exception of savage countries, where, it is painful to confess, parents are still parents and still have something to say.

It is instructive to observe that always to be in the right gets to be a matter of habit, in which one can educate one's family to believe. All that is necessary is a first-class opinion of oneself and an irritating obstinacy. Every family is blessed with some member who makes up the minds of the rest. Most people love to have their minds made up for them, and there is always one in a family ready to undertake that little job. And it is curious to observe how flabby a mind that won't make itself up becomes with want of exercise. Elderly parents are much afflicted in this way, but as a good many have cheque books instead of minds they answer just as well. How different is the attitude of parents towards their children and towards the public! I knew a very eminent critic who wielded an awful critical lash that made young literary aspirants writhe, but in his meek and private capacity as a mere parent he met a just retribution at the hands of a young daughter, who contradicted and snubbed him as only a child can contradict and snub a parent, and that in the presence of the same young poets, who used to venture in at tea-time, and whom the afflicted father had damned the day before in the columns of that great review whose mission it is to crush the aspiring.

It can be truly affirmed that domestic life, which was once a pleasing parental despotism, is now a republic, and the family motto is, "I know just as much as you." Once to be in the right used to be a kind of royal prerogative, but in these days even the divine right of kings has been so curtailed that there is hardly enough left to line a $7\frac{3}{4}$ royal crown, while years ago a king had enough to cover himself all over and heaps to spare for his poor relations. It adds to one's acute enjoyment of it that it is the only pleasure money cannot buy.

There have been two mistaken poets who made some valuable reflections on the pleasures of Hope and the pleasures of Memory. But it seems to me that Hope is a sadly uncertain quality in the future, not unconnected with disappointment, while Memory as an asset for pleasure has always struck me unfavorably. It deals, it is needless to say, with the past, and the past has a way of being past.

No, the only joy worth mentioning is always to be in the right or to think you are, which amounts to the same thing. Every family has a member so gifted, and very trying she usually is! I say "she" advisedly, because experience teaches that the being so divinely endowed is usually feminine. Indeed, apart from kings, who are born with the remains of it, I know of no other masculine creatures so endowed except the prophets. The prophets always were in the right and they always said so, and that annoyed everybody so much that they usually ended as martyrs. Now though the family prophet is almost more annoying, she unfortunately never ends as a martyr. The family does that.

What was so particularly trying about the old prophets was that they always prophesied something disagreeable, so, on the whole, one is glad that they have gone out of fashion as public characters, family prophets being quite bad enough. Then, too, it always seemed to me as if the old prophets got much more credit than they deserved, because it is very easy to prophesy something unpleasant, for it is so sure to happen. One can't help wishing that, for a change, a new race of prophets might arise, who would foretell all the nice things that are going to happen! How we should welcome a prophet who would proceed through Threadneedle and Lombard Streets and announce at the top of his voice that the American financial muddle was soon to be unmuddled, and that the Rand mines were about to announce an extra dividend, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, in the generosity of his heart, about to abolish the income tax! Or think of the rapture of Piccadilly if a venerable prophet were to pass through that famous thoroughfare and announce that in future no bald-headed man need despair, for a hair restorer was about to appear to whom no sufferer need appeal in vain. How the afflicted in clubs would rush to the windows and rejoice, for, lo! a prophet had arisen in Piccadilly who had come to tell them joyful tidings. What a happy life such an optimistic prophet would have! And no one would ever dream of making a martyr of him!

But the private family prophet is quite a different thing. Her motto is always, "I told you so," and very annoying it is. It puts her on a self-erected pedestal of wisdom which is most irritating. Nor is it fair to prophesy backwards, as she almost always does. For it really does not take so much inspiration to tell what has already happened as she seems to think! Indeed, to sit in peace and safety and tell of all the unpleasant things that are going to happen to some one else is in a way a pleasure, even if a melancholy one. So if the prophets were never very popular they were not without compensation. Estimable and kind though they always were, they might also have been somewhat disappointed if their prophecies had not come true. After all, human nature is human nature. Even the family prophet, usually an acidulated maiden aunt or an elder sister just beginning to ferment, is also human. But parents as prophets have long since been out of it. They gave it up when they gave up being in the right. The trouble is when parents venture to prophesy and it really happens—as it sometimes does—then they usually get nothing for their pains but a broken heart for themselves. For the modern child—even when grown up, if not elderly—has been known to turn on a broken-hearted prophet and say, "It's all your fault. Why did you let me?"

Sometimes when one sees a foolish, patient parent unmercifully snubbed by youth and inexperience, one wonders, seeing that there is a society for the protection of everything else in the world, if it isn't about time to start a society for the protection of parents.

MRS. JOHN LANE.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Assume that Lord Roberts and the members of the National Service League believe that compulsory service means—and will in the future mean—only what they claim it to mean—a very serious assumption when it is remembered that the largest number of its advocates belong to that class which will derive a direct advantage when the system is established. Why is it, then, so necessary to counter every naval move of Germany or of the United States by one at least as great, "plus ten per cent"? Why build Dreadnoughts, and man them as rapidly, in fear of falling behind in the race? If conscription is established and called "Universal Training," how long will it be before the Yellow Press and the military expert find that our soldier is but half-drilled, and bears no comparison with the German or French soldier or Japanese conscript? And certainly there will be no "ten per cent." to the good. Compulsory service in any form whatever will not, and cannot, fail to bring in its train urgent comparisons which will be so striking to the ignorant populace as to ensure a rapid and firm tightening of the grip of the professional soldier over the enslaved people which no present denial of intervention, or possibility, by Lord Roberts and his League can ever prevent. Moreover, the Yellow Press and the expert will be right in their advocacy, for if this nation departs from her custom and in any respect enters the lists, is it to be expected that her European, her Far Eastern, and her Western competitors will remain idle? But will they not set about ensuring their superiority in land forces, "plus ten per cent.," or strive to attain it?

Great Britain stands alone and invites no hostility. Her soldiers are free men, and fight as free men; and have never failed when properly led. Let the busy gentlemen who form the Service League and advocate its public and its private plans, look to themselves and be quite sure that while wearing the uniform of her late Majesty and of his Majesty the King, they have never failed to take full advantage of their position as officers, and by diligence, hard work, self-abnegation, have led our soldiers in war to victory. History will probably say that it will be time enough to entrust the freedom of our youth to their charge when they have demonstrated their complete fitness for the task. Meanwhile Mr. Haldane has found much to alter, and even more to correct, and much still remains to be done. Voluntary and compulsory service stand on a forked road, and the further you proceed, the wider apart becomes your interval. The roads never converge without a revolution.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD.

March 7th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Colonel A. Grimshaw Haywood, does me the honor—and, I thank him—of not attempting to traverse the concluding words, which sum up the argument of my letter of the 20th ult., but it is difficult to see where treaties come into a question of the defence of these islands from invasion, unless he means that we are to exist on sufferance.

As to the method of providing a nation in arms, conscription embraces "the whole male population," according to the article "Army" in the "Encycl. Britt." (p. 566). Now, it is proposed to choose about one-third of "the whole male population," as they arrive at the age of eighteen, and that third the best available, according to a standard of fitness, quite independent of social status. Clearly then, the word "conscription," with its debased meaning, closely associated with drawing lots and with allowing substitutes, does not apply.

It was suggested by Colonel Alsager Pollock, on the 3rd ult., in a paper read to the United Wards Club of the City of London, that assuming compulsion to be necessary—"selection," not "conscription," should be employed. And this officer went on to say, according to the newspaper report, that "if only the best morally and physically were permitted to enjoy the honor of serving the King, as citizen defenders of their native land, it would soon come to be regarded as a misfortune to be disqualified on physical grounds, and as a lasting disgrace to be rejected as morally unfit."

This seems to be the right attitude.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT M. WYATT,
Commander, R.N.

"Brighton," Waverley Road, Bournemouth,
March 6th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am, as Colonel Haywood (will he pray accept my apology for the accidental omission of his military title) surmises, a subscriber to the National Service League. I cannot, however, claim the League as my own conception. That honor—for such I hold it to be—belongs, it is true, to a civilian. I am sincerely sorry that your correspondent has been led—as I believe, misled—in part at least through an instance of publisher's tyranny, into doubts of the *bonâ-fides* of the advocates of the League. For myself—I say it as a strong opponent formerly of any kind of conscription, being, moreover, an old Volunteer—"The Briton's First Duty" bears the stamp of an advocacy as honest as it is able.

The author's own sub-title was substituted as soon as there was legal freedom to make the correction; the original sub-title having been, "A plea for a Pan-Britannic Militia." Is it not intelligible to an impartial mind that the desire was not to mislead but simply to avoid futile collision with unreasoning prejudice? "Conscription," as used in Napoleonic France, I take it, implied unequal compulsion with unlimited liability, allowing substitution; in contradistinction from National Military Service implying equality of compulsion, disallowing substitution, with liability limited to Home Defence.

Personally, I have as little sympathy with any cant pretence that National Service will not profoundly modify our national life as with the cant pretence that our present military system is truly voluntary merely because the compulsion is economic, not legal. Out of 100 regimental recruits recently questioned, ninety-five were, it is stated, unemployed or starving.

Colonel Haywood makes the curious assumption that practical support of a cause one has at heart is naturally disabling to its advocate. Will he not consent rather to give practical effect to his own philosophy that it is what a writer says that matters? More vital still, I venture to think, is the spirit of what he says. I admit freely that I sought to interpret and to answer rather the spirit than the letter of his remarks. That choice, mainly, I must again make lest I trespass unduly on your hospitality, though I would welcome opportunity for the closer, and necessarily narrower, discussion.

Believing that we are as a people face to face with momentous issues, a crisis in the national life and fate, one must surely desire most earnestly the consideration of this, and of any other, serious and sincere proposal on its merits, not primarily on its demerits—on the broad basis of the national need and the national judgment, not of mere personal and professional opinion, however distinguished. The nation, if the political sagacity of a ruling race still survives, will decide this question, and quickly. Her soldiers will decide it only if the decision is dementedly postponed until the hour of panic or of war. Many thoughtful men, I believe, have become converts to compulsory service only when, though not only because, they became convinced of the hopeless inadequacy of the voluntary system in existing conditions of world power.

The political instinct of the English people warned them long ago that the security of their State rested upon the maintenance of a balance of world power not unfavorable to themselves. On that balance to-day our very existence as an Empire depends. We have fought for it steadily from State-wise Tudor days, and we may need to fight for it again. We are all for peace and the *status quo*. It is very natural. Native virtue apart, the full-fed, well-propertied man is less disposed to covetousness than his sturdy but less opulent neighbor. But, if he

is wise, he will remember that the friendliness of unaggressive strength is more convincing, and makes more surely for mutual respect and a stable peace than the most earnest protestations of civility ill-equipped.

Colonel Haywood quotes to us from a French writer a passage condemnatory of the effects, moral and physical, of military service, evidently intending that we should read this passage substituting England for France; since otherwise the quotation is irrelevant. But the effect of National Service will depend upon national habit and character. Has National Military Service then in Germany (of a far more prolonged and drastic character than we require) in Norway and in Denmark, to name only kindred States, so debauched their manhood? Colonel Haywood, it is surely true, has small faith in his countrymen.

As touching the question of physique and moral, it is worth noting that military service has been called in Germany the "Giant Doctor," and that at Krupp's works at Essen an extra two marks a week is paid to workmen who have passed through the national Army.

I would reply briefly to the letter of your correspondent "S.," and would suggest a question. If I read his philosophy aright, he holds that, save for the men whose trade is war (and those, doubtless, of their countrymen who still regard them as the necessary and honorable bulwark of their country's safety), moral force now rules the civilised world. I am, I hope, not insensible to such aspirations; yet I would live sincerely: remembering that the wheels of our life still run upon the earth, though we would fain "hitch our wagons to the stars."

Your correspondent, however, holds that already the limitless field of spiritual warfare and self-conquest is freely man's to possess. He wrote, I would not question it, in the belief that civilised humanity has sincerely attained to this higher plane of being. Will no doubts assail him if he should attend "Peace" meetings, as I have done, and see lurking sinister among the shadows the very presence of the spirit of strife? Nay, let him but read his own letter through again. Does he hold that such a man as General Gordon was in the "killing trade," or does he share his countrymen's belief that he was "soldier of Christ," as well as true servant of his Queen? Is it, in few words, the peace of God we want, or the peace of business and of the fear of death?

Your correspondent, Mr. C. E. Maurice, does me, I venture to believe, some injustice in suggesting that I desired in what I wrote to lay claim to higher motives than I allow to opponents. My desire was to discover mutually the attitude towards life and country that informs and inspires motive. That your correspondents have the highest welfare of humanity at heart I do not, nor would seem to, question. That they are of the faith of those who hold in high vision the mission of the British race, the working out of its generous ideals as the best and mightiest weapon yet forged in the long warfare of human fate, I have yet to be convinced. Who desires the end must, in a practical spirit, desire the means.

But where, then, is that Arcadia where the children flock to school from pure love of schooling: the happy land where compulsion is unknown! We do not shrink from teaching and enforcing obligations of individual, even of civic, duty from fear of ignoble results. Why, then, neglect the patriotic? Will a man be a worse citizen because he has learned to defend at need his hearth and home; his ideas of right; all that his country stands for in the world? Your correspondent in this vital matter of national self-defence does not believe in compulsion. Why? Is it not because he does not believe that here the end justifies the means; though that end be the existence of the British Empire?

Is it that the idealist's vision of a brotherhood of man knowing no boundaries of race, no limitations of racial self-seeking, lures some thinkers like a mirage? It will indeed prove a mirage if pursued in faithless haste: the far-off hope for the present opportunity.

History will refute the error on a darkened page if the British race goes under.

Experience warns us there are no short cuts to truth. Does not, then, a practical idealism suggest that the brotherly understanding of, and with, the men of our own race and blood must come first in the order of seeking and achievement?

Surely here is the heart of the conflict: an issue as stern and real as any whereon a people has been called to do battle with its spirit for the right.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES CECIL.

March 10th, 1909.

THE STRENGTH OF THE FLEET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last you refer to an article contributed by me to this month's "Fortnightly Review," and you state that "while deprecating the demand for more ships for the fleet," I ask for more men. Would you permit me to correct both statements. I recognise that a large shipbuilding programme in the coming financial year is inevitable, and have said so repeatedly, while dissociating myself from certain alarmist statements which have been made in the past three or four years. Our supremacy to-day is unquestioned, and will remain so for many months, but we must build not for to-day, but for the immediate to-morrow. In battleships authorised since 1893 the position is as under, including ships laid down, or to be laid down, this year by the United States and Germany:—

Period.		England.	Germany.	America.	France.
1893-9	... ...	25	8	7	5
1900-4	... ...	13	12	14	6
1905-9	("Dreadnoughts")	14	13	8	6
		52	33	29	17

In the period 1893-9 we laid down six battleships, fulfilling Lord Brassey's ideas as to moderate displacement, the six "Canopus" class of 12,950 tons, and they are now obsolete, less powerful than the "Kaiser" class of the German Fleet. They are now being rapidly withdrawn from commission; after nine years their usefulness is exhausted, and we have forty-six effective battleships left, not because we did not build sufficient ships when facing the rivalry of France and Russia in the years of stress, but because we put our money in ships unworthy of the British Fleet. In modern ships we are falling behind, and, therefore, a large programme, unnecessary last year and the year before—when uncalled-for cries of alarm were raised—is now essential.

The purpose of my "Fortnightly Review" article was not to deprecate the building of additional ships, but to emphasise the necessity of making adequate provision for manning them, as Germany is doing. In the past ten years her naval *personnel* has been doubled. She has the economic advantage of conscription, which means cheapness of manning, whereas we have the economic disadvantage of voluntary service, with one overmastering advantage, a longer period of service, which should mean a higher standard of efficiency.—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

5, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W.
March 9th, 1909.

[What about the moral disadvantage of conscription and the moral advantage of free service?—ED., NATION.]

THE POLICY OF THE NAVY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—After having misrepresented the utterances of the Navy League, you are pleased to gibe at the statement contained in my letter of March 2nd.

You cannot, therefore, in fairness, decline to publish this letter

Mr. McKenna, speaking at the Fishmongers' Hall, stated that the maintenance of the two-Power standard was a matter of arithmetic.

I venture to place that problem before your readers.

The Premier (Mr. Asquith) has affirmed his adherence to the two-Power standard, with a ten per cent. margin.

Ships of the pre-"Dreadnought" era rank amongst themselves. For confirmation on this point, consult the "Return of Battle Practice" (Cd. 4,514), recently issued, and see the position taken by the "Indomitable" in comparison with pre-"Dreadnought" ships.

We have, at the present time, including the "Lord

Nelson" and the "Agamemnon," fourteen "Dreadnoughts" built and building:—

Germany.		United States.	
Building	9	Building	6
To be laid down this year ...	4	To be laid down this year ...	2
Total projected "Dreadnoughts"	13	Total projected "Dreadnoughts"	8

Simple addition gives us 13 + 8 = 21.

What is required, in addition to our fourteen built and building, to give us the two-Power standard in Dreadnoughts plus ten per cent.?

I scarcely think that the Navy League has, in any way, exaggerated the minimum requirement, for if you add 8 to 14 you arrive at a total of 22, which is not a ten per cent. margin over the two strongest Powers.—Yours, &c.,

Wm. Caius Crutchley,
Secretary.

The Navy League, London, S.W.
March 9th, 1909.

[It is not our fault that the annual official publication of the Navy League says one thing, both in its figures and its reasoned articles, and its executive another. As to its present policy, it is quite clear on the above statement that an addition of four "Dreadnoughts" gives us an ample preponderance over Germany in this class. This is all we want. For the rest we assure Captain Crutchley that two-Power standard or no two-Power standard, neither this Government nor any other is going to build against America and Germany combined.—Ed., Nation.]

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON COMMISSION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is to be hoped that your readers will not be induced to take the view of "A Liberal Graduate" in considering this question. It is true that a resolution of the Senate asking for a Royal Commission to enquire into one thing has been met by a response from the Board of Education granting them something else. But if this means a victory for those professors on the Senate, who have been struggling for some years past to reduce the value of a London degree by reducing its difficulty, then it becomes necessary for every member of Convocation to consider how to alter the constitution of the Senate by strengthening the lay element.

The dualism of the University of London is the great distinction which it possesses. It is true that in a sense one of its functions is that of an Imperial Examining Board, but the examinees are people educated in various institutions which give an education equal to that which is obtained in the heterogeneous collection of colleges and institutions in and about London, whose students rank as "internal" students of the University. Even the much maligned correspondence system which, by the way, accounts for half, or nearly half, of the external graduations, is a means of giving industrious poor students an opportunity of academical distinction which would otherwise be denied them. However, the object of the present professorial agitation is not concerned with the "external" side, save in so far as it marks a jealousy of the success attained by "external" students when compared with that of the more favored "internal" group. The agitators now propose to remedy this disproportion by empowering the "internal" professors to exercise a dispensing power to grant degrees to their own students on their own recommendation. That is the short issue.

It is not true to say that examination in London University confers distinction on anyone who can steer through "examination papers constructed especially to suit no teaching in particular." The teachers, we are told, can, with "some assistance from outside examiners"—mark the professorial tone—give better testimony to the comparative merits of their student than examiners can. So, no doubt, the general manager of a bank could give better testimony of its financial position than the auditors, or the actuary of an insurance society better insight into the society's position than its directors. But human nature being what it is, we do not in commercial matters dispense with auditors or directors. Neither can we in education. Professors, like other people, are good and bad, energetic and idle, wise and foolish, capable of teaching and incapable. Since education in the modern sense began to shape itself in the early Middle Ages experience has proved independent examination to be the one and only means of auditing their work. It is not true to say that the clear-headed business men on the Senate, who demand the substantial continuance of the present system are unwilling to allow to teachers the influence exercised in every other University. What Oxford or Cambridge tutor or lecturer, for instance, can accompany an undergraduate to the schools, and declare him to be a fit and proper person to be admitted to a degree without any public test? Nor is this necessarily a conflict between the external and the internal sides, unless the fact that the external people have not asked for any relaxation of the public test may be construed as hostile. It would appear, however, that the internal side "now proposes to offer evidence to promote the complete independence of the two sides." That, of course, means the exclusion of the external sides from the corporation of the University. Truly this is a severe penalty on efficiency, and the danger to education is that, in English polemics, the inefficient generally prevails. Your correspondent hints that the Imperial College of Science and Technology hesitates to come in to the University, because of a reluctance on the part of its Professors to submit to these conditions of public test. No doubt this is because they dare not face such tests. They need not be ashamed of their inability. Whoever has to do, as I have, with secondary and elementary education in any part of this country views with despair the increasing power of the teacher, and the diminishing knowledge of the taught. The Board of Education, in substituting so-called inspection for examination, is responsible for this. But, if the evil of slackness is to spread upwards to the Universities, we shall be the laughing stock not only of people who do know here at home, but of all Europe. The trend of "A Liberal Graduate's" mind is well illustrated by his remarks on medical education. The London University, he complains, confines its degrees to candidates of honors standard. I am not a medical man, but a good many hundreds of guineas on their road to medical men pass through my hands yearly. If there be a London man in any town in which I require a medical opinion it is to the London man I apply, and I am thankful to say that most other persons in my business do the same. The reason is that, as simple members of the public, we know that men cannot get London medical degrees without medical knowledge. It is a most lamentable fact, which no distinguished member of the profession will deny, that year by year men are admitted to practice in this great profession who have neither aptitude nor knowledge. These are the men whom "A Liberal Graduate" wants to see holding London Degrees. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

The other problems referred to by "A Liberal Graduate" can be solved perfectly well by the Senate under present conditions. We hear of a Senate of fifty-six members drawn from "incongruous" sources. I challenge your correspondent to name one single member of that Senate who is unfit for his position.

The fact is that if the public do not control the teaching profession it will control the public. It has all the intellectual arrogance of the medieval clergy, without the superstitious backing of veiled mystery which made that arrogance so readily accepted. In our elementary schools the National Union of Teachers has destroyed all lay control. We meet as managers merely to register the teachers' decisions. In our secondary schools, the Boards of Governors, whether representing public authorities or private trustees, meet quarterly merely to sanction the payment of expenses. If it is suggested that the curriculum should be discussed, or the time-table considered, we are met with the most rigid non-possumus. The Senate of the University of London, which is fortunate in containing a few non-academical business men of University and commercial distinction, is the object of immediate attack. A few weeks ago it was the Congregation of the University of Oxford which was the target of the very same opposition. I say that it is vital that lay representation should be strong on the governing bodies of all these institutions, and I look with confidence to Mr. Haldane's Commission to put the Professors in their place.—Yours, &c., Interested.

March 11th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I make a correction in my communication of last week on this subject? Near the end of the second paragraph my word "most," written badly, no doubt, is printed "next." This alters my meaning in a very important way: it seems as if I were saying that the external examining side of the University is its principal function; whereas I want to state emphatically the view that this is secondary, and that the prime and principal purpose of the new Royal Commission should be to improve the organisation of University teaching and study, and in London itself. —Yours, &c., A LIBERAL GRADUATE.

March 11th, 1909.

ADULT SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—*Re* Mrs. Gerald Paget's letter. Surely the word "reform" is a most misleading one, because it has become merely from use synonymous with improvement. Hence its use by so-called Tariff Reformers. Re-forming may be good or bad. I think every one who has studied the subject must see that whether we have adult suffrage or merely the limited Bill, the balance of electoral power will be in the hands of women. I have no fear of that, or objection to it, as long as care is taken to eliminate class privilege, which I believe those who favor the limited Bill, are fighting for.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MARRIOTT,
Of the Adult Suffrage League.

249, Ludbroke Grove, Notting Hill,
March 13th, 1909.

OUR FOREIGN INVESTMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is instructive to notice the change of opinion of our Tariff Reform friends on this subject. Not many months ago, Mr. J. Ellis Barker, one of their leading controversialists, deplored the supposed falling-off of our foreign investments in comparison with those of Germany, which, he told us, were increasing by leaps and bounds. It is also not many years since concession-hunting in the Levant and Far East was considered a patriotic undertaking, and our representatives abroad were expected to assist in procuring fresh outlets for our capital, if necessary, to the detriment of the foreigner. Now all this is changed, and large foreign investments are considered a sign of economic and industrial decline! Under Tariff Reform we are expected to sell some of them to the foreigner; we are, instead, to convert grouse moors into cornfields, in addition to erecting a huge number of new factories. Other nations may then have to look after the development of our Colonies and foreign lands generally. This was hitherto, by common accord, considered of great advantage to the home industries, and it would be interesting to hear whether this opinion is no longer held.

It is reassuring that some of the more moderate Tariff Reformers, like your correspondent, Mr. H. W. Goldberg, do not deprecate *all* foreign investments; if he would carefully examine the list and tell us which he approves of and which not, I cannot help thinking that he would find the latter class to be a very unimportant portion of the total. His statement that a large outflow of capital would result if the credit of a country were to suffer a heavy blow is, of course, incontestable; but it does not follow that this is the *only* cause of such an outflow; as long as not only the British Government, but also many of our municipalities and railways can borrow on better terms than our rivals, this contingency does not exist in this country.—Yours, &c.,

G. ECKHARD.

Didsbury, Manchester,
March 9th, 1909.

THE INVERSION OF SENTENCES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As you have lately been discussing some questions in English literature in which learned grammarians have been engaged, I will ask them to be good enough to enlighten me as to the correctness of a comparatively novel method of describing events in newspapers, especially in police reports. The method is by inverting the sentence, beginning with the accusative or subject, and ending with the nominative or predicate as in the following example taken from a leading daily newspaper:—

"THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE OF NEWSPAPERS.

"Replying to a deputation of newspaper owners who waited on him yesterday to ask him to exert his influence with the object of securing from the railway companies a reduction of rates for the carriage of newspapers, Mr. Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, said," &c., &c.

The first five lines are taken up with the unknown subject, and three pronouns used to indicate the same unknown person. For my part I have to invert it again before I can clearly understand it. Perhaps the method was made, like many other things, in Germany. Will you be good enough to enlighten me whether the English language allows of this altered method, and, if so, where lie its advantages?—Yours, &c.,

M. D.

Hampstead,
March 8th, 1909.

WIND FLOWERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent observes in his interesting article that "The murmur of innumerable bees in immemorial elms" is not the "legitimate murmur of honey gatherers and pollen carriers."

May one also observe that neither is this extraordinarily disjointed combination of two most beautiful lines the legitimate murmur of Tennyson. However, your correspondent seems to have had some slight feeling of uneasiness, for he adds that the poet may be wrong, and no doubt he was thinking of the poet's powers both of observation and rhythm. When Tennyson wrote his well-known lines:—

"but every sound is sweet;
"Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the Lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees,"

he was telling us of many pleasant sounds. I do not think that in this passage there is any ground for thinking that Tennyson connected the murmur of bees with elms. In all probability the lime tree was in his mind, for in another poem he writes of:—

"The lime a Summer-home of murmurous wings."

—Yours, &c.,

G. H. ISAACS.

Rosenheim, Branksome Park,
Bournemouth West,
March 8th, 1909.

CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the next meeting of the Marylebone Borough Council I shall propose that six beds be secured in Sanatoria for Consumption to which patients may be despatched immediately that tuberculosis is diagnosed, and where they may remain until they are cured.

The need is great and pressing. The ravages of consumption are widespread and terrible. In England there are about half-a-million of sufferers, and in each year some 50,000 of these are carried to the grave. What battlefield displays such horrors?

Science teaches us that tuberculosis is infectious, and, therefore, preventable. Science points out how the disease may be diagnosed at a very early stage, and science shows us how when action is immediately taken the patient may be placed in conditions which generally ensure his permanent cure.

At present the patient's health and life are frequently sacrificed, because when the disease has been diagnosed and a bed in a sanatorium is sought none is found to be available. All are occupied. "House Full" is up everywhere. Weeks and months usually elapse before the patient can secure a bed in a sanatorium.

This delay frequently means permanent disablement and even death. The damage to the lungs progresses. The

affected tissues are destroyed, cavities are formed, and the sanatorium is reached too late.

This is a matter which affects us all. None of us can tell when he himself, or one of his dear ones, may have to look in vain for such a bed. I claim for my motion the support of every member of the public.—Yours, &c.,

J. Fletcher Little.

Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.
March 5th, 1909.

A DEFECT IN THE DEATH DUTIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—As the activities of the Liberal Government seem likely to be limited for some time to come to financial measures, I desire to point out a great defect in the system of Death Duties inaugurated by Sir William Harcourt in 1894. This defect is one which should be remedied by a Liberal Chancellor without delay, and would yield him a rich source of revenue without exposing him to a charge of partiality for the henroosts of his political opponents. Moreover, the effect of the change would be to promote that equality of sacrifice and that better distribution of wealth which all Liberals desire and not even the bitterest Tory dare denounce.

The Death Duties, as all know, are practically two. Estate Duty, levied on the corpus of the whole estate, real and personal, at death (which was Sir William Harcourt's extension of the old Probate Duty on personal property), and Succession Duty (in which term we may, for brevity, include Legacy Duty), levied on each separate legacy or gift. Now of these two duties Sir William Harcourt dealt with only one and by his wise graduation of the rate of duty from one per cent. or less on small estates to eight per cent. on estates of £1,000,000 and over, he turned into the national coffers a golden stream which has served the country well. Mr. Asquith followed in his steps with a further graduation of the same duty, and the present scale may be considered as for the time approximating to the Liberal standard of equality of burden.

Meanwhile the Succession Duty remains unreformed, for though the rates vary, they vary not according to the amount of the benefit received by the successor but according to the degree of relationship obtaining between him and his predecessor.

To show the inequality let us take the case of a millionaire who dying bequeathes a freehold cottage worth £300 to his coachman, and the rest of the million to his son. The coachman pays £60, for the cottage being real estate bears the following duties, viz., Estate Duty ten per cent., Succession Duty ten per cent., a total of twenty per cent. on a cottage worth £300.

The son, however, who receives the remainder of the million pays ten per cent. only, escaping Succession or Legacy Duty altogether.

A radical reform of the Succession Duty by making the rate of duty vary with the value of the succession, instead of with the degree of relationship, is urgently needed. The result would be to discourage the direct transmission of great aggregations of capital and to encourage their distribution and subdivision. By a wise graduation the yield of the duty might be increased as greatly as that of the Estate Duty has been, without placing any heavier burden than at present upon the recipients of small bequests.—Yours, &c.,

Sydney P. Turnbull.

Norbury, Scarborough.

VOTES FOR SOME WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—It is interesting to note how many Suffragists shrink from the inevitable result of giving some women the Parliamentary vote. Mrs. Paget looks upon votes for some women as a valuable reform, but votes for all women would be a dangerous revolution. "History," she tells us, "gives many instances of the power of wise reform to scotch a nascent revolution." Doubtless many of the supporters of the Reform Bill of 1832 would have regarded the possible enfranchisement of agricultural laborers, to say nothing of lodgers, as a revolution, nevertheless it has followed in due course, as will women adult suffrage if votes are given to some women. Does Mrs. Paget seriously think that the bulk of married women, and factory and other workers, will quietly acquiesce in remaining what the Suffragists call "political outcasts, down-trodden slaves," &c., to all eternity, while their more fortunate propertied sisters are permitted to attain their so-called "rights"? The position of the Anti-Suffragists is clear enough. They are now constituted for the first time as an organised opposition to woman suffrage, because only within the last year has this question become one of possible practical politics.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) F. Travers.

Tortington House, Arundel, Sussex,
March 8th, 1909.

"THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I crave your courtesy to mention that the writer of your literary gossip makes a slight error in assuming that the book under the above title, which I have written for Messrs. Collier & Co., "covers the same ground" as another work on Napoleon's men-at-arms which he refers to. My book covers much more than "the same ground." Your contributor states that the other book on this subject treats of certain Marshals "selected from" the twenty-six created by the Emperor. I have devoted a separate chapter to each of the six-and-twenty heroes, these chapters having due relation, of course, to the proportion and value of the war-services rendered by the various recipients of the Imperial bâton.—Yours, &c.,

Percy Cross Standing.

National Liberal Club,
March 11th, 1909.

Poetry.

A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Out in the empty desert all alone,
Blown by the winds and lapped by waves of grass,
There stands beneath the unseeing skies a stone,
Where nevermore the foot of man shall pass.
Set up to mark the grave of one that died
Long years ago, whereon may be descried
In signs to all but human eyes unknown:
Faithful is God, for He remembereth;
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.

Here come the deer, because the grass is sweet;
The wounded bird, because the shadow thrown
Shelters its aching body from the heat;
And here a thousand flying seeds are blown,
And after growth and blossom, here they die,
Even as he whose bones beneath them lie.
Of men to read the writing comes not one:
Faithful is God, for He remembereth;
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.

The busy hands that did this carving make,
The eyes that wept, the voices that made moan
Long respite from their grief and labors take;
Their tears are dry, their lamentation done.
The stars, like jewels on a banner spread,
Are borne to other battles overhead;
Still cries the grave, taunting oblivion:
Faithful is God, for He remembereth;
The Lord is mighty, and forgetteth none.

Lucy Lyttelton.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THERE is some possibility that the Clarendon tercentenary may not pass without adequate memorial. The Rev. John Willcock, who is already known by his "Life and Times of the Marquis of Argyle," and a biography of Sir Thomas Urquhart, the Tudor translator of Rabelais, is engaged upon a new "Life of Clarendon," which may be ready for publication in the autumn. It is also to be hoped that the Oxford University authorities will act upon a suggestion made by Professor Firth in his recent lecture. If the University, he says, desires fitly to commemorate the tercentenary of Clarendon's birth, it should complete the publication of his papers, and print a new edition of his life. "The last edition of the Life and of the Continuation of the Life was published in 1857. Except as a piece of printing, it is utterly unworthy of the University Press. The index is one of the worst in existence. There are no notes. The dates given in the headlines are frequently wrong. As for the text, the reader is given no notice of the fact that large passages of the original have been transferred to the pages of the History of the Rebellion, and some passages of the original have not been printed either in the History or the Life. In every respect the edition is a glaring contrast to Dr. Macray's edition of the companion work."

* * *

A NEW book by Professor James, of Harvard, is announced for publication next month by Messrs. Longmans. Its title is "A Pluralistic Universe," and the volume will contain the Hibbert lectures given by Professor James at Oxford last year. The main position advanced in the book is that religion has everything to gain from being associated with empiricism and pluralism. For Professor James the pluralistic philosophy is the only ground upon which "experience" and "reason" may come to a compromise, and his lectures aim at convincing idealists that this is possible. Part of the coming work is given up to a discussion of Bergson's theories. There are many signs that Bergson is gaining the ear of our philosophical teachers. We announced some weeks ago that Father Tyrrell is at work upon a study of Bergson, which will be published by Messrs. Constable.

* * *

To the bookish man there could hardly be a more fascinating subject than that chosen by Mr. Lawrence Lewis, an American author, for a volume which will be called "The Advertisements of 'The Spectator.'" The advertisements taken in by Samuel Buckley at the Dolphin in Little Britain, or by Charles Lillie, the perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, Strand, or (towards the end) by Jacob Tonson, provide excellent material for gossipy and discursive writing upon the literary and social life of Queen Anne's time. What a delightful book Mr. Austin Dobson would have given us had he taken up the theme!

* * *

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN is still engaged upon the manuscript of his new novel, which has been announced as "Blind Jim," though Mr. De Morgan is dissatisfied with that title, and will probably change it to "It Never Can Happen Again." The book will be longer than either of Mr. De Morgan's former novels—both of which ran to much greater length than the average novel of to-day—and it will be published in two volumes. "The New York Times" states that a competent critic who has seen the manuscript pronounces it to be the best which Mr. De Morgan has written.

* * *

WE learn that a biography of Dr. John Kells Ingram is to be written by Mr. T. W. Lyster, the Librarian of the National Library of Dublin. Mr. Lyster's friendship with Dr. Ingram, and his fine discernment in literary matters promise a very desirable book. Doctor Ingram's versatility and depth were astonishing. In his youth he won fame by the stirring song, "Who Fears to Speak of 'Ninety-Eight?" and the achievements of his life were solid and enduring. Equally learned in the classics and in mathematics, an ardent student of science, of philology, of anthropology, an authority on political economics, and a follower and exponent of the philosophy of Positivism, it was with good reason that one of his colleagues at Trinity College called him "probably the best educated man in the world." He was a man greatly beloved by his friends.

* * *

PRINCE KROPOTKIN'S book on the French Revolution, which had a place among Messrs. Heinemann's announcements at the end of 1908, will probably appear during the spring. It will be published in French and in English, in Paris, London, and New York. Prince Kropotkin writes French and English with equal ease, and the present work has been written in French and then turned into English. The volume will be of very considerable bulk, containing as it does some sixty odd chapters. Prince Kropotkin has approached the subject from a somewhat novel point of view. He considers the Revolution as containing two movements: first, that of the middle classes against the Court; secondly, the revolt of the peasant against the grinding oppression of the feudal system still in operation. He devotes his research to showing how it was really the peasants who forced the Revolution. The middle-classes looked for reform, but the peasant demanded abolition of his disabilities, and Prince Kropotkin traces the whole history of the troubled years, recounting how the middle-classes actually struggled to suppress the peasants and almost joined with the Court against them to preserve the old *régime*, until the enormous forces working among the people proved too strong for any repression, and brought about the full Revolution.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM TOYNBEE, whose "Vignettes of the Regency," published a year ago, showed a real knowledge of the period and command of a pleasant style, is bringing out through Messrs. Constable another volume dealing with the same period. "Glimpses of the 'Twenties" gives the material from which the vignettes were outlined. The book is described as "the Court Circular to the first two volumes of Spencer Walpole's 'History,' and the ante-chamber to Greville and Mountstuart Grant Duff." This sounds promising, and with the present craze for anecdotal memoirs, Mr. Toynbee's book is likely to be very successful.

* * *

A COLLECTION of letters by Gambetta, which are said to throw a flood of new light upon his character and public actions, is to be published immediately by MM. Ollendorff of Paris. There are also several intimate glimpses of his family life, contributed by M. P. B. Gheusi, who edits the volume.

* * *

A STUDY of "The Life and Times of John Hüs," by Count Lützow, is announced by Messrs. Dent. Count Lützow, who is an authority upon Bohemian history and literature, lays special stress upon the part played by Hüs as a Bohemian patriot, and leader of the national movement. Unlike most previous biographers of Hüs, Count Lützow is inclined to hold that the Bohemian reformer was less indebted to the ideas of Wycliffe than to the theologians of the University of Prague, his immediate fore-runners.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England, 1781-1803." By Bernard Ward. (Longmans, 2 vols, 25s. net.)

"Hints on House Furnishing." By W. Shaw Sparrow. (Nash, 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Third French Republic." By Frederick Lawton. (Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net.)

"Military Needs and Military Policy." By the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Trials of Five Queens." By R. Storry Deans. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Galicia, the Switzerland of Spain." By Annette M. B. Meakin. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Monuments of Christian Rome." By Arthur L. Frothingham. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

"Faith." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Duckworth, 6s.)

"The Immortals' Great Quest." By J. W. Barlow. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d. net.)

"Au Pays d'Exil de Chateaubriand." Par Anatole Le Braz. (Paris: Champion, 3fr. 50.)

"Traditionalisme et Démocratie." Par D. Parodi. (Paris: Colin, 3fr. 50.)

"La Pensée de Ruskin." Par André Chevrillon. (Paris: Hachette, 3fr. 50.)

"Figures de Moines." Par Ernest Dimnet. (Paris: Perrin, 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE REVOLUTION AS A ROYALIST SAW IT.

Ordinary men are often better witnesses of the extraordinary than men of genius, and the most illuminating records of such an upheaval as the French Revolution have come from writers who but for this convulsion would to-day be altogether forgotten. The "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly" offer a notable addition to this most fascinating literature. Born twenty-one years before the meeting of the States General, of the rich financial classes, he saw from the inside, first the world which seemed as if it never could be moved, then the world which utterly destroyed it. A royalist of royalists, he experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune which reversed so completely the accepted standards. Now he is a young Parisian millionaire. Now he is hiding in the provinces, a suspected fugitive, or wandering in poverty, an exile. He was serving at the Tuilleries on the 10th of August in the one royalist company of the National Guard. He saw the tumbril carrying Danton to his death. He watched, with little sympathy, France sweeping out beyond its frontiers and conquering all the world; and watched, again, the world in arms against her, marching into the hitherto inviolate capital. He desired in the restoration the extirpation of the revolutionary idea, the re-establishment of the old *régime* in all its impossibilities. And he denounced the returned Bourbons because they had the sense to see, in all their follies, that there were some limits which could not be overpassed. He occupied some small place in literature and in politics during those days of order. When France awoke again in 1830 he shook the dust of it from off his feet, and departed into self-chosen exile. He died there in 1848—in another year of awakening—having seen during his eighty years one of the most amazing historical panoramas which the world has ever known.

The rulers of old France—at the end—were neither abnormally criminal, abnormally selfish, nor abnormally stupid. They were simply stricken with blindness: knowing no longer the signs of the time. Frénilly, in this attractive, and, in many respects, brilliant, memoir, reveals himself as a man of intelligence, of kindness, and of compassion. His only deficiency is that he is never even beginning to understand what is coming into his universe. The revolution appears to him but as a squalid uprising of criminals and outcasts, led by a band of greedy and unscrupulous adventurers. A whiff of grapeshot, and little determination on the part of Louis, could have choked it in its birth. One of his earliest recollections is of Voltaire's triumphant visit to Paris, and of himself—then a child of ten—being sent by his mother, alone, in an "apple-green satin coat, lined with pink, green satin breeches, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, completing my toilet with sword, hat, and a triple row of curls," with a letter of admiration to the old man. "The adventure created a sensation. People spoke of nothing else. Two days later the 'Journal de Paris,' which," he maliciously adds, "was almost as truthful then as it is now, said that a charming child had escaped from its parents' house in order to pay homage to Voltaire." Later came the introduction to Paris society: centering in the Palais Royale, love-making and merry-making, unconscious of the shadow of impending destruction. "People dined at two and supped at ten. They supped after the theatre, which began between five and six, and finished between eight and nine. After supper they played cards. . . Pleasure was people's only occupation." "Balls had become a sort of social obligation." "Everything there was gay and enchanting: the illumination and decoration of the rooms: the women's dresses, beflowered and befeathered: the costumes of the men, all silk and embroidery: the richly furnished buffets: and the choiceness of the suppers, which were repeated three or four times during the night." Behind, in the darkness outside, was the other nation, watching, envious, and indignant at this superfluity of enjoyment, destined so soon to make a terrible end of it all. But at the centre—in the early developments which settled all the subsequent catalcysms, every one was far too good-tempered and indolent to resist. "They allowed things to slide, either laughingly or with a shrug of the shoulders." "Thus was everything toppling over. There was nothing but a succession of false steps and falls. Comptrollers General fell one after the other."

The author passes to the Provinces, to the pleasant country society which gathered round Poitiers. And here also is the old life, scarcely disturbed by fear of the future, entertaining, enjoying, conversing, love-making: thinking that human life can endure upon such a basis:—

> "I arrived in Poitiers at the beginning of 1788," is the confession, "and therefore passed the terrible winter of 1789 there, but of which I recollect only balls and *fêtes*. In the spring came the elections, and of these also I remember only the dinners and their president, the Duc de Luxembourg. After the elections came the States-General, and then the taking of the Bastille, which cost me a louis, for there seemed to me to be as much likelihood of the moon being captured as that fortress. I began by denying the possibility of the thing, then backed up my opinion by a wager, and in losing learnt at an early period not to be astonished at any stupidity on the part of the Government."

So they ate and drank and rose and slept, until the flood came and destroyed them all.

Paris—that "biting, mischief-making, and ballad-making city, the enemy of its masters"—exhibited a society still playing with the revolutionary ideas, long after the provincial nobility had utterly condemned them. "My adorable mother," says Frénilly, "felt for the dawn of the revolution that indulgence which she had for everything and everybody." "It is a child," she said, "that is committing many follies. But it will grow up to be a man." "Mother," I replied, "it will grow into a monster." Two years after the meeting of the States General everything seemed stable and prosperous. In the spring of 1791 "everything was apparently peaceful: universal destruction was being carried out legally. The public debt had been absorbed by assignats. Commercial prosperity was at its height, and the mass of citizens said, 'All's well! The revolution is over: let us enjoy ourselves and rest.'" The general gaiety was interrupted by the abortive flight to Varennes—the real death blow to the French monarchy; and by the emigration. Yet even in January, 1792, in Paris, "for a long time past the winter had never been so brilliant. One might have thought that the people were accumulating joy to last them all the time they were about to sorrow. There was something prophetic in this surfeit of pleasures." Foreign intervention, the declaration of war upon the revolution, with the invasion of France and sudden danger turned the vision from light to darkness. One of the best of all historical pictures is here given of the night of the tenth of August: its confusion, its random orders, the uncertainty both of the King and of the mob. Louis reviewing his soldiers "silent and careworn as he slouched along, and seeming to say, 'All is lost.'"

From that day to the overthrow of Thermidor, madness and frenzy had seized the people. The mildest of them became possessed with a fury not their own. "There was a certain young and honest engraver who every month used to bring me parts of new works from the gallery of the Palais Royal—a man with the candour and timidity of a girl. I saw him a few days after August 10th, and found him beaming with joy. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Ah! sir,' he replied, 'Providence has smiled upon me: I have killed three Swiss.'" Fleeing from the stricken capital, Frénilly finds as companion in the diligence, "a stout, short, rotund little gentleman, a native of Lorraine." They meet the Orléans prisoners being brought in for trial. "They had but one more day to live. Whilst this sight was making my hair stand on end, my companion began to shout at the top of his voice, 'A la guillotine.' 'Wretched man,' said I, pulling him by the coat; 'at any rate keep your tongue still.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'I shout because I am frightened.'" "There," says Frénilly, drily, "you have the history of the whole of France."

Even these tragedies were not without their humor. In Frénilly's estate in the Nivernais, the Curé of the parish, an ex-Grenadier of the French Guards, and "the biggest scamp you ever set eyes on," had got himself appointed mayor. On the command that all signs of feudality should be destroyed, he proceeded to smash to pieces the four towers

* "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly." Edited, with an introduction, by Arthur Chuquet. Heinemann. 10s. net.

of the castle. "After this, he sent me in a bill for the work of demolition." They celebrate in a tiny country town in the neighborhood the Feast of Reason, Frénilly, as "good citizen," participating. "Only men were present. All the journeymen cutlers, anchor-makers, and other artisans of Cosne stood upright—and I with them—in front of planks which served as tables, without tablecloths, napkins, spoons, knives, or forks. Everything was eaten with the fingers. My neighbor imprudently drew a clasp knife from his pocket, whereupon there was a general cry of protest." Pitchers of wine were passed from mouth to mouth "with such frequency that half the guests were under the tables at the end of an hour." The day ends in indescribable orgies. "Such was the welcome I received," says Frénilly, "at the capital of my barony."

He sees the terrible process to its end, half-stunned by the enormity of the catastrophe. One day in the Rue Saint Honoré, he sees Danton and his companions passing to their death "in three carts painted red, harnessed to his horses, and escorted by five or six gendarmes making their way through an immense and silent crowd which showed no joy and did not dare to express its horror." Of Danton, "his enormous round head was proudly turned towards the stupid multitude, with impudence on his forehead and an expression of rage and indignation on his lips." Paris lies silent under the terror; on every wall, "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité, ou la Mort"; men speaking in whispers, women remaining indoors. Afterwards the richest men in France are waiting in the queues for the morsels of black viscid bread which alone the Government permitted. "Many a time when this pseudo-bread was brought to me have I thrown it against the wall where it remained sticking, and not even my dog would approach it."

When society at last recovered, and Bonaparte restored civil order, "it was the height of good manners," says Frénilly, "to be ruined, to have been suspected, persecuted, and, above all, imprisoned. Without the last qualification, there was neither salvation nor consideration for you in society. People greatly regretted that they had not been guillotined."

It is the testimony of an eye witness to great happenings—full of prejudice yet full of vivacity, brilliant characterisation, extraordinarily alive.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF VITALISM.*

The philosopher and the theologian really ask the same question—What God shall we worship? It is true that the question is addressed by each to different informants. The latter interrogates the data supplied by feeling, ethical or otherwise; the former hopes that the conditions of human thinking will be able to throw some light on the subject. We all know what a dubious and varying oracle feeling has proved to be throughout the ages during which man has been a suppliant at its shrine. So many of its answers are not merely dark but nonsensical. We can see some glimmerings of meaning in the notion that fire, or an animal, or man himself, is divine. But to assert that a stick or stone or an object of human manufacture is God, seems more abject than puerility. Nevertheless the philosopher with all his caution seems to have elicited answers fully as various and, some of them, equally absurd. The philosopher does not practise methods of supplication. Rather he may be compared to the hunter who with a full apparatus of weapons and snares, seeks to waylay or entrap the object of his chase. He equips himself with technicalities. He will not, for example, ask in plain terms, what is God, but what is Reality. Yet a recent reply to the philosophic quest has been (put bluntly) that God is a machine; or, if we wish to state the doctrine in the technical form in which its producers would recognise it, that the real world is an assemblage of inanimate forces.

Some people would hold that only in refinement of expression is this to be preferred to the crude notions of fetichism. And thus it is that the present day witnesses a revolt against the mechanical philosophy which reached the fullest expansion of its power in the writings of Huxley and Haeckel. Abroad, the Germans are reviving a doctrine of the Will, but it is in France that the theories of vitalism have found their most brilliant exponent. The appearance of M. Bergson promises to be a turning-point in the history of European thought. Here we have a thinker who has at his disposal that most exquisite of instruments—modern French prose, and who handles it in a fashion to command the admiration of his compatriots. With the spirit of a consummate artist he refuses to make his philosophy a mere file of memoranda. His writing has the unity and flow, above all the imagination, of a poem. Again, he is not the mere metaphysician, pulling the threads out of the fabrics which the physical sciences have woven, and demonstrating their rottenness and perishable nature, while himself incapable of taking part in the production of scientific theory. No biologist who reads M. Bergson's pages, proving, as they do, a first-hand knowledge of all the most recent work in the scientific sphere, will doubt M. Bergson's competence, or set him down as merely an intelligent amateur. Finally, the metaphysician has as little right to regard him as a biologist who has strayed into the fields, or lost himself in the forests, of philosophy. The student of ancient speculation will find that M. Bergson is well versed in its whole history from Plato to Plotinus. The logician will discover that our author has confidence enough in his theories to set up his own doctrine in express opposition to the whole of the methods of bygone philosophising, from the time of Aristotle to that of Kant.

M. Bergson's quarrel with the whole of preceding philosophy is due to a profound disbelief in the axiom which all previous theory seems to have assumed about the nature of reality. The real world in the eyes of materialists and idealists alike is something static. This is due to the fact that our thought is most at home when dealing with solids and their relations in space. Geometry is the great triumph of our thinking. When we wish to picture to ourselves motion, we represent it as a direction marked by a line in space. Every science, even one which describes the behavior of moving bodies like the stars and planets, consists of a set of statements each of which is true at the same time; all co-exist in the eternal unchanging present of truth. Ambitious mechanical theories of the universe regard past and future as two sides of an equation linked together by a rigid band—the mathematical sign of equality; the moving, flowing time which creates the one out of the other, and which we all experience, is left out of account. The universe, therefore, is conceived to be something of which all the parts are given once for all. The state of the world at any moment is simply a redistribution of its original elements. If we are idealists and wish to account for the perishable nature of the world of sense, we take it to be merely a distortion of the imperishable reality which exists apart from it. Whether all is matter or all is mind it is a mind that never alters and a matter which is indestructible. But, maintains our critic, it is time which is the real fact; it continually unfolds to us that which is new. So far from the future being already contained in the past, it is perfectly impossible to predict the exact nature of what will occur from any knowledge, however complete, of past conditions. The world is continually creating itself in time; it is not a musical box that, once set going, must play just one set of tunes and no other. As a matter of fact, our habit of thinking of the world as a set of parts with fixed relations to each other is begotten by the necessities of our practical life. We wish to fasten on certain events in the continuous series of causes and effects, as we lay hold on the handle of a knife or a hammer. We wish to use the world as our tool, and we imagine that because certain facts can be so employed, the whole is fashioned according to their pattern. Science then, suffers from an incurable illusion as to the nature of the universe and will not help us to discover its secret.

To what then must we trust if science proves useless? Are we doomed to scepticism? Some people may have difficulty in making out the significance of M. Bergson's reply. The secret of life is discovered rather by living than by thinking, and this life which brings us face to face with the absolute is not wholly unillumined. We still have intuition left us. It is true that this intuition is intermittent; in developing our intelligence for the purpose

* "L'Evolution Créatrice." Par Henri Bergson. 4ième édition. Paris: Alcan.

of combating the brute forces of nature we have, to a large extent, lost hold of intuition, which is an alternative and distinct mode of consciousness. Intuition is a nearly extinguished lamp, which yet, from time to time, leaps into flame when a vital interest is concerned. "Sur notre personnalité, sur notre liberté . . . . sur notre origine et peut-être aussi sur notre destinée, elle projette une lumière vacillante et faible, mais qui n'en perce pas moins l'obscurité de la nuit où nous laisse l'intelligence."

To the reader who is not an expert in philosophy, probably the most interesting part of the book will be the first chapter, in which M. Bergson sifts the wheat from the chaff in the current theories of evolution. He holds, as we have seen, that time is creative, that absolutely fresh developments are manifested from time to time in the history of the world. Not only so, but the development of fresh forms is not accidental. Neither is it purposive. Yet history is the gradual unfolding of an "élan vital" which strives to follow definite routes. Darwin fails wholly to account for the parallel formation of an organ of vision in the vertebrates and in the *mollusca*. The logic of this passage is fine. Insensible variations in the various parts of this intricate structure could not await each other's appearance unless they are not accidental. Again abrupt variations (such as those which De Vries seems to have proved to be possible) could not concur in all parts of the organ and lead to improved vision, and at the same time be accidental. Similarly the theory that environment produces variation, and the doctrine that acquired characteristics are transmissible, are admirably analysed (we know of nothing so masterly in the writings of the English biologists), and their inability to explain the phenomena is demonstrated. We are left with no solution but that of the vital striving which, throughout the realm of organised beings, struggles upwards in a movement which is the inverse of that which has resulted in the lifeless inorganic world.

A POETIC COMEDY.*

"Sisyphus" will come as a surprise to most readers of Mr. Robert Trevelyan's other poetical works. The world has probably regarded him hitherto as an industrious and single-minded poet, with very genuine poetical gifts not supported by much direct personal force or distinctive quality. Certainly it is hard to remember in Mr. Trevelyan's previous books anything that gave promise of the originality and weird humor which we feel in "Sisyphus." It really is something new.

It is an "operatic fable" in three Acts, representing the story of Sisyphus, the Cunning King of Corinth. In Act 1 Sisyphus dies, is cast out unburied, and returns from Hades to interrupt the nuptials of his widow with her lover—a prince bearing the somewhat exclamatory name of Eudamidas, son of Eublastidas. In Act 2, according to the myth, he overcomes with wine the ancient gods Death and Sleep, and fastens Death up in a chest which can never be opened. In Act 3 he proceeds from this vantage ground to make a bargain with the gods; gets near victory over them; then is tricked and ruinously defeated.

Now we have had many comic operas and burlesques upon Greek mythology before this, and rather vulgar and dull things they are, most of them. But "Sisyphus" is the work of a real poet, and a real lover of the strange bye-paths of Greek myth. Grotesquely as all the mythical material is treated, it is never cheapened or vulgarised. One hardly ever feels the author "trying to be funny." It is as if he was steeped in these old queer myths, and saw them instinctively in a way of his own which increased their queerness while preserving their beauty. One is reminded of the distorted forms that can be seen in driving clouds, or in the fire.

As the treatment is never vulgar, so it is very seldom consciously or deliberately witty. The cloud shapes sometimes accidentally drift into a shape that makes you laugh. That is all. And the verse is as far as possible from the slick, clean-cut verse that one associates with burlesque. It is dreamy and shapeless verse, utterly irregular, yet written with a great sense of metre, and often achieving real beauty. Take, for instance, the prayer of the chorus outside the King's sick chamber:—

> "Thanatos, O just Thanatos!
> Oh delay not; hither haste thee,
> That this Sisyphus, the tyrannous, the abominable,
> Thou may'st carry to Acheron away with thee!
> Haste, oh haste thee hither, Death!
> Stone dead, the proverb saith,
> Hath no fellow: then haste thee, Death."

Presently Sisyphus is carried out to say farewell to his trusty and well-beloved people:—

> "Hush! Beware! Beware!
> But now his thin lips stirred,
> Have a care!
> He liveth still.
> Speak no rash word,
> Lest ye be overheard,
> And your expectations crossed,
> When he alters a tenth time to your cost,
> With a last bitter codicil
> His nine-times altered will.
>
> SISYPHUS.
>
> My wife, my sons, draw near my bed, for I
> Once more would speak with you before I die.
> Where is my lawyer? Let him fetch my will.
> I wish to add another codicil."

There is the same dreamlike quality in the working out of the plot. Comic situations tremble on the verge of horror, as in a dream, yet always a dreamy, not a realistic, horror. For instance, Sisyphus's wife. By that tenth codicil he has compelled her to throw his body out unburied. When he gets to Hades he complains of this treatment, and gets leave to return to earth simply for the purpose of punishing so wicked a wife. He is to live until he has punished her. The wife is at first in terror of the punishment; then sees that she is perfectly safe, as Sisyphus has no wish to cease living; then she longs to be punished, and is ready to endure anything, if only her bland and mocking husband will die again. Rather a similar effect is produced by the drifting variations of feeling in the chorus, and again by the mixed joy and despondency of the world when Death is imprisoned in the box.

There is a good deal of Aristophanes in the poem; there is also a good deal of rhymeless quantitative verse in the style of Robert Bridges. However, if quantitative verse of this sort is ever in place, it is in a theme like "Sisyphus." The whole book, both as drama and as poetry, seems to us to show talent of a quite peculiar and noteworthy sort.

THE ARTISTIC POSE.*

It is curious that the more people talk of art and nature the further off are they from the real thing. Bohemianism is now connoted with people who write fourth-rate novels in comfortable Chelsea flats. The men who struggled along, on hack wages, in eighteenth century Grub Street, from Savage to Chatterton, were innocent of "the artistic temperament," and they left the luxury of the artistic pose to their patrons, the "Cognoscenti." The noble amateur, indeed, has always been in evidence in the field of the arts, often beating the professionals on their own lines. But not till the vast hordes of our great public, definitely in search of culture, swarmed into the enclosures of literature and the arts did the horrors of the æsthetic pose come to light. Ruskin, by throwing down the barriers between the middle-class soul and the arts, is responsible, perhaps, for the reaction of "exclusiveness" by which Oscar Wilde and his little group of "decadents" took advantage of our public's innocence. No sham is, indeed, too gross in matters artistic to take in a public naturally wanting in æsthetic sensibility, whose mental life is a battlefield between ethical conceptions and sensuous temptations. The term "Art," indeed, in England is so vulgarly tainted with the idea of moral laxity or indulgence in sensuous pleasure that practically everything that is uttered about "the function of art"—even at a Royal Academy banquet!—is warped by an uneasy consciousness of falsity. The relations of the artist to the public are false to-day because art itself has been so long a luxury for the few, and a superfluity for the many.

"Syrinx," not wholly worthless in itself, is a good example of how a bad work of art, false and confused in

* "Sisyphus, an Operatic Fable." By R. C. Trevelyan. Longmans.

* "Syrinx." By Laurence North. Heinemann. 6s.

outlook, helps to bring art into contempt. All the characters, who are supposed to be cultured, fastidious, well-bred folk, are constantly talking about art, thinking about art, being inspired by the masterpieces of art, antique, medieval, and modern, and yet their character, their inner dignity, their social value, all are considerably below the level, say, of intelligent gas-stokers or tramway conductors. Luxurious parasites of an overfed and *blasé* London society, Aspasia, the heroine of "Syrinx," and her set of sculptors, painters, musicians, are able to represent "the artistic temperament," merely because the insensibility and stupidity of our general public's attitude makes art to-day an affair of hot-house culture and not a daily, living force.

The proverb about breaking a butterfly on the wheel would be applicable in the case of the novel before us, if Laurence North (a pseudonym suspiciously feminine?) did not, half consciously, present us with a diagnosis of those morbid symptoms of the "æsthetic pose" which break out like an eruption on the skin of cultured society. The bewitching heroine, Aspasia, with her "form very supple and so flowing in its lines as to disguise its real voluptuousness, a face of perverse attractiveness, mystical, sleepy grey eyes that seemed all comprehending," personifies, indeed, all the sensuous temptations which the honest British imagination shudders at and is drawn to, turn by turn, when "Art" is in question. In a sense the novel is amateurish and childish, but in another sense it has meaning significance as showing how neurotic the "artistic temperament" grows when it is cut off from healthy contact with the actual necessities of life. The author has shrewd glimpses of the painful fact, and in a few passages she shows us that she has touched the truth about the pseudo-Bohemian "artistic" London coteries which "Syrinx" glorifies:—

> "Do you not know that curious other consciousness that London seems to awaken? In London we are never the same creatures we are elsewhere. It makes us something we can't define or realise, something we can hardly remember when we leave, something we inevitably become the moment we return to it. Men talk of the wickedness of cities. In other towns it may be a moral influence; in London, I am sure, it has a physical basis. There the purely spiritual vision seems smeared, impossible. I feel irritable, exacting, discontented, carping, full of a mad craving for excitement, no matter what. But in the country everything is changed. The simplest things content me, the glare and fascination of the city don't seem contemptible; they simply cease to exist. I'm another, perhaps a happier, being. The books of town, the so-called new thought, make no appeal. I become what my London self would laugh at as old-fashioned, if the two selves ever met; but they don't."
>
> * * *
>
> He and Aspasia weren't boring each other in the least. She was tremendously interested.
>
> "She always is for the first hour or two."
>
> "Not with men who don't count in some way. Believe me, Marie, this person does count somehow. . . . You know, there's a breadth and soundness (don't laugh) about those real scholars that our little cliquey devotions and prejudices can't give us. We laugh at Matthew Arnold, and all he stands for; we roll our eyes and make our prettiest mouths, and say: 'Dreadful person' when he's mentioned. It puts the timid or shallow people down at once, and we have it all our own way; but Aspasia's Motorman would just smile, and pass by, secure on his own serene heights. We acknowledge one or two prophets, and they are our gods. These men see all that's good in the prophet's work; they also know exactly what's wrong with it. We don't, and that's what's wrong with us. We know lots of little masters, as we know people in society. Motorman, I am sure, knows the few great masters like old friends, and understands exactly where the little masters come in."

These passages, taken from the chapter "A Voice from Gath," have reason in them, but unfortunately most of the rest are vitiated by severe symptoms of the disease that Whitman once styled "the beauty disease." When we encounter Aspasia en route for Pangbury station, her step "lagging luxuriously," "under the mantle of twilight pierced only by the low-hung light of Venus," and when "stretching out her arms, her hands lightly curved upwards in invocation" to "Aphrodite, Queen of Heaven," the first stanza of Sappho's ode (in the original) thrills on her lips, "we are prepared for the entry of the *jeune premier*, who arrives in the person of Robert Akenside, aged forty, ex-fellow of Amiel College, with the Hertford, the Ireland, and every other academic distinction to his name." In return for a lift in his motor the entrancing Aspasia, "who reigns by divine right of intellect and a fastidious capacity for enjoyment," invites Akenside to a dinner at the Carlovingian, where he meets the "cleverest set in London," the Polite Outcasts. The talk of all these people is hollow, affected, and pretentious. Akenside, who is not only a finished scholar but "one of the first authorities on sculpture," of course, falls hopelessly in love with the "incomparable" siren who "brow-beats him with the most delicate arts," and who "is alive, so brilliantly alive that she could be intense in every phase." His rival is Laleham, an ineffable painter who invites Aspasia to accompany him to Italy "to some quiet little town by the sea, far away from the vulgar tread of the tourist," and share with him the simple life. "What the hour may bring I shall accept gladly, content if I can realise myself fully, completely, passing from sensation to sensation as naturally and unconsciously as my breath comes and goes." Aspasia at first declines, but, in twenty-four hours, feeling tired by her literary labors for the savant, Hardiman, at the British Museum, and being worried by her dressmaker's bill, and the discovery that "the sordid dreariness of having few clothes, *clothes that for all their artistry, cried aloud to other women that they cost little*, had become insupportable," she reflects that it is "hereditary prejudice" to think "that love must be the only justification of supreme surrender." She wires to Laleham, "I am no longer a conventional person," but alas! that unforeseeing person has judiciously departed for Florence. And Aspasia is forced to subside on another genius, Seward, "the sculptor of the future," whose call she obeys "with the rapture of a devotee." "To her genius was sacrosanct, a thing to be worshipped with divine honors—if he had genius Aspasia set him above all law. Called to be his ministering priestess she must set everything aside for his service. . . . Her devotion to art was a passion almost maternal. She was to be partner in the birth of a glorious work, and the thought yielded her the ecstacy of motherhood." All this simply means that after the first meeting between the two, when she shows Seward that her knowledge of the literature of love was "as surprising as it was shameless," "fencing lightly with Procopius, Apuleius, Philostratus, Brantôme, Casanova, Mendès, Mirbeau, Pierre Louys, and the Arab Sheikh Netzauni," she sits to him for a statute of "Syrinx," without any Philistine misgiving, her action in offering herself as his model being "spontaneous and perfectly natural." When she sees his first sketch of her pose, she "clasped herself in a rapture of self-love, bending towards it, her lips parted, her eyes enamoured, and fed her soul with adoration."

It is needless to detail further the adventures of the elect Aspasia's soul among the masterpieces and the men. On every page there is pose, and on every other there is chatter about art. The unfortunate Robert Akenside gets her to come out to Rome as his secretary in his work of classical research, and a most insufferable and vulgar girl she soon shows herself, conceited, ill-bred, shrewish, and inordinately vain. And while she is playing off the airs and graces of her "complex personality" on her new admirer, Professor Urbano, and angling furtively after Laleham, the infatuated Akenside receives "intimate confidences that were distractingly sweet," and before him rises hourly the statue of "the little Syrinx with its ineffable allurement, its strange revelation of the mysteries of body and soul, its dual kinship with the world of yesterday and of to-day, and he sank down trembling at the knowledge of all it symbolised." What the statue symbolised, if it were a little better done than the novel, must have been its distressing power of humbugging simple people. For had the author of "Syrinx" possessed the critical faculty, had he wit enough to hide Aspasia's innate vulgarity, her egregious self-adoration, and all the bag of her shallow little tricks, it is quite possible that its art talk and æsthetic pose might have passed with the majority of readers for the real love of what is beautiful. Of real beauty—beauty of spirit and beauty of form—no comprehension is shown in "Syrinx." Unhappily, the influence of such work is by no means insignificant, for the artistic counterfeit that passes current estranges sincere and simple souls from real art and does more than anything to confirm the Philistine in his Philistinism.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In his latest volume, "The Wander Years" (Smith, Elder, 6s. net), Mr. J. H. Yoxall takes the fullest advantage of the essayist's licence to talk at large. While his "wander years" appear to have been spent very largely in France, the memories of things and men encountered there recall so many cognate memories of other countries that the literary result is a more than usually diversified miscellany. People and places, battle-fields, old china, water-colors, heredity—*à propos* of Goethe—and the House of Commons figure herein; but, perhaps, the character of the volume can be better expressed by quoting the title to Chapter VI., which runs, "From Artois to Liverpool, and by Russia, Battersea, and Fiesole to Fowey," and has a sub-heading entitled "On a platter at Montreuil." Of course, this style of thing is perfectly legitimate, in that it is quite in accordance with classic models; so, too, in places at any rate, is the use of exotic words, and so the degree of whimsicality that out-Lambs Lamb. And yet Mr. Yoxall, in spite of his great fund of miscellaneous scholarship, is hardly as convincing an essayist as the famous prototypes on whom he models himself. The probable reason is his eclecticism. At times he goes a sentimental journey with Sterne, at times he sits in the East India House with Lamb, to emerge for a chat with Sainte-Beuve or Ruskin, or a romp with Dickens; or he joins a party of early nineteenth century British artists in Paris; or he is just an enthusiastic collector of china and other bric-à-brac. We are disposed to think that in the last-named *rôle* he is most truly himself. Of old china in particular he writes most eloquently and interestingly; he has the history and the beauty of it at his finger-ends, and the touch of the fingers is delicate and suggestive. He tells us that he has collected everything—even battle-fields, metaphorically!—and there is no doubt whatever as to the very catholic sympathies that his wander years bred within him. But while he is just intellectually entertaining on a town, a house, a cathedral, a bit of human history—the study of Rousseau's Madame de Warens is more noteworthy than most, by the way—a piece of Crown Derby or Nantgarw seems to wake his soul, and the result is to make the reader forget his mannerisms. The book, on the whole, is, like many of its words, a trifle exotic, and possibly too much the outcome of a highly cultivated mind, and too little the reflection of personal feeling. This, however, is by no means to say that it is affected, or that it is not a peculiarly courageous attempt to revive the golden, and mostly forgotten, art of essay-writing.

* * *

In "The Public Health Agitation, 1833-48" (A. C. Fifield, 2s. 6d. net) Miss B. L. Hutchins has set out in attractive form the main facts about the origins of humane sanitary legislation in England. A connecting link between Factory Reform, Poor Law Reform, and Sanitary Reform is found in the career of Edwin Chadwick, who, though chiefly known for his decided and vigorous policy in the reorganisation of the Poor Law, is a scarcely less important figure in the development of modern administrative ideas in regard to factory life and the conditions of public health. Chadwick has, indeed, had less than justice done to him in the commonly accepted view of his methods and his aims. Many forget, for example, that he condemned the promiscuous workhouse almost as strongly as the Minority Report; that he was opposed to the giving of useless and degrading work as a test, and that he did not wish to apply the principle of deterrence to children, or to the old, or the sick. He brought down on his head storms of abuse (Disraeli called him "this monster in human shape") partly by his unsympathetic manner and partly by his warfare on abuses. In Factory Reform he made a great advance on Oastler and Sadler in recommending Government inspection. All previous legislation had left supervision to the magistrates and had, in consequence, been quite ineffectual. The idea of paid inspectors had been put into a Bill by Robert Owen, and Miss Hutchins suggests that Chadwick may have heard of it through Bentham, who had at one time been on terms of friendship with Owen. This was infinitely the most important contribution made to Factory Reform, but at the time it was vehemently opposed by many of the Ten Hours propagandists, who thought that the inspectors were sure to be on the side of the manufacturers. The picture of his great public exertions is completed by the account of his work as a Public Health Reformer. He had seen enough of the conditions of England during his survey as a Poor Law Commissioner to realise the hideous state of the homes and streets in which the English poor were doomed to live. When the Poor Law Board was dissolved he threw himself into the great work of the organisation of social reform. His "Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Laboring Classes of Great Britain" marks an epoch in this history of legislative administration for the protection of health. Miss Hutchins has given a clear and readable account of a movement which it is especially interesting to study with the Report of the Second Poor Law Commission in our hands.

* * *

Most missions abroad are devoted so entirely to the regeneration of the colored races that it is rather a relief to read of one that has the white man's moral and spiritual elevation for an objective. The "Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd" has its headquarters at Dubbo, in New South Wales, and the Australian bushman is its care, to the practical exclusion of the aborigines. In "A Parson in the Australian Bush" (Arnold, 6s. net), the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, late vice-principal of the Brotherhood, which is one of a group of similar bodies now established in Australia, gives a very readable account of his experiences in connection with this body's work. During his journeyings over an immense tract of country he made the acquaintance of several curious characters and encountered some few adventures. He arrived, moreover, at certain conclusions as to the religious needs of the population and the best methods of supplying them, which are here set forth. Incidentally he gives a very outspoken explanation of the comparative failure of his own church, the Anglican, to exercise influence. The parish system, he points out, is impracticable in a country where parish boundaries must often be a hundred miles apart on account of the vast area to be covered by a few clergymen. Another difficulty was found to be the prejudice of the bushman against the parson's visits, arising out of the suspicion—in some cases well-founded—that he came mainly for the sake of the "collection." There are some capital photographic illustrations, and a few not inept sketches by the author. The book is written emphatically from the Australian point of view, and evidences much sympathy with the political, as well as the religious, ideals of a still young nation.

* * *

Mr. Charles E. B. Russell, who is the honorary secretary of the Heywood Street Lads' Club, Ancoats, Manchester, has collaborated with Miss Lilian M. Rigby in the writing of a very practical book on "Working Lads' Clubs" (Macmillan, 5s. net). Boys' clubs already existing in our principal cities are described in considerable detail, and much sound advice is given to those who contemplate starting fresh ones. As regards new enterprise in this direction, the chief thing to remember from the economic point of view would seem to be that the genuine working lads' club can never be entirely self-supporting, since the subscription and tariff must always be low in proportion to the expenses of renting and running the establishment. On the whole the authors are disposed to favor the advantages of the larger clubs as against those of smaller ones, provided that the former are conducted on the right lines. These lines involve the cultivation of personal sympathy between the boys and the officers set over them, the avoidance of anything in the way of religious or other teaching that a boy cannot understand, and so cannot be expected to relish, and, what is most important of all—since it embraces all—the careful study of the physical and mental requirements of boy nature. This book both reveals what has been done by the working lads' clubs movement in the past towards brightening the lives of boys, and guiding them at a critical age, and demonstrates the importance of the question to our race. It enables one to see how a well-managed club can benefit a lad in many ways, besides the direct recreation it gives him; how, in fact, it can exercise an enormous influence over his home life, his work, and his amusements outside what the club provides, and may truly mould his future as a citizen.

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The City has enjoyed a quiet and uneventful week. The Board of Trade returns for February are fairly encouraging compared with February of last year, which had an extra working day. The imports of raw material are quite promising, and our emporium trade in re-exports is actually better than at this time last year. This trade in re-exports, by the way, would be practically killed by Tariff Reform. A good deal of anxious curiosity is being aroused about the Budget, which may be introduced before Easter. A deficit of fifteen millions, of which ten or twelve would have to be raised in new taxation, is a rather appalling prospect. The deficit, of course, may be rather less; but, in any case, it will require all the ingenuity of Mr. Lloyd George to devise the necessary ways and means.

Chinese Railway Loans.

The City is considerably perturbed about Chinese railways, for which some nine or ten millions of capital have already been raised in England. The interest on the loans is secured first on the profits on the lines, and, secondly, on a guarantee of the Chinese Government. But when the Chinese build the railways themselves the money seems to go anywhere but into the construction of the line, so that the first security becomes no security at all. And if this new system of Chinese railway directors goes on the Imperial Government may not be able to find the interest on these loans. The moral seems to be that British firms should have nothing to do with Chinese Railway loans until adequate guarantees are given that the lines shall be honestly constructed under the competent control of European engineers.

Wheat Prices and the Maize Crop.

Last week the "Gazette" price of English wheat was 34s. 5d. per quarter, compared with 30s. 11d. this time last year, and 26s. 9d. in March, 1906. These high prices are of ill omen for other trades, which are bound to suffer when the first necessaries of life rise in price. In the old days of Protection it was noticed that in years when the price of corn went up wages went down, and *vice versâ*. Last year, owing mainly to the failure of the Indian and Australian harvests, the world's crop was short and wheat reserves were depleted. The world's maize crop was also deficient. Reckoning in quarters of eight bushels, the three chief exporters of maize in 1907 and 1908 were the United States, Argentina, and Russia, as follows:—

	1907.	1908.
United States	9,585,000	4,315,000
Argentina	5,950,000	7,845,000
Russia	4,200,000	2,500,000

The extraordinary thing about maize is the gigantic production of the United States, which accounts for just three-fourths of the whole maize crop of the world. Thus, for 1908, the total crop is estimated at 405 million quarters, to which the United States contributed 308 million quarters. Hungary was a poor second with 17 millions, and Argentina third with 15 millions. The United Kingdom is the largest importer of maize. We took 7,895,000 quarters in 1908, against 12,450,000 quarters in 1907. Germany's figures for the two years were 3,080,000 and 5,750,000. The fall in imports is accounted for by the high prices, which led farmers to economise in their use of Indian corn.

More Railway Economies.

The Scotch railway reports issued this week record economies even more remarkable than those of the English lines. The management of the various Scotch systems has for years been a subject of rather fierce criticism, and shareholders will probably be surprised at the saving effected since the slump in traffics first began. Whether the directors can continue these economies, or whether future half-years will have to pay for present retrenchment, is a doubtful point. Anyhow, it is worth noting that four companies, with a loss of £154,000 in gross, had a gain of nearly £27,000 in net—a gain that is only partly due to the lower price of coal. From an analysis of the reports, I should say that the systems have, for the most part, been well maintained, but that the service of the lines has been very considerably reduced, the wages bills of the four companies having fallen by some £50,000. Here again we shall have to wait and see whether the reduction is part of a new policy, or is only a temporary economy due to the smaller quantity of freight handled. To run the lines permanently with a smaller staff may be justifiable, but a policy of this kind can obviously become dangerous both to the public and to the company's servants. The dividends declared remain in every case at last year's rate, and the Scotch directors may claim that in this respect at least they have beaten their contemporaries across the Border. The following table shows the amounts of the different stocks and the sums distributed on them:—

	Amount of Stock. £		Div. p.c. per annum.
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Of this 63½ millions of stock "water" accounts for not much less than half. The dividend announcements have had a very good effect on the market:—

	Jan. 1.	Mar. 10.	
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I see that in the declared exports to the United States through the American Consulate at Aden coffee has been a variable factor. For the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1907, the amount was 471,602 dol., against 261,104 dol. in 1906 and 308,088 dol. in 1905. The total imports of coffee into the United States average over 70,000,000 dol. a year. The total shipments of coffee from Aden to all parts amount to about 1,500,000 dol. a year. The immense consumption of coffee in the United States offers the Taft Administration a fine source of revenue. But a coffee duty would be very unpopular; though it might be beneficial if it checked the consumption of strong coffee—a favorite American vice.

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Diary of the Week.

The Navy Estimates were issued on Friday week. They represent a total of £35,142,700, being an increase of £2,823,000 on last year's provision, and of £1,340,000 in the shipbuilding vote. Thus all hope of economy, and probably of a programme of social reform, disappears. The new construction consists of four "Dreadnoughts," six protected cruisers, twenty destroyers, and many submarines—a fleet in itself. The plan of the Cabinet in view of the German programme is disclosed by the proposal of the House of Commons to allow the Government to collect materials for, and generally to prepare for the construction of, four more "Dreadnoughts" to be laid down on the 1st of April, 1910, and finished by March, 1912. These four ships have, of course, nothing to do with this year's programme. The proposal simply gives the Government power to make an earlier beginning with the programme of 1910, provided the Cabinet decides that such acceleration is necessary. The number of ships to be laid down in 1910 is, of course, a matter for future settlement. In pursuance of this plan of speeding up, two of this year's "Dreadnoughts" are to be laid down in July, and the other two in November. They will, therefore, be all commissioned by the end of 1911 or the beginning of 1912, giving us 18 "Dreadnoughts," including the two "Nelsons," to Germany's normal 13, or 22 if the "speeding up" proposal holds, and we are afraid that Germany will then have 17 leviathans. This implies a further increase of from two to three millions on the shipbuilding vote.

The House of Commons and the Liberal Party generally accepted this programme, but, unfortunately, a highly sensational turn was given to the announcement of it on Tuesday—a form more suited to the larger demands of the Admiralty which the Cabinet finally rejected. Mr. McKenna, in a clear and able, but thoroughly alarmist speech, stated that the Admiralty now expected the German ships of 1908-9 to be finished in 1910, and that the Germans had begun to collect materials and to make turrets, guns, gun-mountings, and armaments for the 1909-10 ships, of which they had laid down one, and possibly two. Later on the Prime Minister declared that this latter fact was made known to the Government last November, and that it was a "great surprise," a "most grave discovery." He and Mr. McKenna also announced that we no longer possessed our former superior speed in "Dreadnought" building, though, as Germany has not yet built a single "Dreadnought," we do not see how such a comparison can be made.

* * *

The sum of these suggestions was that Germany *might* in the spring of 1912 possess seventeen "Dreadnoughts," to our twenty, or twenty-two *plus* the "Nelsons"—not in itself an alarming calculation. But Mr. Asquith added that the German Government had given us a "most distinct declaration" that there would be no acceleration of their programme; while Admiral von Tirpitz stated on the following day, in the Reichstag, that Germany, so far from having seventeen "Dreadnoughts" in the spring of 1912 would only possess thirteen in the autumn of that year. Mr. Balfour, out-Heroding Herod, produced a series of unintelligible calculations that she would then have twenty-one or twenty-five. It has yet to be shown that she has done anything secret or unusual. This question the Government can test under their wise proposal to put forward the programme of 1910, or hold it over to the normal time according to necessity.

* * *

These announcements fell on the House of Commons like a thunderbolt. Alarm was universal. Mr. Harvey's amendment was abruptly withdrawn, and the only protest came through the Labor Party's determination to resist the Speaker's leaving the chair. Eighty-three members joined in this protest, including thirty-two Liberals, stalwarts of peace and their principles, against 322 supporters of the Government. But after Mr. Asquith's foreboding speech, debate all but dried up. One or two grave and troubled remonstrances came from the Irish and Labor benches, and Mr. J. M. Robertson made an impressive statement of the reasonable excuse for German shipbuilding given by our insistence on the right of capturing merchant shipping. Mr. Dillon, in a speech of equal power and truth, regarded the way in which both Front Benches pointed the Estimates solely at Germany as "most ominous and grave," and said that such methods and language were heralds of a storm. The Prime Minister talked as if we had nothing but "Dreadnoughts," and as if Germany were almost on an equality with us. This was the way to create panic. Mr. Henderson pertinently asked whether Admiral von

Tirpitz's statement in the Reichstag did not destroy the assumption on which Mr. McKenna's calculations were based. The debate, he said, represented the triumph of the Navy League and the definite abandonment of peace, retrenchment, and reform.

* * *

On Thursday the Government reaped what it had sown. The Opposition, throwing all pretence of "patriotism" aside, devoted itself to making party scores. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Law pressed the point that the Prime Minister, while nominally upholding the two-Power standard, had talked as if we possessed barely a one-Power advantage over Germany. "You say you were caught napping last autumn: have we any guarantee that you are right now in your calculations of German shipbuilding power and its possible accelerations?" they asked. Mr. Bonar Law, confronted with Admiral von Tirpitz's express declarations, made the shameful retort that he did not believe them, as they came from a Power with which we might soon be at war.

* * *

Finally, the Liberals, recovering somewhat from their panic of Tuesday, began to see the scare in its true proportions, Mr. Lough declaring stoutly that Admiral von Tirpitz had made a "bogey" of the whole affair, and Sir Brampton Gurdon deploring the fact that the Estimates had destroyed the paupers' hopes of relief under the Pensions Act. Mr. Balfour finally asked Mr. Asquith to pledge himself that the four conditional "Dreadnoughts" should absolutely be laid down in the first months of 1910—a pledge which the Prime Minister wisely declined to give. Mr. McKenna finally contributed to the calming of the storm which his and the Prime Minister's speeches had raised, by assuring the House that we had gained by holding our hands last year, and that the "improved" "Dreadnoughts" were 30 per cent. stronger than the original type!

* * *

The effects of the naval scare were speedily seen in the Prime Minister's reply to a very powerful deputation which waited on him on Thursday and asked for additional Exchequer grants in aid of the new charges on the educational authorities—medical inspection and treatment and the feeding of school children—which recent legislation has put on them. Mr. Asquith could promise nothing, though the deputation would have been content with half-a-million, one quarter of the price of a "Dreadnought."

* * *

There has been a brisk competition in panic-mongering during the week. On Sunday Mr. Stead, who is now temporarily resting from his "pilgrimage of peace," announced, in "Lloyd's News," that Germany possessed eighteen slips for the building of "Dreadnoughts" and we only possess nine. On Wednesday, Mr. McKenna showed that both these statements were untrue. He stated that we had seventeen such slips, and that, in some months, we should possess two more in Government yards, and several more in private yards. Germany, on the other hand, had only fourteen such slips, and two more under construction. Most of Mr. Stead's statements were as baseless as those with which we have dealt. On Thursday morning, the veteran sensationalist was reinforced by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who having, as he says, for forty years raised his voice against Imperialism and Militarism, now proceeds to raise it in favor of these two causes. Mr. Harrison's remedy for the imminent German invasion, which the War Office at Berlin has planned out to the last detail, is a great land force, but he leaves unsettled the trifling detail whether this army is to be obtained by forced or free service, and what good it will be when we have got it.

* * *

Finally, Lord Rosebery, without whom no scare is complete, came panting at the heels of Mr. Maxse and Mr. Stead, armed with a breathless series of questions to the editor of the "Times." Lord Rosebery professed to think the question of the Navy was "secure," but he also thought it had been "relegated to the region of doubt." He was therefore constrained to ask whether our arrangements for "Territorial defence" were "adequate," and "whether the Territorial Army, even if its ranks be full, be sufficient." Here, unfortunately, Lord Rosebery's letter to the "Times" came to an abrupt end, as Lord Rosebery's excursions into politics are apt to do. We suppose the answer, like the instalment of a sensational story, will be "continued in our next."

* * *

The week has been full of alarums in the Balkans and the newspapers have suddenly become profoundly pessimistic, for reasons of which it is impossible to see the adequacy. On Monday the Servian Government despatched its reply to the Austrian note presented by Count Forgach. The Servian reply refers to the previous circular sent to all the Powers, and, for the rest, is limited to a suggestion that the commercial treaty should be submitted to the Austro-Hungarian Parliaments for ratification. The Austrian Premier has declared that the note does not correspond to Austrian expectations, and that the economic question will not be touched until Servia abandons evasion and clarifies her point of view. Apparently what Austria wants is that Servia should, in so many words, abandon all claims arising out of Bosnia, promise to be of good behavior, and settle her differences direct.

* * *

As far as one can see with clearness, Servia has already taken the first two of these steps, but boggles rather at the third. Still the responsible Austrian Press does not talk of war, nor does there seem any real ground for fearing it, especially as the Powers are about to intervene again to give prudent counsel at Belgrade. Nevertheless, the newspapers profess to entertain the gravest apprehensions, and a Slavophil manifesto of fiery sympathy with Servia is being circulated in Russia and has already received numerous signatures in the Duma. Russia and Turkey have signed a draft agreement with regard to the compensation payable by Bulgaria. Russia is not to abandon all her indemnity annuities, but only enough to raise £5,000,000 at 5 per cent.; the remaining annuities, however, may be liquidated at 4 per cent. This agreement will have to be ratified by the Turkish Parliament, where it is pretty certain to be severely criticised.

* * *

The French Post Office employees have been restless for some time; their chief grievance is a new promotion scheme, which substitutes merit—which in France too often means favoritism—in large measure for seniority. A deputation on Saturday put the employees' case before the Ministry, got no satisfaction, and made a demonstration at the Central Telegraph Office in Paris, which has grievances of its own. As a result, some were arrested, and on Monday sentenced to six days' imprisonment, and others were suspended. On Monday night a meeting of 6,000 postal servants in Paris decided to strike. On Tuesday the postmen—who are taking the lead in the movement—left work, while the Central Telegraph Office was without telegraphists. The strike has continued since at Paris: millions of letters remain undelivered,

and the telegraphic service between Paris and foreign countries has been seriously deranged. The agitation is likely to spread to the provinces, and the postal workers at Havre, Lille, Brest, and Lyons have announced their solidarity with their Parisian comrades. The Government is resolute: there have been numerous arrests and suspensions, and M. Simyan, the Under-Secretary for the Post Office, has delivered himself of harsh words. The general attitude of the Press is that the postal servants have real grievances, but have gone the wrong way to work to get them remedied.

* * *

The Naval crisis in the French Cabinet has been settled by a compromise. M. Picard, the Navy Minister, wanted £9,000,000 to put the fleet and supplies in an efficient state, quite apart from possible demands for new construction. The £9,000,000 was to be spread over several years, but £3,500,000 was to be provided in the current Budget. M. Caillaux, the Finance Minister, resisted these demands. The deficit this year is certain to be more than £5,000,000 and, apart from this, there is not the slightest guarantee that money voted for the Navy will not be wasted. A report just presented to the Chamber reveals an appalling state of incompetence, disorder, and corruption in the Navy Department. "Millions," it says, "have been thrown away by the hundred." These revelations and the pressure of Socialists and advanced Radicals, who realise that what goes to the Navy is taken from social reform, strengthened M. Caillaux's hands, and the compromise is distinctly in his favor. Not £9,000,000, but £7,500,000 is to be spent, and of this only £2,400,000 in the next two years. This means that the Government really makes itself responsible only for £2,400,000, and even before this sum is spent there is to be an inquiry into the Navy Department by a special extra-Parliamentary Commission, the majority of the members of which are not officials of the Department.

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Last Saturday's reports viâ St. Petersburg declared that a rising in Teheran was inevitable, and at the same time it was announced that after a Council the Russian Government had decided to send 100 Cossacks to Teheran, to increase the Consular Guards in other towns, and to instruct the Russian Consuls at Resht and Astrabad to summon warships in the event of disturbances. These measures can be intended to produce only one effect—to intimate to the Nationalists that Russia is behind the Shah; besides amounting to a thinly disguised intervention they make more probable the sort of "episode" which excuses intervention. Within Persia the situation remains practically unchanged. The Royalists operating outside Tabriz have cut the Indo-European telegraph and isolated the town, and they have captured Salfa, burned a good few villages, and massacred many men, women, and children; but the city, though suffering privation, is in no danger of being carried by assault, while the Royalist forces may break up. On Tuesday the State summoned a council of citizens to draft the outlines of a Constitution, but this assembly of servile instruments got together on the suggestion of the Shah's most reactionary advisers deceives nobody.

* * *

The great British cocoa firms have this week made public a firm and most important decision on the subject of the cultivation of cocoa in the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Principe, in the Gulf of Guinea. After discovering for themselves, by means of prolonged missions to these islands and to the mainland of Angola, conducted by Mr. Burtt and Mr. Wm. Cadbury, and by repeated representations to the Portuguese Government, that the condition of the Angola laborers was largely one of slavery, and that the pledges of reforms had not been fulfilled, they have stopped all their purchases of cocoa. They add that they will not resume them until they are satisfied that the laborers have full freedom to enter into contracts and a full opportunity of returning home when they expire. This decision has been arrived at by Messrs. Cadbury, Messrs. Fry, and Messrs. Rowntree, and also by the great foreign firm of Messrs. Stollwerck, together with some minor producers. We are sorry to hear that some of the Continental and American firms, including the house of Baker, have, up to the present, stood out from this engagement. We hope that American public opinion, which is still, we are sure, keen on the question of slavery, will bring about the adherence of these and other firms.

* * *

We are glad to be able to state that the Alliance Assurance Company has abandoned its announced policy of forcing its clerks to join the Territorial Army. We are informed that, as a matter of fact, no pressure has as yet been put upon any member of the staff, and no new employee will be required to join as a condition of service. We think this is a very good instance of the way in which conscription is sure to break down when put to a practical test. In the first place, the people will not stand it, and, in the second place, the conditions of our commercial life do not permit it. Even if the Alliance Assurance Company had coerced its inside staff, how could it have dealt with its outside representatives?

* * *

Mr. Arnold Forster died on Friday after a long period of enfeebled health. His characteristic energy of mind remained to the last, for we have on our shelves an unsparing attack from his pen on the organisation of the Territorial Army. Mr. Forster's political father was the famous member for Bradford, and, though "W. E." was much the greater of the two men, they resembled each other in a certain harshness of mental outline and temper. In a sense Mr. Forster was a seeker after truth, but he was not of the temperament of those who find it. Thus his pamphlets, such as "The Truth About the Navy" and "The Truth About the Land League," were mere effective statements of a partisan view of these subjects. Without geniality in controversy, Mr. Forster had more industry and conscience than belong to many public men, and, on the other hand, less of the average tact of his class. Both at the Admiralty and at the War Office he showed conspicuous grasp of detail, and an equally marked failure to expound or achieve policy. Perhaps his best work was the kind of journalism which approaches without reaching the standard of literature. Privately he displayed many of the amiable qualities to which his demeanor in Parliament and rigid habit of political thought gave little scope in public life.

* * *

The charge of fraud against Mr. Bottomley collapsed completely after two City magistrates had been incapacitated, and a third had been called in. We confess that we never divined the exact character of the crimes laid to Mr. Bottomley's charge, though one hundred witnesses were summoned to support them. But we are quite clear that Treasury prosecutions should not be conducted in the spirit and temper which Mr. Avory showed, not only on this occasion, but in the Druce case. We are not surprised that such a line failed; we wonder on what theory of the Public Prosecutor's duties it was set up.

Politics and Affairs.

A SCARE AND ITS MAKERS.

> "We need not maunder in ante-chambers to discover differences in the Cabinet, when we have a patriotic Prime Minister appealing to the spirit of the country; and when at the same time we find his Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose duty it is to supply the ways and means by which those exertions are to be supported, proposing votes with innuendo, and recommending expenditure in a whispered invective."—*Disraeli on the relations between Palmerston and Gladstone in the Cabinet of* 1860.

It is some consolation for those who follow public opinion through its present phase of delirium about the Navy to remind themselves that the country has gone through it all before. We doubt if a single phrase, argument, appeal, innuendo, which has been used during the week to create and swell the German panic was not used in the cause of the three French panics which Cobden described, and, with Gladstone's help, destroyed, in the middle years of last century. Does the First Lord of the Admiralty produce figures suggesting that the German and English Fleets would soon be so near parity that the line of danger had been approached? His predecessors of the 'fifties and 'sixties, Liberal and Tory, did the same. Does the Prime Minister select one type of ship in order to enhance the suggestion of equality, and leave out all the rest? So did the administrators of the earlier panic years. Does he speak with bated breath of private and important intelligence that the rival Power was speeding up its shipbuilding? So, *totidem verbis*, did our statesmen and administrators fifty years ago. Does a Labor member describe Germany as a "burglar"? A distinguished clergyman used the same word in 1860 of our French friends. Does the Press discuss plans of invasion, and Mr. Frederic Harrison declare that "every road, well, bridge, and smithy in the east of England and Scotland has been docketed in the German War Office"? Cobden records a score such "gobemoucheries" to the discredit of the French. As we speak of the Kaiser now, so we spoke of Louis Napoleon then. Even the more cheering features of the situation are reproduced. For while we accused the French of preparing an invading Armada under the cover of her dockyards and arsenals, she, like Germany, was all the while building under a declared programme, extending over a long term of years, and when her good faith was questioned, proffered the most explicit assurances and contradictions, and even opened her dockyards to the view of British members of Parliament. Germany, we hope, will complete the parallel, and play all her cards on the table, as a more ambitious and doubtful statesmanship played them in 1860. And, finally, if we have a Palmerstonian Prime Minister pressing the case for enlarged armaments, we have, thank God, a Gladstonian Chancellor of the Exchequer laboring valiantly, and not alone, in the double cause of economy and peace.

We have, therefore, to deal not merely with a set of material facts about the Navy, but with a condition of the public mind which calls, we think, for treatment widely different from that which the Prime Minister applied to it. Of the Estimates we make no great complaint. They were not, it is obvious, those which were first presented to the Cabinet, and their purport is clear and unmistakeable. Four "Dreadnoughts" and a large complement of cruisers are to be laid down this year, and two of them are to be laid down earlier than usual. If, on further information and consideration, the Cabinet think it necessary to expedite the programme for next year, materials are to be collected in the opening months of 1910, so as to enable four more "Dreadnoughts" to be begun on the first day of the new financial year. This would appear to be a fair adaptation of the German plans of giving reality to the actual process of "laying down" a new vessel. Beyond this no commitment is made. The Admiralty will have to state to the Cabinet its reasons for asking for this anticipation of the more regular dates of construction. It will only obtain its assent if it can produce evidence of such an acceleration of German plans as would enable her to produce seventeen "Dreadnoughts" in the early months of 1912. If there is no such acceleration, and the proportion of "Dreadnoughts," which both parties tacitly accept as sufficient for the date in question—namely, eighteen to thirteen—remains practically certain, the programme for 1910 will be decided and initiated in the normal manner. The race in armaments will go on, unchecked by the wisdom of statesmanship, but the two countries may hope to reach its most critical stage without a conflict.

This, then, is the normal Anglo-German situation, and it contains the distinct element of promise that the arrangement which the peace party in the Cabinet have brought about offers time for the dissipation of errors, not to say of falsities, and for some such declarations of German good faith as France was willing to afford Cobden and Palmerston in 1860. But a graver complexion attaches to the tone and method of the kind of Council of War set up between the two Front Benches on Tuesday afternoon. We do not greatly complain of the speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty. We know these First Lords. They are all alike. Turn the stiffest economist and the most inveterate pacifist loose into the fascinating society of Admirals, and he becomes an enthusiast, not only for armaments in the abstract, but for the precise type of armament on which his "experts" momentarily fix their ever-shifting faith. But, to do him justice, Mr. McKenna did place in some perspective the general strength of the British Navy, for though he finally narrowed his calculations to the single "Dreadnought" test,

he admitted that behind this type would lie, in the early months of 1912, fifty modern British battleships. As against these ships, backed by an overwhelming force of heavily-armoured cruisers, Germany could not produce a single ship able to meet one of the eight most powerful vessels which it would contain, or probably many other British ships. Therefore, if the German and British "Dreadnoughts" destroyed each other, leaving three or five British ships over, Germany would be as powerless against our Navy as she is to-day. But these were not the calculations that scared the country and drove the party of economy from their guns. It was the Prime Minister who produced this sensational result by declaring that Germany had not only caught us up in the power to build "Dreadnoughts" with rapidity, but that the Government had last year found her out in the act of laying down, or preparing to lay down, the four ships which under her programme should only have been commenced in 1909. Mr. Asquith described this as a "most grave" discovery, involving a complete "falsification" of the Government's view of the character of the German programme. So indeed the House of Commons received it. They believed that Germany had deliberately stolen a march upon us, and had broken at least the spirit, if not also the letter, of her revised programme. Whatever Mr. Asquith meant the House to think, they scented a hostile and a secret act, designed to shake, or even break down, our naval supremacy.

But that was not all. The question at once shaped itself in men's minds: "What is the measure of the peril to which this surreptitious proceeding has exposed the British nation?" Now, we cannot think that the Prime Minister stated this vital point with due balance or propriety. When Mr. Asquith, in the first part of his speech, dealt, incidentally, with his own statement of the two-Power standard, he qualified it with the remark that he reckoned in our force the whole defensive strength of the Navy. But when he dealt with Anglo-German rivalry, he destroyed the whole basis of his first argument and narrowed the contention to the competition in "Dreadnoughts" until he had brought the House to the conclusion that, in the early months of 1912, we should be standing on a mere razor's edge of security, based on only twenty English "Dreadnoughts" to Germany's seventeen. We note, in passing, that the Prime Minister omitted the two "Nelsons," which the "Navy League" includes in the "Dreadnought" class, and which some experts regard as superior to the later ship, not only in variety of armaments, but in fighting power. But how was this figure attained? Only by supposing, as Mr. McKenna supposed, that, in addition to the German acceleration, "discovered" in November, a further acceleration takes place in the programme of 1910-11. But Mr. Asquith admitted that Germany, we presume through the German Ambassador in London, has offered us a "most distinct declaration" that no such acceleration should take place—*i.e.*, that only four ships would be laid down this year. And on the top of this declaration we have the repeated assurance of Admiral von Tirpitz, in the Reichstag, that only thirteen German ships could be at sea, not in the spring, but in the autumn, of 1912. At a later stage in the debate, Mr. Lee had the assurance to tell the House of Commons that the German declaration was "not worth the paper it was written on." But if Mr. Lee's language denies the validity of a solemn pledge, Mr. Asquith's calculation ignores it. Do we assume that Germany is lying in the face of Europe and the world, and in such a way that she can speedily be brought to disgrace by proof of her falsehood? If we do assume it, what is the end we suppose her to have in view? The invasion of England on a basis of seventeen "Dreadnoughts" to our sixteen *plus* two "Nelsons"? If we do not assume it, and if she is acting with average self-respect and honor, Admiral von Tirpitz's and Count Metternich's assurances should finally relieve our doubt as to British naval predominance in this special class of battleship, as well as in every other. And if the contrary hypothesis finds general favor in this country, the moral and the end of such declarations as were made by Mr. Balfour, and in a minor degree by Mr. Asquith, are not the spending of more millions on "Dreadnoughts," with a view to a doubtful trial of strength two or three years hence, but War now—at a moment when British supremacy stands unquestioned even by the Navy League.

It is in this regard that we strongly deprecate a tone and a line of argument which take the most unfavorable ground of comparison in the material strength of the two Navies, and practically ignore the whole moral basis of statesmanship. In ignoring it, we bind ourselves to a set of material calculations which in fact are strung on a gossamer thread. Here were the two Front Benches figuring out a series of fancy estimates as to how many ships of a special type Germany will have at various arbitrary dates in years to come, when in fact the entire speculation is in the air, for Germany has not built one such ship, and cannot now complete the two opening vessels of the class within three years of ordering them. How can good-will subsist in an atmosphere black with these goblin fears and jealousies? And if tried and experienced judgments darken the air with unnerving visions of perils to come, and hint that a Navy three times as strong as Germany's in material and more than twice as strong in *personnel* may three years hence—by some devilish alchemy—be mastered and destroyed by its now feeble rival—which must in the meantime train about 60,000 new sailors and build, try, and manœuvre a vast fleet of giants not one of which she has yet put under steam—we may be sure that the undisciplined minds of popular journalists and gossips will go still further astray. The whole occasion of these alarms may be utterly frivolous. All the while there may be nothing in Germany's action which is either secret or abnormal—nothing but a business-like proceeding which our Admiralty, with its wits about it, might long ago have imitated. Is the theory underlying all these perturbations that Germany means to

attack us on a basis of a superiority or an inferiority of one or more "Dreadnoughts" at some month in 1911 or 1912? Have we made any serious or formal tender of a naval understanding, and while we complain, with some reason, of the recent growth of her Navy, do we not provide the reasonable excuses which she invariably tenders when she points to the arrangements we yearly make for the destruction of her rapidly growing commerce? On the other hand, is there a tittle of proof, even in the new programme, that it is naval predominance, rather than increased diplomatic strength, which she seeks? Even the "Times" correspondent in Berlin speaks of her practice of collecting material in advance of laying down ships as "notorious" and part of her "system." Is not the whole apparatus and method of her programme open to our censure and to that of the world? Are "Dreadnoughts" needles, that they can be hid in haystacks? And has Liberal statesmanship no other duty than to multiply such alarms? At this moment Germany, America, and Russia acknowledge a joint deficit of 65 millions in their annual accounts. We are racing along the same path, throwing away social reform as we go, and turning our backs on reason and moral force.

THE IMPOTENCE OF EUROPE.

War is, in itself, such sheer unreason that to the last the sober onlooker is tempted to consider this Austro-Servian situation nothing worse than a trial of diplomatic wits. We have seen a Turco-Bulgarian and an Austro-Turkish difficulty quietly settled during the present winter, though both of them threatened more than once to lead to war. Servia, by provoking war, could only hope to sell her life dearly; Austria would have nothing to gain save the affirmation of a superiority which she can always impose by the dry terrorism of a tariff. To whom then could a war be profitable? There is a war party in Russia, and responsible persons in St. Petersburg, both official and unofficial, have done much to encourage the hopes of the Serbs. But there are three factors which would make Russian participation in a Balkan war an act of almost suicidal madness—first, the patent unpreparedness of her army which her War Minister, General Roediger, has advertised with almost unnecessary frankness in the Duma, then the evident inclination of Germany to support Austria in the field, if Russia should interfere, and, lastly, the no less obvious reluctance of France to back her ally in any policy of adventure, either with money or with arms. On the plane, then, of reason and calculation, it would seem that war is a folly which none of the States involved could have any motive in perpetrating. The present alarms will make the fortune of contractors and financiers, enhance the reputation of one or two statesmen, and give to Panslavists in Russia, to patriots in Servia, and to Imperialists in Austria, the excitement which their temperaments crave, but in the end—if such calculations count for anything—some formula will be discovered, some make-believe enacted which will once more sanctify things as they are, and register the plain facts that Austria is a Great Power, Russia an amorphous anarchy, Europe a fiction, and Servia the weakest of Balkan States.

Such calculations may be fairly applied to nine diplomatic situations out of ten, but history unfortunately shows that the tenth or irrational instance is not infrequent. One might have argued quite as plausibly that Mr. Kruger could not possibly challenge a conflict with the British Empire, or Greece defy Turkey. It is when a country appears to have no tolerable future if it keeps the peace, that it adventures everything upon the hazard of war. The conservative force in most countries is a ruling or official class, which will always enjoy the compensations of place and salary, however low the national prestige may fall. The placeman rarely despairs of the Republic, and commonly takes an optimistic view of any humiliation which leaves his own fortunes intact. But the peculiarity of Servia is that she probably is the most democratic country in Europe. King Peter dare not risk unpopular moderation; he has to remember that the only Servian prince who died in his bed had made that bed in exile. Parties are well organised, and are provided with a superfluity of competing chiefs. The Skupshtina exercises, in secret sessions if necessary, a vigilant control over foreign policy which other parliaments might envy. The newspapers are numerous, noisy, and short-lived. Nowhere is there a reputation which could survive a single shattering blow. To us, with our Hanoverian dynasty, our paucity of recognised party leaders, and our House of Lords, such a condition of flux and instability is difficult to conceive. But the plain fact is that if popular opinion in Servia meant to have war there is no native force which could restrain it. In gauging that popular opinion, it is necessary to remember not merely that its resentment against Austria is just, and its commiseration for the Bosnians genuine and well-founded, but also that it has behind it no traditions of stable peace. The grandfathers of the modern Servians were the swineherds and the brigands who won their freedom in guerilla wars against the Turks; their fathers and their elders took part in three wars in a single decade. In Montenegro, and even in the southern mountains of Servia, the attitude towards fighting and courage is quite as primitive as that of Afghans or Pathans. In dealing with such a race, it would be foolish to rely too much on calculation.

European opinion has done full justice to the adroitness and correctitude of Servia's attitude. She makes on Austria no claim whatever, but leaves her whole case to the "tribunal" of Europe. To the Austrian suggestion of commercial negotiations, she drily replies that just a year ago she completed with Austria the negotiation of a commercial treaty which that Power has omitted to ratify. There is, in short, no dispute, no need for negotiation, and no interruption of neighborly relations. So far M. Milovanovitch has framed a reply which is masterly in its irritating propriety. No little Power has any business to be so manifestly in the right. But there is, we are afraid, a fatal flaw in this Servian propriety. She appeals to the Powers, yet she

accumulates armaments. She places her case before a "tribunal," yet she calls out her reserves. She declares that her relations with Austria are normal and neighborly, yet she masses her forces on the Drina. She might defend that action by expressing incredulity as to the reality of the Europe to which she appeals. There is no "tribunal." There is no force of public opinion strong enough to protect her from bullying, if she were to disarm. No one can be certain that a Conference will ever meet, and if meet it does, it will only be a court to register accomplished facts. The Servian attitude is nothing more than a clever display of wit—one might almost say of irony. Servia puts herself in the right, by demonstrating that Europe is very much in the wrong.

There are two possible developments for such a situation as this. There is, firstly, the old-fashioned heroic method of 1848. The Serb race lies to-day dismembered and oppressed under Austrian despotism, as the Italian race did then. Servia has an army and a dynasty as Sardinia had then. Given courage and opportunity, would a war to-day be more culpable than it was then? The parallel, however, is imperfect. The Bosnians have not first risen as the Milanese did; Austria is not herself in the throes of a domestic revolution; the atmosphere of Europe no longer breathes the unrest of a stormy spring, and, above all, King Peter's army is not to be compared with King Albert's. The method of 1848 was gallant, great-hearted, but primitive. Yet the sixty years which separate us from that adventure have apparently brought Europe no nearer to the possibility of a collective action which may take the place of war. The Servians are abused in the German Press as "semi-civilised." But what shall we say of this European civilisation, which cannot produce a "tribunal" to try such a case, or of the elaborate culture of the German Powers which think it a degradation to answer the summons of a weak litigant to appear at such a bar? If the Servian appeal to Europe is allowed to result in war, it will be because the feuds of triple *entente* and triple alliance have destroyed the very ideal of a European Concert. We do not know what course the disinterested Powers are likely to adopt. But if they were inspired by a determination to assert the reality of international right, they certainly would not sit inactive. Servia has been solemnly lectured and advised to leave her case in the hands of Europe. The corollary of that action would be a similar admonition to Austria. It would be proper to warn Servia that she must disarm, but it would be impossible to give that advice without adding to it some collective guarantee against aggression, and some pledge that moderate and just demands shall be satisfied. That the disinterested Powers have the spirit or the statesmanship to adopt so high a line as this, we doubt. Servia will be publicly scolded, Austria privately advised. Efforts will be made to keep the peace, but that peace will not be prepared by justice. If the Servians choose to be humble, they can, no doubt, obtain a railway or some similar material dole. But from start to finish the one element of the situation which will not be considered is the wishes of the Bosnians themselves. Plébiscites died with Palmerston. Some sort of Conference will meet, no doubt, but merely to sanction Austria's breach of public law and to proclaim the complicity and the impotence of Europe. If war results the divisions of Europe will stand gaping and confessed. If it is averted, the conclusion will be only that Europe is unanimous to smother a wrong and compound an international felony.

THE NEW AMERICAN TARIFF.

The revision of the American tariff "by its friends" after many years of promise is at length to be fulfilled. The Bill submitted this week to Congress by Mr. Payne bears on its face the impress of various reform forces, and the changes it proposes are of a somewhat more radical character than had been anticipated. Apart from the indiscriminate attack upon the Dingley Tariff maintained by the Democratic Party, three lines of criticism have received considerable support among non-party men, and even in Republican quarters manufacturers everywhere demanded free access to the raw materials their trades required, while popular feeling became increasingly insistent upon the withdrawal of tariff aid from the great trusts and upon increased taxation of the expenditure of the rich. With certain noteworthy exceptions these are the lines followed in the Payne Tariff Bill. The most important reform is the placing of a number of raw materials on the free list, including bituminous coal, hides, flax, iron ore, and wood-pulp for paper-making, and a large reduction in the duty upon lumber. These measures, if they are maintained, will greatly strengthen the commerce with Canada, and may probably evoke further modifications of the Canadian tariff favorable to American imports and involving further withdrawals of the British preference. Works of art are also put upon the free list, but live native talent is to be protected by the proviso that such works of art must be at least twenty years old.

Reductions of duties upon raw materials of course involve reductions upon the manufactured goods into which they enter as costs. While the Bill was before the Committee of Ways and Means, the fiercest struggle was waged by manufacturers to prevent reductions in their manufactures corresponding to the gains they got for free materials. Indeed, the science of tariff-making from the trade standpoint consists precisely in the pressure a trade can bring upon the legislature, enabling it to give less than it gets. Washington, during the preparation of this Bill, has been thronged with trade-bosses "seeing" committee-men and organising "evidence" to show that their particular lines of goods would not bear reduction, or securing compensation in some lines for reduction upon others. Indeed, the Tariff Bill, as it stands, is a pretty plain index of the sort of "science" that goes with Protection. Take, for example, the most important branches of the textile trades. The tariff on woollens, amounting, on an average, to ninety-one per cent., long recognised as an impudent monstrosity,

is actually retained intact, while slight cuts in certain manufactured cottons are compensated by rises in rates of other cottonware. On the other hand, important reductions are effected in the iron and steel schedules, due, doubtless, chiefly to the notoriety given by Mr. Carnegie and others to the palpable absurdity of protecting an industry which enjoys the cheapest materials and the most economical methods of manufacture in the world.

While the Committee was sitting Mr. Taft commented with asperity upon the fact that no witnesses were summoned representing the interests of the consumer. In American legislation organised interests alone ccunt, and the consumer cannot organise. A striking illustration of this truth is furnished by the increase of duties in the case of most imports which pass straight into consumption without forming materials for any American manufacture. Not merely foreign luxuries are required to pay higher rates, but fresh duties are put upon the breakfast table of the people, tea and cocoa being taken out of the free list, and coffee being subjected to an increased tax. Except in regard to certain agricultural and mining trades, the new tariff shows no real abatement of the stringency of the protective policy, and when it has passed through the ordeal of the Senate, where the naked force of organised trade interests works more effectively than in the House, such liberality as it possesses may be found to have been extracted. This, at least, is the lesson taught by past revisions. The ordinary American citizen, though not a free-trader, is distrustful of tariff-mongers; he knows that tariffs foster trusts and combines, raise the prices of clothes and other necessaries, and are instruments of widespread political corruption in such States as Pennsylvania. He has always been favorable, therefore, to reduction of tariffs, his party politicians have always promised reductions, but somehow, when the Tariff Law has been enacted, it is found that the high protectionists have held their ground. We shall be agreeably surprised if this is not the issue of the Payne Tariff Bill. One important change in the structure of the tariff deserves attention, the adoption of the maximum and minimum scales, whereby the United States will be enabled to retaliate against countries which discriminate against her, or refuse her most favored nation treatment, by simply adding twenty per cent. to the ordinary duty. This provision will, we understand, dispense with the special trade agreements with Germany, France, and other countries, leaving it to the executive to determine in what cases the higher level of tariff is applicable.

So far as our trade with the United States is concerned, it appears likely to benefit but little by the proposed reductions, even should they hold. For the duties upon the textiles, earthenware, leather, and other goods which we can produce cheaper or better than America, are in nearly all cases maintained, while the reductions upon metals do not appear to apply to the machinery which figures largely in our export trade. It is, however, some satisfaction to be assured that special treaties with other foreign nations shall not in fact preclude us from the full benefit which Free Trade ensures us of sending in our goods at the minimum rate. The growing habit of protective nations to construct their tariffs on the two-level basis has important reactions upon the practicability of particular retaliation, which we commend to the attention of Mr. Winston Churchill. Certain of our trades are always likely to be hit severely, and, as it will appear, "unfairly," by a new foreign tariff. Once permit our Government to employ the weapon of particular retaliation which will be urged upon her by the injured interest, what will be the result? Not a "particular" retaliation in return, still less a concession, but simply the automatic withdrawal of the minimum tariff and a punishment of all our export trade to the tune of twenty per cent. increased duties. The rigid minimum tariff is an admission on the part of protective countries of the inherent inconsistency between protection and particular negotiation by concessions: the maximum tariff is the substitution of a general for a particular retaliation. Such is the nature of the modern "scientific" tariff. If we are fatuous enough to abandon Free Trade, we, too, can practise this retaliation, but, so long as we retain Free Trade, particular retaliation remains impracticable, involving a double cost; first, the injury to our consumers by the enhanced price of the goods subjected to the retaliatory duty; secondly, the loss of the minimum tariff, which will follow, as a matter of course, from our act of retaliation.

THE LOGIC OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The leaders of the Suffragist agitation have made much of the simple and logical character of their demand for suffrage on the same terms as men. Logic has been represented as the corner-stone of their position, and much has been said, and not unjustly, in our view, of the inconsistency of those Liberals who are convinced Democrats so far as men are concerned, but refuse to admit the precisely similar considerations which make for the extension of the vote to the unenfranchised sex. But what are we to say of the logic of Mrs. Fawcett and the Women's Social and Political Union in opposing Mr. Geoffrey Howard's Bill? Mr. Howard has introduced a Bill for the enfranchisement of all adult men and all adult women on precisely the same terms of a simple residential qualification. One might suppose that this would satisfy the most ardent woman suffragist. On the contrary, in the name of the enfranchisement of women, Mr. Howard is attacked for enfranchising too many women. The criticisms of the Social and Political Union may perhaps be excused on the score of political youthfulness. They are at the stage when it seems a mark of weighty wisdom to detect deceit and subterfuge in every movement of every other political group. With penetrating eye Miss Pankhurst has seen to the bottom of Mr. Howard's dark design. She unmasks the traitor who is killing the cause of womanhood with too much kindness, who is playing with the political affections of her party. and under the guise of an excessive generosity is insidi-

ously putting forward a measure which he does not intend to become law. Mr. Howard's offence is that he proposes a democratic measure in place of the limited Bill. If the suffragist leaders could bring their eyes to bear for a moment on the facts which lie plainly before them, instead of straining them to discover the non-existent, they would be aware by this time of the fact that a limited Bill will not be accepted by the present House of Commons, and that the trifler accordingly would be he who should again introduce a Bill on those lines. Mr. Howard's Bill, or a measure conceived on the principles of Mr. Dickinson's second Bill, on the other hand, might well be adopted by the Government, in accordance with Mr. Asquith's conditional pledge, and it would then, whether accepted by the House of Lords or not, become a substantive part of the Liberal programme. If there is any case for the imputation of insincerity here, it lies against those who maintain that in the present House of Commons the way to the suffrage lies through a limited Bill.

The case of Mrs. Fawcett, however, is far worse than that of Miss Pankhurst. Mrs. Fawcett has been in politics for many years, and cannot plead inexperience. She purports to condemn the Bill in the name of all the Suffrage societies, but, in point of fact, we have seen no official pronouncement on the subject by her own National Union, and we should be interested to know whether that Union is, in point of fact, prepared to stultify itself along with its president. The very same papers which published her letter gave one on the other side signed by many of the best-known names in the world of women's work. But what concerns us more for the moment is Mrs. Fawcett's logic. There is, she says, no demand for adult suffrage now, because any man, however poor, can get a vote if he wants one. When she wrote this she must have temporarily forgotten some very familiar facts. What is still more remarkable is that there is, in her view, a real demand for the vote for "duly qualified" women; that is to say, for the million, or, perhaps, two million, who happen to possess the qualifications prescribed by the existing law for men, but no demand on behalf of the remainder, who constitute a large majority of all women. In the very moment of objecting to the enfranchisement of this majority Mrs. Fawcett recommends her own scheme on the ground that it will relieve "half the population" from the ban of perpetual exclusion, although, on her own showing, three-fourths, or five-sixths, of this half will not have the vote.

Mrs. Fawcett compares Mr. Howard's Bill to that of a supposed attempt in old days to remove Jewish disabilities by a general measure of enfranchisement. We should have said that, if anyone acting in the interests of religious liberty had, in those days, proposed to relieve Jews and, say, Roman Catholics in the same Bill, the Jews would have been very unwise and very narrow-minded if they had refused their support, and the more clever among them would, we feel sure, have recognised one thing. They would have seen that, if they opposed such a Bill, their opposition would be ascribed to a prejudice against Catholicism so deep as to overcome their own desire for justice. Similarly, those who are against Mr. Howard must reckon with the fact that their opposition betrays a dislike of democracy at least as strong as their devotion to the suffrage for their own sex. Yet, what at bottom is the argument for women's suffrage that is slowly conquering prejudice, and which stands firm against all the ridicule that the ill-conceived action of the militants has provoked? What remains unshaken when we have fairly faced the fact that the hopes of gentler influences and milder counsels to come from the advent of women in public life are to be reckoned among the vanished illusions of pre-democratic experience? What remains, except the old and simple democratic principle that has vindicated itself in South Africa and the East, and for the coming of which the subjects of autocracy still cry, as for the only deliverer which political thought can yet devise for them—the principle that the rights and duties of citizenship apply to every normally developed member of the community? Against this principle one barrier after another could be, and has been, erected. In old days it was urged that the working class were unfit for the suffrage, and the reply was that even if they had less leisure and capacity for political affairs, this was, at most, a difference of degree which did not touch the question of principle involved in the rights of citizenship. So, in these days, if it is urged that women differ from men in capacity or sanity of judgment or what not, the answer is that, if admitted at all, the difference is one of degree, which does not touch the rudimental issue of right. To touch that issue the opponent must prove a difference of kind in the qualities affecting the judgment of affairs and the sense of civic responsibility. But the average man does not stand so high in these respects that his wife or his sister need greatly fear the comparison. Those who call themselves convinced democrats, and fairly face the essential identity of the present controversy with that which their fathers waged for the enfranchisement of the working class, and that which they themselves are waging on behalf of Indians and others, cannot refuse the logical conclusion. But the argument holds in the converse with equal force. The principle at the back of woman's suffrage is the principle of democracy. Every prejudice, every argument from tradition, every appeal to the well-established fact and the danger of innovation, is against it. It rests simply and solely on the grounds of justice, and the universal validity of elementary civic rights. But these are arguments not for a limited, but for a universal suffrage. To plead for woman's suffrage on democratic grounds and to oppose Mr. Howard's Bill as too democratic, betrays radical incoherence of thought. We are for Mr. Howard's Bill for the same reason which makes us supporters of woman's suffrage in principle, and opponents of the limited Bills which the suffrage societies so strangely prefer. We support it, that is to say, because it is a simple and consistent democratic measure, and as such, in view of Mr. Asquith's pledges, we trust it may obtain, not merely the support of a majority in the House of Commons, but the patronage of the Government itself.

Life and Letters.

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

"THERE is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct from leaden instincts," wrote Herbert Spencer. But the age of miracles in which we live is restoring credibility to the doctrine of transmutation of metals, and the spiritual alchemy which Spencer disclaimed is adopted by modern evolutionists as a natural process in the ascent of man. As soon as Darwin had established man's animal origin, the old conceptions of the spiritual, moral, and reasonable nature of man were destined to disappear before the demands of the law of continuity. The separate and unique place claimed for man in the organic world could no longer be maintained; all his noblest and most complex qualities of personality, soul, reason, and imagination, must find their roots in lower forms of organism. The popular revulsion against this inevitable truth found characteristic expression in Disraeli's ejaculation, "I am on the side of the angels." No phrase better enables us to realise the change of mind which Darwinism has silently wrought in a generation. We are risen animals, not fallen angels, and it is in this labored ascent from lowly origins that we are coming more and more to realise not only the science, but the romance of human history. No pursuit can be more alluring or more important than the tracing of the most refined processes of human conduct in religion, law, morality, the fine arts, to the persistent pressure of some primal organic forces of adjustment. But we would add that few pursuits are more baffling. For though the inner history of man has stamped its impress on innumerable outer shapes, these inscriptions are only made clearly legible by a sympathetic re-creation of the spirit of primitive man in all its mysterious units.

Two interesting treatises which lie before us serve to illustrate at once the fascination and the perplexity of this search for psychical origins. One by Mr. McDougall, entitled "Social Psychology" (Methuen & Co.), seeks for the roots of social feeling and conduct in the raw instincts and emotions of animals. "The instinctive impulses determine the ends of all activities, and supply the driving power by which all mental activities are maintained; and all the complex intellectual apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but a means towards these ends, is but the instrument by which these impulses seek their satisfactions, while pleasure and pain do but serve to guide them in their choice of the means. These impulses are the mental forces that maintain and shape all the life of individuals and societies, and in them we are confronted with the central mystery of life and mind and will." The task to which Mr. McDougall addresses himself is to distinguish the simple instincts which are exhibited in lower organisms and in primitive man, and to show how their slowly evolving composition, modification, and organisation produce the complex character and conduct of a modern civilised man, capable of self-control and of employing his will in realising an ideal self in an ideal society. The animal man, like other animals, he sees fitted out with an apparatus of instinctive actions, flight, curiosity, pugnacity, self-display, and the like, each with its appropriate emotions, fear, wonder, anger, elation, each serving some definitely biological service for survival or progress. In the course of human history, these emotions, with other primitive tendencies, became blended and complicated, giving rise to the more elaborated sentiments of shame, pity, surprise, sorrow, in which our more fully conscious self is engaged, and in which a clearer sense of relations towards other selves finds emotional expression. As the "self" thus gets a richer emotional content, it becomes more closely knit and more finely intellectualised. Moral judgments of approval and disapproval, implying standards of social conduct and responsibility, emerge, and the will seeks to achieve clearly conceived and firmly desired ends of conduct. Since this morality rests upon the two pillars of self and society, it is evident that primary importance attaches to certain primitive feelings of anger and self-display on the one hand, parental tenderness and gregariousness upon the other, which are the special feeders of the later concepts and emotions of egoism and social sympathy.

The other volume before us, Mr. Felix Clay's "The Origin of the Sense of Beauty" (Smith, Elder), pursues a somewhat similar enquiry further back into the order of Nature, tracing our pleasure in the beautiful as exhibited by the fine arts to definite utilities. "It is this curious contradiction between the obvious connection joining beauty and utility, on the one hand, and the almost passionate denial of the artist and lover of beauty that utility has anything to do with it, on the other, that creates a great stumbling-block. The answer lies, as we hope to have shown, in the fact that all forms to have survived must have been at one time useful, and that our likings and tendencies must have been developed to like and appreciate things only because they were useful in the first place, but that the likings and tendencies remain long after the disappearance, owing to changes of environment, of the particular objects—at all events, as useful objects—upon which they were formed, and thus they come to form the tastes which seem so inexplicable, and in their later forms have, in a great majority of cases, no perceivable relation to the useful." The thesis is elaborated most ingeniously, with a richness of observation and of speculation that is very stimulating. Mr. Clay carries the conception of utility as the moulding influence a good deal further back than Mr. McDougall, for the ultimate "instinct" to which he drives is "an instinct for conformity with nature," illustrated not merely by means of human sensation and emotion, but in the very movements of inorganic matter seeking equilibrium or moving along a line of least resistance. "We do not like a thing because it is beautiful: it is beautiful because we like it." And we have been compelled to like it because "our likes and dislikes are the present forms of originally necessary reactions formed by physico-chemical reflexes which drew the organism towards the wholesome or suitable, or away from the dangerous or unsuitable."

That this new utilitarianism in art and morals contains a large element of truth there can be no question. That everything hostile to physical life tends to be eliminated in the "struggle," everything serviceable to survive, admits no doubt, and this physical utility always remains a real condition of the development of every character of the higher life. But how much does this explain? In reading these psychological treatises obstinate doubts arise. Both writers admit that in the course of evolution the raw, blind impulses of animal utility get transformed so as to serve ideal ends. But the *modus operandi* of the transformation is not explained. It is not even shown that the human species, in order physically to survive, must evolve the noblest refinements of moral character and conduct, nor how the fine arts ever came to throw off the trammels of utility while retaining the pleasurable appeals. May there not be some defects in the presentation of this drive of primitive impulses in the individual? The dominance of biological conceptions over evolution implies that every action of an organism must contribute to survival of the individual or the species. But surely man exists not only for himself and for his species, but for the universe, and this not in a vaguely ideal sense, but in the sense that there must be found among his instincts, impulses, and emotions, some that are related not particularly to himself or to society, but to wider nature. If this is so, the fact must be taken into account in explanations of morality or of our sense of beauty. The individual will, and the social will, are not everything. There is the cosmic will, or its equivalent, to reckon with when human history is to be understood. Not

everything we like is beautiful, not every sort of fit action commands moral approval. If utility is to be recognised as the determinant factor in human evolution towards an ever higher morality and even finer arts, it must be released from its bondage to biology, unless, indeed, biology can itself be enlarged into a complete science and art of life. The conception of ideals as operative forces in human life has not yet been accommodated to the teaching of biology, since the older doctrines of preformism and exfoliation have been abandoned. The groping of low-conscious animals after some better adjustment to immediate environment seems merely to imply the operation of some crude vitality, driven by present pressure, in which no specific purpose, no ideal, is represented. Those who seek an explanation for morals and the fine arts in these primitive organic impulses and their claim that somehow their higher combinations are directed to the conscious realisation of ideals, seem to commit an illicit *volte face*. If ideals ever get into the human process as directing and determining influences, they must be there, however sub-conscious, from the beginning, and containing, as they must, in embryo, all the higher "utilities" of humanity, they must always interfere with the simpler adjustments to immediate environment to which utilitarian biologists confine their attention. In other words, if a whole set of wider, deeper purposes, organic, social, cosmic, are really represented in the "urge" of human life from its beginning, we cannot get an adequate comprehension of the finer arts of life by seeking all their origins in those instincts and tendencies which are directed to immediate purposes of physical survival for the organism and its species. This criticism does not, of course, involve the rejection of "utility" as test, guide, and instrument of human progress. But it requires us to give the useful a meaning which is not liable to harmful restriction and misunderstanding from the narrower uses in which it has been employed in the past.

THE "ILIAD" AS A WHOLE.

Not long ago the present writer finished reading through the "Iliad"—rapidly, but carefully and continuously, from the first line to the last. Every year a few scores of young Englishmen, aged about twenty, perform this feat at Oxford or Cambridge, as he did once upon a time. And every year, perhaps, some of them re-read a few favorite books of the poem; as he, too, has always done. But how many modern English adults have ever read the "Iliad" as a whole?

The question is worth asking, for these reasons. The scholar, whose duty it quite properly is to be meticulous, to dwell not merely on individual books but on individual *cruces*, to keep his brightest eye open for forms and constructions, to cram his best memorising and co-ordinating faculties with the parallel passages which elucidate the meaning of Homeric words, or sound inferences as to Homeric facts—this man can seldom see the wood for the trees, and even his interest in the trees is a botanist's, and not an artist's. Doubtless he takes some artistic pleasure in what he reads, but he scarcely reads for the sake of it; and—which is our main point here—he absorbs it almost all piecemeal, from the contemplation of little bits of the poem at a time. Moreover, in matters of scholarship he knows how necessary it is to be aware of, and to start from, the views of his predecessors. Modern scholarship rises like a building; you cannot often start afresh at the foundations, or even from the ground level; usually you must begin by climbing the scaffoldings that Buttmann, Lachmann, and their successors have erected, and lay your bricks high up by way of superstructure. The scholar tends to transfer this method from his scholarship to his artistic criticism; and there it fosters a cult of traditional make-believe. No doubt Taste as well as Knowledge comes partly by learning; but the one far more than the other depends on the perpetual alert intervention of our living selves; so that an apparatus which supplies the spectacles and microscopes for Knowledge, sometimes only fastens blinkers upon Taste.

Few modern scholars seem to bring their real taste, their own taste, freely to bear upon Greek authors, or tell us quite honestly what they mean for them. Even the brilliant men who do, find when they come to Homer a temptation to burn incense in so many other shrines—those of Folk-Lore, Anthropology, and the rest—that the poems get less studied than others on their artistic side. Against the verdicts which the scholars promulgate, the young men of twenty cannot stand up. Their guerilla dashes, if they made any, would be swept away by the volley-firing of the veterans; the latter have, too, the strategical advantage of being examiners pitted against examinees.

Now not many bits of modern scholasticism have more universal vogue than this: *That the "Iliad" is a thing of shreds and patches.* Folk-lore and philology between them have in these latter days moved mountains. The childlike romance that there was once a man called Homer, who wrote the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"—the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"—need not detain us. Any schoolboy who knows Greek almost blushes to mention such a fable; he would as soon attribute the Epistle to the Hebrews to St. Paul. But the theories which divide the schools to-day agree in dispelling far more than that. They dispel nearly all that matters, artistically, of the unity of each of the epics. The "Odyssey," indeed, perpetually recovers. Its more limited canvas and single thread of narrative make its main unity almost obtrusive. Yet the "Iliad," whose unity is far more complicated, triumphant, and artistic, just because its canvas is so much more crowded and its story has so many more threads, is proclaimed a mere patchwork, and studied only as such by nearly everybody. Even so conservative a critic as Jebb confines the "primitive Iliad" to portions of nine books (1, 11, and 16-22), or, at most, a third of the whole. The rest (including quite two-thirds of the finest work in the poem) is shreds and patches by numerous hands, and any large unity that it now exhibits must be rather editorial than creative.

About the evidence on behalf of the patchwork view, two observations may be hazarded here. In the first place, it has a peculiar intrinsic fascination. No brisk mind alighting on such an introduction to it as, say, the Homeric chapter in Professor Murray's "Greek Literature" could fail to be allured. All round you in what had seemed solid walls doors fly open as by magic, disclosing novel vistas. In the second place, the modern scholar has drifted into caring more for the number of his arguments than for their specific weight. Out of the treasuries of learning he literally snows them upon you; yet, if severally examined, how weak, constantly, is the logic of each—mere presumptions, suggestions, at best analogies, often only seductive guess-work. How many would be allowed any weight in a court of law? Multiply nothing a thousandfold, say the mathematicians, it remains nothing. Taking even the stronger presumptions, we may easily be tricked by them. The celebrated string of arguments by which Macaulay thought he had proved that Sir Philip Francis wrote the letters of Junius is immensely stronger than almost any developed in Homeric criticism. And yet we know now, almost certainly, that Francis did not write the letters.

It may be answered that scholars use the best arguments of which the matter allows, and cannot be blamed if there are no better. The rejoinder is that they claim more certainty than such arguments warrant, and that they belittle the one fact which after all we can touch and see with least doubt—namely, the artistic unity of the poem. Of course, the "Iliad" as we have it contains manifest later additions. The clumsiest is the Catalogue in the second book; the author's catalogue, devised with characteristic art, is the scene in which Priam, Helen, and Antenor survey the Achaian warriors from Troy's battlements. But, deducting such pretty obvious excrescences, the "Iliad" is an astonishing whole. Read it as a whole, and you will be amazed at your ever having listened to such a view as that the "prowesses" of the

different heroes were wedged in extraneously to incorporate earlier lays or flatter particular vanities or cults. Nothing, surely, could be more obviously, nor in the main, more admirably, designed and proportioned than the contributions which these several episodes make to the scheme of the entire poem. Nothing, again, is more remarkable than the consistency with which the characters are drawn, and the economy and forethought with which their drawing is planned. Achilles, Agamemnon, Odysseus, Nestor, Aias, and some other Achaian chiefs, Priam, Hector, Paris, Helen, Andromache—how richly distinct they are, what a number of them come before us completely drawn, and yet how they are all perfectly fitted into the composition! The delicate treatment of Helen and the single unique testimony to her beauty; the masterly, minute, and extraordinarily naturalistic portrait of Hera; the companionable and sport-loving traits that set off the grim passion of Achilles; the points of generosity whereby the character of Menelaos throws into relief, without exactly discrediting, that of his brother Agamemnon; the subtle alternation of scenes that enlists our sympathy and interest for both sides—surely it is the architectonics of all this which is its most striking feature. We laugh cheaply nowadays at the earlier centuries which classed the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" with the "Aeneid" or "Paradise Lost." Yet at least this classification did justice to the impression which the Homeric poems give of their being not great patchworks, but great designs.

In the "Iliad" hardly any character is ever praised, blamed, or directly discussed. You are just told what was done or said or thought, and you make your own generalisations. This is, as Flaubert held, the highest art in character-drawing. But it is certainly the hardest. No doubt there are some small contradictions in the characters, as there are in the narrative. Of the latter the discrepancy in the first book as to the whereabouts of the gods is a good example; it suggests carelessness about trifles far more than real mental confusion or plurality of authorship. In the main there is little inconsistency in the drawing and wonderfully little repetition. Every stroke tells in its place, and is not repeated in another place.

The typical riddle is that of the last two books. There can be little question but that they very materially improve the character-drawing and composition of the whole; indeed, they are almost indispensable. Yet the argument for their separate authorship is strong. Are there no ways round it? Everyone thinks that the poem went through centuries of uncertain transmission—largely oral—before the canonical text was fixed. These centuries are commonly regarded as a period of welding and conflation, wherein the "Iliad" was patched together from its constituent shreds. Does not such a view both under-estimate the unity of the poem which is to be accounted for, and over-estimate the power of editorship to simulate the effects of authorship? Surely a more plausible order is something like this: (1) a single great epic, composed by one poet in the last days of the Homeric, or Achaian, prehistoric, pre-migrational, pre-Hellenic civilisation; (2) a verbal transmission through the Dark Ages between the Homeric and the Hellenic zeniths, at different places and through different dialects; (3) a period of critical recensions, fixing the canon that we have. During (2) the poem would undergo many differing dialectical changes and verbal corruptions, resulting in different versions, which during (3) would be imperfectly and varyingly connected and harmonised. To the present writer now it is far easier to suppose that, for instance, the last two books owe their differences to a different recension than that they owe them to a different author. The theory does not affect obvious late additions like the dull Catalogue or the beautiful Shield of Achilles. But for the poem as a whole it reduces the second and third stages to quite subordinate facts, mainly of philological interest. The dominating fact becomes the single great poem, whose extraordinary boldness, richness, and unity of conception shines through all subsequent blurs and accidents, the earliest and still perhaps the most artistic fact in European literature.

THE MIND OF THE APES.

The third chimpanzee at the Zoo has just completed the third year of its captivity, the celebrated "Micky" being near the end of his eleventh and another well on in his fifth. "Consul the Great," the performing ape of the same species is now considered to be seven years old, and, like a human child of the same age, is cutting its second set of teeth. Lastly, a "Consul the Second" has appeared on the variety stage, where it pretends to be a man about as successfully as its earlier rival. The keeping of these great apes in health under captivity is now regarded as, in a measure, a psychical rather than a purely hygienic problem. The chimpanzee must not only be allowed a mixed diet and plenty of fresh air as well as a carefully guarded temperature, but he must be kept amused. The immortal "Sally" eschewed the society of her kind, and made enormous demands in this direction on the time of her keeper. She needed to be beguiled from the closing in of montony almost as assiduously as some old lady who must have a young and tactful companion ever at hand to chase away the bogey of solitude. It is possible that if some magistrate should refuse Consul's certificate to perform on the music-hall stage, he would shortly die of ennui, while it has been again and again demonstrated that these higher apes die of something like a broken heart if they lose a companion of their own kind.

As we watch the chimpanzees in their well-arranged house at the Zoo we can understand how large a part in their life is played by companionship. A tremendous zest is added to their meals by the attempt on the part of each to create a "corner" in the food that is supplied to the cage. After dinner, the process of digestion and the creation of a new appetite are encouraged by games between them much resembling those that our children engage in. As they play touch or follow-my-leader, or engage by the hour together in wrestling (catch as catch can) we see something very like a broad and happy smile break over the face of that one whose feint has given him an opening, or who has perceived in time the manœuvre planned by his opponent. Meanwhile the third chimpanzee who has elected not to play this afternoon, sits apart and tries to plait a piece of straw or puzzles himself like a young Newton with an investigation of the properties of concavity and convexity as illustrated by a pair of empty food dishes. You would think that here were three model pupils for the attention of a kindergarten mistress who could lift them to almost any heights of accomplishment.

In the next cage on the left live the orang outans, another member of the small class of the distinctly man-like apes. The orang does not strike the casual observer as quite so man-like as the chimpanzee. Anthropometrically he is more remote from, at any rate, the European standard. His legs are shorter, and his arms longer, than even the chimpanzee, whose proportions, so unlike our own, are nearer those of one or two of the human races most remote from ours in habits, custom, and thought. The orang outan, however, seems to have a larger brain than the other, a more dome-like forehead, a broader brow, and possibly a more thoughtful look. He is a cruel caricature of some lord chancellors or professors of abstruse science. It is, no doubt, his greater reserve and a morose insistence on his own way, as well as his greater rareness in captivity that have kept him from the notice of the impressario. Here, in his own house at the Zoo, one of the orang outans can be seen almost any day skilfully handling a fishing rod of his own contrivance. The rod and line are made of straw, bent in the middle, the chaffy ear is the bait, and, not being a fish-eater, he angles for water. He sits close against the front of his cage, and swings his little mop with unerring skill into a pan of water just across the corridor, drawing it back when wet, sucking the moisture off, and then making the swing again.

At the other end of the house are two gibbons, yet further removed from the god-like form we deem our

bodies to be. In them, the arms run to a length like that of spiders' legs, attaining a reach, as the prize-fighter remarks enviously, that is truly surprising. They are the gamins of the anthropoid class, of which they are usually made to stand just beyond the verge. We strike the cage, however, in a quiet moment. The black gibbon is at the top of his rope, teasing out tow. Then he hangs with three feet on the rope, and with the free hand tosses the airy ball he has won and catches it again—a piece of sheer scientific amusement, an embroidery upon life such as we usually think only man is capable of. At last the catch fails, and the bit of tow falls, more rapidly than a feather, almost as quickly as a stick. It is a yard below the athlete when he drops after it. More quickly than the eye can follow he has hooked himself to the rope again, on a level with the descending ball, which he has deftly caught in the hand that had been tossing it. Then he returns to the top, moistens the tow, and rolls it up harder. This time it drops more swiftly, and the ape's eye telling him that he cannot catch it, he does not drop after it. He turns again to the frayed rope for the material of another experiment. He is puzzling out the law of gravity. Scoff not, gentle reader, for this gibbon almost certainly knows, as the average man in the street does not, that a lump of lead, for example, does not fall more quickly than a champagne cork. He can measure the velocity and the acceleration of falling bodies as effectively by comparison with his own agility as we can with an Attwood's machine.

But now the other gibbon is ready for a game of touch, and the cage becomes a scene of the wildest motion. The white-faced ape soon becomes "he," and our black friend flees. Dropping sheer from the top of the cage, he shoots out a long arm as though by chance, and touches the horizontal bar. To touch is to hold, and, a foot from the floor, the drop ceases, changes like lightning to an upward swing, that lands the black gibbon near the ceiling again. These flying leaps, apparently reckless, but really the calculation of truest experience, are the most fascinating thing to be seen at the Zoo. It is mere athleticism. But athleticism of this kind is surely a matter of brain, even if we must say brain on the physical side. It is like the certainty with which an accomplished cricketer times his ball and cuts it to an unprotected part of the field—and we do not expect our stupider folk to become good cricketers. If we would educate this monkey, it would be the greatest mistake to leave athleticism out of the curriculum. He would never have studied dynamics as we have seen him do if it had not been for his great agility in retrieving a falling body. May it not be, even in a wider sense, that he would never have become so agile if it had not been for his brain?

Brain makes physical prowess; physical prowess makes brain. It is an alternating, rhythmical process that goes on in the life of the individual and in the career of a race. In the monkeys, we have athletics in full swing, the agility that previous brain exercise has produced rather outweighing its source. In the gibbons, athletic exuberance is at its height, and the brain product is sprouting again. The great anthropoids have won to the security of dominance in the animal world. The gorilla is undisputed master of the African jungle; the orang outan fears not even the malayan crocodile; the chimpanzee, partly by individual strength, partly by greater social instincts, is, perhaps, more secure even than they. So they take up the deeper philosophical attainments of the sober, comparatively sedentary life. Each of them has advanced in architecture to the building of platforms to sit on and roofs to keep the rain off. They use sticks as weapons, throw stones, open refractory fruit with chosen instruments. Surely they would have gone further if there had not been one animal unreckoned with or given too long a start—man, who, breaking ruthlessly in upon their young civilisation, shoots them, captures them, makes their human aspirations a laughing-stock by teaching them to imitate his own tricks on the music-hall stage.

Present-Day Problems.

THE SLAVERY OF THE COCOA ISLANDS.

The decision of the three British firms of Cadbury, Rowntree, and Fry not to purchase any more San Thomé cocoa so long as the present conditions of supplying labor to the islands continue, recalls the great anti-slavery movement of a century ago. That movement ranks as one of the noblest deeds in our history. If the name of England should disappear from the roll of living nations, the peoples of the future will still remember our race for a few great qualities, a few great leaders of thought, and a few splendid purposes accomplished without consideration of loss or gain. Among those splendid purposes they will remember that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the English redeemed their slaves at a great price and declared that within the limits of their Empire no man or woman should be claimed as a slave or sold into slavery. The present action of the British cocoa firms shows us once more that our country has not lost that spirit of righteousness and freedom. It is still ready to maintain the simple principle that slavery is an abomination, even though the personal sacrifice in maintaining it may be large, as it was to our fathers.

There is no need to be pharisaical about the Portuguese slave-labor in Angola and the two cocoa islands far off the coast in the Gulf of Guinea. Other methods of labor are not above suspicion, even in India and our own Colonies. The detestable system is but a phase in the long contest between capital and the working people throughout the world. Nor are the Portuguese naturally more heartless than ourselves. They are not blind to the evil; both in Lisbon and Angola there is a party of reform, and I have heard out there of traders who have risked their lives, and lost them, too, in trying to bring the iniquity to light. There is no call for self-righteousness, and this is not a question of nationality. I only say that the system as I saw it in Angola and the islands four years ago, and as it is still carried on to-day, is slavery beyond dispute, and I believe it to be the most flagrant instance of slavery still existing in the world. Slavery is not a question of treatment, good or bad. It is a question of the sale of men and women at a price, and of their compulsory labor. There is much cruelty in the Angola slave-trade, and on the islands the death-rate was described by our Consul, Mr. Nightingale, as "enormous." But if there was no cruelty at all, and if the laborers on the plantations were as carefully tended as infants in a ducal nursery, the system would be slavery all the same. As Mr. Burtt, who was sent out by the cocoa firms to investigate, wrote in his report eighteen months ago:—

> "I am satisfied that under the serviçal system as it exists at present thousands of black men and women are, against their will, and often under circumstances of great cruelty, taken away every year from their homes and transported across the sea to work on unhealthy islands, from which they never return. If this is not slavery, I know of no word in the English language which correctly characterises it."

Mr. Burtt is speaking only of the islands, but the mainland of Angola is equally tainted with slavery, and all its plantations are worked by slaves. There is the further touch of irony that most of the plantations grow sugar-cane and sweet potato, entirely for the manufacture of spirits, which are one of the recognised forms of coinage in trading with the natives and work their utter destruction in health and character. I have known natives, in the neighborhood of a Portuguese store or settlement, who refused to work for cloth (*i.e.*, cotton, which may be called the standard of value), or for salt (which is the small change of the interior), and demanded nothing but spirits in payment. The plantations on which the materials for spirits are grown, and where the spirits are usually manufactured, too, are, as I have said, entirely worked by slaves, and the slaves themselves with their children are included as part of the plantations when these are sold. Among officials and educated people you will hear the slaves spoken of as "serviçaes," or still more politely as "contracted laborers," but out-

side the polite classes they are called "slaves" without phrase, and a man's property is estimated by the number of slaves he possesses.

It is, however, with the islands that we have to do now; for very little, if any, cocoa is grown on the mainland, but the islands of San Thomé and Principe, standing in the hothouse atmosphere of the equator produce cocoa in plenty wherever the primeval forests are cleared and the cocoa trees planted. The plantations are very lucrative, and their increase has been rapid. In one year (1906 to 1907) the amount exported to England alone (between one-quarter and one-third of the total produce from the islands) increased by over three million pounds, and the islands now yield about one-fifth of the whole cocoa supply of the world. To keep pace with this increase, the supply of slaves has naturally increased also. From the average of about 1,000 slaves imported yearly between 1887 and 1896, the numbers rose to about 4,000 for the year when I was on the islands (summer, 1905), and since then they have further increased, the official figures that I have for last summer showing an average monthly import of 400 men and women slaves from the mainland, or nearly 5,000 a year. I am told that the price of the slaves is rising also with the demand. When I was there, a planter expected to give about £30 for a man or woman landed in good condition. The price, as I hear, has now gone up to £35 or even £40.

The traffic for supplying the slaves yields great profits to the dealers and their agents. Some of the men and women are captured in raids upon villages far in the interior, but nowadays most of them are bought cheap from chiefs or relations, in payment for witchcraft, or debts, or fines. Many are entrapped by trickery, many are sold by masters on the mainland who have found them useless or unmanageable. One large trader in Katumbella, near the coast, told me he could always get £12 to £16 a-piece for his slaves by taking them into Benguella (the chief port of embarkation) as soon as they were "fit for nothing but San Thomé." In the district of Bihé, however, which is some 300 or 400 miles inland, I found that a young slave was valued at one load of rubber or one ox, which may be put at about £9, and the further you go into the interior, the cheaper the slaves become, on account of the risk of loss in marching them down to the coast. The wretched men and women who have been torn from their homes are conducted in single file along the narrow paths that lead from the very centre of Africa over the main watershed between the Congo and Zambesi, down to the dry mountains of the coast. The journey takes weeks and months, and many die, especially in a scarcely inhabited length of country just east of the Quanza, where the sick who cannot keep up with the march are slaughtered for fear delay should exhaust the provisions of the gang. The path is scattered with the skeletons of slaves, and with the wooden shackles with which they are tied up at night, and sometimes by day.

On reaching a coast town, such as Benguella, Novo Rodondo, or Loanda, the slaves are kept in compounds till an ordinary passenger steamer calls. They are then taken before an official Curador, and asked if they are willing to labor in San Thomé for five years. No attention is paid to their answer. They are put on board, and after a week's journey are landed on the islands, and distributed among the plantations, according to demands previously made by the planters. Certain regulations are laid down about their labor, wages, and health. It is greatly to the interest of the planters to keep them alive, quite apart from any thought of humanity. Yet they die in large numbers, especially in their first year, chiefly of misery and home-sickness. A few escape to the forests. Sometimes they try for the mainland (about 180 miles away) in canoes. But up to this year none had ever gone home. This year, I am told, a few have been repatriated, perhaps owing to the indignation on the subject in England and various parts of Europe, besides Lisbon. But in most cases there can be very little mercy in dumping natives on the Angola coast, probably many hundred miles from the homes whence they were taken by fraud or violence or in payment of debts five years before. I do not wonder that of the 793 entitled to repatriation this year (being all that survived of about 4,000 imported five years ago) less than a tenth part have been "repatriated," and the great majority have preferred to "renew their contracts," retaining such security of existence as slaves enjoy.

Such is, in briefest statement, the system as it is now being carried on. Last week Mr. William Cadbury returned from a five months' visit to Angola and the islands, in company with Mr. Burtt, who had started on his first journey before I returned from mine, and whom I met on the islands in 1905. Mr. Cadbury deserves great credit for his determination to discover, not so much the truth about the system, for that was known, but the reality of the reforms promised by the Portuguese Government. He reports that "no adequate steps have yet been taken to remedy the evils proved to exist," and on the strength of that report the three British firms have declared their boycott against the cocoa. They state that they will reconsider their decision when they are satisfied that the "indentured laborers" have real freedom in entering into their contract, and full opportunity of returning to their homes at the end of it. Those are the points to insist upon. The new regulations issued by the Portuguese Government last January lay down some improvements about hospitals, labor, and the fraction of wages to be set aside for repatriation. But rules of that kind do not touch the root of the evil. The root of the evil is, as I said, the slavery involved in the system—the traffic in men and women, the forcible removal of them from their homes, the compulsory toil, the unlimited authority over their souls and bodies possessed by the planters who buy them. By shortening the term of contract to one, or at most two years, by paying fair and definite wages, and by returning the laborers to their homes without question, I believe it would be quite possible to cultivate the islands at a profit, even though the gains might not be so enormous as at present. But profit or not, the abomination of the present slave system cannot be allowed to continue, and I congratulate the firms (including the Co-operative Wholesale Society, the Stollwerck Company of Cologne, and the Suchard Company of Switzerland) on having taken the step which has always seemed to me the most effectual means of ending it.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

The Drama.

"ONE LAW FOR MAN—"

OF modern French dramatists, M. Paul Hervieu is not the one who most appeals to me. His plays remind me too much of the propositions of Euclid, an author whom I esteem, but cannot love. It must be admitted, however, that M. Hervieu has all the good qualities of his Alexandrian exemplar. Having enunciated his theorem he sets resolutely about the task of demonstration, and does not wander off on side issues. You do not find Euclid—nor do you find M. Hervieu—straying from his point, and padding out one proposition with extracts from another. But that is just what Mr. Seymour Obermer does in his new play, "The House of Bondage," produced this week at the Afternoon Theatre. His spirit is that of "La Loi de l'Homme," and "Les Tenailles." He sets forth to demonstrate conclusively the iniquity of the English law of divorce—to grind it between the millstones of his logic and his rhetoric. But towards the end of the first act, a wholly new interest—a complication not in the least relevant to the divorce theme—is suddenly sprung upon us. To this complication the whole second act is given up; and only in the third act is the trituration of the divorce laws resumed and triumphantly completed. The rhetorical demonstration-play after the manner of Hervieu is, I repeat, a

form of art of which I am not enamored; but if a demonstration we must have, let it by all means be one

> "Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on."

Logic no less than art cries out against a demonstration with a parenthesis.

Yet Mr. Obermer is by no means without talent, and his first act is by no means without promise. It was probably the very facility of the demonstration he had undertaken that betrayed him into irrelevance. You cannot spend three whole acts in demolishing the English law of divorce. To that end no elaborate concatenation of reasoning is needed; the mere statement of the case carries the conclusion. Mr. Obermer might have said "Q.E.D.," and dropped his curtain, about ten minutes before the end of his first act. I suppose he told himself that the parenthetic complication helped his argument by making the particular case in point seem doubly cruel. But there he was mistaken. The case against an unjust law is much more effective when stated in absolutely typical terms than when accentuated by romantic and—to say the least of it—highly unusual circumstances.

We move, in this play, in the very best society. Sir Vincent Meredith, K.C., M.P., has married the daughter of a Marquis, whose title escapes me and does not matter. But before his marriage, and during the lifetime of the Duke, he has had an intrigue with the Duchess of Banff; and after his marriage, the Duke being now dead, he resumes this left-handed alliance in a very flagrant and cynical way, to the deep humiliation of his wife, the Lady Joan. She seeks distraction in philanthropy, and thus comes across Mr. Paul Bertrand, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street, a star of the operating-theatre, and withal an ornament to his profession and to human nature. These two elect souls are naturally attracted to each other; but—"Charlotte is a married lady, And a moral man is Werther, And for all the wealth of Indies, Would do nothing for to hurt her." Nevertheless, philanthropic interests take Lady Joan so frequently to Harley Street that people begin to talk; and the Duchess of Banff one day happens to drop into the consulting-room just as Bertrand chances, in the heat of an ethical discussion, to have taken Joan's head between his hands, the better to look into the candid depths of her eyes. The Duchess goes off and apparently tells Sir Vincent what she has observed; for that polished and sarcastic reprobate is presently announced. He has a scene alone with his wife, in which he expounds to her the law of divorce; and the exposition, as I said above, practically concludes the argument. His relations with the Duchess being matter of common knowledge, she can get a separation if she wishes it; but as "his wife-beating proclivities are as yet dormant," she cannot get a divorce. To her, on the other hand, the law says, "Be free if you will, but you must degrade yourself first"; and as he knows "her innate refinement," he is sure she will never take this method of escape. Here, then, the "Q.E.D." might quite well have come in; for to expound the law is to condemn it. Nothing whatever, except a good deal of declamation, is added in the subsequent acts to the attack on divorce. The case cannot be strengthened; it can only be complicated by the introduction of irrelevant matter; and that is what happens, in the following fashion.

Just as Sir Vincent has proved to Lady Joan that she cannot free herself except at the cost of her innate refinement, he utters a cry and is seized with a sort of fit. Paul Bertrand comes promptly to the rescue; and then it appears that Sir Vincent has been sent to him by a brother practitioner, he being the only man who can operate with assured success for the removal of a particular sort of tumor on the brain from which Sir Vincent is suffering. The position is a delicate one, but Sir Vincent faces it squarely. "I have only one question to ask," he says to Bertrand, "do you love my wife?" "I do" is the surgeon's reply. "Then," says Sir Vincent, "I place myself in your hands—absolutely."

Though rather foolish in its paradoxical form, this situation is not a bad one as situations go. If we admit —and this is easy enough in the Haymarket, if not in Harley Street—that there is any operation which only one man in the wide world can perform with tolerable security, then it is interesting to conceive him as having to perform it upon a man whose death he cannot but ardently desire. There is room for curious speculation in the matter. Even assuming his professional honor flawless, and his will to save his enemy above suspicion, is Sir Vincent right in thinking himself doubly safe in Bertrand's hands? May not the sense of all that is at stake unnerve him in spite of himself? Other interesting developments suggest themselves; but it is manifest that all this has nothing to do with the true subject of the play—the iniquity of the law of divorce. It is no argument against that law that it may conceivably lead to such a situation as this. A law must be judged by its natural, probable, everyday consequences, not by a consequence which, if possible at all, might not present itself once in a century.

The second act turns entirely on this parenthetic complication, and is, to put it frankly, very bad. Everybody behaves with quite extraordinary tactlessness. One would have thought that, until the operation was over, Bertrand would have been very shy of sentimentalising with Lady Joan; but that elementary point of prudence does not occur to him. One would have thought, too, that if Bertrand is really the only man who can perform the operation with reasonable safety, the Duchess of Banff would have had sense enough and self-control enough to avoid upsetting his nerve. As a matter of fact she travels all the way to Switzerland for no other purpose than to rub into him the extreme delicacy of the situation, and the probability of some fatal slip on his part. I actually began to think that Sir Vincent was to die under the knife, and that the tragedy was to lie in the fact that his death, far from removing the barrier between Bertrand and Lady Joan, on the contrary made it insuperable.

But this was not Mr. Obermer's idea. In spite of all that is done to shake it, Bertrand's nerve remains unperturbed, and Sir Vincent duly recovers. Meanwhile the Duchess of Banff has fought an election for him at home and secured his triumphant return. She motors over to Chamonix to tell him that a place in the Ministry awaits him; and just as, in the first act, the Duchess pops in upon Bertrand caressing Lady Joan, so, in the third act, Lady Joan pops upon the Duchess with her arms round Sir Vincent's neck. All this is extremely maladroit and feeble. Presumably we are expected to feel that Sir Vincent's gross ingratitude in resuming relations with his mistress immediately after his wife has devotedly nursed him through his illness emphasises the senselessness of the law which will not accept this as "cruelty." As a matter of fact, it does not essentially alter the original situation, but merely gives Lady Joan the cue for a declamation against the law, and an appeal to Sir Vincent to make what reparation he can by agitating for its amendment. This Sir Vincent cheerfully promises to do; and then, strange to relate, Lady Joan addresses a similar entreaty to the Duchess. This is, perhaps, the most ridiculous point in the whole play; but, in truth, there is little in this last act that is not more or less ridiculous.

The queer quartette was excellently acted by Mr. Herbert Waring (Sir Vincent), Mr. Aubrey Smith (Bertrand), Miss Eva Moore (Lady Joan), and Miss Beryl Faber (the Duchess). The management of the Afternoon Theatre, by the way, is anxious to have it known that the enterprise is not a private society, or a society of any sort, and that seats may be bought by anyone, in the ordinary way, and on the ordinary terms.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Letters from Abroad.

ARMS AND THE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is just nine years since—on February 7th, 1900—Berlin witnessed an uncommon spectacle. Against a naval programme brought before the Reichstag and

asking for a duplication of the number of men of war, the Socialists of the capital had convoked meetings of protest in nineteen of the largest halls of Berlin. When the day, or, rather, the evening, came, a number of famous University teachers of political economy—amongst others Professors Adolph Wagner, Lugo Brentano, and Werner Sombart—went into the meetings to preach to the workers of Berlin the doctrine of the necessity and the advantages of a strong fleet. Their endeavors were in vain. The arguments, stated in a very impressive way and with great ability, did not shake the opposition of the Socialist workers. Their unanimous reply was—"We don't believe in these blessings. Increased battleships will only mean increased friction abroad and increased taxation at home." Against the rock of this firm conviction the most seducing suggestions as to the growth of foreign trade following an increase of the navy, proved to be impotent.

But in one respect at least the evening was a gratifying one for these learned propagandists. The workers gave them a respectful hearing. Apart from occasional good-humored interruptions, the "Flottenprofessoren," as they were called, were most attentively heard. And even the few interruptions were severely reproved by the chairmen of the meetings.

Compare with this the treatment meted out the other day at the great assembly of the League of the German Agriculturists to the senior of those great University Nationalists, Professor Adolph Wagner. Wagner is perhaps the most conservative and the most agrarian of his type. In opposition to Brentano, for example, he is a supporter of the policy of agrarian protection. But no sooner did he try to convince the agriculturists of the justice and harmlessness of the proposed estate duty in the Government's Bill for the rehabilitation of Imperial finance, than they brutally hooted the septuagenarian down. Jeering shout followed shout, and the chairman, a highly-educated and wealthy landowner, did not deem it well to protect the man who so often had proved a champion of the cause of the agriculturists.

The scene was in some way a typical illustration of the political situation created by the necessity of paying the bill for the armaments then and afterwards voted by the majority of the Reichstag. Readers of The Nation know what the bill amounts to, and of what nature it is: a deficiency of 25 to 30 millions of pounds sterling has to be covered. For not one-fifth part of this—some four to five millions—do the Government propose direct taxation in the shape of death duties, viz., an estate duty and an inheritance duty on estates left intestate and without near relatives of the deceased. If the proposed estate duty is objectionable at all, it is so because of its weakness and its favoritism to the landed interest. It begins with a tax of ½ per cent. on estates worth £1,000 to £1,500, and ends with a tax of 3 per cent. on estates worth more than £50,000. Agrarian estates are to be assessed, not according to their selling value, but according to the net income the owners draw from them, where deductions of all sorts are allowed. No duty at all is to be paid when the estate has been inherited by the testator no more than five years back, and half the duty when it was inherited between five to ten years back. Further, the inheritors are allowed to pay the duty in ten yearly instalments, so that, *e.g.*, on an estate yielding a net income of £500 a year, and representing actually a possession of at least £12,000, if not more, the inheritors would, according to the Government proposals, have to pay at most during ten years £20 duty a year. With an estate of £150 net income (meaning, perhaps, a real income of £700), duty to the amount of not quite £6 a year would have to be paid.

One must know this in order to appreciate at their full value the roaring protests of the agriculturists—the hypocrisy of the assertion that the duty would undermine Teutonic family life—for are not the agriculturists Teutons of Teutons?—and hinder the development of German agriculture. Your correspondent is not inclined to deny the difficulties of European agriculture. But it argues an inhuman gullibility to believe in the soundness of these protests.

So impudent are they that another Conservative professor, the historian and editor of the "Preussische Jahrbücher," Hans von Delbrück, formerly one of the teachers of William II., has not only come forward to support his colleague Wagner, but has turned the tables round on his assailants and bluntly accused the agrarians that the real ground of their fanatical opposition to the death duty was not the tax itself, but the fear lest the official inventories connected with the tax might reveal the extent of their habitual defalcations in their annual declarations of incomes and fortunes. He asserts, and is proving it, that these defalcations, the amount of the under-assessments of the estates and fortunes of the German agriculturists, if properly investigated, would run to some two to two and a half milliard pounds of taxable property.

There has, of course, been a great outcry against Professor Delbrück's charges, and the patriotic historian is the target of all sorts of abuse from the patriotic agrarians. But he is a fighting man. The financial problems allow of no sentimentalism, and he goes on with his revelations. Many have come forward to confirm his assertions. It has been stated that in Prussia a landholder who should venture to declare the actual income from his estate, would be boycotted by the whole squirearchy in the neighborhood, and semi-official influence would be exerted on him to withdraw the declaration as erroneous. The Prussian Minister of Finance, Herr von Rheinbaben, has tried to deny it, and to clear the officials and the rural assessment committees from being parties to such defalcations, but his denial was feeble and unconvincing. The amount of the defalcations given by Professor Delbrück may be exaggerated, but it is undeniable that they take place.

The extraordinary power wielded by the agriculturists and their strong coherence as soon as their interests are at stake, is best illustrated by the fact that for the present they have succeeded in brushing aside the Estate duty from the list of taxes drawn up by the Financial Committee of the Reichstag. Their influence on the two Conservative Parties, the Catholic Centre Party, and some "wild" members was sufficient to obtain in the committee a majority against the duty.

By this they have brought the whole scheme of financial adjustment to a deadlock. The Committee has replaced the estate duty by the proposal of a tax on fortunes, to be raised in certain quotas by the federated States for the Imperial Exchequer. But this proposal, for which the Freisinnige were weak enough to vote "with reservations," is quite unworkable, and has already provoked desperate protests on the part of the Ministers of Finance of the States, already smarting under the old matricular quota and determined to protect their finance from disorganisation by new and more obnoxious taxes. The tax would neither be a unitarian Imperial tax founded on equal principles of assessment, nor a true federal contribution. It would be a cumbersome and contradictory mixture of both. The idea may be regarded as stillborn.

There we stand at present. The Committee of the Reichstag has begun to discuss the indirect taxes proposed by the Government and the amendments proposed by the Parliamentary groups. But it is a discussion in the air so long as there is no certainty in regard to the direct taxation. Moreover, the protracted discussion of new imposts on goods and public services, by the uncertainty they create, make the trades concerned very uneasy and hamper enterprise in no small degree. No wonder that the feeling of discontent spreads markedly. One moment there was a hint of a probable dissolution of the Reichstag. But it met with little belief. For everybody knows that a general election would at this moment bring back the Social Democrats in largely increased numbers. At meetings of traders, which two years ago voted strongly anti-Socialist, representative Socialist speakers are to-day received with storms of applause.

The Imperial Government plays a pitiable part in these discussions. It wants the money, and is prepared to take it from whatever source and on whatever system it may come. The same lack of principle in regard to finance that was displayed in 1905 by Herr von Hengel, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, is now displayed by his successor, Herr von Sydow. He is ready to accept any tax that would yield revenue. Of any theoretical or political principle of taxation he never displayed a sign.

This is the attitude of a bankrupt, and, in a sense, the Imperial Exchequer *is* bankrupt. True, it could raise money by new loans. But by doing this it would raise the rate of interest, which is already high enough in Germany. The State would have to pay higher interest for the new loans, and would thus deteriorate the old ones. This much is admitted on all sides. "Experience has clearly shown," one reads in an article by the Privy Councillor, Dr. Seidel, in Berlin, a Governmental authority on finance, in the Conservative "Grenzboten" of March 11th, "that the enormous demands of the Imperial Exchequer have pressed most severely on the market for capital. . . Every time the bank rate showed a tendency to go down, the Exchequer entered the market with new Treasury Bills and counteracted the desirable downward movement." In the 'nineties of the last century the average yearly amount of discount paid for Imperial Treasury bills was between 300,000 and 400,000 marks. Last year it amounted to 13 2-3 millions of marks!

That is one indication of the financial situation created by the mania to become a first-class military power on land and sea at the same time. A heavy bill is to be paid, and many traders are threatened with ruin through the new indirect taxes. Pressure is now put upon the Conservatives to drop their opposition to the death duties, and it may be that in the end they will consent to some compromise, that is to say that they will condescend to be dearly compensated for any concession they may make. All this would be unnecessary if the agrarian interest were not excessively over-represented in the Reichstag and the Diet, and if a workable Parliamentary *bloc* without the Conservatives were possible. The one presupposes a redistribution of seats, the other an understanding between Social Democrats and the Liberals, and nothing short of a revolution is needed to bring about either.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin, March 14th, 1909.

Postscript.—The news of the new British naval programme has been received here with a great calm, if not indifference. There is a feeling of weariness about this costly business. It was regarded as a foregone conclusion that Great Britain would undertake to build new "Dreadnoughts," and people seem to be happy that there appear not more on her new programme. With the quarrel at home about the recovery of the Imperial deficit, there is no inclination to raise the cry for more German "Dreadnoughts." From this point of view one can even be thankful to the Agrarians. Their unwillingness to pay the bill is a distinct help in the movement against naval Jingoism. Public opinion begins to ripen towards a policy of mutual understandings *re* armaments. The over-swelling bills are making people reflective.

Communications.

ARE "DREADNOUGHTS" WORTHLESS?

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I beg the favor of being allowed to point out that the recently issued Navy Estimates provide for either too little or too much—too little if the "Dreadnought" marked, as was claimed for her, such an advance in naval ship construction that all previous ships were thereby made obsolete; too much if she and her "improved" sisters are the frauds I contend that they are.

In this latter connection, I would explain that the "Dreadnought" was conceived and her design settled upon by a Committee *before the battle of Isushima*, which was fought on May 27th, 1905. She was laid down in October of that year, and the deluded British taxpayer has been allowed and encouraged to believe that she represents the teachings of that battle, which, in reality, practically made her design obsolete before her keel was laid. Despite official and inspired statements to the contrary, her "improved" sisters are in the same category, the difference being only one of degree. Whilst the Admiralty veil of mystery obscures from the taxpayer's view some of the truths concerning those vessels, there is little of consequence that is unknown to our possible enemies. At this stage, however, I conceive it to be of the highest importance, on national grounds, that the following facts should have publicity.

The fundamental fallacy in the "Dreadnought" design is that the latter was based on the supposition, or assumption, that the penetration of armor was necessary for the destruction or disablement of existing war vessels. This penetration involves a huge and extremely heavy projectile fired at a high velocity from a monster gun worked by proportionately heavy, complicated, and easily disabled machinery. That gun and its absolutely necessary adjuncts were the ruling factors in the design of the monstrosity.

The book of Captain Semenoff (the Russian naval constructor deputed to take notes on board the flagship) clearly indicates that none of the Russian ships were sunk in consequence of penetration of armor, but that the battle was decided by high explosive shells acting against the unprotected parts. In his very interesting and valuable account, he wrote:—

> "The 'Suvaroff' (Russian flagship) fired the first shot at a range of 32 cables (6,400 yards), and the guns of the whole fleet thundered forth. In a couple of minutes the enemy began to reply. The first shells flew over us. At this range some of the long ones turned a complete somersault, and could clearly be seen with the naked eye curving like so many sticks thrown in the air. They flew over us, making a sort of wail, different from the ordinary roar. . . . But what struck me most was that these 'portmanteaus,' curving awkwardly head over heels through the air, and falling anyhow on the water, exploded the moment they touched its surface. This had never happened before. After them came others short of us—nearer and nearer. Splinters whistled through the air, jingled against the side and superstructure. Then quite close and abreast the foremost funnel, rose a gigantic pillar of smoke, water and flame. I saw stretchers being carried along the forebridge, and I leaned over the rail. The next shell struck the side by the centre 6-in. turret, and there was a tremendous noise behind me and below me on the port quarter. Smoke and tongues of fire leapt out of the officers' gangway; a shell having fallen into the captain's cabin, and having penetrated the deck, had burst in the officers' quarters, setting them on fire. The shell had passed through the deck house, bursting inside."

Now, it does not require much technical knowledge to see that such shells, "curving awkwardly head over heels through the air and falling anyhow on the water," are not the ones to penetrate armor. Moreover, having such supersensitive fuses as to cause them to explode on touching the surface of the water, they were evidently never meant to penetrate armor.

Confirmation of this obvious conclusion was supplied by Admiral Rozdestvensky, at a public meeting in St. Petersburg, who said:—

> "The Japanese had no submarines in the sea fight; on the other hand, they used a kind of aerial torpedo, which led to the sinking of the Russian Fleet. History will determine who was responsible for the destruction of our ships."

The Japanese vessels were not "all big-gun" craft. They came to close quarters and used medium-sized guns, firing the same kind of high explosive shells—"a kind of aerial torpedo"!

However fatal to the reputations of highly-placed officials an exhaustive, an impartial inquiry may prove to be, the national interests demand that such an inquiry should be made into the question raised by this letter. I feel confident that at the cost of an "improved" Dreadnought twenty small craft could be rapidly built and armed with medium-sized man-handled guns firing "a kind of aerial torpedo," and any four of which craft, properly handled, would be a match for a Dreadnought in the defence of our coasts, or in an attack on the enemy's. Their construction could be entrusted to the numerous yards throughout the

country, instead of being confined to a few favored firms. I could adduce evidence in support of this contention, and supplement that evidence by other facts to show that the Admiralty tail has been very violently wagging the Government dog—which is not in the correct order of things, and does not conduce to the maintenance of an efficient navy. The suggestion that official professional advisers are infallible and their advice must be followed to the exclusion of all other is no more reasonable than that the master of a vessel taking a compulsory pilot is absolved from all responsibility in regard to the navigation of the ship in pilotage waters.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. Kelway.

110, Lancaster Street, S.E.
March 16th, 1909.

P.S.—The above letter was written before the important statements made yesterday in the House of Commons by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Prime Minister. They emphasise the urgency of an impartial investigation into the circumstances which clearly point to the supreme value of "a kind of aerial torpedo" used by the Japanese as compared with the huge armor-piercing projectile upon which the "Dreadnought" design was based. Obviously, if (as I have for years contended in letters to the Government Departments concerned and otherwise, and the Isushima experiences proved) that "kind of aerial torpedo," fired from a medium-sized gun, can effect the desired object, the preposterous claims for the "Dreadnought" design cannot be supported. In other words, for offensive and defensive purposes, "Dreadnoughts" are white elephants, and, if Germany has really copied the design, the position is not so serious as stated in the House of Commons yesterday.

March 17th, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I should like to reply to the question put to me in your number of March 13th, although I am glad that the main part of my letter proved to be unanswerable. It seems to be some confusion of ideas to compare the strife that may go on, even at peace meetings, with shooting an enemy from behind a safe covert, or dropping dynamite on him from the skies. The plea for arbitration is surely on the ground that causes of strife do exist, and always will exist, as long as "the wheels of life still run on earth," but that civilised nations have passed the stage when they need cut each other's throats about them. Individuals once thought a duel necessary to settle quarrels which they now quietly take to courts of law. We only propose to extend this to nations.

We do not attempt to judge the individual soldier; we only say that the teaching of Christ is opposed to war, and to the crude attempt to distinguish between races and their ever-changing geographical boundaries. The mixture of races in America, as well as here, is going on so rapidly now that the words "our own race and blood" convey little idea to many people in this land. It is impossible to believe that the "peace of business and of the fear of death" can be attained by the methods being tried to increase armies and navies. If we have to write the "Battle of Dorking" at one time, and the "Englishman's Home" another, and turn on the Yellow Press to the point of hysteria, to frighten people into conscription, we reduce the nation to a weak condition of nerves and tension. The more "Dreadnoughts" we want, the more insecure we must be made to feel. There is nothing bold or courageous in this sort of patriotism—if it is called patriotism. The real question is: What have we to defend ourselves from? If, as is the growing belief of all thoughtful people, our worst enemies are internal, what use is there in developing our animal side alone? What we need is to develop moral and spiritual courage, so that we might stop war at its source. Lord Aberdeen is reported to have said that if his Government had had the moral courage to withdraw their Ambassador from Constantinople at the right time there would have been no Crimean War.

As Mr. Cecil has asked me a question, which I have answered, I should like to ask one in return. Words and phrases like "patriotism," British Empire, "Hearth and Home," "defending country," &c., are like sugar plums stuffed into a child's mouth to prevent noise. We are straight people, and we want to know where conscription will land us before we advance further. Let us at least go into the source and causes of past wars, and see what can be done to prevent them. If we then consent to conscription, and we give up the money needed for social progress, is it for some great and noble end, and *what is that end to be?* If we develop the physique of the matador, are we to have a glorified bullfight just for a trial of strength? Shall we then find ourselves bound hand and foot to take part, even if we know some diplomat has blundered and caused a quarrel? The greatest man England has produced in modern times, and who had a unique opportunity of knowing the facts, said of conscription for this country: "The Services, the Services, if you give the reigns of government to the Services, they will lead you straight to the Devil." On the whole, does not the Christian principle of brotherhood offer greater national security than this?—Yours, &c.,

March 16th, 1909. S.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Cecil that economic compulsion is little better than legal compulsion; in other words, that the fear of starvation is no more a patriotic motive than the fear of punishment. But I think he will find that most of those who are working against one of these evils are also trying to remove the other, and that they consider the perpetual war scares stirred up by Mr. Cecil and his friends are among the more important causes of that unsettlement of the labor market which brings men nearer to starvation.

At any rate, the addition of one such motive to another will not produce that patriotic zeal which Mr. Cecil seems to think will be called out by conscription.

Mr. Cecil refers to compulsion in other parts of civil life. But in those institutions which are to call out the sense of civic duty in men we exercise no compulsion. We do not compel men to vote for members of Parliament or County or Borough Councillors, nor to accept those offices against their will. We compel people, no doubt, to pay taxes, because each man cannot possibly estimate his proper share in the expenditure of the country. But, in the choice of professions (other than military) we leave each man to his own bent. Why, then, should we not in the military profession? Mr. Cecil gives himself away a little in his choice of an illustration of compulsion. Are Englishmen to be treated as children or as men? That is one of the important issues between us and Mr. Cecil.

Mr. Cecil says that I did him an injustice in charging him with attributing to us lower motives than those which actuate him and his friends. I should be glad to think so; and I recognise that, for the length of a sentence, Mr. Cecil struggles hard to be just; but he soon falls back on the belief that his opponents are actuated solely by the "fear of death." Surely there are doctors, miners, firemen, and others who have shown as great a contempt for death as any soldier, and who yet have no desire to be trained to kill.

Mr. Cecil thinks us benighted because we are not roused to enthusiasm by the name Empire. But when has the name Empire produced any healthy enthusiasm on its side in the past?

Plenty of enthusiasm has been evoked, and noble deeds done, in *resistance* to Empires. It was against an Empire that the Greeks struggled at Marathon and Salamis. It was opposition to an Empire that animated Vercingetorix, Arminius, and Civilis. It was when *little* England and *little* Holland were struggling against an Empire that

> "that great fleet Invincible
> Against us bore in vain
> The richest spoils of Mexico,
> The stoutest hearts of Spain."

It was against an Empire that Hofer stood, on his Tyrolese mountains, and that the nations of Europe rallied

on the plains of Leipzig; and it was her resistance to a great Empire that has brought so much admiration to Japan.

Empire has always meant rule by the sword and the crushing out of the higher national life; it is because we do not wish to see the greater and nobler traditions of England crushed out by the lust for Empire that we, little Englanders, would rather see a small, free, and freedom-loving country than a huge, unwieldy Colossus merely (in Hamlet's words) "spacious in the possession of dirt."—Yours, &c., C. E. Maurice.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsboro' Gardens, Hampstead,
March 13th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The doctrine embodied in Mr. Haldane's phrase, "a nation in arms," is that it is the duty of every able-bodied Englishman to be prepared to defend his native country. As one whose forebears have for several generations been ardent Radicals, I venture to submit that this doctrine is not, as your leader writer appears to assume, opposed to the traditions of "historic Liberalism." On the contrary, it is essentially a democratic doctrine, and has no connection whatever with the Jingo frenzy of music-hall patriotism. Unfortunately, this Jingo frenzy produced, as a counterblast and a protest, an attitude of mind in certain Liberals which Herbert Spencer described as "the bias of anti-patriotism"; but this attitude, in no way associated with historic Liberalism, is now a thing of the past. Speaking from personal experience, at the last General Election, I can confidently affirm that the enhanced efficiency of the auxiliary forces was one of the "planks" of the Liberal platform, and was a subject which, amongst Liberals, aroused very considerable interest and enthusiasm.

When the Territorial Army was first organised, a number of employers publicly stated that they did not intend to employ "Terriers," because their business would be inconvenienced if their employés were called out for six months' military training. I do not remember reading any protest in The Nation against this "attempt of employers to dictate to their workers what form of service they shall give to the community, and what kind of exercise they shall take outside their hours of work." When, however, employers are ready to sacrifice their own interests for the benefit of the community, we are told that this is "playing with reactionary forces."

In his "Essay on Liberty," John Stuart Mill enunciates his view of Liberalism as follows: "The principle is that the sole end for which mankind are warranted individually or collectively in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is *self-protection*. . . . The only part of the conduct of anyone for which he is amenable to society is *that which concerns others*."

Now, Sir, applying this principle, it is questionable whether an employer would be justified in refusing to employ persons who were not teetotalers or persons who were not members of the Young Men's Christian Association. But if the existence of the Territorial Army is a matter of self-protection—*i.e.*, the protection of the nation against foreign invasion—it follows that, in respect of military training, an Englishman is amenable to society, and that interference with his liberty of action may be justified under the exception above mentioned.

In conclusion, I would venture to express the conviction that the healthy and virile Liberalism of the present day approves the attitude of Mr. Haldane in this matter, and sees nothing in Liberal traditions or in Liberal aspirations which is inconsistent with the assumption that the defence of his country is as much the duty of a Liberal as the reform of social abuses.—Yours, &c.,

W. A. Jolly.

March 16th, 1909.

[Does our correspondent believe in conscription as the best form of self-protection? If he does, the proper authority to apply compulsion is the State, and not the private employer. If he does not, and he thinks only limited numbers of Volunteers are needed, surely both the spirit and the form of voluntary service should be rigidly maintained.—Ed., Nation.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There is an aspect of this question of national service on which the criticism of its opponents has not hitherto shed any clear light. They admit that the moral fibre of the nation has become enervated, that the pursuit of selfish pleasure and of the means of procuring it is sapping the vitals of this people. Yet the remedies they suggest, those to which our party-serving politics chiefly incline, are rarely organic, but mainly palliative, tending not to strength and independence of character, but to increasing reliance upon the State to do for us those things which free men in a free State do best for themselves.

What honest man will deny that for sorrowful millions of Britain's sons and daughters there is, in truth, little enough to inspire love of country, and that sense of duty on which a true patriotism is based? But let us go to the root of the matter if we would find the radical cure. Does any thoughtful man doubt, in his own heart and conscience, that the worst of the crying ills of our national life might be swept away in perhaps a single generation by an awakening of that truer patriotism which must find expression in self-sacrifice—in the personal thought of each for the welfare of his fellows?

Yet what more potent lever lies to our hands than in the reawakening of our people to that sense of their country's great past and honorable pride in her future which personal service in youth will most surely foster?

The open air life and comradely association at an impressionable age of the manhood of the nation in the conscious service of their country will not only improve physique and moral, but will knit between all classes bonds of right sympathy and knowledge invaluable to the life of the community. I have seen what a fortnight's yearly camp has meant in health and in *esprit de corps* to a Working Lads' Club.

What national service becomes will be the responsibility of every member of a self-governing people. We live under a free Government, not a military autocracy. If militarism results, on our own slack and impotent spirit the just punishment will fall.

What is the deepest menace to our national life to-day? Is it not in the absence of all inspiration in the common tasks, the daily toil, of our industrial State? An Englishman no longer feels that though his work be hard and the material reward meagre, "after all, it goes to the making of England." He has forgotten England and his duty to her, being far too preoccupied with thinking about England's duty to him, as represented by a soulless Government or an impersonal Civic Council.

In national service will he not begin to find again that personal inspiration, the larger service, the central, less self-centred, grip of life which sense of country gives?

What is the alternative remedy offered to a people perishing because there is no vision? Internationalism! a generous dream, for neither steamship nor airship can obliterate race; but in the world to-day no more than a vague sentiment of humanitarianism, lacking, like the fakir's mango, both root and substance.

The author of that remarkable book, "The Message," takes for heading of one of his chapters this striking passage from Turgenieff: "Cosmopolitanism is nonsense; the cosmopolite is a cipher, worse than a cipher: outside of nationality there is neither art nor truth nor life; there is nothing."

It is profoundly true. The man without a country, the man who does not truly root his moral and spiritual life in love of his country and his race, is like a tree uprooted, required to exist suspended in the insubstantial air or in unsustaining water.

Surely one may, with reverence, apply to ourselves and to our nation the searching words of Scripture: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Men of an alien race, is it not true, we can only rightly love by virtue of that true religion which seeks first to serve God and country?—Yours, &c.,

Charles Cecil.

March 15th, 1909.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed., Nation.]

THE EVASION OF THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The recent debate on Small Holdings has established at least one important point with regard to the administration of the Board of Agriculture. Fifteen months after the passing of the Act, the Government have to admit that although there exists in almost every county of England a large unsatisfied demand, so that altogether many thousands of suitable applicants are waiting for land, no case has yet occurred in which the Board of Agriculture have made a report to a County Council that it is desirable that a scheme should be prepared, as the Act directs them to do. When asked in the House of Commons their reason for this omission, their representative, Sir Edward Strachey, replies that "this suggestion"—that the provisions of the Act ought to be carried out—"is a very plausible one," but that "it may be hoped we shall hear no more of it."

Now, sir, the only plausible thing about this "suggestion" is that it is in accordance with the express words of an Act of Parliament; and the only way in which the Government can avoid hearing any more of it is by showing that there are some other provisions, either in this or some other Act of Parliament, which relieve them from the necessity of acting in the way suggested. At present they have shown nothing of the kind. All that Sir Edward Strachey has at present done is to assert that it was the *intention* of those who introduced the Bill to leave the administration in the first instance entirely to the County Councils; and, in support of his assertion, to quote two passages from speeches made on the second reading of the Bill. This argument, curiously enough, is precisely the same as that of your anonymous correspondent, "A Liberal," in a letter which appeared in your paper on December 12th. Even the same two extracts from the same two speeches—though both are singularly inconclusive—again appear. But neither "A Liberal" nor Sir Edward Strachey can seriously suppose that the intention of those who introduce a Bill is the limit of its effect in law, or that an isolated passage from a second reading speech is any indication whatever of the meaning of an Act of Parliament.

The Act sets out in the clearest possible terms the procedure that is to be followed. The Board, through their Commissioners, are to obtain information as to the extent of the demand for land in the several counties, and local authorities are under an obligation to give them such information as they require. This information is *to be embodied in a report* which is to state whether it is desirable that a scheme should be made. The report is to be forwarded to the County Council concerned, and if within six months, or within such extended time as may be allowed by the Board, the County Council fail to prepare a scheme, the Board may themselves take action in default. Not only is the procedure perfectly clear, but it is set out in language of the most precise and unconditional kind. "The Commissioners shall ascertain" . . . . "it shall be the duty of every council to furnish information" . . . "the Commissioners shall report the information" . . . "the Board shall forward the report . . . to the County Council." The only occasion on which a condition is imposed is after the report has been sent to the County Council, when the County Council are to have six months at least to prepare a scheme. Up to that point there is nothing in the Act to indicate that there may be any delay whatever in carrying out the procedure that is laid down.

If, then, the Board of Agriculture have acquired this information—as it is reasonable to assume that they have—why have no reports been made? That is at least a simple question, and until some answer is given to it, the attitude of the Board will appear to most people to be the deliberate setting aside by the executive of the provisions made by Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

March 18th, 1909.

THE CENTRAL GLASGOW ELECTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue there appears a most interesting article on the recent Scottish by-elections by "One Who Knows."

I should like, with your permission, to comment very briefly on that portion of the article which deals with the Central Division of Glasgow.

It is much to be regretted that the article is unsigned. If we knew the personality of "One Who Knows" it would be easier to appreciate the precise points he was driving at. As it is, he has said either too little or too much.

He has said too much because he has backed up vague charges by references to particular individuals. I do not know, for instance, by what right he drags in the name of Sir William Bilsland to support his indictment of Glasgow Liberalism; but I confess I shall be surprised to learn that Sir William Bilsland himself has given any countenance or authority for the use of his name in such a connection.

He has said too little because his accusations are vague. At least, personally, I do not understand them, and I think I may claim some knowledge of Glasgow Liberalism. If "One Who Knows" desires to do a real service to the Liberal party in Glasgow, he will come into the open and state exactly what he means by the general charges contained in his article. Liberals in Glasgow will hail with pleasure all frank and free criticism of defects in themselves or their organisation. But such criticism must be specific and detailed if real profit is to ensue.

My own view is that the recent result in Glasgow was not due in any appreciable degree either to the fact that Mr. Bowles was an Englishman and Mr. Dickson a Scotsman (as your contributor appears to think) or to personal shortcomings on the part of Glasgow Liberals (else why did the same man win the seat in 1906?), but primarily to the present depression in trade, which injured the Liberal party both with the merchants who blamed the Government for the present state of things, and with the unemployed workmen, who felt and said that they could not be worse off than they were, and that they would give the other side a chance. Other factors, of course, helped to swell the defeat, but they were subsidiary.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. CLELAND.

March 16th, 1909.

[Surely our correspondent's main contention about Glasgow politics, viz., its changeability, is true on the face of it.—ED., NATION.]

"THE PARALYSIS OF SATIRE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Much of Mr. Chesterton's criticism of modern English caricature, which appeared in your number of March 6th, was excellent, but there are some points in his "Paralysis of Satire" which call for comment. It can hardly be doubted that English caricature would benefit greatly by a judicious and very moderate infusion of the spirit of Gillray, but the manner in which Mr. Chesterton dealt with the question of modern caricature leads one to suppose that he only intended to treat the subject superficially.

Mr. Chesterton speaks of "Punch" several times, and, indeed, "Punch" would seem to have been in his mind throughout. When he said that "caricature in England is not caricature," he was probably looking at the cartoons by Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Partridge, which appear week by week in "Punch." The fact that Mr. Chesterton devotes some little space to the consideration of Mr. Partridge's cartoon of the Irish peasants and Old Age Pensions tends to bear out this belief. Now, "Punch" is an historian, humorist, and sentimentalist; but there are two reasons why the drawings in "Punch," and especially those by Messrs. Sambourne and Partridge, should not be used as evidence to illustrate the decline of English caricature. Firstly, it is not claimed that "Punch" represents the humorous art of this country, but rather, we might say, that it represents the work of one particular school. Secondly, caricature very seldom figures much in "Punch." If we take the artists whose cartoons have delighted the public weekly for about the last half-century, we shall not find one who can be properly termed a caricaturist, or who has laid claim to that title. Leech, Tenniel, Sambourne, and Partridge have all produced masterpieces of their own particular styles, but hardly ever a caricature. The only present contributor to "Punch" who can be called a caricaturist is surely the inimitable E. T. Reed. He is a

caricaturist of the jovial, hilarious type. His caricatures bubble over with life and fun, and are, at times, full of stinging satire. Nevertheless, we must not turn to "Punch" for examples of typical English caricature, for the reason that caricature has always taken a subordinate position in that journal.

Let us consider for a moment the caricatures signed "A. M." in the "Morning Leader." Can one say that they lack that biting ridicule which is evidently so dear to the heart of Mr. Chesterton? I think not. It is true that they lack the scurrility of Gillray's lampoons, but are we to think that malice and offensiveness are essential to true caricature? Even Mr. Chesterton will probably admit that they are not. One can appreciate Mr. Chesterton's point, which is that when caricature loses its cruelty it is in danger of becoming weak; but it is possible to carry this argument too far. "A. M.'s" caricatures of Mr. Balfour trying to elude Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings are far from being weak.

Another true caricaturist is Mr. David Wilson, who possesses the power of endowing his figures with life and feeling, while yet developing their physical peculiarities, so as to render them grotesque—the very essence of caricature. —Yours, &c.,

R. H. Kidd.

Hampstead, March 14th, 1909.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON COMMISSION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Your last week's correspondent, who signs himself "Interested," finishes his letter with the words, "I look with confidence to Mr. Haldane's Commission to put the professors in their place," and it is plain, from the whole tone of his communication, that, if his views are to prevail, "their place" will be a very humble one. Apparently, "Interested" is one of the class, which the past history of the University of London has done so much to produce, whose whole idea of a University is that of an institution for holding examinations and granting degrees, and who estimate the greatness of a University by the number of candidates and the difficulty of the examination papers. His point of view could not be more clearly shown than by his allowing himself to speak of "those professors on the Senate who have been struggling for some years past to reduce the value of a London degree by reducing its difficulty."

May I say that it has been my privilege to know pretty intimately most of the professors on the Senate, and also to know that they have from time to time expressed a good deal of dissatisfaction with the present constitution and working of the University? But, so far from their object being to reduce the value of a London degree, I assert confidently that their dissatisfaction has arisen from a sincere and single-minded wish to increase the efficiency of the University as an organisation for promoting advanced study and the increase of knowledge. May I also ask "Interested" whether it has ever occurred to him that the one essential and indispensable requirement of a University is a body of professors, and that when (outside the University of London) we hear of the greatness of a University it means the eminence of the men who, for the time being, are counted among its professors? No men are so earnest in promoting the cultivation and extension of any branch of knowledge as those who have already attained the foremost places in the study of it. I therefore trust that the London University Commission, so far from putting the professors in what "Interested" would consider "their place," will do something to make their place such as will attract the ablest men of the time, and will enable them to work most effectually for the advancement of science and learning. —Yours, &c.,

G. Carey Foster.

March 14th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In The Nation for March 13th your correspondent, "Interested," writing on the University of London Commission, states that "since education in the modern sense began to shape itself in the early Middle Ages experience has proved independent examination to be the one and only means of auditing their (*i.e.*, teachers') work.

This statement is inaccurate in fact, and suggests a most misleading analogy.

In Holland the view is generally held that "independent" examiners are a mistake, and that only the teacher is really competent to examine his own pupils. So far as is possible, the Dutch system is that each teacher examines his own men. In the Universities there are no external examiners at all, and there is no discontent on this point either among the students, or the professors, or the general public.

Personally, I have seen the working, from the inside, of both systems—at Oxford and at Leiden. In many respects I prefer the Oxford education; but, so far as methods of examination go, I am quite certain that less injustice is done by the Dutch than by the English system.

The analogy suggested by calling examinations an "audit" is, I believe, pernicious. You can conduct an audit on accurate lines; you have all the necessary evidence. In an examination of a student, unless you know more than an external examiner can ever know, you have only a fraction of the evidence. A far truer analogy than an audit would be judging the financial standing of a shop by looking at the front window. Examinations are, at best, a very rough and ready test, and they are at their worst when the examiner does not know the examinee.—Yours, &c.,

Kirsopp Lake.

Leiden, March 16th, 1909.

A DEFECT IN THE DEATH DUTIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Mr. S. P. Turnbull revives an old controversy.

It would tend towards clearer thinking on this question if we got rid of the idea that it is the beneficiary, in either of the cases quoted, that really pays the death duty. As a matter of fact, it is the State.

The millionaire knows, of course, to what duty his legacy of a cottage worth £300 will render his coachman liable, and if his intention be to provide him with £300, and not only £240, he will make his bequest "free of estate and succession duty," to use the terminology chosen by your correspondent.

The same argument supplies the answer to the more general accusation against death duties—viz., that they are a tax upon capital, and not upon income; and that the country is impoverished by death duties in a sense that it is not by income-tax, because a man provides for his income-tax, but not for his death duties.

To say nothing of the fact that insurance companies offer so-called facilities for providing death duties, every man who estimates what he is bequeathing to those who follow him deducts the death duties in his own mind, and provides accordingly.—Yours, &c.,

D. B. McLaren.

29, Denmark Avenue, Wimbledon,
March 13th, 1909.

HARE HUNTING AT ETON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I call the attention of your readers to the head master of Eton's reply to the Humanitarian League in the current number of the "Humanitarian"? Though not an enthusiastic admirer of our public schools, and the type of mind they tend to produce, I was, I confess, amazed on reading the excerpts from the article given in the "Observer" and "Morning Post." Three points struck me as particularly extraordinary.

(1) Canon Lyttelton says:—

> "I assert that there is no incentive to cruelty whatever in the sport that is carried on here, and as a proof let me ask you to consider another fact.
>
> "There was a time . . . about 1857, when drag hunting, and not hare hunting, was in vogue at Eton. But, if there is one difference more marked than any other between the boys of the present generation and those of fifty or sixty years ago, it is that the former are far less cruel in every respect than the latter."

A "proof" of this kind seems to me to belong in one place

only—namely, in a paper on elementary logic—below the indication "Point out the fallacy in the following."

(2) He urges the Humanitarian League to turn its attention rather to the barbarous and unfair rabbit-coursing carried on by many working men. An Etonian implying that the standard for Etonians need be no higher than for "working men"! Neither excessive modesty nor Socialism was wont to be the school failing!

(3) But the plum of the article seems to me the reason why, according to the Canon, the League should attend rather to rabbit-coursing workmen, egret-wearing ladies, and pheasant-shooting gentlemen. It is that "grown-up men and women" are "presumably more accessible to appeal than boys brought up in hunting homes." How often have we been told that if our public schools leave something to be desired as regards intellectual education, this is more than made up for by their attention to and success in moral training. And now the head of our greatest public school, when faced with a moral problem, pleads pathetically that the average adult, with character long since fixed for good or evil, is more "accessible to appeal" than the boys over whom he has authority, and whose moral training is supposed to be his peculiar task and pride.—Yours, &c.,

C. S.

Richmond, March 16th, 1909.

THE EDUCATION OF TURKISH WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I add to my communication of last week that I shall be very glad to receive any subscriptions or donations for the American College for Girls at Constantinople, and to remit them to the treasurer?

Owing to a slight misprint one sentence in my letter may have appeared rather meaningless. I wrote, "Some *alteration* is bound to come in the social arrangements of the Turks."—Yours, &c.,

Isabel Fry.

239, Marylebone Road, London,
March 10th, 1909.

Poetry.

THE SUBURB.

An Experiment in Heroic Verse.

Where the grey roofs are creeping, sea-like, down
Beyond the sentinel hills of London town;
Where 'bus, and tram, and meaner manners, meet
Beneath a railway bridge that spans a street,
The Suburb spreads. No Muse of high or low
Has deigned its griefs to share, its joys to show.
Large home of littleness, by cynic fate
Doomed to be multiplied, but never great,
Who shall hymn thee, Suburbia? Men have sung
Of happier themes, in other times up-sprung,
The jocund peasant and the amorous knight,
The thoughtless warrior, urged into the fight—
But who shall tell of aught thy sons have seen,
Their dreary days of spiritless routine—
Dark stars, that own nor light, nor name, nor place,
We only know, unknown they people space?
Yet let us closer scan, and we shall find
Laws rule the Suburb as they rule mankind.
Here, as in other worlds, the dwellers deem
Of things, not as they are, but as they seem;
Here man hates man, in strife for useless gain,
And social bounds divide the mount and plain.

On the Hill.

In anxious pride, there dwell upon the hill
The potent vendor of the patent pill,
The rascal lawyer, parasite of grief,
The moral brewer, and sententious thief;
Lords of the business world inhabit there,
Of sanded sugar and of juggled share.
Not wide their lands; no spacious park surrounds
A stately manor, flanked with pleasing grounds;
But monstrous villas, on a little plot,
Flaunt to the pavement all the points they've got.
No care paternal o'er the poor below
Enters the owner's thoughts, with greed aglow.
Toiling for wealth, while little souls applaud,
Each manifolds, by rule, his petty fraud.
In vain the Bible, from its dusty shelf,
Bids man to love his neighbor as himself!
A little lower, winds the High Street down,
And tramcars clank their crowded way to town.
Find here the honest burgess and his shop,
His wares sound value, and goodwill his prop.
Gone all! Instead, a burst of tawdry show
Tells that "——'s Stores will start a branch depôt,"
A scant-paid manager forthwith is due
Sent with "cut prices" for his only cue.
By ceaseless craft he undersells the rest,
Then off he goes—poor wight, he did his best!
The firm, all rivals ousted by his bluff,
Make easy money on inferior stuff.
Such the dull game the High Street plays by day—
Dismal at noon, each evening finds it gay.
See, where the roadway broadens in the glare,
And white-rayed arc lamps fright the blackened air—
'Tis the Parade, 'tis here, when shops are shut,
The grey-cheeked beauties of the Suburb strut.
With cane and quiff the Suburb's youth lurch by,
Bent on chance courtship of a leering eye.
Like hounds, they hunt in couples, till the fair
Accepts her suitor's ogle with a stare.
And this is love! No sanctioning hawthorn shade
Breathes sweetness o'er suburban swain and maid.
They seek the music-hall—a garish shrine—
Where the pert singer speaks the saucy line.
A nobler drama once that stage adorned,
Now by slack wits and pampered players scorned.
Where Romeo wooed his Juliet in the night,
A strident "serio" hails the "Twi-twi-light."

The Outer Darkness.

Around, in drear infinity, there lies
The Suburb's outer darkness. Shall our eyes
Gaze all unmoved upon that brick-bound scene,
Where happy woods and fruitful fields have been?
House upon house abuts, where'er we go,
Street upon little street, row upon row—
All built alike for cheapness—thus we pass
The dwellings of the lower middle-class:
Here shopman, clerk, and such-like, side by side,
Soul-starved by small economies, reside.
Crushed between worlds above them and beneath
With naught to hope from life, nor much from death—
Here still they live! From poky house or flat,
Proud in the manhood of a bowler hat,
Hastes every morn the husband to the train,
At cheerless eve, tired out, drags back again.
The wife, all friendless, save for tradesman's talk,
Divides the empty day 'twixt work and walk.
No little luxuries can e'er complete
Her endless task of making both ends meet!
Yet e'en the Suburb can some virtues show:
Some smutted blooms that their own fragrance know.
What though commercial system battens there,
And taxes glut the householder's despair?
Nature unquenchable her will asserts,
Glows in the garden, 'mongst the drying shirts,
Romps with the children on the nursery floor,
And sits a queen behind the numbered door!
Can selfish wealth a fairer meed proclaim?
Or when did wisdom barter home for fame?
Heirs to the future, till new hopes hold sway,
The Suburb's children wait an ampler day,
When dead arithmetic no more controls,
Nor tricks of trading kill, suburban souls.
Treasure we, then, our Suburb's homes the while,
Where blank walls blossom at a baby's smile—
Glimpses of heaven that are on earth bestowed
Like sunlit pools upon an April road.

S. R. Littlewood.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

UNDER the heading, "The Disorganisation of the Book Trade," Professor Hugo Münsterberg delivers himself in the current "Atlantic Monthly" of some opinions regarding the sale of books which deserve attention in this country as well as in America. After pointing out that American books are seldom to be found on sale in Europe—as far as his remarks apply to England they need much qualification—and drawing attention to the prejudice caused by the injustice of the American copyright laws, he goes on to examine the serious consequences to literature involved in the dying out of the retail bookseller. At present, he says, a book which is not widely advertised or widely criticised does not indicate its existence to the average reader. To make a profit, a book must appeal to a large circle, and if it does not find favor within the first few weeks after publication, it seldom has a second chance. There is no place where books of solid worth that might have a slow, but continuous, sale can be seen. They are swamped by the flood of sensational and superficial volumes which, under present conditions, it alone pays the publisher to produce. Scholarship and academic activity suffer accordingly, for the whole system works against the production of books that are not written for large crowds. He suggests as a remedy that there should be "in every town large, beautiful, well-supplied book stores, conducted with some literary instinct." The old fashioned retail booksellers supplied this want among ourselves, but these have of late years begun to diminish rapidly, and unless this movement is promptly checked, the book trade must suffer. We have more than once pointed out in THE NATION that some method of keeping books before the public for longer than a week or two after their publication ought to be devised in the interests of publishers, booksellers, authors, and readers alike.

* * *

A BOOK called "The New Nation: A Survey of the Condition and Prospects of South Africa," by Mr. H. E. S. Fremantle, will be published next month by Mr. John Ouseley. Mr. Fremantle, who is a son of the Dean of Ripon, was for several years editor of the "South African News," and is one of the ablest and most powerful journalists in South Africa, as well as being a member of the Cape Colony Legislative Assembly. In his coming book he traces the history of the various attempts made to unify the country—attempts which were sometimes encouraged and sometimes discountenanced by Great Britain—until its final accomplishment this year. He also deals at length with the probable future of the country and the problems, legislative, economic, and social, which it has to face.

* * *

NEXT week Mr. Henry Frowde will publish "A Vindication of Warren Hastings," by Mr. G. W. Hastings. The author makes no attempt at a personal biography, his sole object being to clear the memory of Warren Hastings from the crimes with which he has been so often charged. For this purpose he relies mainly upon the three volumes of State Papers edited by Mr. G. E. Forrest, although he also makes use of the facts embodied in Sir John Strachey's book on "Hastings and the Rohilla War." We have not, up to the present, any biography of Warren Hastings that can claim to be final. Gleig's "Memorials," though often right where Macaulay charged it with being wrong, is dull and uninspiring, while Sir Alfred Lyall's more brilliant volume does something less than justice to the man who played so large a part in the making of our Indian Empire.

* * *

M. LOISY will not begin his lectures at the Collège de France until after Easter. He has decided to take comparative religion as his subject, and his lectures will deal with the idea and practice of sacrifice, divination, and prayer in the different religions, and with the evolution of belief. The first series of lectures will be devoted to sacrifice in the religion of Israel, and will occupy the whole time between Easter and the Long Vacation.

PROFESSOR WILBUR L. CROSS has finished a book on "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," which will be published during the spring. American criticism owes something to Sterne, were it only in compensation for Allibone's abuse. As an instance of misplaced vituperation, the following sentence deserves quotation: "A standing reproach to the profession which he disgraced, grovelling in his tastes, indiscreet, if not licentious in his habits, he lived unhonored, and died unlamented, save by those who found amusement in his wit or countenance in his immorality." Professor Cross makes use of several hitherto unpublished documents, and he has also the advantage of being able to embody the fresh facts brought to light by Mr. Sidney Lee in his article on Sterne in the "Dictionary of National Biography." We have heard a rumor that Mr. Lee is also contemplating a work on Sterne.

* * *

COLONEL ANDREW HAGGARD'S book, "Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette," which has been postponed from last year, is now in the press, and will be issued within the next few weeks by Messrs. Hutchinson. It differs from most books that treat of the period in not being a history of the French Revolution, for Colonel Haggard stops at the death of Marie Antoinette. Up to that date he gives a very full account of the social and political history of the period from the time of the marriage, when the unlucky King and Queen were little more than children. Colonel Haggard takes an unfavorable view of Lafayette and his negotiations with America, supporting his arguments by material gathered in the United States. The famous affair of the diamond necklace is told at length, and upon this Colonel Haggard is also able to throw some fresh light. Altogether, the book promises to be one of great interest. Another contribution to the same subject is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's study of Marie Antoinette, which will probably appear in the early autumn.

* * *

MRS. EDITH WHARTON is best known as a writer of fiction, though she has also written quite a considerable number of poems, which have appeared from time to time in the magazines during the past fifteen years. These have now been collected and, with some additions, will shortly be published in a volume, bearing the title "Artemis to Actæon, and Other Verses." By the way, the novel which recently ran through the "Revue des Deux Mondes" was not, as many people thought, a translation, but was written in French by Mrs. Wharton herself. It is interesting as a *tour de force*, but cannot be compared with her best work in English.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Turkey in Revolution." By Charles Roden Buxton. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire." By T. R. Glover. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Nineteenth Century Teachers and Other Essays." By Julia Wedgwood. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Springs of Helicon: A Study in the Progress of English Poetry from Chaucer to Milton." By J. W. Mackail. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

"George Selwyn and the Wits." By S. Parnell Kerr. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Beethoven's Letters." Edited by A. C. Kalischer. Translated, with a Preface, by J. S. Shedlock. (Dent. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"The M.P. for Russia: Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff. Edited by W. T. Stead. (Melrose. 2 vols. 32s. net.)

"Socialism in Theory and Practice." By Morris Hiliquit. (Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.)

"Brighton: Its History, Its Follies, and Its Fashions." By Lewis Melville. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Gentlemen Errant, Being the Journeys and Adventures of Four Noblemen in Europe during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." By Mrs. Henry Cust. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"Man and the Bible." By J. Allanson Picton. (Williams & Norgate. 6s. net.)

"Dromina." By John Ayscough. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. 6s.)

"Histoire du Peuple Bulgare." Depuis ses Origines jusqu'à nos jours. Par Georges Bousquet. (Paris: Chaix. 3 fr. 50.)

"La Nouvelle France Catholique." Par Paul Théodore Vibert. (Paris: Schleicher. 10 fr.)

"La Révolution Française et ses Détracteurs d'Aujourd'hui." Par Léopold Lacaur. (Paris: Fournier. 1 fr.)

"La Revanche de Paris." Roman. Par Jules Lafourgue. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE STORY OF THE "NOETICS." *

It is often said that it was by the Tractarian movement that Oxford was roused from the slumberous, not to say stertorous, condition in which it was found in the middle of the eighteenth century by Gibbon and Adam Smith. This is not so: and Mr. Tuckwell has supplemented the side-lights thrown, in his "Reminiscences," on the Oxford of Newman and Pusey by a singularly readable and suggestive account of the Oriel "Noetics," to whom the credit of the revival of learning in the University is due. John Eveleigh, Provost of Oriel 1781-1814, was the inaugurator of the public examination for the B.A. degree, which was the wedge that broke up the old order. Its results were far-reaching. "There arose, said Pusey sadly, looking back upon the earlier decades of the century, a spirit of free inquiry: old institutions, accepted principles and beliefs, were rudely and fearlessly investigated, and called upon to justify themselves at the bar of utility and reason." Tractarianism deflected a portion of the stream from its legitimate course: the running water became stagnant, and, instead of fertilising, spread malaria over the land. But the main current, if diminished, was not checked. The Noetics of the 'twenties were the spiritual ancestors of Maurice and Robertson, of Stanley and Jowett; and, through them, of the scientific and progressive theology, in and outside the National Church, of our own time. Coplestone and Whateley, Arnold and Hampden, Hawkins and Baden Powell, were men of whom any University might be proud; and who, in their different ways, represent the spirit of Oxford and the genius of the Church of England more truly than the Pillar-Apostles of the Movement of '33. The most consistent of these ended their days in a foreign communion: all stood for a revolt against English theology, English religion, and English thought.

The Noetics stood apart from party politics. As reformers they were opposed to Georgian Toryism; but they had little in common with men of the type of Brougham and Jeffrey. Essentially academic in temper, they distrusted Utilitarianism, and stood for liberal, as distinguished from technical, education; Coplestone broke more than one lance successfully with the formidable "Edinburgh Review." To his scholarship he added a considerable aptitude for affairs; in his six years as bursar he trebled the income of his college; he was an authority on Currency and Poor Law reform; Peel and Mackintosh were his personal friends. As Bishop of Llandaff (1828-49) he was a striking disproof of the modern axiom that learning is a disqualification for the episcopal office. "We find him riding on horseback into every corner of his diocese, holding confirmations in villages where no bishop had ever been seen, extorting by appeals to their sense of justice or shame large sums from rich ironmasters for the populations which they had drawn into the South Wales mining villages. He exercised patronage with conscientious care, promoted churches, schools, and glebe houses with large assistance from his private purse, enforced clerical residence, insisted on Welsh-speaking clergy where not thwarted by patronage rights, increased curates' salaries, and evinced a fraternal spirit towards the Separatists, who formed the great majority of the population."

Caution, common sense, straightforwardness—such were his characteristics: it may be doubted whether we stand on a higher level to-day.

Whateley was a figure cast in a rougher mould. It is strange to remember his early intimacy with Newman: in manner, mind, dress, and habits, no ecclesiastic was ever less ecclesiastical than he. A pupil recalls his costume in 1813—"peagreen coat, white waistcoat, stone-colored shorts, flesh-colored stockings." He lectured lying full length on a sofa, a pipe in his mouth. He was a voracious eater: his manners, by a reaction (his friends said) from a natural shyness, were rough and uncouth. Withal children loved him, and he them; under a somewhat truculent exterior beat the kindest of hearts. He was a born teacher; he drew out his pupils' minds, and, instead of suggesting conclusions, encouraged them to think for themselves. His presence in the University during the Tract movement (1833-45) would have been invaluable: "It was an evil hour," wrote Arnold, "which took him from Oxford, where he was doing great and certain good," to an office for which he was not specially fitted, and which could have been better filled by a lesser man. The episcopal *suaviter in modo* was wanting to him. A stranger meeting him in company, and hoping perhaps to embarrass him, knelt for his blessing. The Archbishop gave it, but remarked (the story goes) in an audible aside, "Answer a fool according to his folly." The anecdote is at least *ben trovato*: he detested unreality in every form. When editing Arnold's remains, A. P. Stanley urged the suppression of certain sermons, on the plea that they might "give pain to humble-minded persons." Whateley was referred to. "It would be a sorry sermon," he answered, "that did not. Humble-minded men are especially to be guarded against; the word means what used to be called arrogant and insolent." His hostility to the Tractarians was uncompromising.

> "He saw from the first their inevitable Romanising tendency, deplored their diversion of the University from its legitimate studies into the mazes of theological controversy, was shocked by the disingenuousness of the Hampden prosecution, viewed as immoral and dangerous the doctrine of 'Reserve,' the assumption by the clergy of priestly power, the investment of absolution and benediction with sacramental force."

They returned his antipathy with interest. The correspondence that passed between him and Newman in 1834, printed in a note to the "Apologia," will be remembered; and when, in the following year, his chaplain, Hinds, was made Bishop of Norwich, he (Hinds) received a letter from the Tractarian leaders, calling upon him to define his religious opinions. It is satisfactory to know that this impertinence was met with the rebuff that it deserved. As a politician his record is unimpeachable. He supported the suppression of Irish sees, under the Church Temporalities Act, which called forth Keble's famous Assize Sermon in 1833, and advocated the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy by the State. Had this measure been adopted, the course of Irish history would, in all probability, have been other than it has. Here, however, as throughout the intercourse between the two countries, the peacemakers were defeated—peace was not to be. He was in favor of an Irish-speaking clergy; he urged, but in no party spirit, the inspection of convents; he opposed Repeal—"while the English Parliament governed Ireland abominably, an Irish Parliament (he said) would govern it much worse." His scheme for abolishing the Veto of the House of Lords may be recalled in view of present controversies.

> "Let it," he said, "be incumbent on the Upper House, after throwing out a measure sent to it by the Commons, to transmit a written statement of their reasons. If, after considering this, the Commons in the next succeeding Session re-introduce the rejected measure, and pass it by a majority of the whole House, let it become law without formal acceptance by the Lords."

It is to be regretted that Arnold's success as a schoolmaster has to so great an extent eclipsed his reputation as a divine. Here was his real greatness. He was of the race of the prophets: "I have a testimony to deliver, and I must write, or die." He possessed in a singular degree what was a characteristic of the Oriel school—precision in the use of words. In Coplestone and Hawkins this precision bordered on pedantry: with Arnold, as with Whateley, it was like Ithuriel's spear:—

> "No falsehood can endure
> Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
> Of force to its own likeness."

His religion was evangelical: he saw God—it is scarcely too much to say that, anticipating Ritschl, he saw Him only—in Christ. Hence his intense antagonism to the revival of medieval theology and observance. There was "One Mediator": ecclesiasticism, he held, with its dogmas, its institutions, its priesthoods, supplanted Him, and built up a barrier between man and God.

> "To think and speak of the Church as a separate body controlling morals and religion is fatal to this ideal. A Christian State *is* a Christian Church. He thus received in its fullest sense the Reformation doctrine of the King's Supremacy; a supremacy of the Monarch as representing the Christian State

* "Pre-Tractarian Oxford." A Reminiscence of the Oriel "Noetics." By the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

> in all causes civil or spiritual, over all persons, lay or clerical. The notion that the clergy compose the Church, that a close corporation of priests and bishops govern it, he held to be a fatal falsehood, looking, with Coleridge, on the separation between laity and clergy as the first and fundamental apostasy. He would restore Church discipline—more frequent services and communions, crosses and wayside oratories, religious orders of men and women without the snare of perpetual vows. If once the usurpation of a clerical body was removed, all these, he believed, would fall into their place: there would emerge a National Church, which, with whatever diversities of ceremonial or opinion, would be united by acceptance of Christ's leadership and communion with His Spirit."

This was substantially Luther's standpoint. Were we asked to name a modern presentation of it, we should point to Harnack's famous essay, "What we should learn, and not learn, from the Church of Rome." Had the English Church accepted it her prospects would be brighter, her hold on the nation surer, than is the case to-day.

Did space permit, we should gladly quote Mr. Tuckwell's "Postscript." It is not written on the lines of what are called Church principles: its outlook is rather that of the citizen than of the priest. But the future is with it; the attitude which it represents is that of traditional English religion; it can stand, it has stood, the criticism under which sacerdotalism succumbs.

NAPOLEON'S CHAMBERLAIN.*

In many a country house there is to be seen a hale old gentleman, endowed with grand manners and an anecdotic faculty, which plays around half-forgotten scenes, and enlivens the bucolic calm of the present with something of sunset splendor. He takes interest in stock and trees, but his mind evidently moves amidst loftier themes. At heart he is not a squire, but a courtier or diplomatist.

Such a figure was that of the Comte de Rambuteau during his green old age spent amidst the well-wooded slopes of his estate in the Maconnais. He was a true son of Burgundy. Descended from a family of its *petite noblesse*, he inherited a love of that bounteous land, whose climate and products beget in the character of its people a happy compromise between the toughness of the north and the vivacity and passion of the south. De Rambuteau was remarkable for the constancy of his aims and affections, the width of his outlook, and the geniality of his nature. It was this happy balance of his faculties which ensured his success amidst the many storms of that period. He was eight years of age when the Revolution began; and his youth coincided with the sordid strifes of the Directory, relieved as they soon were by the triumphs of Bonaparte in Italy and the Orient. Fortunately for him, his father had refused to "emigrate," believing that it was a Frenchman's duty to stand by his country at all costs. Such, too, was the conviction of the son. Madame Lamartine, who was rearing the future poet in a house near by, wrote of the young Count: "Everything about him indicates nobility and loftiness of character, and absolute integrity."

These characteristics procured for him the hand of the daughter of Count Louis de Narbonne, one of the former Ministers of Louis XVI., who came into favor once more under Napoleon's *régime;* and it was largely his influence which brought the young de Rambuteau to the front. It was not until after the divorce of Josephine and the advent of Marie Louise that he became Chamberlain to the Emperor, whose desire to enhance the dignity of his surroundings may perhaps account for the choice of the tall and dignified young noble. In any case, the choice was a happy one. De Rambuteau seems to have maintained the strict rules of the Marie-Louise Court, with the minimum of friction; and he was well liked both by the sovereigns themselves and by the many aspirants whose access to the Emperor's cabinet he firmly barred.

The value of the "Memoirs" is impaired by their remoteness from the times which they describe. They were composed late in life, and here and there they blur the outlines of events and soften down tones whose crudity convinces even while it offends. As his grandson says in his preface: "They possess the perfume of a generous old wine." True; but in the case of Memoirs, sharpness rather than mellowness is a recommendation, at least where incidents rather than opinions are concerned. Thus, it is difficult to accept de Rambuteau's statement that only once was Napoleon angry with him, namely, when he allowed courier after courier to enter the cabinet with tidings of the reverses of Masséna in the Torres Vedras campaign. That he should feel the weight of his master's anger then, merely for doing his duty, was natural enough; but we feel a doubt whether other cases of hasty temper are not generously slurred over. To mention other instances would not have belittled the Emperor in the eyes of posterity; for everyone knew that his wrath was easily kindled, and that for the most part it soon died down. The writer refers to some cases when the great man was appeased by a happy retort. Thus, when Napoleon mentioned to M. de Narbonne the royalist opposition of his mother, and suggested that she had no liking for him, there came the apt reply: "No, Sire, she has got no further than admiration." Or, again, the same courtier disarmed his resentment concerning a duel with an ex-Vendéan, for which he was in part responsible, by reminding him that his officers were now as jealous of the honor of the Napoleonic dynasty as they formerly were of their own reputation and epaulets.

De Narbonne is the second hero of the early part of this book. We have a charming sketch of him during the retreat from Moscow, keeping up amidst those scenes of horror the cheeriness and elegance of an old noble, inspiring the rank and file with his own daring, "leaping from the horse [surely not 'horses' (!)] that sank under him, in order to jump on the hind seat of the Imperial Berline, next to Marshal Bessières." Even more important were his services as Ambassador at the Court of Vienna in 1813, when, as is here set forth, he tried to convince his master of the need of peace for France, or of securing the neutrality of Austria by timely concessions during the armistice. In vain did he urge him to secure "a peace, even though it were only a truce." The rest of de Narbonne's remarks refute the oft-repeated statement of Napoleon's St. Helena "Mémorial" (here quoted in the note), that his envoy had probed the perfidity of Austria, and therefore was the innocent cause of her declaring against France. This is contrary to the whole tenor of de Narbonne's statements.

During these terrible months de Rambuteau was acting as Prefect of the Simplon Department (Canton Valais). His efforts to appease the inhabitants (still sore at their annexation to France in 1810), to push on public works, especially the Simplon road, and to investigate the cause of cretinism, which claimed 4,000 victims among a population of 75,000, will be found of great interest, as showing the way in which an able and honest official succeeded in strengthening the fabric of the Empire at a vital point. On the collapse of 1814 the young Prefect secured the retreat of his large band of officials by a daring move through the deep snows of the Col de Balme and Chamonix valleys, and brought nearly all of them safely through into Savoy. Equally spirited was his administration of the Department of the Loire—his next charge. Incidentally, his narrative serves to weaken the charges made against Marshal Augereau for his slack defence of Lyons against the Austrians. It would appear that old age and discouragement, rather than intentional disloyalty to Napoleon, were the final cause of the surrender of that important city. Certainly Augereau did his duty at first.

Loyalty to the interests of France rather than the spell cast by Napoleon led the Prefect to rally to the Emperor during the Hundred Days. But he, like Caulaincourt and Sémonville, was dismayed at the nomination of the blindly devoted Maret, Duc de Bassano. Very noteworthy is the remark of the keen-sighted physician, Corvisart, about Labédoyère: "Look at that idiot, who believes that it is possible for a man to act in opposition to all his proclivities." De Rambuteau also came to doubt the zeal of the Emperor for constitutional principles. As Prefect of Montauban, de Rambuteau did much to calm the passions of Catholics and Protestants in the stormy days after Waterloo.

During the later years of his career, spent as Prefect

* "Memoirs of the Comte de Rambuteau." Edited by his Grandson. Translated by J. C. Brogan. Dent.

of the Seine, he rendered even more signal services by improving the education, the drainage system, and the public works of Paris. Everyone has heard of Baron Haussmann; but he only completed what de Rambuteau began during the Orleans monarchy. The riddle of French political life can only be understood by reading works such as this. Underneath the surface, with its wars and revolutions, there are unseen yet potent forces making for prosperity and order. These lie in the thrift of the peasantry and the intelligent, toilsome efforts of administrators like *le piocheur*, de Rambuteau.

The translation runs well; but the work is disfigured by several misprints, *e.g.*, "Foucher," "Turgau" (for "Torgau"), "Hardeck" (for "Haddick"), and "indefiled." Notes are also needed to point out slips in the Count's narrative, as when Ney's chief exploit in 1812 is placed at the Beresina. It should be at the Dnieper. And is there the least truth in the rumor (p. 137) that Napoleon, early in the Hundred Days, once thought of accepting a place of retreat in Hungary?

A SOCIOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.*

Theories of social evolution a clever writer will construct to order. Taking a new idea that has just percolated through from physical science and has seized the popular imagination, he can easily find a selection of social happenings that will fit in with it, and, stringing the whole together, he will present it on the new "scientific" theory of the society. For any genuine theory of social evolution, the first requirement is to extend the conception of science so that it is no longer restricted to the physical, the ponderable, and the mechanical, but is applied to any portion of the world of experience that is being impartially, accurately, and systematically studied. The second, and most difficult, step is to gather into a form available for the student the piles of information which the inductive study of social evolution requires. The only alternative to the alluring, but arbitrary method of the selective hypothesis is that of the hard, steady grind upon the facts themselves. Seeing that the whole life of humanity from the lowest to the highest is in question, it will be realised that the field is large, and the data difficult to get into any reasonable compass. The inquiry is, in fact, at a stage where encyclopædic compilations of so much as is actually ascertained of social history have a peculiar value, and Dr. Hastings and his colleagues are therefore performing a genuine service to science in producing the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," of which the first volume is before us. The scale of the work is sufficiently indicated by the fact that though it does not exhaust the letter "A," it contains 913 double-column pages. The scientific and philosophic adequacy of the general treatment may be judged from the list of contributors, which include such names as Professors Baillie, Burnet, Rhys-Davids, Dr. Dill, Dr. Haddon, Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. A. E. Crawley, Professor De Groot, Mr. E. S. Hartland, Principal Jevons, Professor H. Jackson, Dr. Douglas Morrison, Mr. J. L. Myers, Professor Flinders Petrie, Professor J. A Thomson, and many others of equal reputation. It remains only to indicate the plan of the work. To give any account of the actual contents of so vast a miscellany is, of course, out of the question. What the student will ask is whether, the general level of scholarship being fully adequate, the selection and arrangement of subjects is such as to make the encyclopædia really useful as a work of reference.

The problem is one of great difficulty owing to the overlapping of all sociological subjects, and the difficulty of securing the desired treatment of any one of them except from a specialist. An instance presents itself in the very first article after the letter A—which has a footing in sociology as a symbol. "Abandonment" of the helpless is a practice found in various parts of the uncivilised world. It is known in the form of the abandonment of the sick and aged, and also of the exposure of infants. It clearly might be dealt with, and will certainly have to be referred to, under those three heads. It is also specially characteristic of certain peoples, ancient and modern, and is, perhaps, not to be thoroughly understood in any one case without some reference to the other circumstances of the people. Hence it will readily be understood problems of arrangement arise before which the stoutest editorial heart might quail. Dr. Hastings's solution is to get an excellent general article on Abandonment and Exposure by Mr. P. Giles, followed by a series—not in this case as complete as in some others—of special studies of the practice among the North and South American Indians, the Hindus, and the ancient Persians. On the same principle, but far more elaborately worked out, we have in the section dealing with Art which occupies, with the illustrations, no less than 86 pages, first an introductory discourse of "Origins," by Yrjö Hirn, and then a score of monographs on the art of the various religions of the world.

Inevitably in such a labyrinth of interwoven subjects there is room for the objector who will find one topic overemphasised, and another passed over too lightly for his taste. The editor is clearly put at times to the device of referring the reader to a later part of the alphabet. Thus, elaborate as is the account of art, for that of the Chinese we are still referred to the letter C. More serious is the case of Animism. This is the one definite type of religion of world-wide significance coming within the limits of the present volume and we should have expected the fullest treatment. In fact, we get two inadequate pages with a reference at the end to "soul" and "spirit," which are alphabetically a long way off. It follows immediately on an article of immense learning and 52 pages in extent on "Animals," by Mr. N. W. Thomas. The article being concerned almost exclusively with primitive ideas about animals has in point of fact a close relation to animistic ideas in general, and in a philosophical treatment of the subject would be brought into relation with them. On the other hand, in all this space given to animals we find no heading for the growth of civilised ideas about the treatment of animals and the ethics of field sports and vivisection. Some of the metaphysical articles again we think are open to criticism as being more the statement of a view than the impartial exposition of historical theories, which is what the student demands in a work of reference. Thus the article on the "A Priori" is more concerned to argue for a modified Kantianism than to set out both sides of the controversy, and the writer appears, like many Germans, to be inadequately acquainted with the work of English critics. But it seems mere carping to pick out inevitable defects of detail such as these. The volume, as it stands, is invaluable to the student of sociology, and if the Editor will carefully avoid the predominance of any particular "tendency" in further instalments, he will have made a contribution of permanent utility to his subject.

* "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics." Edited by James Hastings. M.A., D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and others. Vol. I. A—Art. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh. 28s. net.

AN ARTIST AND ANOTHER.*

In "The Gifted Family" Mr. Barry Pain has achieved a charming study, one highly original, though of less serious import than "Lindley Kays." The novel holds one from the first page, for every touch, subtle and unexpected, is the work of an artist with an acute eye for shades of social types and social manners:—

> "Hicks is very good, of course, but I prefer the real drama, same as we had to-night—'Lord Stanwood's Renunciation,' you know."
>
> "Nice piece?"
>
> "Grand! You ought to have seen George Alexander as Lord Stanwood. I can't explain exactly how it happens, but he's going to give up the girl he's in love with—and she's in love with him too, mind you. It's just at the end of the third act he tells her. There he stands, in his dress clothes, holding her hands, and he says, 'It's not because I . . . I don't . . . love you, darling'—just like that, with pauses in between. I tell you, you felt it all down your back. And the curtain was no sooner down than up jumps Mr. Bensley. 'I'm going off for a gargle,' he says, 'if you ladies have no objection.' That kind of thing simply grates on me."

The speaker is Miss Ida Prendergast, of the gifted family of Prendergast, stationers, in the Finchley Road,

* "The Gifted Family." By Barry Pain. Methuen. 6s.
"Septimus." By W. J. Locke. Murray. 6s.

and her appreciation of the "real drama" of Mr. George Alexander, an ideal Lord Stanwood, and her recognition of Mr. Bensley's commonness, places her socially to a marvel. The whole Prendergast family is highly gifted. Ida, who has ambitions of going on the stage, gives recitations and lessons in elocution. Juliet, who is "delicately strung," has her music pupils, Fred is studying art, with a view to "a year in a good studio at Paris," and their father, Mr. Prendergast, has an undying admiration for the works of George Meredith. Mr. Prendergast's figure is a good example of how a character starts into life from the artist seizing and accentuating a nucleus of one or two tiny traits for the growth of an individuality. Although we are only told three or four little facts about Mr. Prendergast, the reader can swear that he is as familiar to him as any type of man he meets in the flesh. The point is that it is these simple little human touches that count in conveying character, however commonplace the effect may appear to those who miss the fine shade of irony: "Mr. Prendergast adjusted his gold-rimmed pince-nez and removed the pewter cover from the dish before him. 'Aha!' he observed cheerfully. 'What have we here? Buttered eggs. Excellent.'" . . . "Mr. Prendergast brought his old favorite, 'Richard Feverel,' and the local newspaper into the drawing-room. At present he was reading the local paper. Sandra, who had not been allowed to take any part in the housework, went to the piano. . . . Mr. Prendergast put down his paper. 'One of my aunts—dead and gone many years ago,' he said, 'wrote poetry, chiefly of a religious character. I believe I have the volume in manuscript somewhere.' His eye lighted on 'Richard Feverel.' 'Ah, Sandra,' he said, 'if you could only give us something like that!' Sandra laughed a little disconsolately. Her father resumed the local paper."

The extremely delicate touch of humor of the little passage will show the discerning reader that this picture of "the gifted family" lives, because it is exact in drawing, and it is exact because the author knows the inner life of his characters and their natural limits. Mr. W. S. Locke, on the other hand, in "Septimus," seems to be deliberately inventing types of eccentric individuality for the purpose of amusing us, but they do not amuse us, simply because "the touch of nature" that would make them akin to us is lacking. In all Mr. Locke's ambitious pages there is nothing to equal the thumb-nail sketch Mr. Barry Pain gives us of the little servant maid, Stafford: "Stafford opened the drawing-room door and put her decorated head in. 'Dinner's in,' she said gloomily. 'And,' said Mrs. Prendergast, 'if I've told that girl once, I've told her twenty times that's not the way to do it.'" And again: "Stafford said good night, closed the door, and instantly reappeared. 'Poached or b'iled for to-morrow?' she inquired. She wasted nothing—not even words. With this breakfast problem settled, she retired to her distant attic." It is the way Stafford's mind worked that the artist has seized to amuse us, by his subtle observation of her manners. But Mr. W. J. Locke's characters, on the other hand, irritate us and weary us by never acting in accordance with human nature, but in flat defiance of it. It seems, at first sight, highly effective and original to invent the figure of Clem Sypher, the enthusiastic proprietor of an American quack medicine, who calls himself the "Friend of Humanity," and spends millions of pounds in "freeing the tortured world from plague"; but when we learn in the middle of the story that, after trying the Cure on his own leg with disastrous results, he cried, "It can't be! it can't be!" "blinding his face with his hands and dashing them away at last with a passionate gesture," our suspicion is confirmed that Mr. Locke has no eye for human nature. The pendant figure of Septimus Dix, the dreamy-minded, star-gazing idealist, who invents the most deadly improvements in naval guns in his fits of abstraction, and has not the faintest idea of turning his invention to account, although he is badly in need of money, is also, at first sight, highly ingenious; but we soon discover that Dix is simply an idea dressed up as a man, whose function it is to jerk forth incongruous words and actions like a child's jack-a-dandy jerks out its arms and legs. Thus Septimus, who is passionately in love with the heroine, Zora, offers to "tie himself for life" to her sister Emmy, who "has disgraced herself, just for the sake of shielding her." The solution of such a situation is, of course, not beyond the bounds of probability; but how airily the idealistic Mr. Locke spins one fantastic motive after another for his hero, on the hypothesis that if one doesn't meet the case another may:—

> "Deep down in his heart he loved Zora. . . . At any rate, he was free to bring her his daily tale of worship, to glean a look of kindness from her clear eyes. This was his happiness. For her sake he would sacrifice it. For Zora's sake he would marry Emmy. The heart of Septimus was that of a knight-errant, confident in the righteousness of his quest. The certainty had come all at once, in the flash of inspiration. Besides, was he not carrying out Zora's wish? He remembered her words. It would be the greatest pleasure he could give her—to become her brother, her real brother. She would approve. And beyond all that, deep down also in his breast he knew it was the only way—the wise, simple, Heaven-directed way." . . . .
>
> "He danced his jostled way up Holborn, till the City Temple loomed through the brown air. It struck a chord of association. He halted on the edge of the kerb, and regarded it across the road with a forefinger held up before his nose as if to assist memory. It was a church. People were apt to be married in churches, sometimes by special licence. That was it! A special licence. He had come out to get one. But where were they to be obtained? In a properly civilised country doubtless they would be sold in shops, like boots and hair-brushes, or even in post-offices, like dog-licences."

There is scarcely a single touch here that is humanly convincing or well observed. It is all facile, in the air, and arbitrary. There is, indeed, no reason, that we can see, why Mr. Locke's puppets should not run on to all eternity with their conversational fireworks, their incredible behavior, and their superficial pleasantries, for the world in which they move is not the real world, and the atmosphere they breathe, though idyllically suburban, is not of our brick and mortar suburbs. Mr. Locke's two heroines, the emancipated young widow, Zora, and the tearfully nebulous Emmy, are not so unreal as the men, Clem Sypher and the fantastic Septimus Dix, because they have in them a real sentimental or emotional yearning, but how fluffy and ill-determined are their feminine outlines in comparison with Mr. Barry Pain's flesh and blood young women, Ida and Juliet and Sandra. The fact is, Mr. Locke is the spokesman of the suburban ideal, with its sentimental vagueness, its half-baked ideas, its atmosphere of villa longings towards a make-believe romanticism. Whereas Mr. Barry Pain knows what his suburbs stand for, penetrates their humanity, and shows us how to enjoy and sympathise with its types, even while defining with smiling exactness their patent limitations.

And this is the advantage that the quiet humorist possesses over the writer of sentimental fantasy: because he analyses human nature closely, and has the courage of his insight into the prosaic and the common, when he meets with strands of human nature of rarer, finer quality, he speaks with all the more authority. The character of Sandra, this thoughtful, passionate, and modest child who falls in love with her employer, Dr. Saraden, is quite a triumph of delicate penetration into a young girl's heart. Mr. Barry Pain has created a beautiful thing in the figure of Sandra, and we may note that it is just in such a family as the Prendergasts that one comes across, now and then, a girl or woman untouched by the pettiness of her environment. Dr. Saraden, and the episode of his insane wife dying just in the nick of time to ensure Sandra's married happiness, are the only conventional elements in "The Gifted Family"—a novel which, in point of style, outlook, and original flavor, is a true work of art.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

It is gratifying to see that Messrs. Williams & Norgate have just issued the second edition of Professor Harnack's great work on "The Mission and Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." The second edition has been considerably enlarged and revised by the eminent historian. He has now overcome his scruples with regard to maps, and the present edition contains a number of admirable maps, which materially facilitate the understanding of the text. It is undoubtedly very difficult for the ordinary reader to follow the diffusion of Chris-

tianity throughout the ancient world unless he is provided with maps specially constructed for the purpose. Dr. Harnack's maps are invaluable, and add immensely to the interest of his work. He has succeeded in putting more color and life into many of his descriptions of the spread of the new religion, but he has not succeeded in finding many fresh places where Christianity existed as an organised religion prior to the time of Constantine. In the new edition the excursus on the alleged Council of Antioch has been omitted. It has been replaced by an additional introductory chapter on the results of the Mission of St. Paul and of the first Christian missionaries. The effect of this missionary enterprise was to make Ephesus and Rome, instead of Jerusalem and Antioch, the great centres of the Christian faith. At the opening of the period described by Professor Harnack the soul of the religion was its missionaries; at the end of the third century there was probably hardly any regular missionary at work. The place of the missionary was taken by the church—a new and powerful institution with an impressive cultus, with priests and sacraments of its own, and with a system of doctrine and a philosophy of religion capable of competing successfully with any rivals which might come on to the field. Dr. Harnack's volumes are a fascinating and illuminating study, and will hold their own for many a day as the best exposition of the growth of Christianity in the earlier stages of its existence.

* * *

Of quite exceptional interest is the re-publication in cheap form of the "Letters from an American Farmer" (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net), by J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur, with a preface by Mr. W. P. Trent, and an introduction by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn. This work of Crèvecoeur's is reckoned among the classics of American literature, if not of the world; and it is the American representative of that great literary movement towards naturalism that, towards the close of the eighteenth century, expressed itself in Rousseau's "Confessions," and other famous European writings. As a poet-naturalist Crèvecoeur is both unique and distinguished. Hazlitt, reviewing the book some few years after it made its appearance in London, in 1782, wrote that it gave not only the objects but the feelings of a new country. Furthermore, the poetic fancy which clothes this study of American life and manners with a rich idealism is of the kind that gives vividness to, and does not distort, the material truth. Crèvecoeur's imagination was not as literal or as direct as, say, that of Richard Jefferies. The American farmer the former describes would probably have been hard to find in Pennsylvania or the other provinces. But he may rightly be regarded as the type who might have been, had the Americans fulfilled the destiny the author once saw in front of them, and developed as "a people of cultivators." The book is, to this extent, idealistic in its naturalism. Yet the naturalism, where it directly concerns itself with the day-to-day life of the farmer, is singularly pure. Crèvecoeur, through all the vicissitudes of a life spent amid revolutions in France and America, for ever retained the power to wonder at the little marvels of nature. His bees, his pigeons, the common flora and fauna on his farm, filled him with delight, and conveyed to him a symbolism that has its counterpart in the most modern school of nature students. His statements on slavery may, as Mr. Lewisohn suggests, have been unsound; but they were quite in accord with his large grip of the world's elemental realities, and the sanity of them, even if violently expressed, is borne out by the universal verdict of a later day. The letters are inspiriting throughout, from the quaintly diffident apologia for their existence to the concluding "Distresses of a Frontier Man"; the latter, with all its note of tragedy, suggesting nothing more strongly than the optimism which was the distinguishing characteristic of the author's simple and refreshing outlook on life.

* * *

Mr. William Pierce's "An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts" (Constable, 10s. 6d. net) is a work of great industry and solid value. The authorship of the famous tracts is one of the most interesting problems in English ecclesiastical history and one of the most difficult. Mr. Pierce has brought forward much fresh evidence, but he stops short of a definite statement that Throkmorton was the anonymous satirist, though the circumstantial evidence pointing in this direction is now almost conclusive. One thing that strikes the reader of this controversy is the boisterous humor of the Elizabethan public, which split its sides over these pamphlets, and passed them from hand to hand, in spite of the most frantic efforts on the part of the offended bishops and of the Government. The first tract appeared in the autumn of 1588, the seventh and last in August, 1589, and though the whole country was filled with the controversy, Martin Marprelate was never dragged into the light of day. As specimens of theological invective, they take high rank, but they are also of great historical value for the light they throw upon the origins of English Nonconformity. Mr. Pierce hints, in his preface, at a critical edition of the tracts themselves. Such a work would be heartily welcomed by every student of ecclesiastical history, and Mr. Pierce's "Introduction" shows how well fitted he is for the task. He describes the state of religious life in England at the time the controversy opens, and examines the many intricate problems involved, with a freshness and mastery that evidence an intimate acquaintance with the whole subject. He writes from the Nonconformist standpoint, and, to some extent, his historical views are colored by his sympathy with the men who wished to make the Reformation a breach with episcopacy as well as Papacy. But the general tone of his book is fair and impartial. We heartily congratulate him on this contribution to the history of religious life—unhappily we must also add strife—in England.

* * *

The story of a great Virginian, and, incidentally, an account of the American Civil War, is given in Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "General Lee: Man and Soldier" (T. Werner Laurie, 5s. net). Lee was in command of the army of Northern Virginia, and was chiefly instrumental in delaying the final triumph of General Grant; this by means of clever manœuvring in face of a force enormously superior in numbers and equipment. Perhaps the purely defensive tactics, to which Lee was restricted in the closing days of the war, account for his being reckoned as a captain great in defence, but lacking the initiative and daring of a first-class military leader; at any rate, it is Mr. Page's object to remove this conception, as unfair to Lee's memory, and his spirited narrative of the battles round Richmond and elsewhere does this effectually enough. Lee's misfortunes were those of the Confederacy with whose cause he identified himself. From beginning to end he was hampered by want of troops and supplies, and, whenever he fought, it was against a force superior in these respects. It was, moreover, his great ill-luck to lose "Stonewall Jackson," the ablest of his lieutenants, at Chancellorsville, and to be left with Longstreet, whose failure to obey orders at Gettysburg was mainly responsible for the defeat of the Confederates. After that battle Grant's policy of "attrition" was assured of success, and all that Lee could do, with his battered and ill-supplied remnant of an army, was to keep the enemy at bay. When subsequently Lee became President of Washington College, he filled a position to which his knowledge of men and his kindly and humane disposition well suited him.

* * *

It is doubtful whether the subject of Miss Elizabeth Godfrey's memoir, "A Sister of Prince Rupert: Elizabeth Princess Palatine and Abbess of Herford" (Lane, 12s. 6d. net), is of sufficient importance to justify so extended a biography. But in these days biography is all the rage, and minor historical characters have to serve for lack of more interesting material. Not that Princess Elizabeth's life is without interest. The niece of Charles I., and the daughter of the luckless King and Queen of Bohemia, she lived in a time of great upheavals, in which her large group of brothers and sisters played a part. She is, of course, overshadowed by the romantic figure of her brother, Prince Rupert, whose name appears in the title of Miss Godfrey's book, but who enters far too little into her pages. Princess Elizabeth's early life was spent at The Hague, where her father and mother lived in penurious exile, often dining

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"on pearls and diamonds," as one of her sisters jestingly put it. She became the friend and disciple of Descartes, with whom she carried on a correspondence that reminds one a little of Sophie Charlotte's literary and philosophical engagements. But Elizabeth was no Sophie Charlotte. She was learned, pious, and amiable, but not distinguished for humor or vivacity. In her later years she was attracted by the Quakers, and, as far as she could, became their protectress. She corresponded with Barclay and Penn, and, appropriately enough, died abbess of a Protestant convent. Miss Godfrey's book will not please serious students; she fails to give a clear-cut impression of the complex political movements of the age, and her method of handling such topics as the Cartesian philosophy is superficial. The general reader, however, who does not want philosophical analysis or historical research, will find nothing to complain of in the book.

* * *

Books about our English churches have been plentiful of late, and, since there are but few of them that have omitted to include some reference to the architectural principles underlying church construction, it cannot be said that the purely architectural aspect of this subject has been neglected. Nevertheless, Mr. G. A. T. Middleton's "English Church Architecture" (Francis Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net), is in no way superfluous, and it will be found a useful cicerone by the many who have neither the time nor the patience to disentangle architecture from history in the more ambitious kind of volume. This manual, which sets forth to trace the development of our church architecture from the earliest times to the Reformation in little more than a hundred pages, is necessarily slight, but its judicious handling of technical terms and its general lucidity in arrangement are quite admirable. Church architecture in this country cannot be traced much further back than the days of St. Augustine, and there is not a great deal extant that can be attributed to the pre-Norman period, but what there is is dealt with in a first chapter. Then the Norman, the development of the Norman into the miscalled Early English, thence into the Decorated, and, finally, its efflorescence into the Perpendicular, are briefly sketched. A good deal of attention is paid to the growth of the pointed arch, that marked the end of the Norman period. Vaulting and tracery, as these gained enrichment at the hands of English craftsmen, are the subjects of later chapters, and the evolution of the window from the lancet form is traced succinctly, and is accompanied by interesting drawings. In both text and illustrations, the book is practical and suggestive.

Insurance.

A REVOLUTION IN FIRE PROTECTION.

Here, in England, we are slow in learning lessons of our neighbors, and have an insular preference for avoiding them altogether. Our cousins across the water are far more receptive, and hence it is that most of the new methods in machinery and engineering come from America. Conservatism there, if it have any abiding place in the United States, is more open minded and prepared to expect that the future must yield fresh-born ideas which will mature into better results, year upon year, than our ordinary business mind, which clings to the "let be" and the "let well alone," will admit. Movement is the very essence of progress, and all our care should be to steer it in the right direction. In the important matter of fire protection we have already been given some lessons from America, and, although these have induced vast improvements in the system, yet it has been demonstrated, by constant experience, that the unexpected has set our best schemes at naught.

It will probably be a decade before we in England take up the parable taught us in 1901 by the little mining camp of Nome, on the shore of Behring Sea. The necessity of their surroundings, where their houses, and even streets, were built upon piles, and where the dry heat of summer might at any time, with a fire well started, quickly convert Nome into the "no more," made their people look askance at any ordinary fire-engine. They regarded, with natural apprehension, the possibility that the getting of the engine along the burning streets to the seat of the fire might present insuperable difficulties, which might even yet involve failure to connect the engine with any adequate source of water supply. In view of the wise tradition that "the first five minutes of a fire and its treatment during the time determine its extent," the Nomeites devised a scheme of their own which has had, and will have, an immense bearing upon the general subject of fire protection. Their method was simple, as are, indeed, all the best and most lasting inventions. They installed lines of hose, served by hydrants, along their streets, and preferred a high-pressure water supply from fixed pumping stations rather than rely upon their "portable pumping station," as they styled their fire-engine, which, upon technical advice, they had anchored upon their apology for a pier. They could consistently argue that if their engine could not readily traverse their rickety streets, the brigade men could, and that at any spot they would find means at hand for them at once to work upon. In further advocacy of the high-pressure system, it might be added that the chief hindrance to the operations of a fire brigade is smoke, not so much from the fire as from the engines themselves. The engines are, it must be remembered, on the ground, and the volumes of smoke which they emit must, in any case, hinder the sight of the operators, whilst it is more probable that the fire is on the upper floors, and the smoke is comparatively unimportant. Under the high-pressure system there is no smoke save from the fire itself, and, therefore, in most cases the earliest and most important attack can be properly located and the first stages mastered. In considering the further advantages of the new system, it is pointed out that the supersession of the fire-engine means lighter and clearer streets. Hose wagons will alone be required, and these can be brought to the fire with comparative ease and less danger to the service and man in the street.

New York City, although equipped with a brigade of over four thousand men, organised as 161 engine companies, sixty-six hook and ladder companies, seven hose companies, and five water-tower companies, has not been too proud to follow the humble lead of the miners of Nome. Though New York cannot complain of any lack of efficiency in its machinery and organisation, it has yielded to the suggestion of plain common sense. It has recognised that "water in any required volume, and at the necessary pressure, is available for instant service by the mere attachment of hose to the present hydrants, and the amount of water that may be at once poured on the flames is limited only by the available supply of hose, and the few seconds required for its attachment is the only element of time involved." The high-pressure system has two branches of service, which are the method of distribution and the pumping stations. The distribution comprises fifty-six miles of mains, with 1,274 hydrants, 2,191 valves, or four at every intersection, for sending the course of water in any direction where an excess of normal may be required, and the entire installation is independent of the ordinary city water supply, except its connection through the pumping stations. The pumping stations pump the water from the mains or river, forcing it into the mains of the distributing system, where it circulates under pressure, and whence it is delivered from the hydrant nozzles for fire purposes. The New York Edison Company, which has six separate generating electric power and distributing stations in the city, has contracted for the current for operating the pumps. Each pump is capable of furnishing 3,100 gallons per minute, and the requisite pressure must be available for use within three minutes after an alarm is given, under a penalty of £100 per minute for failure.

The high-pressure system has been six months in operation in New York, and it is stated to have brought peace of mind to the merchants and insurance companies in that city, for it is stated that "a conflagration would absolutely bankrupt every large fire insurance company doing business in the United States." Wake up, London!

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The Week in the City.

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The Stock Exchange has been having rather a bad time this week. First of all there has been the dangerous situation in the Near East, then President Taft's urgent call to Congress for revenue in view of a 100 million dollar deficit, and, finally, the naval debate in the House of Commons, with the sensational and alarming construction that seemed to be put upon the German programme by both the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that home and foreign Government loans of all descriptions suffered, and that markets generally fell away. Indeed, whether the preparations in Germany and Great Britain are warlike or not, they are quite costly enough to account for a further shrinkage of national credit. Mr. Balfour plainly indicated that he would resort again to loans for works. And, although this Government does not fall to dishonest finance of that kind, everyone expects that Mr. Lloyd George will raid the Sinking Fund. Next year, of course, both here and in Germany, the situation will be much worse. France is also badly embarrassed for revenue Brazil is up to its eyes in new loans. Japan is very hard up. Russia is seemingly on the road to ruin. Austria is borrowing heavily, and may have to go to war. Turkish finance is in chaos. Italy and Spain are both again on the down grade, and Portugal seems to be on the verge of a composition. In South and Central America trouble seems to be boiling up, and there is a good deal of anxiety about investments in Mexico. The heavy fall in Peruvian Corporations has been due not so much to the recent figures as to fears about the friction between Chili, Bolivia, and Peru over the Arica and La Paz Railway. But prices have recovered on French buying.

Armament Companies' Results.

Two important amament companies' reports published this week indicate an extraordinary depression in the steel business. Cammell, Laird & Co. have a "trading profit for the year" of £42,000, but from this has to be deducted £103,000 for interest, £91,000 for losses on contracts, and £17,000 for the debit balance brought forward; so that the net result is an adverse balance of £169,000. Apart from the general depression, the company has had to face peculiar difficulties in connection with its Government contracts and the irregularities practised a year ago by its employees. It will be remembred that towards the end of 1907 Cammell Laird were struck off the list of the Government's contractors and so lost the custom not merely of the Admiralty, but of the War Office, the India Office, and other departments. A year ago they were replaced, but their credit has not yet recovered from the shock, and, as the report says, the prosperity of the company has been seriously affected, and the turnover reduced by one-third, while fixed charges have remained stationary. Last year the directors, by way of meeting the losses incurred through the "irregularities," wrote off £63,900 from the profit and loss account, and estimated the remaining loss at £77,000. The loss, in fact, proved a good deal heavier—£91,000 of this sum has been debited to profit and loss this year. It may be hoped that the unfortunate episode is now ended. Nothing has been written off for depreciation, and no preference dividend has been paid, so that the £5 cumulative preference shares are now carrying 12½ per cent. dividend. They fell as the directors' announcement, and are now quoted at 3⅝. Vickers, Sons & Maxim, the other armament company whose report has just been published, has net profits of £416,800, against £768,000 a year ago—a large decline, but less important than it looks owing to an increase in the debenture interest by nearly £50,000 since last year. But when every allowance has been made, the twelve months are certainly the worst period that the company has known for a long time. The dividend is reduced from 15 to 10 per cent., and the price of the £1 ordinary shares is 37s. 6d., against £39s. 3d. at this time last year. The highest price in 1908 was 41s. 6d. and the lowest 32s. 9d.

Business in the United States.

Business men and investors are naturally watching the United States very closely just now. The depression came from New York, and it is perhaps from New York that the revival should be expected. But authorities in the States do not strike a cheerful note. The general business of the country, observes the "Wall Street Journal," only improves very slowly where it improves at all. Some lines are doing well, but intense dulness prevails in the more important departments. The textile business is, upon the whole, one of the most encouraging features. People must be clothed, even if they are much more economical in expenditures in dull times than they are when wages are high and general business is booming. It must be remembered that in 1908 the retailers almost to a man allowed their stocks to dwindle down to the lowest possible point. Evidently they are now returning to something of their more usual methods, and, while they are not stocking so lavishly as they did two years ago, they are recognising that there is an irreducible minimum of business for them in good times and bad. Our New York contemporary adds:—

> "It is astonishing how many things people can dispense with when they have not the means to pay for them, but this fact seems a source of perennial surprise at the beginning of those periods of dulness which follow a great crisis like that of 1907. The dullness of necessaries at present shows this very clearly, and it is still more apparent in the matter of luxuries. The theatre business in New York, for instance, is doing badly. One of the infallible signs of this is that outbreak of exhibitions of a doubtful character, widely advertised in the hope of attracting patrons by something more than sober merit. We are not less moral than we were, but what has happened is that business is bad and unscrupulous purveyors of entertainment adopt any means to stimulate it."

The new tariff in its first shape may help our boot and leather trades, our cotton trade, our steel trade, and our exports of carpets. Judge Taft's efforts will be towards reducing it further; but the Senate is a doubtful factor.

A Young Insurance Co.

The Legal Insurance Co., which was formed last year to take over the Profits and Income Insurance Co., has recently issued its first report and held its first meeting. Its Board is composed entirely of lawyers and mainly of solicitors, and, as a connection with the law always seems to be a help to an insurance company, there is no reason why the venture should not succeed. Last year the net premiums amounted to £26,716, and the claims paid and outstanding to £8,667. Commissions and expenses absorbed £8,856, and the revenue balance was £15,629. Of this £5,589 is applied in writing off organisation expenses, and £10,040 carried to the next account.

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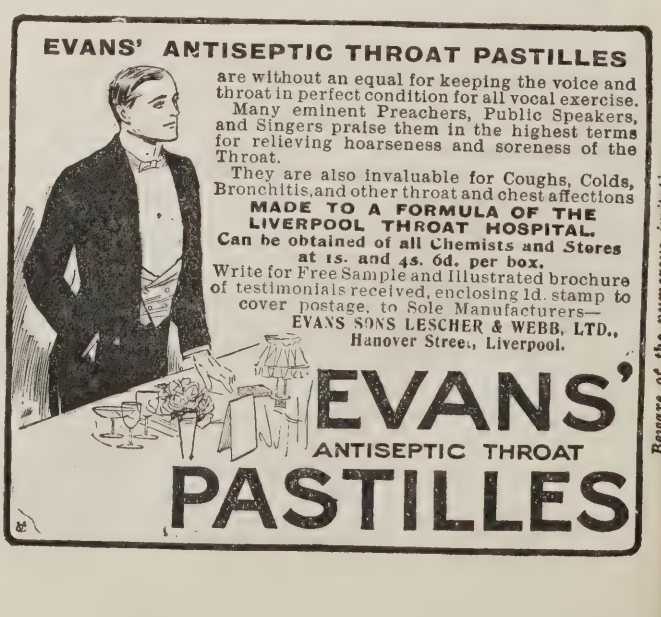
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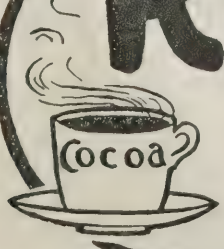

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

Diary of the Week.

The domestic side of the Navy scare has taken an entirely new aspect. On Friday week the head of the Tory Party, obeying, as usual, the pressure from the tail, gave notice of a vote of censure declaring that the Government's policy in regard to the provision of "Dreadnoughts" did not "sufficiently secure the safety of the Empire." Mr. Balfour's inept manœuvre not only brought the whole Ministerial party into line, but vitally affected the tone of Ministerial speeches. When Mr. Asquith offered a date, and proposed last Thursday, Mr. Balfour, mindful, it would seem, of the Croydon election, drew back, and asked for a postponement. Mr. Asquith politely suggested the 1st of April, Mr. Balfour retorting angrily that that would be an appropriate day if the subject of discussion were merely a question of folly, or of something worse than folly—a proper description of the two sides of his frivolous and now clearly partisan tactics in regard to the Navy.

* * *

Ultimately Monday was fixed, but during the week the disapproval of serious and moderate Unionist statesmanship was made manifest, and timid feelers have been put forward in the "Times" and elsewhere to secure the withdrawal of the vote or to avoid a division upon it on the basis of a Government promise to make the conditional "Dreadnoughts" absolute. This purpose is aimed at by a small organised band of Liberal Imperialists in the House. But it would, of course, break up the policy and violate the agreement already arrived at by the Cabinet. The motion, as well as the scare, will attain their desired ends of influencing the Croydon election, and will then begin to be forgotten. Mr. Balfour's management of his speakers for Monday has been most unfortunate. Mr. Lee, who has twice publicly insulted Germany, and is at no time a politician of weight, is to move the resolution, and Mr. Balfour reserves himself for the winding-up of the debate. This is striking evidence of the Parliamentary weakness of the Opposition.

* * *

Meanwhile, the attack of the Opposition changed the current of the debate. By far the best contribution to it was made on Monday by Sir Charles Dilke, who, though a consistent "big Navy" statesman, spoke strongly against the panic and declared it to be groundless. He thought that we had at this moment a greater naval preponderance than at any other period of our history, that the German fleet was at present "utterly unimportant" in comparison with our own, and that nothing new had lately been disclosed beyond the fact that Germany had overcome her earlier difficulties as to turrets and gun-mountings. He mentioned one important point, which is disputed, that the Powers had agreed, as a result of the Hague Conference, to communicate their programmes to one another as far as possible—a direction in which we hope that progress with Germany will be made. Finally, he strongly approved the Government's plan of pausing on their full programme, and meanwhile accepting Germany's assurances that she was not going to exceed the provisions of her Defence Act. No such admirably balanced or statesmanlike speech has as yet been contributed to the discussion.

* * *

The Prime Minister followed mainly in the same track. He stated that "there was no friction, no unfriendliness, no suspicion" between Germany and ourselves, declared the statements of British unpreparedness to be "absurd and mischievous legends," dwelt on the overwhelming superiority and perfect fitness of the pre-"Dreadnought" fleet of 40 battleships and 35 armored cruisers, and appealed to the nation against a continuance of the scare. An admirable speech, but a week late. Mr. McKenna supplemented it with further facts as to our overwhelming preponderance over Germany in destroyers. Thus we have 127 such boats fit to work in the North Sea, whereas Germany has at the outside only 76 or 77. On Thursday Mr. Asquith made a very important admission. He stated that on March 10—before his alarming speech—the German Government had stated the facts as to the early laying down of two ships, and had also said that they could only have 13 "Dreadnoughts" at sea by 1912. The Prime Minister admitted that he had mistaken the purport of this communication. He thought that it excluded cruisers. He now finds that it included them. Clearly, then, by this confession, the figures as to German strength in 1912 presented last week by him and Mr. McKenna were erroneous.

* * *

The panic about the Navy passed from these shores to the Colonies, and produced a touching pledge of affec-

tion from the Dominion of New Zealand, the most considerate and faithful of our Colonies. New Zealand has offered to bear the cost of building and arming one, and, if necessary, two, "Dreadnoughts"—an offer equivalent, as the "Manchester Guardian" points out, to a British contribution of 40 "Dreadnoughts." The Government, acknowledging this thrilling act with deep gratitude, have declined the offer for this year, but accepted it for next in case the demand on the national resources requires it. Canadian and Australian agitations have been set on foot with the same object, and it is to be noted that Mr. Deakin, the favorite statesman of Imperialist Protectionists, has discouraged the Australian movement. Australia, of course, aims at a small and virtually independent Navy of her own.

* * *

In estimating the panic on naval affairs, some regard should be had to its extent, and to the character of its chief organs in the public Press. An immediate distinction should be made. The provincial Press, as usual, has distinguished itself by its superior reserve and coolness, and the "Glasgow Herald" has not failed to rebuke not merely the scare, but Mr. Balfour's use of it, not only for party, but for electioneering purposes. Nor did many public men of eminence, or the Mayors of many towns, respond to the "Daily Mail's" successful appeals to such pillars of the State as Archdeacon Sinclair. Still more reassuring is it to examine the chief sources of the scare in the public prints. They come, in the main, from two organisations, whose productions may thus be tabulated:—

"Daily Mail."	
"Times."	
"Observer."	Harmsworths.
"Evening News."	
"Mirror."	
"Standard."	
"Express."	Pearsons.

If, therefore, the bray of alarm which has resounded through the land is disconcerting to friends and admirers of this country, it is fair to remember that it proceeded largely from one animal, or from two.

* * *

There has been the usual violent swing from optimism to pessimism in the diplomatic world this week with regard to the Austro-Servian crisis. On Sunday it was announced that the Powers, on English initiative, were about to advise Servia to disarm and to declare the Bosnian question closed; as a result Austria delayed replying to the Servian note. A couple of days later the Powers had still made no move, and it appeared that England and Russia were finding it difficult to agree on the formula in which to present their advice to Servia. A day or so later it further appeared that the formula they finally hit on would not suit Austria, and the report went round that Austria would wait no longer, but hasten to reply to the Servian note with practically an ultimatum. The truth seems to be that the Isvolsky-Aehrenthal duel is keeping the wound open a little longer, but that the Powers are hammering away at another formula, and doubtless will do after many days what could have been done in half-an-hour with a genuine good-will. According to the "Manchester Guardian's" Sofia correspondent there is profound dissatisfaction in Bulgaria with the Russo-Turkish agreement, which does not bind Turkey to an immediate acknowledgment of Bulgaria's independence, nor settle the compensation to be paid for the Oriental railway, while it leaves a host of questions as to posts, lighthouses, and religious lands over to be arranged by direct negotiation between Turkey and Bulgaria. Meanwhile one of the worst of European firebrands, the Crown Prince of Servia, has been forced to resign his rights to the throne as a result of the manslaughter of a servant, a scandalous incident in a half-insane career.

* * *

On Wednesday Sir Edward Grey made a speech on Persia in the House of Commons, the greater portion of which was given up to a defence of Russia's loyalty to the Anglo-Russian Agreement. He urged that both the Russian Government and its agents in Persia, including Col. Liakhoff, had kept out of domestic politics since the *coup d'état*, and that in sending an additional guard to Resht, Russia had done nothing more than was the right of a country whose trade was being damaged, and the lives and property of whose subjects were being imperilled. Sir Edward Grey must have forgotten Col. Liakhoff's notorious speech to the troops leaving for Tabriz, and he ignored the impression shared by the Shah, by the correspondents of many foreign and English papers—not excepting the "Times"—and, we have reason to believe, by our Legation itself, that the Russian Government and it agents are peculiarly favorable to the Shah. He also missed the point made by Mr. Lynch and Mr. Dillon that Russia's shortest way both of ending civil war and anarchy and of demonstrating her impartial desire not to intervene, would be the withdrawal of her officers from the Shah's service. The most satisfactory passage in Sir Edward Grey's speech was his reiteration of his pledge not to lend money to the Shah's Government—"one of the worst governments which any country could have"—without the sanction of a Mejliss, and of his personal preference for absolute non-intervention. As to neither point, however, did he speak for Russia, and he reduced our right to scan Russia's action almost to a shadow.

* * *

In the course of his speech on Persia, Sir Edward Grey made an interesting statement on his diplomatic methods and on the King's European visits. He insisted, in answer to Mr. McNeill, that the King had strictly observed the constitutional practice of acting in foreign affairs only through the Foreign Office, and that his journeys and interviews had the special value of conveying, through the King's tact and *bonhomie*, a strong impression of the people's "good disposition and good will." He denied that the Anglo-Russian Convention was negotiated at Reval—an important and, of course, truthful statement, which we hope Germany will believe. As to Sir Charles Hardinge's presence, he said he had simply acted as a kind of Ambassadorial reporter to the Foreign Office. But in the Berlin case, a Cabinet Minister had been sent, though he himself remained at home "at the centre of things." We may hope, therefore, that in future the Berlin rather than the Revel procedure will be adhered to.

* * *

Lord Morley has faithfully redeemed the most important of his pledges to the Indian people by appointing a native, Mr. Sinha, the Advocate-General of Bengal and one of the ablest lawyers in India, to be legal member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. The "Times" characteristically suggests that this fulfilment of the Act of 1833, of the Queen's Proclamation of 1858, and of the King's confirming Proclamation of 1908, means the lowering of the "capacities and virtues" of the Government of India. On the other hand, the

Liberal Press unanimously approves an appointment greatly strengthening the legal side of Indian government, which is none too strong. Mr. Sinha's qualifications are that he is the best man to be had, and that our rule can only be strengthened by associating one Indian out of 300,000,000 with our supreme organ of Government.

* * *

We have no space this week to deal with the important conclusions of the Naval Conference, which has resulted in the "Declaration of London." This new and important addition to international law defines contraband for the first time, and establishes a Free List, consisting chiefly of raw materials, which cannot be touched so long as they are protected by a neutral flag. Sir Edward Grey's conduct of the British case was beyond praise.

* * *

The week has been rather troublous in Turkey. A couple of battalions of reservists mutinied at Yanina, the people of Smyrna have displayed strong opposition to the nomination of Ferid Pasha, an official of the old *régime*, as their Vali, and the Arabs round Basra have been restless. The mutiny does not appear to have been the result of reactionary intrigues, but was due to the desire of men to return home who had been kept past their legal time with the colors, and the appointment of Ferid seems to have been owing to the dearth of trained officials untainted with despotic traditions. On the other hand, there are rumors of a breach between Hilmi Pasha, the Premier, and the Committee. Perhaps, however, the most important event of the last few days is the continuation of the negotiations for a truce or common action between the Committee of Union and Progress and the Liberal Union. The Committee stands for centralisation, the Union for ample concessions to the Nationalities. But it is an obvious need of the present to postpone consideration of this complicated problem and unite to settle immediate difficulties.

* * *

On Wednesday Mr. Churchill, in a speech showing great powers of exposition, introduced the Trade Boards Bill, the most advanced scheme of social reconstruction which the Government has as yet brought forward. A minimum wage standard is to be fixed by the machinery of Trade Boards in certain sweated industries where trade unionism cannot be organised—the tailoring trade, the cardboard boxmaking trade, the machine-made lace and net-finishing trade, and the ready-made blouse trade. The names of all these industries recall a long and terrible story of human misery. They are to be regulated as to wage rates both for home and factory workers by Central and District Trade Boards, composed of officials, employers, workmen, and workwomen. Within six months of the date when the Central Board fixes minimum rates for the two classes of workers concerned, they will become obligatory. But first a "white list" of employers who voluntarily agree to them will be published, and only such firms will be eligible for Government contracts. After the six months, steps will be taken for the enforcement by the State of the wage-rates the Board lays down. The Bill, as Mr. Churchill properly said, protects good employers as well as workmen, and aims especially at the formation of a healthy trade opinion. We shall recur to the subject next week.

* * *

The French postal strike ended on Tuesday in the complete victory of the employees. The dislocation of telegraphic and postal traffic had increased greatly during the preceding days, the strike movement was spreading to postal servants in other towns than Paris, and there was danger of a sympathetic strike on the part of other Government employees and railwaymen. Soldiers proved useless as substitutes for the strikers. On Friday a Presidential decree threatened the dismissal of all strikers, but without effect. The Chamber discussed the situation on the same day, and after a sitting, which lasted till one on Saturday morning, passed, by an overwhelming majority, a resolution condemning strikes by functionaries, and urging the Government to restore order.

* * *

The significant episode of the debate was the admission by the Minister for Public Works that the Post Office ought to be directed by a technically expert chief. The strikers were demanding that M. Simyan, the Under-Secretary, should be dismissed, and all the strikers reinstated. On Monday they put these terms before M. Clemenceau, who accepted the second, and gave the employees to understand that at no distant date M. Simyan would be replaced by an expert. On this understanding the strikers returned to work. Their victory has made a very great impression upon public opinion. Conservatives profess to see in it the first triumph of the revolutionary trade unionism, and everyone is compelled to recognise the enormous power which rests in the hands of those workers who control the means of communication, especially if they are highly educated as well as highly skilled. It is worth noting that the bye-elections to the Chamber on Sunday marked a continued forward march of the Socialists.

* * *

The movement for the building and endowment of a National Theatre, with a special obligation to give representations of Shakespeare's plays, has been well started at a Mansion House meeting at which the Lord Mayor, after receiving the report of the Executive Committee, recorded a promised donation of £70,000. The Committee aim at a total fund of £500,000, to be obtained by 1911. Half of this is to go to site and building, half to endowment, at the rate of about £10,000 a year. We strongly hope that the Government or the London County Council or both will relieve the Committee of £100,000 of this sum by providing a site. The scheme will throw out wings to the provinces and the Mayors of the great centres will be asked to form committees and raise funds.

* * *

Lieutenant Shackleton, the head of the Nimrod Antarctic Expedition, has telegraphed to the "Daily Mail" full accounts of the results of his adventures. They appear to have been brilliant, if not extremely valuable. The utmost point reached was within 111 miles of the South Pole, as against Captain Scott's approach to within 500 miles. When the party finally retreated, after planting a flag given them by the Queen, they had in view a vast, high, snow-covered plateau, with no further mountain range in sight. They also reached the South Magnetic Pole, situated on a plateau between 10,000 and 11,000 feet above sea level; ascended and explored the crater and smoke holes of Mount Erebus, the great Antarctic volcano over 13,000 feet high; and discovered new mountain chains and many new peaks. Their journey lasted four months, and covered over 1,700 miles, during which, with the help of ponies and by means of a system of depôts, they struggled over glaciers, crevasses, and snow-fields, through frightful blizzards, and suffered much from dysentery and frost bite. The lowest temperature experienced was 89 degrees of frost.

Politics and Affairs.

FROM PANIC TO REASON.

In a surface sense the naval scare may be expected to end with the Vote of Censure Debate and the Croydon polling. In a deeper sense its effects will remain, and its lesson should be pondered by everyone who considers not merely the honor but the safety of his country. For the moment it was one of the ugliest, as it was certainly one of the most groundless, scares of recent years, and it reinforces the lesson that the principal danger of democratic government is the potency of an emotional tide sweeping like a deluge over a population, carrying before it every bulwark of common sense, obliterating the most elementary traces of reason, hurling to the ground all obstacles, individuals, or parties, that make a stand against it, and hurrying a nation into courses of danger and destruction. More aptly we might compare it to an epidemic. The bacilli are carefully cultivated in one or two great laboratories. Suitable subjects are inoculated, and the fever rapidly spreads. The remedies are known, but it is a part of the disease that the patient refuses to take them. He turns with frenzy on his doctors, and reserves his worship for the inoculator, whose methods and objects, nevertheless, in his sane moments he pretty shrewdly suspects. The average man is a most receptive host to the panic bacillus. It is not a question of class or of education. All suffer alike. They take the poison as though it were food. The sober business man, the income-tax payer still conscious of the hole made by his last payment in his banking account, the reading man, who long ago came to the conclusion that the South African frenzy was an artificial product—all alike are ready for the infection. One would almost say they lust after it. They are ready for any sensation, and shiver deliciously over the anticipation that makes their blood run cold. The deeper underlying sense lodged in the saner background of consciousness that the whole danger is illusory is the climax of their delight. They have all the sensation of terror which thrilled Mr. Malthus at the meetings of the Suicide Club, perfected by the inner conviction that they will never really draw the fatal lot. They are enjoying a dramatic spectacle in which they are at once actors and audience, and are proportionately irate with the obstinate few who would shatter the illusion by telling them the cold truth.

But it is precisely here that the real danger lies. The situation is not one to play with. There is a core of seriousness in the matter of Anglo-German relations, and it needs statesmanship among our public men, and rational self-control among our people to deal with it. A new European situation has arisen. Germany is coming to occupy in Europe a position not unlike that once held by Spain, and later and longer by France. Her influence among purely Continental Powers is becoming paramount, and, as in former days, so now, this paramountcy, or tendency to paramountcy, induces England to throw her weight into the opposite scale. But she is not merely a Continental Power. She is developing a great mercantile marine, and, rightly or wrongly, considers that she needs a navy partly for its protection, partly as a diplomatic asset in that game of concessions upon which Protectionist countries largely rely for the development of their commerce. Whether she is wise in her own interests in thus seeking to become a great naval as well as the greatest military Power at one and the same time is open to very serious doubt. It is a combination which, we think, has never been successfully maintained, and looking at the financial difficulties in which it is already involving Germany, it does not seem as though it could be pursued now without grave detriment to her internal progress. However, for good or for evil, there it is, the settled policy for the time being of her statesmen. That an agreement with this country would be to the infinite advantage of both parties is clear to sane men on both sides of the German Ocean. Our Government has done well in making informal overtures, but before we make too much of the stolid refusal of the Germans to listen to them, we must ask ourselves whether any offer not involving some modification of the right of capture would be worth considering by a Power in Germany's position. She has all her Jingoes to tell her that not a ship that sails under her flag is safe in the event of hostilities until she has a fleet that can cope with ours. They will tell her that it is we, with our overwhelming naval force, who in the teeth of our own safety—which in war time would depend on the free admission of oversea food supplies—insist on retaining the right to seize private property for its value as a weapon of offence; and that as a weapon of offence it is specially valuable against a Power like Germany with a large mercantile marine and a narrow sea-board. It is clear, therefore, that before we rule Germany out of all negotiation as a Power that is bent on a single end, that declines the European point of view, and is steadfastly set on a path of cynical aggrandisement, we must first consider whether our statesmen have on their side taken a sufficiently wide view of our interest, or have barred the only kind of negotiation which, from the German point of view, would be worth entertaining.

Be this as it may, the development of the German naval power sets us a problem which may be solved along one of two lines. The first, and in itself far the preferable, is the solution by agreement. The second, if this is unattainable, is that of adjusting our own position, naval, military, and political, to the situation created by the growth of a new power. Either of these solutions is hindered, and may be fatally marred, by panic discussions such as those of the last week. As to the first, the mood of panic makes negotiation impossible. It is not merely that it loads the atmosphere with distrust. It is, even more, that it tends to place all efforts at adjustment in a false light. For every Englishman retaining a sense of national dignity, there is something bitter in the contrast between the excitement of this country—once the wonder of Europe for its coolness and phlegm—its alternation of shrieks of indignant protest with something like a whine of terror, and the stolid, unmoved persistence of the Germans in their established course. It is unbeautiful, but the contrast is not the less galling to anyone with a sense of what England's reputation has been, and what is being made of it by a small knot of newspaper proprietors, hounded

on by politicians who put a Parliamentary or electoral triumph above patriotism. In such circumstances it is difficult to suggest negotiation. It is hard to obtain the necessary mental atmosphere for free and equal discussion. The panic-monger is too nearly successful in confounding the peacemaker's efforts with his own convulsive protests.

But if negotiation is abandoned for the alternative policy, the mood of panic is hardly less fatal. Every Conservative politician, even every Fleet Street journalist, knows in his heart that the maintenance of decided naval superiority, as an absolute necessity to the defence of the country, is as much the settled policy of this Government as of any other. But the means of national security are not to be confided to the specialist with his latest fad, still less to the mob who catch up his dicta without troubling to understand them. The pace of invention grows faster and more furious. The new scientific weapon of to-day is the toy of to-morrow, and the darling product of one expert is the derision of another. Those err who call in the expert judgment to counteract the mob. It is not the specialist that we want, but the statesman.

Of these real risks, that of an invasion by the Germans every sensible man knows to be the most remote. Anyone who will stay a moment to consider the problem, and will calm himself sufficiently to picture the Germans as human beings, guided by ordinary motives and reasonable probabilities, will recognise that it is an idea suited to no world but that of the melodrama. An Anglo-German war, if we were to base our forecast on the realities of the situation, would seem almost equally improbable. But here we cannot overlook the capacity of fear to beget the very danger which it falsely imagines already in existence. If the panic-mongers have their way, they will end by producing the state of mind on both sides in which a collision becomes a matter of chance. There will be those who will urge us to pounce on the German "Dreadnought" fleet when it is half built, regardless of all the contingencies of new inventions which, within a year or two, might put all "Dreadnoughts" out of account—and there will be those who, in consequence, will urge Germany to redouble her speed of building. Along this line, laid out by the panic-mongers, lies the real danger, which, if our statesmen are occupied in counterworking an imaginary unprovoked attack, they will too probably ignore. There are but few living men who can cope with such a psychological situation, and who can stand before frantic people and bring them back, by calm authority, to the mood of reason. To our shame and sorrow, as Liberals, we have to recognise that our own titular chief was the man to kindle the flame, and though we gladly recognise a better mood in later speeches, we have to admit that the Liberal Party finds itself once again possessed by feelings uncomfortably like those with which, ten years ago and more, it listened to another leader's successive appeals to its enemies against his own followers. But there is still in the Liberal ranks at least one man with the power and the authority to bring men to reason. Lord Morley withstood the hot-fit of jingoism, and history has amply justified his protest. Could the India Office spare him but for a day to the platform, there is none other who could, with such authority, rally the forces of Liberalism to a rational and serious consideration of what is necessary to the safety of the country.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMAN SHIPBUILDING.

> "That the French Government is preparing for war there can be no longer any doubt. From every barrack round Paris that boasts a rifle range comes the sound of rifle practice. The huge imports of steam coal to be stored in the North of France tell their own tale," &c., &c.—*Pall Mall Gazette, August 22nd*, 1900.
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> "Are we, or are we not, going to live on the sufferance of a foreign Power? . . . Here and now, as in the France of 1797 and of 1870, the cry is beginning to re-echo through the barracks, "Citoyens, la Patrie est en danger.'"—*Ibid, March 18th and 22nd*, 1909.

We cannot be accused of hindering the efforts of statesmen who, having kindled a conflagration on the Navy, are now doing their best to put it out, if we say that, in our opinion, a moderate degree of forethought might have rendered both these operations unnecessary. Every end of British statesmanship, every point of security, might have been attained, first, by probing with due care the facts as to recent German shipbuilding; secondly, if they were as unfavorable as Mr. McKenna last week desired the House of Commons to believe, by acting on them without the sensational advertisement of a coming national peril. Such a course seems to us to possess every advantage over that which was adopted. To have alarming information, to ask Germany pointed questions concerning it, to receive assurances and contradictions, and then to speak as if they were of no consequence—is not a method of peace or of common sense. It is argued in defence of it that the Government thought it necessary to alarm their followers into a withdrawal of Mr. Harvey's amendment. Was it also necessary to alarm the whole nation, much as Ho-ti burned down his house in order to taste roast pork? Had the Estimates been placed in their true light, no such course would have suggested itself. The Government could have quietly informed their friends that they had decided to pursue a course the keynote of which was moderation, combined with watchfulness. The Party, one of the most loyal we have ever known, would have accepted such a view, and co-operated with it. And we note that it is at this point, thanks to Mr. Balfour's attempt to turn ships and sailors into grist for his party mill, that the Government has arrived. The Prime Minister, instead of picturing a steadily narrowing and heightening contest of strength between Germany and England in one type of war vessel, produces a list of British ironclads of all kinds comparable in length to the catalogue of ships in the second Iliad, and the two representatives of the Admiralty exhaust the resources of arithmetic in order to attest the "unchallenged and unchallengeable" supremacy of the British Navy, now and at every juncture up to 1912. We are assured that in addition to a certain superiority of three "Dreadnoughts," we shall possess an overwhelming preponderance in pre-Dreadnought battleships and in armored cruisers, a superiority which, like the advantage that all students of the Navy admit to-day is nearer

three, or even four, than two to one. Putting Mr. Asquith's estimate in a tabular form, we arrive at the following conclusions:—

PRE-"DREADNOUGHTS" IN 1912.

ENGLAND.	GERMANY.
40 battleships of 585,000 tons and 650 guns.	20 battleships of 241,000 tons and 384 guns.
35 armoured cruisers of 416,000 tons carrying 470 guns.	8 cruisers of 78,500 tons, carrying 112 guns—

to which we may add Dr. Macnamara's calculation that in this so-called "peril" year the warships we possess give a total displacement of 1,001,985 tons, against Germany's total of 319,589 tons, and 1,126 guns, all of 6 inches and over, against Germany's 496 guns of 5·9 inches and over, with 128,000 men to fight them against Germany's 54,000.

But having touched the region of fact, we have to note some serious qualifications of Mr. McKenna's assertions as to Germany's power of producing "Dreadnoughts" so quickly as almost to nullify our long start in this type of war-vessel, and so secretly as to cast grave suspicion on the good faith of her statesmen and their honesty in interpreting fixed standards of naval policy. We shall take a reserved view of this most grave matter, and assume that the specific and official German denials of the suggestions in Mr. McKenna's speech lack complete authority until Prince Bülow has formally given his seal to them. But we are bound to point out that, if they are true, or anything like true, they utterly destroy the Admiralty case about the "Dreadnoughts." The most extreme of these assertions are gone already, and on Thursday the Prime Minister qualified others. The idea of four German ships of the programme of 1909-10 having been accelerated is not tenable, and the Admiralty do not maintain it, though they base their calculations on it. For the rest, the gravamen of Mr. McKenna's indictment lay in three points—first, that Germany was stretching the letter of her programme so as to overhaul us in the "Dreadnought" race between now and 1912 or 1913; secondly, that she could now build as fast as we could, practically at the rate of a "Dreadnought" in two years; thirdly, that as the result of these manœuvres and efforts, she might, in the spring of 1912, possess seventeen completed "Dreadnoughts."

Now the official *communiqué* in the "Kölnische Zeitung" denies all these statements. And one of its affirmations calls for a further explanation from Mr. McKenna. The Germans admit that orders were given late last year for two ships included in the programme of this year. But they state that these orders went to private yards in response to a plea of the shipowners to meet the emptiness of business and the state of unemployment, not for a military or a political end. The Government, it is understood, received explanations from Count Metternich. Was not this statement included in them, and, if it was, why was it not given to the House of Commons? We come to the second point, the gravely increased German capacity to turn out "Dreadnoughts." This, again, the German statement entirely contravenes. It gives a period more nearly approaching three than two years as the average date of production for "Dreadnoughts." This, at least, is in harmony with such recorded facts as we possess concerning the actual progress that Germany has made in the construction of these ships. Take the first two German "Dreadnoughts," the "Nassau" and the "Westfalen." The first has been greatly delayed by accidents; neither will be ready within three years of their being voted. According to the "Navy League Annual," the big cruiser which was launched the other day was nine months late. The same authority states that the three battleships of the 1908 programme had not been begun within months of their appointed dates. The specific statement as to the advance in all these ships made by Admiral von Tirpitz and the "Kölnische Zeitung," is that only by the end of 1912 will as many as thirteen be on the seas. The official German table of "Dreadnoughts," therefore, runs as follows:—

SHIPS (13).	READY.
Nassau	1910 (Summer.)
Westfalen	
Rheinland	
Posen	
(Cruiser) Von der Tann ...	
Ersatz-Siegfried ...	1911 (Summer or Autumn).
Ersatz-Oldenburg ...	
Ersatz-Beowulf ...	
(Cruiser) G.	
Ersatz-Frithjof ...	1912 (Two in Spring; two in Winter).
Ersatz-Heimdal ...	
Ersatz-Hildebrand	
(Cruiser) H.	

It follows that in April, 1912, there will be, not seventeen German "Dreadnoughts," but eleven, compared either with eighteen or twenty-two English "Dreadnoughts" and "Lord Nelsons." We admit that some discount may be taken off all these calculations, for they have the unreal character of applying to a totally new experiment in shipbuilding. But the Power which is making these vessels says definitely that she can only produce them within certain limits of time, and her statements are largely corroborated by a careful article from the Berlin correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette," in explanation of Count Reventlow's views and statements. According to this writer, two years cannot be taken as a measure of the capacity of the German yards to finish a ship of the "Dreadnought" class. If that statement is true, Mr. Asquith's and Mr. McKenna's estimates cannot stand, and Mr. Balfour's hypotheses reduce themselves to an airy imagination of "two German keels" for every one that can exist.

Can we therefore assume that the basis of British alarms has disappeared? That would be too large a conclusion; for it will remain so long as any plausible case can be constructed for the theory of a steady, secret German plan, backed by a stream of diplomatic lies to Liberals and friends of peace, to undermine the predominant power of the British Navy. It ought to be enough to say that such a plan is a phantasy, because (*a*) we should never permit it, (*b*) we could not help knowing it long before it reached a point of peril, and (*c*)

no sane German statesman could contemplate such a design by means of a two or three years' race in "Dreadnought" building. But mere argument from the probabilities, even from the sanities, of life and politics is insufficient. Prince Bülow is not without grave responsibility in this matter. This scare has almost passed; but others will come. One may be fatal to peace. Will he not take account of this danger? Will he be as plain as the "Kölnische Zeitung" in the matter of the progress of the German ships? Will he not take pains in his coming statement to satisfy the elements of doubt which spring even to more reasonable British minds when, through the magnifying glass of their fears and the crude representations of them which they meet in the popular journals, they picture a new, ambitious State encamped at their doors, and aiming at naval as well as military supremacy? No war is, or ever was, inevitable, least of all a war between Germany and England. But it is not impossible that the "unruly regiment" within this nation may bring it about, and he would be a sanguine man who, after the experiences of last week, would wholly trust British statesmen, or even British intellectuals, to avert it.

THE MOTIVES OF GERMAN POLICY.

The controversy over the Navy will result in the formation of random and superficial opinions until both nations have gone behind the crude facts about programmes and shipbuilding to the diplomatic situation that underlies them. Three types of statement confront us at the outset. There is, first, the conventional declaration that the relations of Great Britain and Germany are friendly and correct. The statement is true only because in the diplomatic vocabulary the word "friendly" has acquired a technical meaning which covers any state of tension short of a rupture. There is next the irrelevant assertion that between the two nations there is no real hostility and no desire for war. That is true of the pastors and working men who have visited this country. It is true of the masses whom they represent, and above all it is true of the electors who gave the Social Democrats and the Centre a majority of votes, though not of seats, in the "khaki" election of 1906. But while diplomacy remains in Germany, as elsewhere, a secret game carried on by a bureaucracy that reflects the sentiments of a small ruling class, the masses enter only as one factor into the reckoning. Finally, there is the opinion, expressed in this country with growing assurance by a widening circle of "experts," that Germany is deliberately preparing such a war against us as Bismarck waged first against Austria and then against France. The Bismarckian tradition is not dead. But two decisive reasons negative this suggestion. In the first place, the Danish, the Austrian, and the French campaigns were part of a long plan by which Bismarck unified the Empire. To create a nation, even a scrupulous statesman will adopt methods to which he would never resort in the effort to aggrandise or enrich a State already strong.

In the second place, such a project would presuppose a navy surpassing the wildest ambitions, even of the Fleet-Professors. No Power, unless it is fighting for its life under the pressure of necessity, ever provokes war, until it believes itself to be markedly superior to the enemy. The present panic has suggested several measures of superiority. Some say two to one, others three to two, in capital ships. But no sane man in these islands would think that we had a superiority if the rival "Dreadnoughts" outnumbered our own, and behind them was a reserve fleet of seventy-five against twenty-eight. Why, then, should the Germans cherish such a dream? They cannot imagine that with an inferior navy they could safely provoke us. They cannot suppose that we will allow them to attain anything approaching equality. Nor could they waste their resources in attempting equality, without weakening their power on land. The hypothesis of a deliberate war may, therefore, be dismissed. Bismarck made deliberate war on Austria and France only when and only because he was quite certain that his army was more than a match for theirs. There is no use in war without victory, and no reasonable expectation of victory without superior force.

What, then, was the motive for the German programme? In the first place, it is sometimes well to remember that we are not the only Power in the world, nor is ours the only navy against which Germany builds. Though Germany cannot dream of attacking our naval supremacy, she may naturally desire to have a powerful fleet for purposes of defence. The possession of such a fleet, even if in the end it would certainly be defeated, is a real protection, for it means that even a much stronger Power would hesitate to provoke a conflict for a frivolous reason. Victory might be certain, but victory would cost the aggressor dear. It is primarily for that reason, and largely no doubt with this country in her mind, that Germany desires to have a strong fleet. Its uses in diplomatic rivalry are sufficiently obvious. It means that in any future wrangle over (let us say) Morocco, German diplomacy can a few years hence afford to be a little stiffer than it is to-day. The danger point in a diplomatic conflict recedes somewhat further with each capital ship completed. In a vital issue the supremacy of our fleet would still carry the day. But we might be a little less ready to regard such a question as the expansion of our friend France in North Africa as a vital issue to ourselves, if a conflict at sea were certain to cost us not, indeed, defeat, but the loss of a few good ships. The calculation seems brutal. But it is in such terms that we must learn to interpret the vague phrases about sea-power and the diplomatic balance.

The first step in facing such a situation as this is to attain sufficient mental hardness to see the facts without coloring them with our ideals. There has been in progress ever since M. Delcassé and Lord Lansdowne concluded the Anglo-French *entente* a struggle to modify what is called the "balance of power" in Europe. The ablest of M. Delcassé's literary lieutenants, M. Victor Bérard, described it in a striking metaphor. Germany is a Gothic cathedral. When iconoclasts want to destroy it, they do not storm it with hammers and pickaxes; they simply cut the flying buttresses. Hence the "debauching" of Italy from the Triple Alliance and all the other

phases of the process of "penning in"—the *entente* with Russia, the substitution of British for German influence in Turkey, and the dynastic ties which now link Norway and Spain to the Triple *Entente*. The operation has been brilliantly successful. But when statesmen aspire to a balance of power, they rarely aspire to an equipoise. They want such a supremacy as can be interpreted in terms of opportunity for foreign expansion. That expansion need not be formally territorial. Annexations are as much out of date as alliances. To-day we think in *ententes* and spheres of influence. The permanence of our occupation of Egypt, the penetration of Morocco, the division of Persia into economic spheres—these are the positive fruits to the partners in our Triplice. On the other hand the Germans, when they complain of being "penned in," do not mean that they are in danger of being besieged in Europe. They mean that their diplomatic situation is no longer favorable for the acquisition of such "places in the sun" as have fallen to their rivals. The danger and expense incident to the annexation of Bosnia, merely formal though the change was, proves the accuracy of their diagnosis. That a few more "Dreadnoughts" would render such operations slightly less risky is probably at bottom the calculation which inspires their Navy programme.

It is easy to diagnose the causes of such a situation as this. We entered deliberately with the French *entente* into the intimate struggles of Continental politics, in which the Russian *rapprochement* entangled us still more deeply, while it robbed the coalition of its seemingly Liberal character. The Germans think they understand the significance of the fact that the King when he goes to Reval is attended by Sir John Fisher and Sir John French—officials who have no similar duty to perform when he goes to Berlin. Having concluded with France and Russia an understanding which clearly partakes of the character of an alliance, it is impossible to conclude the same sort of arrangement with Germany. Nor should we wish, if it were possible, to bargain away with her the future of some non-European State, China, perhaps, or Asiatic Turkey, on the lines of the Moroccan and Persian agreements. Our policy has strayed so far from any Liberal ideal that it is difficult to indicate any immediate remedy. The main task is to restore some measure of solidarity to Europe, a condition of feeling in which problems could be approached on their merits, and not simply as the Moroccan and Balkan affairs were, simply as phases in the rivalry of two groups of Powers. France, probably, now desires such an amelioration, and Russia has lately felt her weakness acutely. Something, perhaps, might be achieved by a frank approach, and an attempt to remove the smaller rivalries—that, for instance, of the several groups of favored capitalists in Turkey, and, above all, that which menaces the future of the Baghdad railway. If some arrangement could be reached on this economic ground, it might be possible thereafter to approach the naval question, but only if we were prepared to surrender the right of capture at sea. If some of the concrete grounds of antagonism could one by one be removed, there might be less reason for Europe to remember that it is divided into two camps. Whatever tends to aggravate that division, any manœuvre which can be interpreted as a closing of the "pen," or a cutting of the "flying buttresses," is a treason to the idea of Europe.

THE HOPE OF A REVIVAL OF TRADE.

Is there any hope of a fairly early revival of trade? The question is an important one, and we will try to answer it. The year 1907 was a boom year for British and European trade, but the last three months were marked by the tremendous financial and commercial collapse in the United States. The year 1908 was a year of gradually declining trade in Great Britain and most parts of Europe. Trade at home remained fairly good until May. From then until October the decline was rapid, and there were serious strikes in the cotton and shipbuilding trades. After October, signs of recovery were seen, and unless some unexpected misfortune happens we rather think that the worst is over.

The principal grounds for this hopeful view are three:—First, an examination of statistical evidence; second, the recovery in Canada and the United States; third, the Indian harvest and the improvement of the trade with China. Let us take these three considerations in order, dealing first with the Board of Trade returns relating to the imports, exports, and re-exports for each month. In January and February, 1908, the fall in prices had begun, and the values of our imports and exports were distinctly lower than in the corresponding month of the previous year. The decline in imports was heaviest in April, 1908, when imports into the United Kingdom were valued at 17 per cent. less than in April, 1907. The decline in exports, as might be expected, showed worst a little later, being 16·6 per cent. in July and 18·7 per cent. in August and again in November. In September last imports made a temporary spurt, and were a trifle higher than in September, 1907; but October showed a decline of 11·9 per cent, and November of 12·7 per cent. The comparative figures for the last three months have, however, been distinctly better than for any three months since March. The actual figures for February were:—

	1908.	1909.
Imports	£52,428,000	£50,468,000
Exports of British Produce	£31,949,000	£28,024,000
Re-exports of Foreign and Colonial Produce	£7,497,000	£8,473,000

But prices are about 5 per cent. lower than at this time last year, so that we may fairly assume that our foreign trade is now not much, if at all, less in volume than it was last February and March. But there is this important difference—that, while a rapid downward movement had set in at the beginning of 1908, a less pronounced but distinctly upward tendency is now visible. This cheerful view, it should be added, is strongly confirmed by the statistics of employment.

In Canada and the United States, where the depression in manufacturing, mining, and commerce generally was far more acute, the recovery is already marked, though unemployment in the industrial towns and mining districts is still worse than in the old country. Probably the output, which was from 25 to 50 per cent. of normal from November, 1907, to June, 1908, is now generally from 70 to 80 per cent. of normal. The decline in American railway traffics was, of course, much heavier than in British, and the falling off in foreign trade was enormous, leading, as President Taft remarks in his message, to an estimated deficiency of 100,000,000 dollars

in revenue. The recovery in the United States, however, cannot help us very much until the new tariff has been passed, and has come into operation. Whether this will be in June, July, or August, is impossible to say. Meanwhile, in view of the probability that a fairly general, and possibly a substantial diminution in customs duties may result, merchants in the United States will restrict their importations to the actual requirements of their customers. Here is the opinion, only a fortnight old, of an American industrial magnate; it will be seen that he does not at all expect any immediate boom in trade:—

> "Two things must exercise concern. First of all I am watching the agricultural conditions very closely, for we never needed good crops more than we do now. Wall Street, of course, is mad over 'tips,' and has scarcely a thought for what is going on throughout the agricultural regions, but it is unnecessary to explain to what extent our prosperity rests on farms. Next, trade will be retarded until tariff revision has been completed. On the whole, I do not look for prosperous times until towards the close of this year at the earliest; if they come early next year I will feel satisfied."

A more immediate ground for hope is the recent improvement in the Far Eastern trade, especially with China. Of this there can be no doubt. Much has been expected of India; but, so far, this expectation has been disappointed. Though all the crops have been good, the terrible failure of last year's harvest has crippled the merchants of Calcutta and Bombay, and of all the great towns. Stores of food had run so low that the exports will not be very large. But the wheat crop of North-West India is several weeks late, and its effect may not be felt until April. Then, if it proves as good as estimates indicate, there will be fairly heavy exports to England and a corresponding outward flow of Lancashire goods to India is almost certain to follow. India may not prove quite so good a customer this year as was hoped, but she ought certainly to be able to take more than in the second half of last year.

Two other considerations of great importance must be mentioned which may fairly be allowed to balance one another—dear food and cheap money. On March 13th the "Gazette" price of wheat was 35s. 8d. per quarter, compared with 31s. 3d. in 1908, and 26s. 10d. in 1907. It stands to reason that the demand of the working-classes at home and abroad for the secondary necessaries of life—clothes, boots, &c.—must be *pro tanto* diminished, but luckily beef, mutton, potatoes, and rice are all considerably cheaper. Oatmeal, moreover, is practically the same as last year, and rye (owing to a splendid harvest in Germany) is cheaper. Whether the good wheat harvests of Australia and India will balance the reduced crops of Argentina nobody can predict; but there seems, on the whole, a probability that the present very high price will not be long maintained. In any case cheap money, which is the mother of commercial enterprise, seems likely to last, provided that peace can be maintained in the Balkans. After the end of the quarter a fall in the bank rate is confidently expected in the City; and a long spell of cheap money has almost invariably been the prelude to commercial and industrial activity.

Life and Letters.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A SCARE.

Everybody knows the state of irritable despondency in which a fit of dissipation or of mental excitement leaves a man when it is passing off. The collective mind of a people, normally below the level of its average members in capacity of self-control, suffers an even more degrading reaction. No small part of the moral damage of war is the perilous romanticism which supposes that after the bloodshed is wiped up by an amiable "settlement," and the shattered finances are restored, the whole ugly incident belongs to "history." Thus the heaviest cost, the shock to our inner credit, is left out of account. The Boer war found us self-confident, and left us sensitive to the verge of hysteria. Now there is a recognised rhythmic action in hysteria, a tendency to gather towards the periodic crisis of a nerve storm, the eruption of what "psycho-therapeutics" calls a "hysteriod." It looks as if some such law might be traceable in the collective mind of our people. At any rate it is worth while trying to trace the nervous action of the perverted patriotism which shows itself in these storms of mingled funk and ferocity. The seeds of trouble were the intense anti-foreign feeling generated during the Boer war. Incredible as it sometimes appears to the memory, there was a period in 1900 and 1901 when persons speaking a foreign tongue in the streets of London were exposed to a danger of physical attack. Every foreigner was a pro-Boer, or, to the more ignorant, a veritable Boer. When the passion died down, it left a lingering resentment which made it easier than before to think evil of a foreign government or people.

This legacy of anti-foreign feeling was fairly indiscriminate in its direction. Its full force was very nearly made available against France and Russia. It was not until Mr. Chamberlain had begun to execute his plan of converting military into commercial Jingoism that Germany in particular began to get upon our nerves. By the false pretence that nations trade with one another as nations, and that their interests in this trade are antagonistic, Protection endeavors to set nation against nation. In this falsification of commerce it was natural enough that Germany should be placed in the foreground as our most formidable rival, and that every gain of hers should figure as a loss of ours. This process could not fail of its effect. That effect must not, however, be exaggerated. It is not one of burning jealousy, still less one of exasperation, but of general sensitiveness and suspicion, with a sufficient tincture of ill-will to make our usually good-natured people glad if Germany should get a set-back. It is, of course, essential to the situation that there should be in certain sections of Germany a corresponding gathering of anti-British feeling. Into the particular nature of this feeling we need not enter here: it is sufficient to remind ourselves that our *entente* with Russia and France would give as much food as is necessary to the Anglophobiacs of Germany.

Such a condition of the popular mind is not in itself particularly dangerous, except so far as it provides fuel for incendiaries. Unfortunately, incendiaries are not lacking in the worlds of politics, finance, and the Press. Though there is no section of our people which desires war with Germany, or with any other nation, there are various powerful political cliques and business interests quite willing to play with fire for their own profitable ends. Behind this drive towards extravagant armaments, stands a union of forces almost identical with that which engineered the Boer War, except that for the

mining financiers must now be substituted the manufacturers who are finding money for Tariff Reform, and who hope to force on Protection through financial embarrassments. The Jingoism of 1909 is, in some ways, more contemptible than that of 1899, for it contains more funk than fight. But it uses the same instruments and operates upon the same popular susceptibilities. The Boer War showed how it could be done. An "independent" Press, placing itself at the disposal of "high" finance and "high" society, pours jets of sensational news and malign conjecture upon a public mind staggered by the variety of "evidence" and its congruity. The public knew nothing of Mr. Rhodes's telegraphic factory at Groote Schuur, or the feeding of the entire British Press from a single fund of information. Nor do they know to-day the grouping of our Press, which has enabled two proprietors and one editor personally to conduct this naval scare through the columns of a dozen journals.

The art of awakening popular passion may be said to have been a discovery of ten years ago, for then, for the first time, a Yellow Press "came by its own" in this country. It learnt then the value of mingling bare sensational assertion with suggestive imputations. Once sow in the general mind the notion of an intriguing enemy who will not come out into the open, but is making dangerous preparations under cover, no limit is set upon credulity. The secret arming of the Boers to drive the British from South Africa is the counterpart to the naval preparation for invading these shores imputed to Germany. Having once fixed this insidious intention, you are liberated from the necessity of bringing evidence to support your allegations of fact, because the inability to produce evidence follows from the secrecy of the proceeding. So, by degrees, you get to that command of the public mind which enables you to use the sort of language illustrated in last Wednesday's "Times," that "private advices recently received from an unimpeachable source corroborate the view that any slackening in British shipbuilding will be followed by a corresponding acceleration of German shipbuilding, and *vice versâ*." A curious feature of this credulity, also exhibited ten years ago, is the fact that "education" seems to furnish no prophylactic. Sober, hard-headed men of business, the learned professions, the Universities, succumb to these shallow arts of panic-mongering with hardly more resistance than the votaries of the tap-room or the Stock Exchange. When one finds a man of Mr. Frederic Harrison's past flinging up his hat for militarism, it is difficult to set limits on the power of panic to inhibit judgment. As soon as our notion of other people's intentions begins to figure before our mind as an unimpeachable fact, we have to build ships, not against the ships they are building, or even against the ships they are able to build, but against some phantom fleet continually doubling in our disordered imagination.

But it is not right to over-estimate the gravity of such a panic: its levity is not less characteristic. The persons who most seriously and earnestly believe that England should lay down two ships against each German ship are the contractors; next in seriousness and persistence rank the Services and their official confederates; following them is a little school of alarmist politicians who soak their minds with "balances of power" and the "inevitable" clash of races. But the British people do not seriously fear Germany, do not seriously believe in the intended invasion, do not seriously intend to devote their mind and money to the single task of national defence. No such thing. They have simply given themselves to the enjoyment of an effervescent scare, worked up to a sensational head, as its silly artificers now avow, to rush the Government. But it is of the nature of a rush that it cannot last, and there are already signs of slackening in the popular excitement. Short though our memories may be, Fashoda, Peking, Mafeking night, and the Dogger Bank are not entirely wiped out, and we are beginning to generate some power of suspecting our suspicions—a sure sign of returning sanity.

THE TWIN STARS OF POETRY.

It was a curious myth that gave the brothers of Helen, those young-eyed stars, an immortality of alternate days. Like the sons of men, they were buried in corruption, but every other day they rose again and gleamed upon the heavens or rode their snow-white steeds in the forefront of battle. By another story, death had dominion over only one, and his brother, on alternate days, unable longer to endure the separation, descended into the unseen world until the morrow's sun. Man's yearning for the dead suggested that beautiful variation in the worship, but obviously it was but a fond desire. For there, before all eyes, whenever the twin stars gleamed upon the heavens, they were together, and in the forefront of the battle those white horses galloped side by side.

A hundred years ago Byron and Shelley, those young-eyed stars of England, had not passed through mortality, nor taken their place above the horizon in our sky. Shelley was still at Eton; Byron, just of age, was making ready for his first voyage to Greece. But, rather than miss an opportunity in this year of centenaries, the Greek Societies last week began celebrating that first journey, which was to mean so much for Greece; and this week suddenly Messrs. Burns and Oates issue a book which will recall all thoughts to Shelley. It is no mere coincidence. Though dimmed to sight at times, or half-forgotten in the charm of later worships, their white stars shine together upon the heavens of our literature, and in the forefront of our battle their gleaming horses charge like one.

It is true, no two poets could be more different. There was a time when young men, growing, as Mr. Stephen Paget has said, more like Shelley every minute, would have fainted to hear the god of their idolatry named in the same breath as Byron. Such a halo of iridescence was thrown round the name that people who valued sanity were obliged to withdraw from it for a while as from a lunar influence. When Matthew Arnold spoke of Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," it was at this shadowy and iridescent phantom that he was striking. But, like Hamlet's friends striking at the ghost with partizans, he did it wrong, being so angelical, to offer it the show of violence. It was the beauty of youth's heart which composed and saw that lovely ghost. In Shelley the heart of youth at last perceived a vision of the being it so much desired. Let professors and puritans chatter about Harriet, and exclaim, "What a set!" as they read of the men and women who once had the glory of knowing Shelley in the flesh. Youth had a vision of a spirit that could not be touched by the defilement of earth—"a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift"—a spirit plumed with strong desire, floating above the earth like a flame, uttering the sweetest voice that ever used our language, impassioned for the cause of man, confident of human victory, and possessed by intuitions of eternal things. And that spirit had once been enclosed in a brilliant-eyed form of singular beauty and attractiveness, had lived as though outside the common ruts and puddles of this world, had loved whoever was lovable with high and uncalculating passion, and had died the fitting death, still young, in Nature's arms, secure from the contagion of the world's slow stain.

Certainly the heart of youth was right. It was the true Shelley of whom youth had a vision which it would not willingly undo. The rest did not count. If a great critic called an angel ineffectual, well, there were plenty of efficient persons to carry on the Education Office in company with the critic. If virtuous people charged an angel with indifference to the laws of virtue, well, there was a good deal of virtue in every street, and plenty of indifference colder than Shelley's. Secure in the heart of the matter, why waste time gossiping about the husks and excrescences? It is the same with that book which we said had recalled us to Shelley this week—a brief, republished essay by Francis Thompson, one of the few of Shelley's successors who can be named beside him for a certain assurance and splendor of symbolic thought—a power of perceiving under the many-colored dome

of life the white radiance of eternity. The whole essay is of interest as a criticism on Shelley, but of far greater interest as a criticism upon Francis Thompson himself. For in its few pages there are passages upon the Church and sin and personal immortality which give us true glimpses of the writer's soul. But they have little more concern with the essence of Shelley than has a mordant description of what life means to an unhappy poet, whom the author calls Mangan, but draws from the memory of his own wretchedness.

His protest against the over-carefulness of modern art—a protest so significant in a poet whose danger was difficult and perverse elaboration—his protest against our self-conscious simplicity, too, and our habit of sentimentalising over children, whereas Shelley was the eternal and uncorrupted child; his analysis of the poet's childlike nature, able to see a world in a grain of sand, to deal with abstractions as simple and visible things, and to hope continually that in the next object of his love he will assuredly find the perfect satisfaction of unlimited desire—how excellent and penetrating all this criticism is! And with what splendor of language it is expressed, except only when the writer yields to the fantastic and tells us of "the established canons that had been spiked by poet after poet!" For the strength of the essay, and for its weakness equally, we may give the final summary:—

> "Enchanted child," Francis Thompson wrote, "born into a world unchildlike; spoiled darling of Nature, playmate of her elemental daughters; 'pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,' laired amidst the burning fastnesses of his own fervid mind; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth, with the angels of song ascending and descending it;—he is shrunken into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when the heart of Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Caius Cestius!"

What a paltry thought in consummation of sentences so superb! Francis Thompson speaks of the deepest depth of agony that could find consolation in the immortality promised in the familiar lines of "Adonais," beginning:—

> "He is a portion of that loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely."

We may admit that the consolation is cold, however beautiful; yet, compared with that thought of "mighty meat for little guests," how radiant with glory are those last lines of the great elegy:—

> "Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Leaving this exquisite spirit, "half angel and half bird," if ever poet was, how shall we pass to his twin star in that constellation which guided sailors through the gloom and storm of a century ago? We must quit the moony boats of the air, the rainbow arcs, the paths of tempest, the building of the clouds, the spirit of night upon the western wave, and the fairy transformations of a world. We shall hear no more the song of the dancing stars and dædal earth. We shall drop to a city much like London, and find ourselves moving beside a spirit half coxcomb and half god. Let us listen again to the great critic, and hear him upbraid Byron with faults of negligence, diffuseness, repetition, vulgarity, and affectation. The censure is all true enough, and it is a long way to travel to such a man from a luminous angel, however ineffectual. But that last stanza of "Adonais" itself suggests the passage:—

> "My spirit's bark is driven
> Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
> Whose sails were never to the tempest given."

Unlike in almost every quality of spirit and expression, Shelley and Byron were twin brothers in sailing far from the shore, far from the trembling throng. Side by side they dared the tempest across untrodden ways, and side by side they charged in the forefront of the battle of freedom:—

> "Yet freedom, yet, thy banner torn but flying,
> Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind."

So Byron cried, and in that thunderstorm of freedom the twin constellation shone. We cannot say what that age had done or what our age has left undone that their war for freedom should have been illumined by two such stars, and ours by none to compare. Certainly, it was an age when the world was upheaving like dough round working leaven. In the "Revolt of Islam," Shelley could well write, "Methinks those who now live have survived an age of despair." Byron in his letters could write, "I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing governments." Certainly the disturbing leaven of freedom was working well. But at the present moment it is set upon work equally wholesome and disturbing, and if that age had its French Revolution and the shattering of empires, let us think what Russia is doing now, and what the Turks, and how all the peoples of the world are stirring against the dulness of oppression and uninspired habit. In that age the west wind was, through Shelley's lips to unwakened earth, the trumpet of a prophecy.

> "Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not,
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

cried Byron to the captive nationality for which he died. It is not for want of occasion that no two such poets to-day either wake the earth with the trumpet of prophecy or inspire the nations themselves to strike the blow.

What exuberance the two men had, what careless fertility, profuse and beneficent as the world's! What unwavering courage and vital personality! And they died at an age when our best writers are scarcely beginning. As we think of them, we feel again the awe that fell on Europe when the news came from Missolonghi. There lay the man adored in every land. Each word he spoke echoed through every tongue. The whole world lived in his thought, and was lighted by the easy splendor of his wit. He had given the people the pictures and emotions for which they then were longing. In the midst of rhetoric and self-conscious feelings that the world delighted to share, he at times would produce a verse—a whole series of verses—that appeared to come direct from the hand of some power higher than himself. And now at the height of his fame he was to die, fighting in freedom's cause for a people whom he knew to be of little worth. The world heard that, as he lay dying in delirium, he cried, as though he were mounting a breach in an assault, "Forward—Forward—Courage—Follow my example!" And as a thunderstorm burst in grandeur over that far-off town, the Aetolian mountaineers whispered to each other, "The great man is gone!" It was, after all, as fine a passage as his brother-poet's out of mortality to the abode whence their constellation still beacons. For it was in an assault upon the bondage of man's spirit that they lived and fell.

THE FURIOUS CENTURY.

"The age," says Mrs. Cust, of the dying fifteenth century, "had cast itself loose from the ordinary moorings of national and international morality." The vision of the earlier days of St. Louis and St. Francis had faded from men's minds. Christianity—in practice—had broken down before the impact of the seven deadly sins. Men were inclined to despair of the future of civilisation. Charles Reade, in a work of genius, has presented an unforgettable picture of this troublous time in the story of "The Cloister and the Hearth." The accuracy of his description is guaranteed by such a fascinating volume as Mrs. Cust has made out of contemporary records of fightings and wanderers. In "Gentlemen Errant" (John Murray) she tells skilfully, with humor and eloquence and liberal quotation from the original documents, the story of four gentlemen of the age. The first was a "Bohemian Ulysses," who voyaged out into Western Europe with his comrades, to see what manner of place the world was, beyond the frontiers of that secluded kingdom. The second was the good knight Wilwalt, of Schaumburg, a "Master of War," who fought furiously as a soldier of fortune over Germany and the Netherlands—then one continuous and confused battlefield. The third was Frederick, Count and later Elector of the Palatine in the early fifteenth

century, a personage of more historical importance. And the fourth was Hans von Schweinichen, a Silesian courtier whose journeys with his impoverished master, Heinrich XI., Lord of Leignitz, up and down Europe in vain search for a place where a man may enjoy life richly without paying for it, furnishes a memoir more diverting and jolly than any Dumas novel.

The mercenary soldier is already the scourge of Europe. In peace time he is "thrust out from his blooming garden of bloodshed," says Mrs. Cust, "into a barren wilderness of amity." In war time—which seems indeed more normal than peace—his sufferings and his cruelties are alike intolerable. The wounded and the sick find no bed of roses awaiting them. "From this man they plucked an arrow," writes one recorder, "from that dug a ball: to some they gave the Holy Sacrament, and to sundry they cried aloud that they should hold God in their hearts: for thus went the souls out of them." Misery and laughter are bedfellows, neither heeding the other. In disaster, the unwounded were "right merry: nor had any, who had not suffered, pity for the others." "On the one hand," testifies the Comte de Chimay at the siege of Neuss, "is singing and music, on the other weeping and pain. I hear on one side the cry, 'The King drinks,' with lively cheer; and on the other, 'Jesus,' to admonish those who are in the last pains of their passing. Into some rooms enter evil women, and into others the Cross to lead lifeless bodies to the grave." "God alone," he adds, "who knoweth the cause of these diversities, can explain these things."

And this fifteenth century combined the curiosity with the violence of children. In no epoch was travel more sought after. In few was travel more difficult. The English Channel was swarming with pirates, the forests and fields of all Western Europe were the home of cut-throats and thieves. Wars were perpetual, not only between great nations, but between little obscure principalities, accompanied by horrid slaughter and no respect—in the general devastation—for the passing wayfarer. The country itself was often bleak and inhospitable, much of it a desert. One party nearly perishes in Spain from heat and thirst, and is only saved by the discovery of a mulberry tree and its fruit. Another party, after incredible storms in the passage between Calais and Kent, wanders three days in the "mountains" between Winchelsea and London. The holiest places are not exempt. The Bohemian pilgrims, journeying with peril of land and sea from their remote kingdom to the great shrine of St. James in Galicia, found, on their arrival, the Cathedral fortified by one party and assailed by the other; Compostella in a state of civil war, in which the Bishop is brought out a prisoner by the besieging faction and butchered before the eyes of his relations. Inns were scanty and vile and rapacious. The pilgrim journey was a kind of free fight through the waste places of barbaric lands. Yet the whole impression is of a great company moving up and down the ways of Europe, and finding an immense zest in the adventure. They note with delight all changing things. They inquire concerning legends and relics and the stone of marvels. They delight in accepting the incredible. In one vision the sky is darkened as under the outpouring of the apocalyptic vials. Horrors and tortures are the materials of ordinary existence. When Charles the Bold is ravaging Lorraine, every tree in the landscape bears its human fruit of dead men hanging from the branches. Sinking ships and clanging fights and burning towns illuminate the pages of the chronicle. Men are boiled alive or roasted, suspended at a convenient distance from slow fires, or hacked slowly to pieces with knives. In the sacking of cities no quarter is given to men or women or children. It seems impossible to imagine that in this epoch of carnage and madness anyone could have been quite sane—could have done anything but set their teeth to endure. In the heart of this misery, however, men are everywhere seen laughing, carousing, enjoying, with at least as much merriment and rejoicing and keen interest in the life of the world as any which have accompanied the established security of the subsequent days.

For with the curiosity and violence here is also the elasticity of children, the power of putting away fear and accepting the present without foreboding. They sin, they repent, they sin again. They escape by a hair's-breadth from one calamity, and go gaily on their way till the next calamity comes. They take delight in feasting and love-making, and seeing and hearing new things, in splendor of apparel and the outward pageant of existence. Their acceptance of things as they come is intensified by the uncertainty of the things that are coming. To-day is never clouded by to-morrow, because to-morrow's existence is so problematical. They consequently never suffered from boredom or from life weariness. Sickness, insecurity, discomfort, brutality were part of the accepted order, unchallengable facts of human experience. In the midst of which were great openings also for happiness and love and laughter and the jolly adventure of a magic, amazing world.

Into this magic world, therefore, in the midtime of "that furious century," as this writer calls it, voyages our "Bohemian Ulysses" and his companions, with the object "to visit all Christian kingdoms and principalities, both spiritual and of this world, in German and in foreign lands; and especially would he to the Holy Grave of the dear lord St. James." They delighted especially in all cities in exhibiting feats of wrestling and of tournament, especially before the "comely ladies"; in spectacular display and feastings given in their honor; and in the exhibitions of relics of the Saints. At Brussels they are riotously entertained by the Duke of Burgundy; there "my lord led in all things a joyous and delectable life," says the annalist. They come to England from Calais, in a storm, having waited a fortnight for the winds to abate their fury: "And the sea suited my lord and his comrades so ill that they lay in the ship as though they were dead." Edward IV., "a passing comely, upright man," offers them in his "sea-washed citadel of Westminster" a "splendid dinner of fifty courses." They visit the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury and the shrine of Edward the Confessor, where they find marvellous relics, "four especially comfortable to their hearts: a girdle of Our Lady, a leg of St. George, one of the vessels wherein water turned to wine at the marriage of Cana, and the stone whereon Christ first put His foot on issuing from the Holy Sepulchre." Moreover, eight miles from London there was a crucifix that talked with men, "it is affirmed for certain." They found England "surpassingly rich in gold and silver"; a nation delighting in music; above all, with this agreeable custom, that all the ladies salute all strangers with a friendly kiss. The country is hilly and thick with woods, with great parks full of wild animals, heather, thickets, and reeds; and everywhere vast flocks of sheep, whose wool is England's staple export. Of the people, however, the description is unfavorable; they are "so crafty and treacherous that a stranger may not be sure of his life amongst them." "Never trust them," is the advice, "with howsoever submissive a knee they may bend before you." Voyaging from Poole Harbor in a storm, in which all the horses and men are violently sea-sick, they are pursued by "two great robber ships," but finally arrive safe at St. Malo, and embark cheerfully on the voyage through France and Spain for far-off Galicia. Spain especially seemed to them the end of all the world; where the priests had wives, and were ignorant of everything save the Ten Commandments alone, and each small town has its gallows for "hanging anyone thereon who stole a farthingsworth of goods"; and Christian and Jew and heathen could live more or less amicably side by side. They advance in a kind of running fight from town to town. "What do you come into our country for?" ask the aborigines. "We do not go into yours"; and (to enforce their logic) they shoot at the stranger with cross-bows. The Bohemians accept such incidents as all in the day's work; cheered and comforted by such sights as those at Burgos, of a wonder-working crucifix with a figure of flesh and blood which, on the very day of their arrival, had made sound a man that had the wildfire, a child that had both its legs broken, and a

child that had been dead three days. Also, the nuns in the convents entertain them "with music and various delicious plays," and Turkish maidens dance before them "delectable dances." Portugal becomes frankly wonderland; filled with locusts, and dragons with forked tongues and wings like bats, "wherewith they could pursue men or animals for the space of two leagues," and many-colored scorpions "of the size of ordinary hunting dogs." Through all which hostility of men and things the stout voyagers pursue their way until they finally achieve that famous "tomb of St. James" in the mountains, which is the goal of all their wanderings. And, having come so far, they are seen at last on "Capo Finis Terrae," the end of all the land, when they behold, turned to stone, the very vessel from which Christ and our lady disembarked when they came there to found, in Her honor, the Church of the "Stella Obscura." They tell each other stories fearfully, as they gaze on that limitless waste of waters, of the terrors and judgments which had fallen upon all who had essayed to penetrate its mysteries. It still defied—for a few more years only—those who would sail beyond the sunset. From this headland, says the annalist, "one sees not aught anywhither save sky and water; and men say that the sea is there so troubled that none may sail upon it, nor know they what may be beyond." "The end of it no one knoweth, save God alone."

So they turned back, through Spain and Italy, in many surprising and delightful adventures, at the last to achieve Bohemia again; provided henceforth with an amazing store of knowledge and remembrance to beguile the long winter nights at home. It is a voyage through the European twilight; just before the coming of the dawn. That twilight is still possessed with a mystery and enchantment, strange shapes and colors, which are to vanish before the full light of day. Certainly few at the time could have hoped greatly for the future of mankind. "It is manifest," wrote Commynes, "that neither natural reason, neither knowledge, neither feare of God, neither love towards our neighbor, is sufficient to keepe us from using violence against others, from withholding other men's goods, nor from ravishing by all meenes possible that which appertaineth to others." "God alone" could "explain these things." They fared forward—undismayed.

Short Studies.

THE LITTLE PENSION.

At the break of day John Greggins turned out of his bed and went into the apartment that was kitchen and living room. The ballad-singer to whom John had given the night's shelter was also out of his sleep. Sitting on the sack of leaves that had been his bed, he was raking away the ashes that covered the seed of the fire. "Put down a few turf," said John, "and we'll have an early breakfast." The singer put turf round the kindlings, while John poured water into the kettle and hung it above the sods.

"What sort of a night did you put in by this hearthstone?" asked John.

"A good night," answered the ballad-singer. Then he said thoughtfully, "you've a lone cricket here that I'd like to marry to a cricket that's in a house in the County Clare." The singer was a low-sized fellow, round of limb, and round of body. He was barefooted, and wisps of hair fell across his eyes, that were restless, cunning, and humorous. Maurya, John's sister, heard the stir, and came down as the kettle was on the boil. A breakfast of bread and butter, tea and eggs, was made ready for the man of the house and the guest of the night. The ballad-singer ate without speaking; outside his songs he had but occasional words in Irish or English. When the meal was finished he put a ragged cap across his wisps of hair, and went to the door. "I must be shortening my road now, ma'am," said he, touching his cap to Maurya, "and I'm thankful to you for what you've bestowed on me." "Easy now," said John; "sure I'll be some of the way with you." He put on his hat, took his stick in hand, and went out with the ballad-singer. That was John Greggins's way; when the beggar, the ballad-singer, or the wandering musician, left his house, John Greggins would rise up and accompany them for miles on the road.

He lived in a place where the very crows were lonely. Perhaps you have no idea of the land where the stones have taken the places of the trees and hedges, where the shadow of a bare mountain is always on an empty lake, where the black of the bog runs into the fields, and where the whole uneven country is under the muffled Connemara sky. John Greggins had no root in the place. The fertile years of his life were passed in the British Army, and it was only since his retirement that he took up this abode with his sister. By a miracle of administration, the State maintained its relations with John Greggins, and once in three months the post came to the house with an instalment of his pension

He came down the mountain path with a good stride; his fine impetuous head held high. The ballad-singer, his eyes fixed on the stretch of the road, kept beside him with a gait that recalled the trot of a dog. "Lift up the music," said John. The singer raised his head and began "The County Mayo." The song was in Irish and this is by way of being its equivalent:—

"Now coming on Spring the days will be growing,
And after Saint Bride's Day my sail I will throw;
Since the thought has come to me I fain would be going
Till I stand in the middle of County Mayo!
The first of my days will be spent in Claremorris,
And in Balla down from it I'll have drinking and sport,
To Kiltimagh then I shall go on a visit,
And there, I can tell you, a month will be short."

John Greggins was waving his stick to the music when the pair came to the road. The singer went on with Raftery's song:—

"I solemnly swear that the heart in me rises
As the wind rises up or the mists break below,
When I think upon Carra and Gallen down from it,
The Bush of the Mile and the Plains of Mayo."

"Have you any more of that song?" asked John.

"I have," said the singer.

"Wasn't I lucky to come across you?" said John. "I never heard, at home or abroad, any more than you're after singing."

"There's a verse that has the name of every tree in Ireland, and there's another verse that has the name of every bird in Ireland, and there's another verse that has the name of every beast in Ireland."

"Raise it, raise it," said John. The singer began:—

"Killeadan's my village and every growth's in it."

Then the song ended. A hare had precipitated itself across the road ahead. The ballad-singer stopped on the road. "I'm going no farther along the road," he said. "I'm going to see a smith this side of the country." With that he crossed the ditch and went on a roving way. The little fellow had scruples about crossing the track of a hare.

John Greggins stood in the middle of the road. The sunlight was no longer lost in the lake, and it was visibly steeping itself in the bog. In the spacious light wide-winged birds were making cleanly shapes. John Greggins went on, the wander-song lilting itself:—

"I solemnly swear that the heart in me rises
As the wind rises up and the mists break below,
When I think upon Carra and Gallen down from it,
The Bush of the Mile and the Plains of Mayo!"

It was after Saint Bride's day. Indeed, it was the end of the month. This very day he could draw his pension if he presented himself at Crossgar post office. And Crossgar was only twenty miles ahead. John Greggins set off on his journey.

He went into many a house to redden his pipe and to talk with the people. His soul gave greeting to the big roan horses that were pulling the carts on the mountain road. At last he came to Molloy's, a notable house of refreshment, within an ass's gallop of the town of Crossgar.

John Greggins went in, placed himself near the hostess and took his bread and butter and his glass. At the cross-counter there was an isolated individual who was making a feast of a tumbler of porter.

"It will be a good season for lambs," John Greggins announced.

The individual at the upper counter peered around. He was a beggar, but he had an eleemosynary look never affected by the poor men of that part. He was blind by a dramatic convention.

"It won't be a good season for lambs," he said, with a lift in his cringing voice. "It won't be a good season for lambs. The frost will come, and the young lambs will die in the field."

John Greggins felt called upon to justify his optimism. "I'm not depending upon lambs," he said; "I can go into the town of Crossgar now and draw my little pension."

"And what have you the little pension from, may I ask?" said the beggar.

"I have my pension from the Government," said John. The beggar turned back to the counter and sipped the dregs of his glass. Meagre was the bag that hung across his back, a bag that would never stand upright. He spoke to Mrs. Molloy: "This poor man won't hear the unlucky word from me," he said.

"And why should there be an unlucky word for the decent man?" asked Mrs. Molloy.

"Stocks are down, ma'am," said the beggar. "Sure, you saw that yourself in the paper. The Government are at a great expense over a war, and I doubt if they'll keep up the pensions." He shuffled towards the door, but turned back to John. "I'm greatly afeared, my good man, that your pension days are over," he said. "Stocks are down." He went out, and for John Greggins it was as if he had drawn a damp cloth across the sun and had shaken the drizzling rain out of his bag.

"Who is that man?" asked John.

"He's a poor man, but he's a very knowledgable man," said the widow. "There's truth in what he said. I saw in the paper to-day that stocks were down."

"I think I'll make haste and get to the letter office. There's no harm in getting ahead of bad news," said John Greggins.

II.

The distance between Molloy's and the town of Crossgar was covered by a hurried march. The town was emptied—vacated, as it seemed to John Greggins's mind. He called to a boy who was minding an ass and cart, and asked to be informed of the way to the letter-office.

"Is it the letter-office that you want?" the boy asked in return.

"Ay, the letter-office," said John.

"It's the last house on the west side of the street," said the boy.

John Greggins crossed over to the west side, and headed down the street. He turned to the last house, and was confronted by a man who had his elbows along the top of the half-door. He presented a bald and massive head, and the appearance and reality of the hunched back.

"Is this the letter-office?" said John.

"The Academy of Correspondence," replied the man in a deep voice.

"And what beside that?"

"The Academy of Correspondence and the Depôt of Polite Letter-Writing."

"And has it anything to do with the payment of pensions?"

"The Academy does not fulfil the functions of a post office," said the hunchback. He opened the door and came out to John. "The Government Post Office is in the street abruting this," he said, indicating the place. "Remember the Academy of Correspondence. I am Dermott Mac Gilla Naeve, and my caligraphic skill is at your disposal."

"I'm obliged to you," said John, and without another word, gesture, or turning, he made for the post office. The scrutiny of his warrant gave John a few minutes' anxiety. The money was tendered him, however, and then the warrant was stamped and handed back. "Now, ma'am," said John, "I want to ask you a question. Will I be able to draw another draft of this pension at the end of the next quarter?" "Certainly," said the post-mistress, "or we'll have it sent to your address." "I heard the Government were in some hobble about money, and I thought maybe that they couldn't spare this. I'm obliged to them," said John. He stood still in the shop, meditating how he might express his gratitude to the Government. Then into his quickened brain came the thought of the Depôt of Polite Letter-Writing. He went across the street, and found the scribe before his door. "I want you to indite a letter for me," said John. Dermott Mac Gilla Naeve motioned him into the study. "This will be a particular letter. I want you to write to the Government headquarters." "I'll be glad of an outline of your case." "Well, it's like this," said John Greggins, and thereupon he set forth his relations to the State, and he elaborated his sense of obligation. To Dermott Mac Gilla Naeve this was material for artistic composition. He sat before the table, deep lines upon his great brow, and, after a while of labor and suspense, he produced the following:—

> "Most Honourable Sirs,—An Epistle from the Humble hand of one who desires to express his Obligation to your Magnanimity. The years of my Service are amply compensated by the Recompense which your Benevolence has bestowed, and your Bounty together with the Paucity of my Vocabulary render an adequate Expression of my Gratitude impossible. To proceed without Prolixity. I return due Thanks for this and former Favours, and with the deepest Veneration and Submission, I subscribe myself.—Yours to command,
>
> JOHN GREGGINS."

This was the composition which the scribe read to John Greggins. "It's powerful," was the comment made by his client. "My honorarium is one shilling," said Dermott Mac Gilla Naeve. "And more would not be begrudged you," said John Greggins. John's eyes went down the sheet, and answering words rose to his brain. "The Statement of my case surpasses Pecuniary Expenditure. Fit an envelope for it now, and address it to the Paymaster of the Imperial Army." Dermott Mac Gilla Naeve took up the pen and achieved an elaborately decorated superscription. He received the honorarium, and conducted John out of the Academy of Correspondence. Like one in whom the inner flame has been lit, John Greggins trod the street. It was as though an order had been presented to his soul, conferring on it the pride of articulation. Into the blaze of the sunset he walked, and he stood upon the bridge that knit the town to the width of the world. The mountains were illuminated, the river was richly flowing, and the bridge gave one the pride of human handiwork.

There were idlers on the bridge; some grouped at the parapet, and some playing pitch and toss in the middle. They seemed companions fit for John's high mood. He turned to them and said, "I gaze upon this flowing stream, and I acknowledge that never before or since, in this or any other country, kingdom, or climate, have I beheld a scene of such surpassing magnificence." The men, who had been absorbed in the game, straightened themselves up and regarded John. "Behold the bridge," he proceeded; "think of them that in the old, ancient days raised it in majesty and in glory to be a pattern and a credit to their posterity." Then said one of the idlers, "This is a fellow out of Munster who thinks we are still in Reading-made-easy." And another said with palpable irony, "Wouldn't you stand all night with your bare feet in the snow, to listen to him?" The tossed coin fell at John's feet; a gamester came forward to pick it up, and he said as he stooped, "It is easy knowing that before this the fellow never saw anything but the inside walls of a poor-house." His head was within tempting distance, and John gave it a knock with the short end of his stick. The mêlée that followed was conspicuous to the police. To relieve the tedium of the evening they sallied forth, and the one who was not aware of the way of escape fell into their hands. "We will put this down

as a case of incitement," said the sergeant. "You may do that," said the young policeman, "for I saw him addressing the crowd and making very fierce gestures." There and then they decided to give John the cells for the night.

In the forenoon of the next day John Greggins took the road homeward. Silence was upon him like unto the silence beyond the trees and hedges, in the land of stones and shadows, where the very crows are lonely.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Present-Day Problems.

AEROPLANES AT OLYMPIA.

THE exhibition of flying machines now in progress at Olympia marks for the Britisher one of those big strides forward, one of those citadels occupied, which it is given to few generations and not many centuries to witness. "I could no more do it than fly" must pass from our stock of proverbial phrases, for though the number of men who have flown hardly requires two figures to indicate it, enough has been done to prove that the difficulty of constructing a machine that can be flown has been overcome, and that the use of it is but a question of bringing out the innate powers of man.

The appearance of the flying machine in the form of the aeroplane is the joint result of two kinds of progress in invention. The one is the devising of new means to meet conditions and requirements which may be new or old in themselves. To this class are due the form and disposition of the main sustaining surfaces, the arrangement and control of the horizontal and vertical rudders and the designing of many of the details. But the other class, though less attractive and self-assertive, is none the less important than the first, which is, indeed, subservient to it. It is the improvement of degree as distinguished from the improvement of difference, it is the improvement of quality in material, the reduction of weight in a machine of given efficiency, that render possible the very embodiment of the idea which provides the structure necessary to the application of the inventor's art. It had long been common knowledge that, given a surface and a current of air acting thereon, the surface could be made to sustain a considerable weight. The boy with his kite knew it, and everyone saw it in the flight of the birds. But to move the kite bird-like through the air was a problem that could not be solved, for the simple reason that an engine powerful enough to propel the kite was too heavy to be lifted by it. The demand for a light and powerful engine for automobiles was in the same direction, and the meeting of this need went far to supply that of the flying machine also. Even so, an internal combustion engine weighing 10 lbs. per horse power was considered very light until a few years ago. But now we are offered engines which may be loosely described as twice as light, and mechanical flight is *un fait accompli*. The kite can now be sustained by being driven against the air by a self-contained engine, and will carry a man at the same time.

Flying is, like bicycling, another attempt to improve on man's natural methods of locomotion. But at present its chances of being anything like as practical are by no means apparent. The bicycle can be stored almost anywhere, and can be started on any ordinary road. Not so the aeroplane or the dirigible balloon. They require sheds of large dimensions to accommodate them, and for the most part special facilities for "taking-off," while a strong breeze renders them intractable, or even wholly incapable. Still, the impossible has so often become the possible in the past that it would be foolish in the extreme to suppose that future developments will not clear away these difficulties.

The existence of a machine and a driver of proved capability being once realised, flying has come on with leaps and bounds, and the facts that the present exhibition was originally planned for the display of motor vehicles, and that a considerable proportion of the firms occupying stands are or were primarily engaged in the motor-car business are not to be neglected, though they may be easily over-rated. Flying has not displaced motoring yet; it is never likely to do so entirely; and probably it will not even outstrip it in popularity and utility.

It was not a pleasant experience, during the preparatory stage of the exhibition, to find that the language of Olympia is French. But it must be confessed that the tale of the motor-car is being repeated in connection with the aeroplane, and in the present case the old excuse for lagging behind our continental friends cannot be advanced. There is no Act of Parliament against flying, whatever may be the common law of trespass. It is highly desirable that the parallel shall not be maintained. The aeroplane is, as the automobile was, still in a crude state, but it is at least practicable. Then let our manufacturers take it for what it is worth as a basis for their work, instead of groping in the dark after new principles and retreading their rivals' ground, wasting many thousands of capital and prospective profits only to find—years later—that the conclusions embodied in present practice are so far correct.

So far as regards one phase of the flying machine, the designer has a guide that he is not likely to improve upon. In the bird, Nature has indicated the form of body which may be propelled through the air with the least resistance, and the outlines best adapted to the driving and sustaining surfaces. It is interesting to note that the vertical sections of the sustaining planes in the most practical exhibits at Olympia correspond fairly closely to those of the bird's wing. There is the same accentuation of curve towards the front and graduation towards the back. The Voisin, R.E.P., Howard Wright, Short Bros., and other planes all have it distinctly, but there is some reluctance to adopt the comparatively blunt, thick edge of the natural wing, though Breguet and T. W. K. Clarke & Co. go further in this direction than most. It has been thought that the flexibility of the rear edge of the wing was principally of use for propelling purposes, but there is a marked tendency to adopt this feature also where all the propulsion is effected by the usual blades or screw.

There are many broad questions yet to be discussed and investigated practically. Shall there be one main plane, or two or more? Nature evidently favors the monoplane, but Nature also adopts the flapping system of propulsion, which man finds less convenient than the rotary propeller. The Miesse Petrol Car Syndicate's "De la Hault" ornithoptere or orthopter is shown with two wings only, and these have a rotary rather than a reciprocating action. It is stated to have lifted itself some ten or twelve feet on several occasions. Lamplough & Sons' full-size model is more on accepted aeroplane lines, but has additional longitudinal planes, which are adapted to lift the machine by a feathering action. As a contrast, one has the R.E.P. and Weiss aeroplanes, which have single wings, and present a comparatively natural appearance. The power to rise and hover should be very useful for starting and stopping purposes, and in other ways. Most steamers still carry sails, the majority of motor bicycles are fitted with pedalling gear, and the ability to remain sustained independently of the propelling apparatus would seem to be a desirable feature in aeroplane construction.

Shall there be vertical planes, as in the Voisin, or none, as in the Wright Brothers' machine (several models of which are on view)? Such surfaces would seem to offer an unnecessary hold for the attacks of cross-currents of air, though the small fixed vertical rudder in the front of the Wright suggests that something may be necessary to prevent lateral drifting. Will one propeller be sufficient, or will two rotating in opposite directions be necessary to prevent the aeroplane being turned over laterally by the reaction, and should the propeller be in front or behind? All these different arrangements have proved to be more or less satisfactory. Some monoplanes have a single propeller in front, while the biplanes generally have two behind the

wings, though the Voisin has only one. In the Howard Wright, the two propellers are arranged on concentric shafts, and turn in opposite directions, which appeals to one as a good compromise. Shall the machine have a tail, or shall it not? Shall it have a vertical rudder or a helicoidal, twisting motion to the planes, or independent ailerons? These and many other questions will form the subjects for flying talk for a long time to come, but the point for the industry to note is that they are none of them vital. There is nothing in these points to prevent their taking any machine that has really flown, as a model for their commercial output. Whether they shall experiment as well is another and a subsidiary consideration.

DOUGLAS LEECHMAN.

Letters from Abroad.

CLEARING THE AIR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At last the German Press seems to have found the right way of answering the excited statements of the British Press concerning Germany's shipbuilding. For several days the great majority of the papers maintained a cool indifference which, even if justified by facts, could possibly be regarded as artificial, and so increase suspicions instead of destroying them. Calm is always desirable unless it suggests the impression of a subterfuge to avoid unpleasant admissions. What was wanted were statements as to the real state of things, and they did not appear. Before the secretary of the Navy had, on the 18th of March, made his statements in the Committee of the Reichstag, no paper ventured to refute the British accusations by a plain and detailed exposition of what was in reality going on.

To-day the "Kölnische Zeitung," in a semi-official communication from Berlin, publishes an account of the state of the building and launching of men-of-war of "Dreadnought" dimensions. According to it, there are, together with the one just launched, five that are actually launched. These will not be finished before the summer of 1910. Four others are on the slips, but will not be finished before the summer of 1911, and four are on the Budget of this year, but have not even been taken in hand, so that at the earliest they will be finished in the summer or autumn of 1912. Then only will Germany have thirteen of these monsters. All suspicions about the speeding up of the building beyond the plan of the programme accepted by the Reichstag, are declared to have no foundation whatever. And the *communiqué* adds that if the Government have given orders for two of the ships to private firms it was exclusively for economical reasons. The Government wanted to help the firms to weather the present depression, and at the same time make use of the present fall in prices. But neither political nor military reasons decided the step.

Now this sounds rather reassuring, and if the Government will officially confirm it in an authoritative and unequivocal form, public opinion in England will surely calm down. It is not quite clear why Prince Bülow should have refused to appear before the Committee of the Reichstag and give the explanations asked for. His ways have lately been rather strange. But the decision of the majority of the Committee, in consequence of this refusal, to postpone the discussion of the naval Budget, and first discuss the Chancellor's Budget, may be taken as another sign of an aversion from giving the Government a too free hand in naval preparations.

The semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" has also a paragraph to-day denying any intention of transgressing the naval programme as voted, but it is not so detailed as that of the "Kölnische Zeitung."

Apart from the Social Democratic papers, which all over Germany stick unflinchingly to their strong opposition to the entire rivalry in naval armaments, the most sensible and hopeful utterance in regard to the question of an agreement *re* the naval programme is to be found in the "Kreuzzeitung" of to-day. The influential organ of the Prussian squirearchy declares frankly for a naval understanding with England. "It is not quite clear," it writes, "whether England has in fact approached us with definite offers in regard to restrictions in shipbuilding. But there is no possible doubt that the Reichstag, in concert with the German people, thinks that an agreement is wanted. We are glad to see that our article on the naval Budget has not only met with the approval of the Conservative Party, but reflects the general feeling of the Reichstag. The present naval programme must, of course, be carried out, but the fundamental condition must be that our battleships are not intended for aggressive purposes, but for the defence of our coasts, and must be kept up in a state suited to that purpose. Also, the enlargement of our fleet of cruisers which exhibit our flag in far-off seas must remain, but the provocative aspirations of the 'Flottenverein'—now happily becoming silent—at present must be energetically rejected. There is, then, a ground for meeting England, and since the Chancellor expressed in the autumn his goodwill in this respect, there is no reason for the Reichstag to get uneasy about the matter. It belongs now to the English to return to that state of trust without which a neighborly and friendly relationship is impossible."

This is not a great advance, but it is more than has been found in the Liberal and Radical Press. Even independent and otherwise advanced Liberal papers have at this opportunity again shown that uncertainty and irresolution they traditionally display when questions of foreign policy are at stake. This is an inheritance of the protracted political minority of the German middle classes. They never had a real foreign policy of their own, they too easily take up the catchwords given out by the Foreign Office, and, if none are vouchsafed, they pitifully waver in their judgment, and prefer to utter no opinion at all. It looks as if some were beginning to change, and that others would then follow. The Junkers have not the same fears. They know their own mind. They had already, twelve years ago, the courage to speak of the "graessliche Flotte." At that time it was no question of their paying taxes for the Navy. But now they are called upon, and so they are the first to speak out for an understanding with England. It is the financial side of the question that drives them to support a progressive movement. The only section that unreservedly stands for an unequivocal peace policy are the working classes.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin, March 21st, 1909.

Communications.

THE TREASURY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY ESTIMATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The cause of the recent debates in the House of Commons on the Naval Estimates should convince Liberals that in the course of the twenty years of reaction the control of the House of Commons over policy, through its control of expenditure, has been much weakened.

The manner of this weakening may be inferred from the report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, which sat during last Parliament. A study of the evidence laid before the Committee by Sir R. Chalmers (then a Principal Clerk at the Treasury), the then Accountant-General of the Navy, and the then Comptroller and Auditor-General, will make it clear that (1) the Treasury exercise no very great control over the estimates of the Army and Navy, though jointly these two services account for half of our national expenditure; (2) that the Finance branch of the Admiralty under the Accountant-General of the Navy, on whom the Treasury seem deliberately to seek to fasten the responsibility for checking the expenditure of

the Admiralty, can only exercise a moderate and limited control over the policy of the Department of which it is a part; (3) that the Comptroller and Auditor-General is primarily concerned, not with securing economy, but detecting irregularities in the appropriation of voted moneys administered by Departments, and that beyond this he can only keep an eye on incompetence on the part of officers of spending Departments, though apparently he had some field for his activities in this direction during the late South African war.

This being the situation, it is plain that the House of Commons is not served as well as it should be with a view to a successful handling of the Naval Estimates. It may be said that the relatively weak Departmental control of the Treasury over the Naval Estimates is compensated for by the fact of the special procedure adopted in the case of the Army and Navy Estimates—differentiating them from the Civil Service Estimates—under which they are specially considered by the Cabinet after being adjusted between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord and the Secretary for War; but the reply to this is (1) that the important work in connection with Estimates is not so much the determination of the total of the vote as the preliminary consideration of the new proposals advanced in any year involving additions to the standing part of the vote, and (2) that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is in a peculiar sense the executive officer of the House of Commons, has a right to have as much responsible advice of an expert character from the Treasury, being the Department of which he is the head, as the First Lord and the Secretary for War get from the Admiralty and the War Office respectively.

In other words, the Treasury ought to qualify itself to assist the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the House of Commons with expert advice on the Army and Navy estimates. It is a relatively small Department, and its upper staff is not as large as those of the Admiralty and War Office. There seems no reason why the Treasury should not be considerably strengthened by the creation of fresh branches to deal with the Army and Navy Estimates, and why there should not be a circulation between these branches and the financial departments of the War Office and Admiralty. In this way these branches in the spending Departments might be stiffened, and the Treasury acquire the expert knowledge which it lacks. At present the Treasury seems less disposed to employ experts than, *e.g.*, the Education Department or the Local Government Board, which habitually employ medical experts, architects, and engineers in order to get independent advice on matters where the lay administrator is at a disadvantage.

It will be urged no doubt that any control which the Treasury could exercise, or help the House of Commons to exercise, would not touch matters of policy, and therefore would only be limited. It may be questioned, however, whether the distinction between matters of policy and matters of routine is not pushed too far in the Civil Service of this country, and whether the distinction between the consideration of "ends" and "means" is a distinction of kind. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that, under the current maxim that foreign questions and the Navy should be outside the region of party politics (which really means removed from the control of the House of Commons), the Admiralty and Foreign Office practically influence questions of policy to a large extent in their respective provinces, and that the contribution which they make to the "continuous policy" is likely to be anything but democratic. The very constitution of the Admiralty, in which the responsibility of the Parliamentary head is weakened in a way in which that of no other Minister is, by a joint responsibility vested in the naval lords, who can exercise it by threats of resignation, is only an argument for arming the House of Commons with new weapons against these oligarchic sea lords, which would give it equal authority in the eyes of those who are all for trusting the expert. Even, however, if the House of Commons and its servant the Treasury be kept off matters of policy, there are many important questions from a financial point of view which would be left within their jurisdiction. Thus it is conceivable that the orientation of our foreign policy might largely determine the distribution of our fleets in various parts of the world at any given time; but such questions as the adoption of a new type of man-of-war, the usefulness of which will be largely determined by reference to the standing factors in the problem of naval defence, and of immediate concentration thereon, to the neglect of other types, are such that the House of Commons with, and through, the Treasury and its head, should have a well-informed and influential opinion thereon.—Yours, &c.,

REFORMER.

March 23rd, 1909.

Letters to the Editor.

ANATOLE FRANCE AND JOAN OF ARC.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a recent number of THE NATION you published a letter from M. Anatole France with the preface of his new edition (the twenty-eighth) of his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc." M. France, in his preface, remarked that he had paid attention to the criticisms of several distinguished French historians, and to my "laudable scruples about his references." I have now examined his new edition with care, and find that M. France has removed a very few mis-references while retaining the statements of fact which his authorities do not present, and even in some cases references which are erroneous. Two or three new notes attempt to justify the assertions of the text without success.

For the rest, even the most obvious slips of the pen (such as "Procès," Vol. II., p. 53, where "Procès," Vol. I., is meant) are left standing, and I cannot here give an idea of the number of passages in which statements derogatory to the heroine are made, and are supported by references to authorities which contain no such matter. As an example of want of care on an unimportant point, four references are given (Vol. I., p. 346, note 1) for a dispute between the people of Orleans and Raoul de Gaucourt, Governor of the town, on May 6th, 1429. Of the four authorities, one witness confessedly was not present, and speaks on hearsay information. The three other authorities cited, chroniclers, say not a word about this affair of May 6th. Two or three pages later (Vol. I., p. 353) two of these chroniclers are cited for an alleged dispute between the military and the citizens on May 7th, a thing which one of them does mention, and M. France appears to have used this evidence for May 7th, as support of the hearsay anecdote about May 6th. This is unimportant, and is merely an example of M. France's method. When he exhibits it in attributing to Dunois (with a reference) words which he never spoke, and to Jeanne (with references) speeches which only an imbecile could have made, and which the authorities cited do not contain, we can appreciate the value of the book.

In the "Revue Critique" of March 11th, M. Salomon Reinach writes: "Evidently M. France should read it" (my book, "The Maid of France") "pen in hand, and take account of criticisms which, though not too benevolent in tone, are indispensable for the revision of his book." M. Reinach himself contributes corrections, and hopes that these, with my own, "may make M. France's book as trustworthy as it is charming." Unhappily, M. France has not taken the advice of M. Reinach, and, if he did, the alleged facts on which he bases his estimate of the maid would vanish, and the book would need to be rewritten in a very different sense.

In his letter to you, M. France says that "his good faith is perfect." Never did I challenge it, or doubt it, but he might have taken the trouble to revise his book, and correct the astonishing misstatements which arise from a careless reading—with an unconscious bias—of the authorities.

Meanwhile, M. Reinach and I utter lonely voices crying in the wilderness. M. Gabriel Monod, the distinguished editor of the invaluable "Revue Historique," writes that M. France "unites the sagacious criticisms of the scholar with the tact and penetration of the psychologist, and the creative gift of the artist." As conclusive proof that M. Monod deceives himself, I may cite M. France (Vol. I., pp. 33, 34, 35). Here he maintains that Jeanne recognised St. Michael at his third appearance to her. "She

could make no mistake, she knew him well, he was the patron of the Duchy of Bar. . . . She recognised the angel by his arms. . . ." For this fact he cites Jeanne's evidence in "Procès," Vol. I., p. 73, with four other passages, in all of which she refused to speak of the arms or dress or symbols of the appearance. In Vol. II., p. 278, M. France has found out that, in the passage cited by him as proof that Jeanne saw the angel in armor, she really declined to give any information at all.

Such is "the sagacious criticism of the scholar." As for "the tact and penetration of the psychologist," M. France, speaking as a psychologist, maintains that Jeanne's visions of the saints were modelled on the representations of the saints familiar to her in works of art. Thus, "she could make no mistake," she recognised St. Michael readily. He overlooks the fact that, according to Jeanne, she saw St. Michael "many times" ("multotiens") before she recognised him ("Procès," Vol I. p. 171). In the same way she did not recognise St. Margaret and St. Catherine for some time after their first appearances ("non ita cito") This is precisely the fact which does interest the psychologist. Jeanne was familiar, she said, with images and pictures of the saints, before which, in her childhood, she used to lay garlands of wild flowers. None the less she did not recognise her saints when she saw them; it follows that her fancy did not model them in their images, and here the psychologist is interested, while M. France says that she did recognise them from their images, and refers to authorities which merely say, as we discover, without correcting his error, that she refused to give any information.—Yours, &c.,

A. Lang.

8, Gibson Place, St. Andrews,
March 21st, 1909.

IMPERIALISM AND MILITARISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The statement in The Nation of to-day that I have raised my voice in favor of Imperialism and Militarism is a deliberate falsehood.—Yours, &c.,

Frederic Harrison.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.
March 20th, 1909.

[Mr. Harrison's letter, in the form which he gives to it, deserves neither insertion nor reply. However, we concede it both these courtesies. Our criticism is justified by a score of phrases contained in one of the most sensational letters we have ever seen in the public Press. Mr. Harrison declared that the "tremendous navy" now being "hurried on" in Germany, and the "domineering ambitions" of her chiefs, threatened Europe with a new "war lord" comparable to Napoleon. Such an Empire, he argued, meant "inevitable" antagonism to the British Empire. The German Navy was specially meant to be the "spear-head" of a German invading army, to facilitate whose operations "every road, well, bridge, and smithy in the East of England and Scotland" had been "docketed in the German War Office." It was, therefore, "childish" to speak of "friendly relations" with Germany, or of the "domestic virtues" of the Fatherland. The two-Power standard having broken down, and the "total collapse of our Empire" being threatened, there was but one remedy, "the formation of an adequate land defence." Mr. Harrison did not "touch" the question whether this should be attained by "compulsory military general service," or merely by "stiffening" and expanding the Territorial Army. But while this military problem was being thought out, he suggested that talk about "industrial reorganisation" was "hollow" and "fine words about Retrenchment, Peace, and Brotherhood" "idle."—Ed., Nation.]

THE WAR DANGER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The fatalism which considers a war with Germany as "inevitable" appears to be a great danger at the present time. People who regard such a catastrophe with genuine horror and dread—as they may well do—yet appear to look upon its outbreak sooner or later as certain and necessary. There are probably a few in both countries who really desire the outbreak of this war. These can only be regarded as criminal lunatics. A trumpery tumult like the Massacre of St. Bartholomew would be a mere fleabite in comparison with this gigantic crime. All that is necessary is that the great mass of decent people in both countries should firmly resolve that the dreamed of Armageddon shall not take place. Surely they will do so. "Why didn't they stop the war?" asks the little boy of his grandfather in the ruined world at the end of Mr. Wells's novel. "It didn't never ought to have been begun," is the old man's reply. War is "bestialissima pazzia," "most bestial madness," Leonardo said. What some of us feel is that in a question of this kind Christianity itself is on trial. Imagine the survivors of the vast destruction which Mr. Wells has portrayed, as they began again the weary task of building up civilisation and order, contemptuously dismissing the Christian religion as useless! "It was not able to prevent this." But I do not believe the war will ever "be begun."—Yours, &c.,

R. L. Gales.

Wanborough, Guildford,
Refreshment Sunday, 1909.

THE PASSION FOR MATERIAL SECURITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION

Sir,—In the present mood of fear and bewilderment into which a section of our people have fallen, it appears to me to be increasingly plain that our Liberal spokesmen, in the Government and out of it, are being gravely disabled in their pleading for national dignity and international reasonableness by the fact that, almost without exception, they unite in demanding for our country absolute security—that is, absolute material security—on sea and land, as eagerly as the most timorous big navy man and conscriptionist among them. Obviously, if that idea of security is the one thing to be considered, the country is likeliest to trust the party that has least scruple in providing the Admirals and Generals with blank cheques; and surely if we Liberals have a function and are to ask a hearing at all in this business, what we need more than all else is an ideal and the courage to follow it. Economy is well; it is urgent; it is becoming more than ever imperative. But economy is not an ideal; it is a mere counsel of prudence which will never move the heart of a people. And until we see an ideal and seek it so as to take the risks of it—until we learn better to plead and to work for the substitution more and more of moral securities in place of material securities and recognise that good-will and good faith between nation and nation are better securities than a hundred "Dreadnoughts," *and that we cannot have both*—until we hold before our people an end that is more worthy of a people's strength than the mere saving of its own skin, we shall be still at the mercy of the coward and the bully among us, and must in the end submit to their counsels of terror.

I should be glad if you would allow me to recall, in these days of our need, a voice which was not many years ago a prophet-voice to some of the people of England. In his Address to the Free Church Federation at Sheffield in 1900, Rev. Dr. McKennal of Bowden said:—

"The hardest lesson we have to learn is that a nation which would fulfil the perfect law of Christ may have to give its life for its testimony. For many years the thought has pressed upon me that if England is to fulfil her noblest destiny, she may be called to be a sacrificial nation. And I have had the dream that the sacrifice might be in the cause of peace. If England, in the plentitude of her power, should lay down every weapon of a carnal warfare, disband her armies, call her fleets from the sea, throw open her ports, and trust for her continual existence only to the service she could render to the world, and the testimony she would bear to Christ, what would happen? I know not; and the doubt, the knowledge that any one who should speak of such a thing would not command a serious hearing, has made me a lonely man. But it comes again and again; the longing will not be repressed. It might be that Christ, whose 'finished work' is the trust of his people, would declare that the purpose of such a sacrifice is sufficient, that the example

would be enough, and that the nation would continue to be living and strong in the gratitude of all peoples. But if otherwise, what then? Such a martyrdom would quicken the conscience of the world. I turn and read the description given us by the Second Isaiah of the 'remnant,' now become the whole nation, under the image of the suffering servant of the Lord—'despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; despised and esteemed not.' But he is also to be exalted and extolled to be very high.

"I am sure that, so long as the vision of a martyred nation appears absurd and impossible, there will never be a Christian nation. This also I believe, that until our advocates of peace fairly apprehend that a nation martyred for Christ's sake may be within the counsel of God, their advocacy will lack its final inspiration and victorious appeal.

"The end of the New Testament prophecy is—the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of Christ: but it is not certain that any nation now in existence will share in that consummation. We have no more reason for affirming the indefinite continuance of national life than for believing that we ourselves shall not die. In both cases the prospect of death brings with it the awe of judgment. It depends on the use any people make of the 'new occasions' which 'teach new duties,' on their readiness to follow 'Christ's bleeding feet,' 'toiling up new Calvaries ever with the Cross that turns not back,' whether their memory shall perish in merciful oblivion or their influence shall survive among the energies of the kingdom of God."—Yours, &c.,

JOHN D. SINCLAIR.

East United Free Church Manse,
Cluny, Aberdeenshire, March 24th, 1909.

"THE LOGIC OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your contributor who, in an article bearing the above title, wrote, last week, of "the fact that a limited Bill will not be accepted by the present House of Commons," must have been momentarily forgetful of recent Parliamentary history. Mr. Stanger's Bill was read a second time in the present House of Commons, and had a majority of 179 votes. The majority for Mr. G. Howard's unlimited Bill was but 35. It seems clear, therefore, that the preference given by Mrs. Fawcett (and by all the suffrage societies) to Bills which emancipate women on the same qualification as men, is shared by the present House of Commons.

It is not the House of Commons, but the present Government, which will not accept a Bill of that character, and which at the same time refuses to bring in a Bill of another character. The result will be that when this Government leaves office a Conservative Government (wiser in its generation) will introduce and pass a Women's Suffrage Bill that will really deserve the epithet "limited."—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Hampstead, March 24th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To one who is a Liberal, a woman, and a Suffragist, the present bitterness between the Liberals and the Suffragists is most deplorable. It would be more deplorable still if the discussion over adult suffrage should further embitter the situation. Many women Suffragists, among whom I should wish to count myself, while they look forward to adult suffrage in the future, deprecate demanding it now for the reason that they do not believe the country would accept it, or any Government undertake the task of carrying it through. The fate of Mr. Howard's Bill in the House confirms this opinion. It did not win the support of the Government, and Sir Charles McLaren, a Liberal and a Suffragist, declared himself in favor of amendments which would annihilate the principle of "one woman one vote." There can be no doubt that the dread of the extra million women is very deeply rooted, and will take time and experience to conquer.

But now that Mr. Howard's Bill is shelved, must the Liberals persist in their *non possumus* attitude? If they are afraid that the mere abolition of the sex disqualification as it stands would increase the weight of property, a point which is at least doubtful, they have only to follow up Mr. Stanger's Bill by the provision, so often suggested, that husband and wife, when living together, should be registered as two distinct voters on the one monetary qualification. Speaking on my own responsibility only, it appears to me natural to hope that this would be accepted by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, the body which has the honor to be under the presidency of Mrs. Fawcett, seeing that at the beginning of the session the committee of the Union actually outlined a clause to that effect, as a substitute for Mr. Howard's Bill. Many women Suffragists, indeed, would agree with me in welcoming this additional measure on its merits, as securing the best and fairest conditions attainable for the equal enfranchisement of women. This is one of the reasons why we are so anxious for the Liberals to undertake the work. On the other hand, the longer the present situation goes on the worse for Liberalism, and the worse for the chances at the General Election. We may be forced in the end to take the reform from the Tories, quite possibly on narrow property lines. We should be prepared to run this risk, trusting to redress the balance by a Liberal Bill later on. Further, the struggle between the militants and the Government will persist and increase, with all its regrettable features. It may be a question whether this struggle has done harm or good to the women's cause: there can be no question that it has done harm to the Government. The Government have lost hundreds of supporters, and not, it is safe to say, gained one. More than this, they have done much to weaken the real spring of Liberal work. How is it possible, for instance, to conduct a spirited campaign against a non-representative Second Chamber when the representation of women is denied? Deeper than all questions of temporary tactics lies the fact that the women's movement is, in its essence, a truly Liberal movement, an awakening among women to a sense of the claims, the duties, and the responsibilities of citizenship. It is on this sense, and this alone, that what is worthy in the State must rest. It should be the glory of Liberalism to welcome and lead this movement, and not allow precious enthusiasm to be driven into hostility and fanaticism.—Yours, &c.,

F. MELIAN STAWELL.

44, Westbourne Park Villas, London, W.
March 22nd, 1909.

THE REFORM OF THE DEATH DUTIES

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an advocate of "clearer thinking," your correspondent, Mr. D. B. McLaren is hardly a success. Even if we allow for the printer's error, and assume that he intends to write that the "estate" pays the death duty, does he not fall into the loose manner of speech so current among Tariff Reformers who talk of cotton paying this and steel that duty when, as a matter of fact, it is the consumer who pays? Paying is the prerogative of persons, not things, and in the case of the death duties payment is ultimately made by the persons who succeed to their predecessor's wealth. All the dead man can have done is to decide out of whose share of his estate the claims of the State shall be met.

Assuming that in most cases the duties payable are taken into account by a testator, does not this support my previous argument that the graduation of the rates of succession duty, as well as of the estate duty, would tend to the subdivision of estates? If there were a higher rate of duty payable on one bequest of £100,000 than upon ten bequests of £10,000 each to ten separate beneficiaries, the desire to evade the higher rate would influence the mind of the testator.

My other point—the inequality of the present system by which the rates of succession and legacy duty vary according to degree of relationship, regardless of amount—may perhaps be better illustrated by taking the case of an intestacy. For instance, a woman who succeeds to £1,000 as sister and only next-of-kin of a deceased brother leaving

exactly that amount, receives £980 net, while another woman, who succeeds to £1,000 as one of five sisters of a brother leaving £5,000, only receives £940 net. Surely the ability to pay is no greater in one case than the other, yet the burden is trebled in amount.

A Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer has, in the graduation of the succession and legacy duty, an opportunity as great as Sir William Harcourt had in 1893. Evasion might be checked by an *ad valorem* stamp duty on voluntary transfers and deeds of gift, and, were it not for the fear that the funds so realised would, in the country's present mood, be sunk in armaments, one might foresee great possibilities of social reform, with a gradual approach to the wider and better distribution of wealth.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY P. TURNBULL.

Norbury, Scarborough,
March 23rd, 1909.

THE PROFITS AND INCOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct an inaccuracy which appeared in your issue of last Saturday under the heading "A Young Insurance Co."? The Legal Insurance Co., which was formed last year, did not take over the Profits and Income Insurance Company, but only the Profits Insurance Department of the Profits and Income. As regards all other departments, the Profits and Income Co. is continuing to transact business as formerly. As my attention has been drawn to the matter by some of our policy-holders, perhaps you will be good enough to remedy this in your next issue.

Thanking you in anticipation.—Yours, &c.,

ALEX. D. AUCHTERLONIE,
Acting Secretary.

Profits and Income Insurance Company, Limited,
9, Fleet Street, E.C.
March 22nd, 1909.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On seeing the heading of your interesting article, "A Revolution in Fire Protection," in to-day's issue, I hoped to find what I have been long looking for—viz., an unsparing criticism of the abuses grown up with the development of insurance companies. It is an old saying that all roads lead to Rome. It might, with equal truth, be said that all social evils are traceable to bad landlords; for instance, insurance against fire, originally an economical mutual affair, has become, under the heavy weight of the landed interest, an oppressive money-making monopoly, whereby men like myself have to pay 12s. 6d. per cent. for that which can, under a municipal insurance, be obtained for 2s. 6d. May we hope, Sir, that you will deal with this much-needed social reform at an early date?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LEWIS.

278 to 288, Oxford Street; 21 to 28 Holles Street,
London, W., March 20th, 1909.

MR. HOCKING AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph appearing in THE NATION in reference to a paper which I read at the meetings of the Swansea Free Church Council. You say "Mr. Hocking hinted that all the leading newspapers were under Roman Catholic control or inspiration. Will Mr. Hocking name one such journal?" Would you not have been more just had you written asking for my exact words before making this charge? What I did urge was that, considering the number of Catholics in Great Britain, their doings, as it seemed to me, were inordinately reported in the public Press. But I was careful to say that I did not for a moment hint at any collusion between the editors of newspapers and the Roman Church; that I did not blame, but rather admired, Roman Catholics for seeing to it that their doings were so well reported, and I urged Protestants to be as wise as the Romanists in utilising the Press.

Seeing you have made reference to Dr. Lunn's attack upon me before waiting to see my reply, may I ask you to refer to the letters which appeared in the "Daily News" on Saturday last, and in the "Daily Chronicle" on Monday of the present week.

Personally, I should have thought THE NATION would have been the last paper to throw cold water upon any attempt to arouse attention concerning the necessity for the inspection of convents, but it seems I am mistaken.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH HOCKING.

Woodford Green, March 17th, 1909.

[We are glad to see that Mr. Hocking has somewhat reduced his earlier statements. As to the inspection of convents, we are entirely in favor of the State inspecting religious institutions where organised industrial work is done, for industrial purposes only. We are entirely against inspection for religious purposes.—ED., NATION.]

A DOUBT ABOUT THE "SERMON IN STONES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You deal very fairly with the fiscal question in your "Sermon in Stones," but aren't you claiming too much for the theory that imports are paid for by exports when you state that if the Government do not use Scandinavian granite our exports will be less? On a large scale of trade, the theory is, no doubt, approximately correct, but the process of exporting British goods to pay for foreign imports does not appear to be so automatic or inevitable that we must believe, with reference to the particular Government contract discussed in your sermon, that, if the granite were brought from Norway, British exports would be greater by the value of the imported granite than they would be if the granite were obtained at home. Does any British exporter believe that his chances of doing business abroad would be diminished in the slightest degree if the Government were to spend at home in future the half-million sterling they now pay annually to foreign contractors for imported goods which could be obtained in this country? I do not believe so.

Allow me to put another topical question as to the validity of this theory. The revised tariff which is shortly to be put into force in France will incidentally exclude British goods in several important lines, and particularly certain specialities of the Birmingham district, from the French markets altogether. This much is proved by the Board of Trade's inquiry among our manufacturers. According to the theory, the result of the revised tariff, therefore, will be that the French exports will be less, by the extent to which the increased duties are effective. But nobody in France says so, nor has such a thing yet been mentioned in this country, not even by the Chambers of Commerce in their representations to the Government authorities and business men in France, against the proposed increase in the tariff. If the theory is worth its face value, this argument would surely be worth mention.—Yours, &c.,

J. GRAHAM MURRAY.

53, Briarfield Avenue, Church End, Finchley,
March 16th, 1909.

[It is, of course, impossible to say what exports would fail to go abroad if the Government stopped foreign contracts, but if the theory of foreign exchange is "approximately correct," some exports would be diminished. The adjustment is brought about by slight changes in the general price-level at home and abroad respectively: if goods formerly bought abroad are now bought at home, there will be some rise in the home prices, some fall in the foreign prices, and this change, however slight, will cause some purchases which would have been made here by foreigners to be made abroad. Another explanation of the *modus operandi* of trade balances has regard to the price of "paper." Every French economist is aware that a tariff which reduces their imports will reduce their exports, and the fact that ordinary business men do not recognise this only means that they do not think accurately about business matters.—ED., NATION.]

THE MORTALITY OF CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to call the attention of your readers to a series of statistics prepared by Mr. Samuel B. Neill, actuary to the Chinese Mutual Insurance Society in Shanghai, showing the death rate amongst Chinese opium smokers. That society distinguishes between its smoking and its non-smoking clients, and it is found that the mortality amongst smokers is 41 per cent. in excess of expectations. It is also found that there is a larger mortality amongst smokers south of Foochau than amongst those to the north of that port. The mortality amongst the southern smokers is sixty-one per cent. in excess of the expectations, although the daily dose smoked is much smaller. Mr. Neill puts this down to tropical climate, but it has occurred to me that, whilst this may be one of the reasons, some of the smokers in the north may use the milder native drug. Inasmuch as insurance societies do not take opium sots, and Chinamen who can afford to insure their lives are fairly prosperous and well-fed, the percentage of deaths amongst opium smokers in Chinese society as a whole must be much higher. The clients of life insurance societies are what the apologists of the opium trade are pleased to call "moderate smokers." It is not a comfortable reflection that in one of our crown colonies we raise more than half the revenue from a monopoly which works such havoc with Chinese life; and in another colony a third of the revenue, and both these colonies lie within the tropics, where the devastating mischief to life is highest. Mencius holds up to contempt a man of T'sai, who fared sumptuously every day, and, when watched by his wife, was found to beg the sacrificial wine and food left over by the mourners who went forth to bury their dead outside the city gates. Is it not time that the Lugards and the Andersons and the Swettenhams of our crown colonies should cease to apologise for the unutterable meanness of living upon Chinese funerals?—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS G. SELBY.

22, Oaklands Road, Bromley.
March 19th, 1909

ON RUNNING DOWN THE ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The things said by Mr. Lee and others concerning the superior efficiency of German shipbuilders compared with our own constitutes a grave business question. We have hitherto built more warships for foreign countries than all the rest of the world; but with this testimonial from past officers of the Admiralty, using the House of Commons as a sounding board, there can be no question but that German yards will secure some of these orders. It is not a wild estimate to say that one such warship will be secured by other countries during each year, and, taking the cost of the "Agamemnon" as an average, the loss to us would reach about £17,000,000 in ten years.—Yours, &c.,

SHIPOWNER.

London, March 24th.

LONDON UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Professor Foster, in his letter last week, speaks of those "whose whole idea of a University is that of an institution for holding examinations and granting degrees." It is not easy to see how anyone could form such a limited conception of a University generally; but there is no doubt that that was the "whole idea" of the University of London some years ago. And it is important to note that with this idea, and by means of it, a great amount of good work was done, and an immense improvement in matters of education was accomplished.

That London University has now enlarged its borders and assumed fresh functions is a matter for congratulation, but is no reason whatever either for belittling its past performances or for having that particular work done badly in future. And there does seem a tendency to try and make things a little easier for the students of various colleges. The old position was: "If you want our degrees you must acquire a certain amount of information, and satisfy us that you possess it." The new position seems to be: "If you want our degrees you must attend our classes, and take care not to annoy your professors."

Mr. Lake's view that teachers ought to examine their own pupils is almost childish in its simplicity. One might as well have the factory inspectors appointed by the owners of factories, or allow the Bisley riflemen to keep their own scores. One of the chief functions of examinations is to test the work of the teacher and to check his possible incompetence, laziness, or eccentricity. That there is a need of such tests seems hardly open to dispute. If anyone doubts it, let him take an inventory of the mental furniture of the average public-school boy, and he will see what happens when teachers are left to themselves.—Yours, &c.,

R. SPINDLER.

National Liberal Club,
March 23rd, 1909.

THE ETON HARE HUNT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "C. S.'s" remarks are much to the point; but as no summary of Canon Lyttelton's letter can give an adequate idea of the extraordinary arguments to which the head master of Eton has been reduced in his defence of a sport for which, as himself a vegetarian, he can have no great liking, may I say that I shall be pleased to send a copy of the correspondence to any of your readers who care to see it.

I need hardly say that Canon Lyttelton was wholly mistaken in supposing that the Humanitarian League has neglected such matters as rabbit-coursing, pheasant-shooting, murderous millinery, cattle ships, and slaughter houses. On the contrary, we have for many years been busily denouncing the cruelties connected with each, and all, of the practices to which the head master refers.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY S. SALT.

Humanitarian League,
53, Chancery Lane, W.C.
March 25th, 1909.

Poetry.

MILTON AGONISTES.

"Due nemici ebbe, e l'uno e l'altro vinse."
CARDUCCI: "Sonnet on Luther."

Two mighty Caryatides upbore
The fabric of the Palace of his Foes.
One held a sceptre like a sword for blows
Lifted, and like a crown a mitre wore;

The other seemed like Comus, when the roar
Is up, and raging with his rout he goes,
His hair with vine-leaves tangled, and the rose,
That passes in its glory, and is no more.

About their marble girdles he enwound
The sinews of his Song;—athwart they flew,
And the roof rush'd in ruin to the ground.

But Death mix'd not this slayer with those he slew,
And still his Song has might to bind anew
Misrule and Licence, and to break when bound.

C. H. HERFORD.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE great number of literary anniversaries that belong to this year is, perhaps, the reason why several minor celebrities have been deprived of their quinquagesimal or centennial notice. To-day (Thursday), for instance, is the hundredth anniversary of the death of Anna Seward, but, as far as we have seen, nobody—not even Mr. E. V. Lucas, who thought her worth a stout volume, "A Swan and Her Friends," a couple of years ago—has done anything to celebrate the occasion. Yet among the "out-pensioners of Parnassus," to use Horace Walpole's happy phrase, Miss Seward has a comfortable place. Her literary baggage, though of huge extent, is not of the sort that can bear the passage of a hundred years. Johnson, it is true, said "there was not anything equal" to her description of the sea round the North Pole, in her ode on the death of Captain Cook, and Sir Walter Scott became her literary executor. But, in spite of Mr. Lucas's brave attempt, her poetical efforts are now neglected, and her interest lies in the glimpses of greater personages to be found in her very extensive correspondence. It was published in six volumes by Constable in 1811, and was a favorite book with Macaulay.

* * *

THIS year of centenaries also suggests a comparison between the books of 1809 and those of 1909. We are not yet in a position to take stock of the books that the present year will give us, but the reader of 1809, if he had no great cause for exultation, had at least little ground for complaint. In poetry he could cut the pages of that "miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony," as, in a repentent fit, Byron called his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Or, were he disinclined from satire, he could read Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming." For readers of fiction Hannah More's "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife" and the first series of Maria Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life" were hot from the press. Those of a more reflective turn had the first numbers of Coleridge's "The Friend." Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" had just crossed the Atlantic. In German, Goethe's "Elective Affinities" and Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature and Art" had just appeared; while readers of French could (if they were keen-sighted) see a new development of the historical novel in Chateaubriand's "Les Martyrs." Altogether not a bad year, though some of its near successors were to out-do it in brilliancy.

* * *

MR. G. M. TREVELYAN has followed up his brilliant book on "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic" by a further volume telling the famous story of the Sicilian expedition. The book, we believe, will be published early in the autumn.

* * *

ANOTHER work on modern Italian history is Miss Helen Zimmern's translation of Signor de Cesare's "The Last Days of Papal Rome," which Messrs. Constable announce. Along with Ferrero and Villari, Signor de Cesare is a leader of the modern school of Italian historians. His new book covers the twenty years from 1850 to 1870, and narrates in full detail the struggle between Cavour and Garibaldi on the one hand, and the Papal Curia, backed by all the weight of Ultramontanism, on the other.

* * *

PROFESSOR A. C. BRADLEY'S "Oxford Lectures on Poetry," some particulars of which have already appeared in THE NATION, is now almost ready for publication. Among the contents is Dr. Bradley's inaugural lecture on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," dealing with the heresy which would limit poetry to be merely an affair of form, having no connection with the deeper interests and problems of life.

> "In an age already inclined to shrink from those higher realms where poetry touches religion and philosophy," he says, "the formalist heresy encourages men to taste poetry as they would a fine wine, which has indeed an æsthetic value, but a small one. And then the natural man, finding an empty form, hurls into it the matter of cheap pathos, rancid sentiment, vulgar humor, bare lust, ravenous vanity—everything which, in Schiller's phrase, the form should extirpate, but which no mere form can extirpate."

* * *

"STUDIES in Mystical Religion" is the title of a work by Mr. Rufus M. Jones, which is intended as an introduction to a series of historical volumes treating of the development and spiritual environment of the Society of Friends, the religious body which Mr. Jones believes to have made a serious attempt to unite mystical religion with social endeavor. The coming book traces the history of mysticism from the "inward, free, and untrammelled type of religion which prevailed in the early period of the primitive Church" down to the time of the English Commonwealth. Together with an impatience of dogma, an inclination to turn for some sort of guidance to the great mystics is one of the notes of religious thought in the present generation. The work is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

* * *

ANOTHER book to come from the same publishers is a collected edition of the "Poems and Sonnets" of Louise Chandler Moulton. It will contain a biographical sketch by Miss Harriet Prescott Spofford, and an appreciation of Mrs. Moulton's verse, embodying some of the notable tributes paid her by her contemporaries. Browning wrote to her saying that he had read her poems "with flowers before his eyes, music in his ears, and thoughts across his brain," while Mr. Thomas Hardy spoke of them as "things filled with the supreme quality of emotion."

* * *

RUMOR has it that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel, called "Robert Elsmere Twenty Years After," which will be published in the autumn. The new book is presumably a sequel to "Robert Elsmere," which first appeared in 1888, and owed its amazing vogue very largely to Mr. Gladstone's review in the "Nineteenth Century."

* * *

THE death of Dr. James Hutchison Stirling on Friday last put an end to a career of great industry and versatility. Dr. Stirling was a close student of science, but he also wrote poetry and criticism, though he won distinction chiefly as a metaphysician. The work by which he is best known, "The Secret of Hegel," was often said to belie its title, but no writer has yet put Hegel's philosophy in a form easy to be understood by readers without philosophical training. Dr. Stirling's analysis of Sir William Hamilton's theory of perception was published in the same year as John Stuart Mill's "Examination," and both works did much to countermine the influence of the Scottish philosopher. Another death of the week is that of Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, whose essays on Continental affairs had an appreciable influence upon English foreign policy. He was the friend of Newman and Döllinger, and associated with Lord Acton in the "Home and Foreign Review," then the organ of Liberal catholicism.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Edited by Alexander Carlyle. (Lane. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

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"A History of Architectural Development." By F. M. Simpson. Vol. II. "Medieval." (Longmans. 21s. net.)

"Paul Verlaine: His Life—His Work." By Edmond Lepelletier. Translated by E. M. Lang. (Werner Laurie. 21s. net.)

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"Lausanne." Painted by J. and M. Hardwicke Lewis. Described by Francis Gribble. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

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"A History of English Law." By W. S. Holdsworth (Methuen. Vols. II. and III. 10s. 6d. net each.)

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"The Valley of Shadows." By Francis Grierson. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"Little Devil Doubt." By Oliver Onions. (Murray. 6s.)

"Les Heures Claires." Poèmes. Par Emile Verhaeren. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)

"La Naissance de l'Intelligence." Par Georges Bohn. Bibliothèque de Philosophie Scientifique. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

"Le Mariage de Mademoiselle Gimel." Roman. Par René Bazin. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

Reviews.

THE SECRET OF THE SANGRAAL.*

THE "Letters of Junius" have ceased to interest any but the most devoted specialists; the question as to the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask has become a signal for flight, like to the rising of a dull speaker in the House of Commons; the origin of the Rosicrucians is no longer an absorbing topic; but the great Legend of the Holy Graal still remains enchanting, enigmatic, vital. From one point of view, indeed, its vitality may be thought excessive; it is not long since a band of enthusiasts "discovered" a glass saucer—a late forgery—at Glastonbury, and proceeded to surround their toy with a tinsel halo of sham miracles, preposterous visions, and shoddy myths, believing, or thinking that they believed, their bit of blue glass to be the Holy Vessel which Galahad bore to Sarras. Still, this sorry tale is a witness, after its kind, to the persistent life of the high romance of the Graal, which inspired Hawker, which inspired Tennyson, which has given rise to theories innumerable, which has caused the well-known mystic and student of mysticism, Mr. A. E. Waite, to devote upwards of seven hundred pages to a treatise on "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal."

Mr. Waite's sub-title intimates that the "Legends and Symbolism" of the Holy Graal are considered "in their Affinity with certain Mysteries of Initiation and other Traces of a Secret Tradition in Christian Times," and these words intimate the nature of the thesis which is enforced in this entrancing book. It would be as well to state, before proceeding to deal with this especial thesis, that the book is one which no lover of romance, of our old literature, of the Celtic spirit, or, more particularly, of the Graal Legend can afford to leave unread. Be the author's theories and doctrines what they may, his book is a conspectus, as it were, of the whole subject, and stands alone as a magazine of information concerning the Sangraal. The reader may agree with Mr. Waite or disagree with him, according to his conceptions of the laws of evidence; at all events, he will find all the materials significant to the problem laid before him in this encyclopædic treatise.

So far as the writer is aware, the "argument of the Graal" began in the nineteenth century. Before that time our fathers presumably accepted the tale as a legend, probably as "a monkish legend"—a phrase which would close any discussion, or, rather, would indicate that there was nothing to discuss. Warton had heard of a Welsh manuscript, but did not know that this was merely a translation, with variants, of the French "Queste" the romance which tells the history of Galahad. But from about the middle of the nineteenth century ample amendment has been made for previous neglect in this matter, and for the last thirty years the subject has been one of eager curiosity and much painstaking and elaborate research. To begin with, there are the wholly ridiculous theories which may be swept at once from the field. Such a theory, it is to be feared, is that expounded by Dr. Sebastian Evans, author of "In Quest of the Holy Graal." This book, ingenious and perverse to the last degree, makes the whole legend a political allegory of the reign of King John. The "Rich Fisher" is the Pope, "King Pelles" the Abbot of Citeaux, Galahad St. Francis of Assisi, Percival St. Dominic, and Lancelot Simon de Montfort the elder. The "withdrawal of the Graal," according to Dr. Evans, signifies the interdict under which the English Church was laid by the Pope. The ingenuity displayed in this treatise is wonderful; there are many and weighty reasons which make Dr. Evans's thesis quite intolerable, the chief of these reasons being that the Graal legend is a story of final loss; whereas the Interdict was removed after a few years. From a different point of view, Professor Rhys, of Oxford, has confounded understanding even more effectually than Dr. Evans, who, it must be said in all fairness, is the author of a beautiful version of one of the romances: "The High History of the Holy Graal." Professor Rhys takes his stand with the "Pagans"; with those who hold that the legend is essentially pre-Christian, and that the Christian "fetichism," which found its way into the story in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, may be set aside as an unimportant disfigurement. Now there are undoubtedly pagan elements in the Graal complex; but the case of a man who reads, say, the "Queste," more especially the Passing of Galahad, and then decides that the Christian element is negligible, is analogous to the case of one who should view Lincoln Cathedral and deplore the corruption of Roman architecture by nonsensical Gothic ornament. But Professor Rhys is not content with asserting the essential paganism of the Graal legend; he has seriously informed the world that Merlin is a sun-god, and that Galahad is a sun-hero. And he explains Galahad's purity by stating that "these sun-gods" grew very quickly. Cuchullain, he says, was a tried warrior at seven. When the myths were turned into romances, the ages were normalised, but no love stories were invented. It is as if one were to explain the magic of Homer by an example of a non-existent rule in an imaginary science, wrongly worked out. Then there is the Templar theory, for which no real evidence has ever been produced; there is the Albigensian theory, which is frankly nonsensical; there is the doctrine that the Graal legend somehow or other came from the East; there is the thesis that the Anglo-Norman romance-writers made up the whole story out of their own heads; there is the "moderate paganism" of Mr. Alfred Nutt, who, it may be said, regards the romances as a collection of pre-Christian myths draped in the fashion of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Finally, there is the theory, propounded with much charm and elaboration, by Mr. A. E. Waite.

It is impossible in the space of a brief article to give a competent account of Mr. Waite's very subtle theory. As has been noted, allusion is made on the title page of the book to "traces of a Secret Tradition in Christian Times"; and in the text itself such phrases as "secret doctrine," "secret Church," and "secret school" occur more or less frequently. On the other hand, the author formally defines the Graal literature as "the spiritual emotion of the Church expressed in romance"; and on the whole, it may be concluded that he does not wish such phrases as "secret Church" and "secret school" to be taken in their literal sense. For this we may be thankful, since nothing can be more certain than the proposition that Christianity never possessed anything resembling a "school" or "society" of esoteric initiates. It possessed from the beginning, and possesses still, members of different grades of intelligence, perception, and sanctity. The mind of St. Thomas Aquinas was on an infinitely higher level than the minds of most of those who sing his "Lauda Syon" and "Pange Lingua," and St. Francis of Assisi rose to heights of holiness which not one man in a million can hope to attain. But "secret school" in Christianity there never was, nor ever can be: and all theories on the other side are on an intellectual level with the doctrine of those who make the gibberish of the "Pistis Sophia" their Gospel, and imagine that the confused and troubled dream, or nightmare, of the Gnosis is the veritable Christianity. Taking Mr. Waite's theory, then, on its most favorable construction, we can assent heartily: the Graal literature is the imagination of the medieval church working on the highest matter of the faith, on that sacrament which Coleridge said was not a part of Christianity, but Christianity itself. The period of the romances—1170-1250—was the time of the Church's glorious manifestation; it was the time when St. Francis showed the world the miracle of his life, when the sombre, grandiose Norman architecture was wonderfully transmuted into the exquisite beauty of "Early English," when the philosophy of the schools reached its heights of thought, when the doctrine of the Eucharist was expressed in terms of the logical understanding. And lest the formal definition of the schools should prove too formal, too arid, too narrow, there was given to the world a great memorial and image of the sacramental mysteries in terms of the romantic imagination, in the legend of the Graal. A metaphysician once wrote that final truth is to be sought rather in poetry than in philosophy; so, perhaps, it may be said that Eucharistic doctrine is more perfectly expressed in the Graal romances than in the definition of the council. It is to

* "The Hidden Church of the Holy Graal." By A. E. Waite. Rebman. 12s. 6d. net.

be regretted, perhaps, that Mr. Waite has burdened his book with analogies between the Graal mythos and the theosophy of the Cabala, the conjectured doctrine of "spiritual alchemy," the initiations of Craft Masonry, and the eighteenth century ceremonial of "Templar Masonry." These things are scarcely pertinent to the Graal; and the attempt to identify the Graal talismans with certain of the Tarot cards is, in the opinion of the present writer, an attempt to show an etymological connection between "deva" and "devil."

On the whole, however, Mr. Waite's doctrine is to be accepted—as far as it goes. The Graal story is the Christian imagination taking the shape of romance—so far it is possible to follow the author. It is not possible, however, to agree with him in his theory of the "material" origins of the Legend. Mr. Waite would seem to imply that pre-Christian stories about a miraculous feeding vessel survived unaltered, in their primitive paganism, to the twelfth century, when these tales were "taken over," as he says, by the romance writers. And in saying this he virtually affirms that Celtic Christianity—an extraordinary product, differentiated in many ways from other forms of the Christian religion—had no influence whatever on the Celtic mind. For him, it would appear, the wonderful and romantic fervor of the Celtic saints is for nothing, the imagination of Celtic Christianity is for nothing, its art is for nothing, its legend is for nothing. On *a priori* grounds such a theory is highly improbable; if recourse is had to evidence, it is seen to be absolutely untenable. It seems advisable, therefore, to set down a thesis which is absolutely opposed to Mr. Waite's theory. The Graal mythos, let it be said, derives from two sources, which, in the eleventh century, had become moulded into one.

In the first place, the Celtic families, the Celtic tribes, the Celtic nations, possessed *palladia*—sacred objects—to which extraordinary sanctity and importance were attributed. "Healing stones" are in use to-day in the Highlands of Scotland, they were used in Breconshire forty or fifty years ago, and there is reason to suppose that they are used in Wales still. The "Luck of Eden Hall"—a gift from fairyland—illustrates another aspect of the *palladium*, for on its safe preservation the prosperity of its owners is supposed to depend. In most cases, perhaps in all, these talismans were hereditary, and in some instances the "miracle"—whatever it was—had to be performed by the hereditary keeper himself, he being evidently regarded as the appointed priest of the *palladium*. Naturally enough, the talisman passed into mythology, into the underworld, into the world of sheer enchantment, and those interested in such matters may consult the notes to the "Mabinogion," where a list of the "Thirteen Precious Things of the Island of Britain" may be found. There were Horns of Liquor never to be exhausted, Baskets which multiplied food a hundredfold, Caldrons which would only boil for a brave man, and one great Caldron of Inspiration and Wisdom and Bardic Grace: and in this last instance, it will be seen, we have already left behind the region of material feasts and bodily advantages. Now, anyone who turns to Celtic Hagiology will see that the extraordinary powers and virtues ascribed by the pagan Celts to their *palladia* were transferred to certain sacred objects of the Celtic Church, Books, bells, croziers, altars were venerated in a manner unknown to the rest of Christendom, each object had its hereditary keeper, a collateral descendant of the saint, and certain of these talismans are still in the possession of their keepers—after a period of thirteen hundred years. Formerly these talismans went with the tribe to battle; they were surrounded with rigid "tabus"; the unauthorised person who so much as looked on them might be stricken with blindness or death—so far was the ritual of these relics remote from the ritual of the Roman Church, which has always exposed its precious things to the devotion of all men. Now, it is to be conjectured that among the British Celts—perhaps in one tribe—one of these relics rose to pre-eminence above all others; it was probably the altar of St. David, called "the gift from heaven," "the mystic altar," *in quo dominicum jacebat corpus*. On this relic, we may conclude by analogy, the whole prosperity of Britain was supposed to depend: an allusion in Geoffrey of Monmouth makes the disappearance of certain holy objects coincide with the flight and death of Cadwaladr the Blessed, and the ruin of the Celtic Church and State; when these return with Cadwaladr they will restore all things. And Cadwaladr (or Catgualatyr) is Galahad, and the mystic altar is the Graal which he bore away to Sarras, the spiritual place.

Such in rough outline was, in all probability, the Celtic story which existed c. 1100: it was "married," after 1130-40, to the growing cultus of the Precious Blood, to certain legends of Glastonbury; it was decorated with details from apocryphal gospels, from missionary legends, from the Prester John mythos, from the tale of the Earthly Paradise, from every source available. And, finally, it received the consecration of that "spiritual emotion" of which Mr. Waite tells us: the Legend of Cadwaladr and the Altar was transformed into the Romance of Galahad and the Holy Vessel of the Graal.

A. M.

THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY.*

The principal object for which the journey recorded in this book was undertaken is described by its author to be "to endeavor to discover what Germany has to gain by construction of the railway, and what England stands to lose." His conclusion is that Germany has much to gain by it and much to lose. She will gain by furnishing material for the construction, obtain a footing in markets now small "but potentially great," and make large profits on construction. He subjects the German Convention with the Turkish Government to a severe but fair criticism, and shows that the Concessionaires have made an excellent bargain for themselves and a hard one for Turkey. The present writer is not disposed to quarrel with this conclusion. If the Anglo-French Group which endeavored to obtain the Concession had succeeded, their bargain would probably have been equally hard. Mr. Fraser carefully analyses it, so far as the first section is concerned, and proves his case. The railway to Baghdad is to be made in sections of two hundred kilometres each. When the arrangement for the first section, which extends from Konia to Eregli, was made, everyone saw that it was ludicrously profitable. Turkey issued a loan of 54 million francs, and the company floated the bonds, received the proceeds and with them had to build the section. The loan was floated at 86.40, and realised £1,868,000. This was to pay for the construction of 200 kilometres, or 125 miles, and was, therefore, at the rate of £14,944 per mile. Mr. Fraser suggests that the actual cost did not reach £5,000 a mile, and, considering the nature of the ground through which the section runs, he is probably right. Everyone who examined the project at the time recognised that the price paid by Turkey was outrageously high. It was believed that the bakshish which had to be paid in order to obtain the concession was enormous, and common report alleged that the Concessionaires hoped, out of the large profits which accrued to them from this first section, to recoup their bribes. There was nothing abnormal in such a suggestion. Concessions in Turkey were never to be had without bribing officials all round, the heaviest amounts going to the Palace. The Germans, however, put forward another explanation, which, in presence of Mr. Fraser's statements from his own experience, puts another aspect of the case. They fully admitted that large profits would be made on the first section, but added that they had to take the bad with the good, and that the next two sections could not be made for the fifty-four million francs per section. In the first a profit possibly over £1,000,000 was made. But, says Mr. Fraser, "section two promises a loss of something like the same sum, owing to the expenses of construction."

Unfortunately, the author's reflections on his own statement were written before he knew what was going to happen. He evidently entertained an opinion that was widely current even a year ago, that the Concessionaires, having pocketed the huge profit of section one, had no intention of touching number two. "In other words," says he, "the promoters of the Baghdad Railway Company, in order to proceed with the scheme, must disgorge the

* "The Short Cut to India: The Record of a Journey along the Route of the Baghdad Railway." By David Fraser. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 12s. 6d. net.

million and a quarter of profit already pocketed. This is more than human flesh and blood can be expected to do. Hence the halt at Boulgourlou for all these years." The concession was granted in March, 1903. Nine months were to be allowed for presentation, examination, and approval of plants to Bourgourlou, six miles beyond Eregli, and within two years from the approval of them the section was to be finished. This brings the period to 1906; the delay of "all these years" is, therefore, a mistake.

Mr. Fraser gives a most interesting description of his journey over the second section, which is through the Taurus Mountains. He realises, as only a man can do who has been over the ground, what are the difficulties which will have to be overcome, and states that he has come to the conclusion that "every penny of £3,000,000 will be required for the building of this next section of the Baghdad Railway." As a matter of fact, considerable time was spent, not "lost," in making a careful examination of the mountain passes in and near the Cilician Gates. Finally, the Concessionaires judged it in their interest to construct four sections instead of one, a length of 840 kilometres, which would take the line across the Taurus through the plain of Adana, and across the Amanus range, and eastward to Helif. In this way, if the Turkish Government consented, the State bonds for the four sections would be available, so as to enable the profitable to be taken with the unprofitable. In June of last year the Government accepted the proposal, and in an additional Convention the parties stipulate that the four sections are to be completed within eight years.

The four new sections will take the railway as far as Helif, and when these are finished, the railway to Baghdad will be more than half built. Two sections of the four are easy of accomplishment. Those beyond Halif also will be comparatively easy. The author suggests that there are almost insurmountable difficulties between Baghdad and Bassorah, or wherever the railway is allowed to come out on the Persian Gulf. He gives various reasons why it is improbable that the railway can be made to pay. The most important, and it is a new objection, is that there is a sparsity of population along nearly the whole line, but certainly along the latter half of it, and that there will consequently be few passengers and little merchandise. The obvious answer is that in all countries railway lines have attracted population to settle in their neighborhood. Hitherto it has not been worth the while of industrious peasants to grow more than sufficed for their simple wants, because they could not get their produce to market. Indeed, as Mr. Fraser himself points out, the absence of security to life and property is largely the cause of the diminution in the population. The objection is a serious one; but when Mr. Fraser suggests that there are no people who can be induced to settle in the neighborhood, the present writer believes that he is wrong. Throughout many centuries the great plains of Southern Central Asia Minor have supplied a constant stream of immigrants to Asia Minor. All the evidence shows that while the Turkish population is of itself decreasing, its numbers have been, and are still, maintained by immigrants from the north-east. On the lands belonging to the Civil List in the Vilayet of Baghdad certain exemptions from taxation were wrongfully accorded to the tenants of the Sultan, and protection given to them which was not accorded to the peasants on other lands, with a result that, while such lands have lacked tenants, others are deserted. It is too soon to predict what the result of the Turkish Revolution of last July will be, but it may reasonably be hoped that protection to life and property will be granted to all, and that the immigration which has never ceased will considerably increase.

Mesopotamia and the other district through which the railway passes were able formerly to support a large population, and it may be confidently asserted that under improved conditions a large population will once again occupy the plains. Security and good government in India have made the increase in population one of the factors with which the Indian Government has to deal, and though it would be absurd to suppose that there will be a rapid rush to take up land in the neighborhood of the new railway, it may surely be hoped that the new means of taking produce to market and of making it worth the while of the peasant to cultivate his land, will cause an increase of the population.

As already stated, Mr. Fraser wished to show what Britain's gain or loss would be from the railway. At the present time the trade done by England with the population living in the countries through which the line passes, is as great probably as that done by all other nations combined. Mr. Fraser states that the commerce of Baghdad with abroad has an annual value of two and a half millions sterling, of which ninety per cent. is English and Indian. It has been alleged, though not by Mr. Fraser, that the Germans would give facilities to German merchants which they would refuse to British. It is not well that they should have the power to do so. It has been alleged also that the control of the Baghdad railway will give the Germans a preponderating influence in Asia Minor. When the concession was first granted, Russia vehemently protested against it, demanded, and obtained from the Porte, a promise that no concession should be given in the North-East of Asia Minor to other than Russian subjects. It is alleged, moreover, that British influence in the Persian Gulf, and even in India, may be affected by the Great Trunk line between Constantinople, Baghdad, and Bassorah. All these allegations have been made by those who oppose the construction of the railway. If they are true, it is in the interest of Great Britain that she should have a voice in the control of the railway. It is mischievous to oppose its construction on grounds like those which led Lord Palmerston to declare that the Suez Canal would never be built. As everyone knows, it is not only built, but used far more by British shipping than by any other. In like manner the Baghdad railway will be built, with our aid or without it. But our interests in the country through which it passes require that we should have a share in its control. The excellent bargain which Germany made for herself with the Turks was discussed some two or three weeks ago in the Turkish Chamber of Deputies. Some of the speakers denounced the conditions as unconscionable, but the Chamber agreed that it must be abided by. The feeling of the majority was apparently that, though the bargain was hard, the construction of the railway would be for the benefit of the country, and this feeling the present writer entirely shares. It only remains for us to add that while we differ on many points from the conclusions at which Mr. Fraser has arrived, we must say that his book is brightly written, profusely illustrated by good photographs, and is well worthy the attention of anyone who desires to know what is the actual, but terribly unsatisfactory, condition of Asia Minor.

ROMANTICISM AND ITS CRITICS.*

During the past two or three years Romanticism has been the theme of more critical discussion than was directed to it during the whole of the preceding fifty years. In so far as this springs from a legitimate literary interest, it is natural, and to be expected. The time has come when it ought to be possible to form an unbiassed judgment of the Romantic movement, to estimate, with some approach to confidence, the value of the works which it produced, and to examine the nature of the influence which it had upon the literature that succeeded. Moreover, biographical facts are now being retrieved and published which, though guessed at by most people, could hardly be openly dealt with at an earlier date without causing offence to the immediate descendants of those concerned. That the materials for a full history of the romantic movement are now accessible, is largely due to the labors of such assiduous students as M. Léon Séché. M. Séché has what a witty critic calls "la fureur de l'inédit." He has filled a dozen volumes with previously unpublished documents bearing upon the romantic school, often trivial, it is true, and often interesting to nobody except lovers of scandal, but many of them containing materials of decided value. His latest book gives a detailed account of the "Muse Française," the famous journal in which Hugo and Deschamps expounded the doctrines and

* "Le Cénacle de la Muse Française, 1823-1827." Par Léon Séché. Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.
"Histoire de la Littérature Française." Par Leo Claretie. Tome IV. "Le Dix-neuvième Siècle." Paris: Ollendorff. 7fr. 50.

ideals of the first Cénacle. Like M. Séché's former works it contains a mass of information, especially about the lesser characters in the movement, which materially helps our understanding of its earlier history.

But a great deal of the current criticism of Romanticism springs from a different, and far less disinterested, motive. The nationalist and clerical party has made the discovery that at bottom the romantic ideal is a democratic ideal, and for that reason is carrying on an acrimonious campaign against it. In its early revolt against the tyranny of the classical conventions and its early experiments in search of the picturesque, romanticism turned inevitably towards medievalism. The trappings of royalty and the poetry of Catholicism were splendid material for the cult of the glowing, dazzling adjective. But the movement that aimed at the revivifying of art and letters by bringing them into touch with the concrete life of the age, could not end there. Before the spectacle of democracy marshalling its ranks, the glories of the Middle Age seemed dim and irrecoverable, and the romantic poets, without leaving their true line of development, became modern and democratic. It is for this reason that in a country where literature has a more immediate bearing upon politics than with ourselves, men like M. Bourget and M. Barrès, who wish to restore the absolutism of the past, are making a deliberate attempt to discredit romanticism. It has been, such writers insist, an entirely mischievous influence, foreign in its origins and disturbing to the true current of French thought, a *virus* that may possibly be innocuous amid the fogs of England or the metaphysic-laden atmosphere of Germany, but destructive and poisonous when introduced into the bright and sparkling air of France. The notes of the French genius are clearness, order, balance, restraint, respect for traditions and avoidance of emphasis and exaggeration, and to all these qualities the intrusion of this foreign element has wrought untold harm. "Negative in everything," says M. Pierre Lasserre, one of the latest exponents of the school of M. Barrès, "it has striven to make itself the supreme affirmation, to call disorder liberty, confusion genius, instinct energy. It is the enthusiastic disorganisation of our civilised human nature."

All this sounds comically *vieux jeu* to-day. In the 'twenties and 'thirties such accusations were made with more show of reason. But they have all been refuted. The battle of romanticism has been fought and won. The works which it has produced are the standing memorials of its inspiration and of its consonance with the national genius. The France of MM. Bourget and Barrès is not such a flowering time of genius as to be able to throw stones at the France of Hugo and de Vigny, of Michelet and Sainte-Beuve. Could a survivor of the famous first night of "Hernani" at the Théâtre Français in 1830, read the diatribes of recent critics he would infallibly (were he a romantic, and therefore knowing his Shakespeare) quote Macbeth's lines to the ghost of Banquo:—

> "The times have been
> That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
> And there an end; but now they rise again . . .
> And push us from our stools."

There is little risk of the greatest writers in nineteenth century French literature being pushed from their stools by the present movement, but an attempt to discredit democratic ideas by depreciating and ridiculing the men who gave them currency deserves to be stigmatised in its true colors.

The two questions which reasonable criticism has to answer regarding the romantic school are—first, what was romanticism in its essence? and, second, what was the nature and extent of its influence upon the following age?

To the first of these questions there is a perplexing variety of answers. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of its early critics, defined it, as M. Leo Claretie reminds us in his solid and suggestive "History of French Literature," as "a disease like somnambulism or epilepsy." "By no means," says Stendhal, "romanticism is the art of presenting people with the literary works which, in the present state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure. Classicism, on the contrary, presents them with the literature which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their great-grandfathers." M. Reybaud's immortal Jérôme Paturot, himself the one hundred and ninety-eighth genius of the romantic school, gave us his views upon romanticism and incidentally illustrated the confusion of its aims.

> "The moment had come for the grand style, the true style, the supreme style—a style at once ornate, caressing, and flashing—a style that included the azure of the skies, the varying hues of the painter's palette, the myriad fantasies of architecture, the warmth of love, the bitterness of jealousy, the placid smile of virtue, and all the hurricane of human passion. The literature we were about to create was to be strident, chivalrous, blue, green, crimson; deep and untroubled as the lake, serpentine as a Malay's creese, keen as a Toledo blade. It was to concentrate in itself the haughty pride of the Spanish grandee and the reckless folly of a mountebank. It was to have the height of Stamboul's minarets, and the width of Venice's marble pavements. It was to bring together Soliman and Faliero, the muezzin and the gondolier. It was to sing with the bird, whiten with the wave, become green with the leaf, ruminate with the ox, and neigh with the horse. In short, it was to give itself, with amazing effect, to all physical phenomena, to conquer, to dominate, and, if I may say so, to 'pulverise' Nature herself."

M. Lasserre piles up invectives which make us think that Jérôme Paturot has gone over into the enemy's camp. "Sensualisme des idées, métaphysique des émotions, matérialisme mystique, bestialité lyrique, ainsi pourrait-on définir la tare, disons mieux: la pourriture romantique de l'intelligence." A more sober critic defines it as "a literature in which the lyrical element predominates." The reader may make his own choice. Romanticism is almost as hard to define as poetry, but, like poetry also, we find little difficulty in recognising it when we see it. The truth is that to understand the meaning of romanticism we must adopt the distinction made by M. Emile Bourgeois in the latest volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," and draw a sharp line between the literary *cotcrie* of which M. Séché writes, and the revolution in the world of letters, not only French, but European, "under whose influence and amid whose results we are living to-day." The former produced great men, and did excellent service in widening the range and deepening the harmonies of French verse. Its discussions of local color and the grotesque in art, of *enjambement* and the variable caesura, were but ripples on a broader stream. In this deeper sense romanticism was a lesser Renaissance, a re-discovery of the world and of man. In England, in Germany, in Italy, as well as in France, there was a new spirit in the air, a new tendency in men's minds. They found that it was possible to look at art and nature, not as they appeared to the Greeks or Romans or to their own grandfathers, but as they appeared to themselves. "Jetons bas," said Hugo, "ce vieux plâtrage qui masque la façade de l'art: il n'y a ni règles ni modèles; ou plutôt il n'y a d'autres règles que les lois générales de la nature, qui planent sur l'art tout entier, et les lois spéciales qui pour chaque composition, résultent des conditions d'existence propres à chaque sujet." To-day this is the merest commonplace, but it came to Hugo and his fellows with all the charm of a new discovery, opening before them new avenues to enjoyment and quickening the creative spirit in an extraordinary degree.

It is, therefore, with the greater astonishment that we see a reactionary group attempting to prove that romanticism was nothing more than an irrational and frenzied individualism, and, in the name of nationalism, doing all they can to belittle one of the greatest epochs in literature.

When we attempt to estimate the present influence of romanticism, we find ourselves on more difficult ground. We are at a moment when naturalism, the daughter of romanticism, has died and left none to succeed her. Our literature is complex, disorganised, and tending to greater aloofness from life. It has grown more and more self-conscious and lost the *élan* and spontaneity of the romantic days. One thing, however, it still possesses which it owes to them. No one can deny that whatever else romanticism was, it was a liberating movement, an assertion of the rights of the individual. Whatever formula the literature of the immediate future may adopt, it cannot avoid being democratic. M. Leo Claretie deplores, what he calls, "la confusion démocratique des genres." But too great an insistence upon any system of classification would be no less an evil. The filiation of literary schools is never easy to determine, and to claim for any one of them a preponderating influence upon its successors is a great, though a common, mistake. As Malebranche saw all things in God, so your true romantic sees all things in romanticism.

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THE EDITORIAL WILL DEAL WITH THE NAVAL PANIC AND THE TERRITORIAL MOVEMENT.

Owing to the exigences of the American Copyright Act President Taft's article on his Judicial Decisions and on his Election cannot appear until the June Number, but he is contributing to the May Number of the ENGLISH REVIEW an article on the Panama Canal.

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ENGLISH REVIEW

THE CARLYLE LOVE-STORY.*

Mrs. Carlyle died in 1866—exactly forty-three years ago. Her husband outlived her by fifteen years, mourning her death, and pathetically recording all those poignant regrets for moments of indifference which every man feels who has lost a deeply loved being. But he had made James Anthony Froude his literary executor, and had entrusted a great mass of correspondence and other biographical matter to a man of fine literary sense, but given to the careless handling of documents, to hasty conclusions, and to the practice of supporting them with obstinacy, aided by an alluring flow of rhetoric. Among the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Froude, when brought face to face with the Carlyle papers, was the impression that Mrs. Carlyle had married beneath her in social status, and that every passionate word of this delicate, fluent, high-strung, sharp-tongued, sensitive woman was to be taken with absolute literalness. She once said: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded my highest dreams in that way, and—I am miserable." Ignoring a thousand endearing and passionate phrases, Froude accepted such utterances as reflecting her normal feeling about her marriage. Those who have weighed the subject carefully in all its bearings, and who have made intelligent allowances, realise that union was the best thing that could have happened to both these people, and that if their marriage was not exactly made in Heaven, it had a beautiful earthly significance. But this is another story that has little enough bearing upon the two charming volumes that Mr. John Lane has just published. They bring up the biographical material that surrounds the Carlyles—including only books that have been authorised by his family or executors—to some twenty-eight volumes. "The Gospel of Silence in thirty fine volumes," as Lord Morley once described it, has been supplemented by a commentary almost as long. Of all the books—lives, letters, reminiscences—we are inclined to give the first place to these volumes. They are the sweetest and most wholesome.

Edward Irving, meeting Carlyle in Edinburgh, in the days of his first literary struggles, proposed a walk to Haddington—sixteen miles away—to visit some friends. The friends were the widow of a doctor and her daughter Jane. They talked of books—Carlyle and the daughter—as many literary-minded lovers have done before and since. Carlyle undertook to guide Miss Welsh's reading; to lend her volumes from the University library; and so the correspondence opens in June, 1821, beginning with: "My dear friend," on his part, and a cool "Dear sir" on hers, after which Carlyle ventured for many a letter no further than "My dear Madam."

Mrs. Welsh looked on unsympathetically, and, in the beginning, her daughter was clearly only disposed to the most platonic relations with one whose genius she recognised at once, although Carlyle in this year (1822) had done nothing beyond a few encyclopædia articles and a translation of Legendre's "Elements of Geometry"; he was just beginning his tutorship to Charles Buller. Carlyle was in love from the very first letter. Miss Welsh's regard grew, woman-like, much more slowly. It is thus she writes to him in the January of that year:—

> "Falling in love and marrying like other misses, is quite out of the question. I have too little romance in my disposition ever to be in love with you, or any other man; and too much ever to marry without love. Were I a man, I would not wait till *others* find your *worth* to say in the face of the whole world, 'I admire this man, and choose him for my friend.' But I am a woman, Mr. Carlyle, and what is worse, a young woman. Weaknesses, timidity, and bondage are in the word—But enough of this. Why do you force me into such horrid explanations?"

One visit to Haddington that Carlyle made in a moment of enthusiasm turned out a failure. He was quietly repelled by mother and daughter, and for a whole year kept away, writing letters which exhorted Miss Welsh to literary effort on her own account, suggesting now a tragedy on Boadicea, now a novel, and now and again a joint book. "I am no poet, 'have no genius,'" he says in one letter; "I know it well, but I *can* learn to make words jingle whenever I think fit; and, by the blessing of Heaven, we two will try it now in concert."

Carlyle's passion grows with every letter, and in October he is writing that he does not believe that "there are three men in Edinburgh that have such a correspondence as I have. Heaven grant that I may long be so happy." By this time Miss Welsh has, in her turn, become an inspiring force, for she writes:—

> "It is with a feeling of regret you would scarcely give me credit for, that I see your days fleeting away unmarked by one struggle for immortality. Oh, if I had your talents, what a different use I would make of them!"

By November of this second year of courtship Carlyle had wrought himself to an enthusiasm that looked not merely into the beautiful eyes of his beloved, but also into her mind:—

> "If *my* own Scholar do not become one of the ornaments of her age and country, I am content to forfeit all my critical reputation for ever."

Then gradually love came to the woman as a sense of the man's worth and his clearly revealed intellectual powers grew upon her. Even before she counted herself definitely affianced to him—in January, 1825—she was able to write: "How often do your letters bring me comfort, dearest." From that point she became as ardent as her lover, and when Mrs. Montagu told her that she should tell Carlyle about her early affection for Edward Irving, the disclosure cost her acute mental anguish. On his side, Carlyle steadily gains serenity of mind as his work develops. "The Life of Schiller" is finished, and his translation of "Wilhelm Meister" also. Some measure of poverty is before them, but, as Miss Welsh says, "truly this poverty is a circumstance of which I need not to be any more warned, for I have long since looked it full in the face, and left it out in none of my calculations." Mr. Alexander Carlyle makes it quite clear, we think, that, unsatisfactory as was Mrs. Carlyle's health during her married life, she had a poor family history, and suffered from continuous bad health in her early years. "All the evidence," he says, "goes to prove that she was far healthier and happier after marriage than before it." Assuredly in that married life there was no lack of love on her side or on his. "Oh, my love, my dearest, always love me; I am richer with thee than the whole world could make me otherwise," she writes on one occasion. "Oh, my own darling husband, God keep you and bring you safe back to me," she writes on another, while to her husband's mother she says:—

> "You have others besides, and I have only him—only him in the whole wide world to love me and take care of me—poor little wretch that I am. Not but that numbers of people love me after their fashion, far more than I deserve; but then, his fashion is so different from theirs, and seems alone to suit the crotchety creature that I am."

"Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms," wrote Emerson on one occasion after a visit. That impression was endorsed by Mrs. Oliphant and by most visitors to Cheyne Row. The fervor of love letters written before marriage are, of course, no guarantee of the future happiness of the lovers, but Mr. Alexander Carlyle's notes and disclosures lead forcibly to the conclusion now firmly established, that in the records of the married lives of literary people, there have been but few unions so harmonious as that of Carlyle and his wife.

* "The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. With Numerous Illustrations. John Lane. 2 volumes. 24s.

HALF AND HALF.*

Mr. Ayscough's new novel, "Dromina," which we have been awaiting with interest since "Marotz" appeared, begins well. The household of The M'Morogh, who represents "a Celtic Royal House descended from at least sixteen of the Saxon Kings of England," enshrines genealogical glories which put to shame the ancestral claims of most of our upstart Royalties. Canon O'Hirlihy, however, who arrives at Dromina Castle one February morning in 1820 with the news of George III.'s death, is more concerned with "assaults on the empty purse" of The M'Morogh than with appreciating the heraldic designs, painted on the ceiling, "of the Irish Kings, the Scotch, the Spanish, and the Holy Roman Emperors from which his honour's self's descended":—

> "It was not long after Lady Day in Harvest," the inexorable priest reminded The M'Morogh, "that I came here to spake to

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THE INDEX TO VOLUMES I., II. & III. OF THE NATION

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your honor of the matther of the new roof, and sorra a bit did ye deny the condition of that same, if condition it could be called, when it dthripped, dthripped on yer own pew and on Lady Ethna's new bonnet, as herself tould ye. Thin ye said ye'd think of ut, and I gave yer honor two months, and betther, to think—and 'deed I could have thought myself in a tinth part of the time—during which I scarcely mintioned the matther in your honor's hearing, excipt from the altar a time or two. Thin I come out here agin, at long last, to remint yer honor of yer honor's promise. And (after houlding a while to the fince betwixt Ay and Nay) sure an' didn't ye lapse right into ginerosity and jooty, and sot down there, at the desk beyant, and wrote this same sorrowful dhraft for tin pounds—on the bank at Galway, in letthers and figgers, all as one as if it was yer honor's own laigal lash will and testament. . . Deed thin, M'Morogh, I mind as ye tould me the dthraft and the cash was all one, and, that being so, I tuk the liberty to say out at onst that the cash would fit in me purse far aisier than the paper. But ye had yer own way of it, and I had to be thanking ye for what I could get, as I couldn't be getting just what I wanted. So off I wint, and not twinty minyutes afther I was back at Travore comes Andy McGinty, hot-fut on the jinnet, wid a note from your honor, all sailing-wax and coronet, bidding me for anny sake not prisint the dthraft till hearing further from your honor."

The M'Morogh explains that after His Reverence had left he found that "there was much less than nothing" to his account at the bank, and so he begged him to hold the draft, to which the priest rejoins, "Airn't me hand stiff wid houlding it these two months and betther?" Equally clever are the retrospective chapters which describe The M'Morogh's stay in Rome when, as a young man, he went in search of his illustrious maternal relatives, the Crivelli, who are descended from the Orsini. M'Morogh was handsomely received by the Cardinal-Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, who decided to grant him "the earldom conferred by the King, my father, on your maternal great-grandfather, with the additional title of Marquess of Tara." In addition to these empty honors and a silver-gilt medal, "with the royal effigy on one side and the royal arms on the other," the Cardinal-Duke uses his kind offices with the Pope to arrange a love match between The M'Morogh and Donna Pancrazia, who is a daughter of Prince Filargo. The author shows himself quite at home in these and other intimate descriptions of priestly manners, from Father Hogan's to those of the highest Catholic dignitaries, and up to the end of Chapter VII., which contains a most touching account of the death of Madame M'Morogh, a page, indeed, which shows genius, we have high hopes for "Dromina." In the next chapter, however, with the entrance of the Romany King Ludovic and his gipsy relatives on the scene, the narrative takes an unexpected turn, and the majority of readers, we fear, may agree with us that the author's plot is unworthy of his indisputable literary talent.

Romance, for which our public craves incessantly, may bear the finest blossoms in fiction, if only its roots have struck in the soil of reality. The author's psychological situations are always interesting, but the circumstances of his characters' careers lay too continuous a strain on our credence. It is plausible that Ludovic, the Romany King, should, in the novel, turn out to be none other than Louis XVII., the dauphin, who is stated in history to have died during the Terror, for we know that many credulous French Royalists believed in, and gave their adherence to, various false dauphins up to 1830. But Ludovic's gypsy up-bringing leads the author further and further into the bog of romanticism. Henry, the eldest son of The M'Morogh, forms a friendship with Ludovic, and travels to Spain as his accredited envoy for the hand of Carmen, the daughter of the Spanish Gypsy King. The issue of the situation is that Henry marries Carmen, while Ludovic falls in love with, and marries, Ethna M'Morogh, Henry's sister. Carmen's brother, Lopé, comes into the story at this point, while Fergus M'Morogh, a cousin, the villain of the piece, goes out of it for the nonce. The reader who loves an intricate plot will be gratified to learn that in Book III. most of the characters reassemble, after an interval of sixteen years, on the tropical island of Hispaniola, where the lad Mudo, the brilliant son of Henry and Carmen, plans a revolution, and reigns as Emperor, for a few weeks, over the fickle and treacherous half-breed populace.

Mr. Ascough may, of course, retort, in answer to our strictures, that he has deliberately aimed at writing a romance, and that, though there is no historical basis for most of the situations in history, they are, as social pictures, interesting and credible. The critic must reply, however, that Mr. Ayscough is clever enough to make bricks without straw, but that they tumble to pieces after the baking. All the passages that purport to paint gypsy life and character are thin and weak. The conversations of Henry and Ludovic are, moreover, highly artificial. Henry's *savoir faire* and diplomatic adroitness in Spain are unnatural in a lad of nineteen. And what are we to say of the fantastic improbabilities inherent in the situation in which Mudo, a lad of sixteen, makes himself the Emperor of another Haiti? Does not the author recognise that he is grafting the bastard style, say, of "Rupert of Hentzau" on to the style, say, of "Prince Otto"? The first three chapters of Book III. that trace Ludovic's fruitless intrigues as pretender to the French throne, and include an admirable interview with Pius VIII. are worth all the twenty-five chapters that follow, put together. For these three chapters are close to nature, written by a man who has intimate knowledge of the Papal atmosphere, whereas the remainder, though clever, are artistic guess work.

Mr. Ayscough, in short, is, in our view, at the turning of the ways. "Marotz" and this novel show that he has a wide experience of men and manners, that he can paint an atmosphere, and has much insight into human motives, but he is inclined to philosophise too much, to digress too much, to season his varied dish of social manners with melodramatic sauce. It is the fault of nine out of ten English novelists, to leave the firm ground of reality and take flights into romantic regions, where even success is, at best, a little cheap. In "Dromina" the shoddy of facile invention is mixed with the silk of observation. The author delivers himself seriously of the spiritual message of faith and duty, which we disentangle from the narrative of Lopé's loyalty and Mudo's high endeavor, but his art falters and fails just at the moment where sincerity and depth are essential.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, and one of our most distinguished biologists, has just published, through Messrs. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh), an interesting and instructive volume, which he calls "The Bible of Nature." It consists of a series of lectures which he delivered in the United States in the year 1907 before the Lake Forest College. In the preliminary address he discourses in a fascinating way on the Wonder of the World. In Professor Thomson's view, the sense of wonder is at the roots of science and philosophy, and will always be one of the footstools of religion, and the book or Bible of nature teaches us to distrust all forms of thought, whether scientific, philosophic, or religious, which do not have the effect of heightening and deepening our sense of the mystery and wonderfulness of the things amidst which we live. Professor Thomson follows up his preliminary lecture by a history of the earth and its place in the planetary system, by an account of the advent of life upon it—the evolution of animals and the ascent of man. In each of these lectures he shows, as Goethe once said, that Nature is a book with a great lesson on every page. With the modesty of the true man of science, he concludes his volume by pointing out the inevitable limitations of all scientific inquiry. Physical science, he says, may succeed in reducing a whole order of facts to a common denominator, but it cannot explain their nature and origin. Biology, with all its knowledge of the development of life, cannot tell us what life really is. Even if science as a whole were to succeed in analysing all phenomena into a network of mechanism, it cannot tell us whence this mechanism has come, why it is here, whither it is going, and what may or may not exist beyond and beside it. None of these things are explained by science, and they never can be. They are things of the spirit, and must be spiritually discerned.

* * *

As an introduction to the study of Indian social history, the Le Bas Prize Essay of 1908, written by Mr. E. F. Oaten, B.A., LL.B., is of considerable interest and value. The scope of the volume is fully indicated by the title:

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"European Travellers in India During the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries; the Evidence Afforded by them with respect to Indian Social Institutions, and the Nature and Influence of Indian Governments" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, 3s. 6d. net); to which one may add that the travellers mentioned are confined to those who wrote memoirs of their journeys, whether those writings have perished or survive. In the preface Mr. Oaten acknowledges his indebtedness to the publications of the Hakluyt Society, which have given him access to a quantity of material otherwise unattainable except by a scholar who was master of nine or ten languages; some notion of the extent and character of these publications may be gained from the bibliography, chronologically arranged, that forms one of the appendices to this volume. Since the story of travel does not begin till the fifteenth century, Marco Polo is excluded, but most of the other world-famous voyagers come into the narrative. Thus we have Conti, the Venetian, in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the great Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, towards its close; William Hawkins and Sir Thomas Roe, the accredited ambassadors of James I. to the Great Mogul; the eccentric Coryat and Manucci; and Tavernier, the Frenchman. Thomas Stephens was actually the first Englishman to set foot in India—in 1579; but it was not till the fame of Akbar, the greatest of the Great Moguls, had become European that we made any serious attempt to open up trade relations with the Indian Empire. On the other hand, Vasco da Gama's expedition sailed in 1497, and the ascendancy of the Portuguese power during the next century was the chief obstacle and menace with which the pioneers of other nations had to deal. These travellers' tales, originally chronicled for useful information's sake, contain plenty of romance and not a little entertainment for the reader of to-day.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. March 19.	Price Friday morning, March 26.
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There has been no encouraging features during the week. The markets have been overshadowed by fears of war in the Balkans, and were very dull until Wednesday, when a general shrinkage occurred in Foreign bonds. It has been noticed during the last few weeks that Russian Government loans serve in our market as the barometer of the situation. There is far more speculation in these bonds than in those of any other European Government, and there are plenty of them about. There is no essential reason why Russia should be troubled by what happens between Servia and Austria. But Russian finances are in such a wretched condition that the market is very sensitive, feeling that a very little additional pressure might provoke a crisis. On Wednesday German and Prussian Threes both fell a point. It seems as though another German imperial loan will be necessary before very long, as the German Government's new tax proposals make no way. But the recovery on Thursday was marked, as will be seen from our preliminary table of prices The Honduras Government, by the way, which has been a defaulter since the early seventies, has just declared itself willing to pay a small sum in interest to the bondholders. Their only asset is a railway, which is said to be in a very bad state of repair.

The Argentine Railway Position.

The interim dividend of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern is the first important Argentine Railway dividend declared this year. The dividends, as a whole, will be watched with considerable interest, and investors will be very anxious to see whether the old rates can be maintained on the new scale of capital. So far as this first dividend is any guide, it would appear that the companies are just about maintaining their net income at its former level, the increase in gross receipts more or less counterbalancing the increase in fixed charges. The preliminary announcement states that, after providing for interest, &c., there is a balance to net revenue account of £553,043, which compares with £556,596 at this time last year. The traffic receipts up to the end of December, the point to which the interim report brings us, had increased by £118,000, and the whole of this sum was apparently absorbed in additional working expenses and fixed charges. Since that date the company has issued another £2,500,000 in extension shares, which will still further increase the interest during the current half-year. And, of course, the Great Southern has not been the biggest borrower in the market; that honor belongs to the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, which in the last few years has at once been raising capital and increasing its revenue at an enormous rate. The traffic receipts of four principal railways from July 1st (the beginning of the business year) to the present date are as follows:—

	1907-8. £.	1908-9. £.	Inc. £.
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	2,427,000 ...	2,899,000 ...	472,000
Buenos Ayres Great Southern	3,227,000 ...	3,362,000 ...	135,000
Buenos Ayres Western	1,496,000 ...	1,609,000 ...	113,000
Central Argentine	3,473,000 ...	3,525,000 ...	52,000
	10,623,000	11,395,000	772,000

The increase in the Buenos Ayres and Pacific's earnings is equivalent to nearly 20 per cent., but the company is operating 153 miles more than last year, and has, of course, a much larger capital. What the final dividends are likely to be is debated ground on which I certainly shall not venture here, but I may show, roughly, the course that prices of the ordinary stocks have taken while these new issues have been flooding the market:—

	1906. H.	L.	1907. H.	L.	1908. H.	L.	Now.
Buenos Ayres and Pacific	136¼	120 ...	125¾	105¾ ...	124¼	109 ...	111¾
Buenos Ayres Great Southern	144¾	122½ ...	129½	110½ ...	132	119½ ...	123
Central Argentine Def.	119	105 ...	110½	89 ...	109½	95½ ...	98½

It is a curious record, and the position now is extremely interesting. Those who believe in the future of the Argentine ought to be attracted by some of the stocks at their present prices, but they must never forget that, even with continued prosperity, a temporary reduction of dividend until the new capital earns its own dividends is quite possible.

The Big London Shops.

It is a favorite theory, especially in the United States, that the big undertakings are the ones that pay. It would be more true to say that when a small undertaking flourishes exceedingly the proprietor is apt to increase its size, and convert it into a limited liability company. Probably the owner of a successful business is well advised to cash his goodwill. But the public which subscribes to the shares is very apt to get landed in the end. As a business extends, the possibility of loss and leakage is enlarged. That is why London banks and London shops are with difficulty induced to establish branches in foreign cities. The huge new shop of Selfridge's is a branch from Chicago, and the general opinion here is that the proprietors have flung away their money on advertising with almost as much recklessness as did the founders of a new Liberal paper (since deceased) some three or four years ago. The true advertisement, after all, is the cheapness and high quality of what you sell. No doubt the success of some of the big London stores and shops is very tempting to the enterprising capitalist. But there are failures as well as triumphs. In fact, one hears that a very big concern is just about to pull down the shutters. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the big ones are all powerful. When Harrod's secured Mr. Haldane to advertise the shop in connection with compulsory volunteering, there was such a clamor of wrath from smaller rivals that Mr. Haldane simply ran away, routed by the "Drapers' Record" and other trade organs.

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